











# THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

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## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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### MEMOIR OF HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND,

*Illustrated with a full length Portrait, beautifully coloured, after the original in the Collection  
of the King of France.*

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CHAP. I. 1609—1625.

Infancy—Education—Youthful days—Sisters—Marriage treaty with Charles Prince  
of Wales—Royal and political marriages—Landing at Dover.

HENRIETTA MARIA, the sixth and youngest child of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medecis, was born at Paris, November 25, 1609. The series of calamities which marked the almost entire existence of this princess, justifies the appellation she gave herself of *the unfortunate queen*.

The first ill that beset the young Henrietta was at the early age of six months, when Ravallac's regicidal knife deprived her of a loving father, and France of an excellent monarch. On the night of that event the life of a future queen was marked by the incident of sleeping in the guard-room of the Louvre, where,  
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surrounded by her brothers and sisters, and terrified attendants, the faithful body-guard of the murdered monarch kept careful watch around the royal children; which precautions seemed necessary to the inmates of the palace, as there was a general belief in Paris that the king's death had been the work of some public enemy, which would be followed by an immediate revolution. During this anxious vigil, each heart beat with alarm, yet the infant princess reposed in her nurse's arms, in the happy unconsciousness of childhood, alike unaware of the sorrows of exalted station in troublous times, and of the then dangers which

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threatened the whole of the members of the royal family, and the nation at large.

But it appearing shortly afterwards that the death of the Great Henry had not been caused by any faction, but by the malice of some fanatic, the royal family were again restored to their apartments, and the society of the queen-mother, Marie de Medecis.

The little Henrietta, of all the children of Henri and Marie, was the most beautiful in person and lively in intellect. The care of her education, as well as that of the rest of the royal children, was intrusted to Madame Monglat. The love of the little Henrietta for her mother amounted to a passion; the other princesses looked on Madame de Monglat as a parent, and called her *Mamanga*, a pet name which the dauphin had given his governess in his infancy, whilst her affectionate heart preferred her own mother; this, perhaps, arose from the queen having bestowed more than a usual share of attention on this fatherless infant. Henrietta inherited from her mother the divine vocal powers of Italy, with musical skill; but her mind was not soundly cultivated, like that of her grand-mother Jeanne of Navarre, or her great grandmother, Marguerite of Valois.\* Unfortunately for the lovely daughter of Henry the Great, her skill in music, her graceful movements in the dance, and how to obtain her own way, were the only cares to which she directed her attention; and although amiable in herself, and possessing good ability for governing, she saw not the errors of judgment into which she had fallen, until awakened from her thoughtless dream by a direful succession of disasters, which historians have not been wanting to attribute to her own misconduct and thoughtlessness. Experience oftentimes corrects early errors of conduct in private life, when the better sense of maturer years has enabled individuals to perceive the ill results of their misdeeds; but the wound inflicted by misrule and despotism, particularly upon an active and intelligent people like the English, whether by the sovereign or evil advisers, cannot be so readily atoned for. Her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria,† companion of her

youth (although herself suffering under oppression), had brought with her from Spain the same tyrannical principles which had caused her father to give the finishing blow to the ancient constitution of that country. Richelieu's government (under Louis XIII.) was rapidly tending to the same end in France: nor could Henrietta remember her heroic father, whose glory it was (a glory far beyond that of military skill and bravery) that he governed France in a paternal manner, according to her ancient constitution, respecting her parliaments and the privileges of all classes. Could Henrietta have made herself familiar with the historical events of her own country during the century preceding her birth, she would probably have exerted her influence over an adoring husband with a far different intent. Even in the seventh year of her age, during the civil war which followed the deaths of the Concini,\* she was separated from her mother, having been sent along with the junior children of France to Fontainebleau. Losing, subsequently, the society of both her sisters in foreign marriages, the deprivation was partly supplied by her brother's young wife, Anne of Austria, with whom she appears to have ever been on amicable terms.

Scarcely had the beauty of Henrietta dawned, before her kinsman, Charles de Bourbon, Count of Soissons, and second prince of the blood of France, made open pretensions to her hand, and for three years together pressed his suit with a pertinacity to which the opinion of the French council of regency, and even a formal prohibition in the name of the minor monarch, her brother, Louis XIII., were vainly opposed. The embarrassment produced by the count's passion, which seems, however, to have met with little encouragement from herself, had prevented the eligible addresses of some foreign princes, when, at length, Charles, Prince of Wales, passing through Paris in 1623, on his road to Spain, had an opportunity himself, wholly unobserved, of seeing her at a ball in the Louvre: struck by her charms, on the dissolution of the treaty for the infanta, he determined to solicit

\* See this portrait and memoir, January, 1835.

† See this portrait and memoir, March, 1839.

\* Detailed in the memoirs of Marie de Medecis and Anne of Austria, see March and April, 1839.

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his father's permission to demand her in marriage.

The princess (she had grown and greatly improved in complexion since the previous year) from her fifteenth year had shared in the gaieties of the court, and on a certain occasion had taken part in a ballet, when Charles himself, incognito, and under the assumed name of John Browne, beheld the court of France in these splendid representations.

Among the original letters collected by Sir Henry Ellis, we find the following:

"Prince Charles saw his future wife when he passed incognito through Paris on his chivalric expedition to court the infanta of Spain. He and his companion, the Duke of Buckingham, wished to see the court. But for the better veiling their visages, his highness and Buckingham bought each of them a periwig to overshadow their foreheads. Towards evening, by a mere chance, they had a full sight of the Queen Infanta, as Anne of Austria was called, and likewise of the Princess Henrietta Maria, with other great ladies rehearsing a masked ballet which was then in preparation. The Duke de Montbason, the queen's lord chamberlain, seeing the two English gentlemen pressed in the crowd, very urbanely gave them places without recognising them, nor did M. Cadinet, who had lately been ambassador in England."

Other accounts say that the princess of France was masked, and danced in a dark part of the *salon*. Charles probably did not give her a thought, as his whole attention was directed to the Queen of France, who being a Spanish infanta, and sister to the princess with whom he was in love, he was admiring her beauty, and considering her resemblance to her sister, as we see by his letter to his father on the occasion.

"Since the closing of our last we have been at court again (we assure you we have not been known), where we saw the young queen, Anne of Austria, little Monsieur (Gaston of Orleans), and Madame (Henrietta Maria), at the practising of a mask, and in it there danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst which the queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

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The Spanish match was broken off, to the great discomfiture of the ambassador at the French court, for the public voice in Spain had already married the infanta; and the burthen of a song, by Lope de Vega, was echoed by the populace:

"Carlos Estuardo soy  
Que, siendo amor mi guia,  
Al cielo d'Espana voy  
Per ver mi estrella Maria."

Charles Stuart I am,  
Whom love has guided afar;  
To the heaven of Spain I came,  
To see Maria my star.

Thus the political marriage which had failed at Madrid was to be brought about at Paris. Modern history affords no parallel to the narrative of the projected, proffered, accepted, and at length broken-off match of Prince Charles of England with the infanta of Spain. The attention of the English court was therefore turned to the young daughter of Henry the Great; and the all-accomplished Lord Kensington, afterwards Earl of Holland, was employed to treat with Mary de Medecis, queen dowager of France, for the marriage of Henrietta with the Prince of Wales.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his ingenious and entertaining chapter on the "Secret History of the French Match," has drawn a very graphic portrait of this nobleman, and from which we give, with necessary omissions, a few passages.

"Henry Rich, Lord Kensington (Clarendon notices his 'lovely presence,' and a contemporary poet describes it—'Thy beauty, too, exceeds the sex of men,') was first dispatched on a secret mission to France, on a voyage of discovery, preliminary to a more settled intercourse, being altogether unfurnished with official powers to address himself direct to the ministers. Mary of Medecis, the queen-mother of France, however, had long desired this political marriage. The match was popular with the French nation; and when the diversity of religion was opposed, it was said, with characteristic levity, that 'a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband.'"

The English envoy on his arrival (February, 1623) found that the queen-mother governed the state; and his first visit was to the Louvre. So little was Louis XIII. interested by the arrival of

the great stranger, that the young monarch did not suspend his perpetual movements, and on the following day went into the country; but the presence of the English earl produced not quite so slight an impression on the Spanish ambassador, who, disturbed and agitated, appears to have had a full conception of the purport of his visit. The Spaniard instantly sent forth a rumour that the alliance between the two courts of Spain and England was completed; to paralyse, indeed, the efforts of the English visitor, and to conciliate the confidence of the French, was the first business of the politic Spaniard.

The queen-mother, however, was only the more curious in her inquiries about the terms on which the Spanish alliance stood.

The French minister, though undressed on the subject by Lord Kensington, was eager for the alliance with England, and contrived to acquaint him with their dispositions of amity and alliance. Not only the ministers secretly communicated their wishes, but the queen-mother did her part, assuring his lordship that she had often indulged the hope that her daughter should be given to the Prince of Wales; "but," she significantly observed, "*the female must be sought, she may be no suitor!*"

Lord Kensington was guarded in his first answers. He did not deem it prudent to open at once, and he only complained of the Spanish tediousness, which, according to their old custom, had outwearied the king (James) and the prince, and he thought that the Spanish alliance would soon have an end.

As the term "Spanish alliance" included both the treaty and the marriage, it was still ambiguous. The queen-mother, on this point more a woman than a politician, then directly touched on the marriage. His lordship, by repeating more strongly that he considered the treaty was at an end, delicately insinuated that the marriage would never take place. Daylight was breaking on this dark business, to the comfort of both parties.

Thus Lord Kensington was treading a path of roses. The ministers were as eagerly compliant for the political union, as the queen-mother gloried in the more tender one, in spite, it seems, of the

manœuvres of the Spanish ambassador, who having at first indulged his Cervantic vein by putting questions to every one, "Whether the Prince of Wales could have two wives, since he is married to the infanta?" afterwards, more angrily in his rhodomontades, talked of the armies his master could shortly bring into the field. Olivarez, in process of time, sent bigger words from Madrid; for there he told one ambassador, that if the pope granted a dispensation for the match with France, the King of Spain would march to Rome and sack it! On which Mary of Medecis, that long experienced politician, promptly answered, *Vraiment nous l'empêcherons bien, car nous lui taglierons assés de besogne ailleurs.* A year afterwards she was herself a solitary exile!

The Spaniard was moving heaven and earth against the alliance of France and England, the pope, the press, and cabinet intrigues. The court of Madrid long influenced his holiness to refuse the dispensation, without which the marriage would be invalid. They got up a mysterious conspiracy against Buckingham and Charles, in secret midnight interviews with James; and unquestionably had succeeded in terrifying the aged monarch, who was on the point of dismissing the favourite from his councils. They opened the presses of Italy, Germany, and Flanders, with a volley of pamphlets. They procured a German jesuit to publish two, on the unnatural alliance between a Catholic monarch and Lutheran heretics, which made the more noise when the Sorbonne condemned them as libels.

But Lord Kensington, however he might feel the roses springing under his feet, seemed unambitious of handling the thorny politics. He therefore suggested to his court the propriety of separating the propositions of the treaty from the arrangement of the marriage; for in the delicacy of his fears he considered that by insisting on both together, it would look as if the one were designed to force the French king to the other. He dreaded the mutual jealousies of both parties in framing a treaty, incited, as they might be, by the crafty wisdom of the Spaniard, who, in despair, would do every thing to win over one side. In France they imagined that

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Spain would seduce England by the restitution of the palatinate; but in England they might dread that France would be divided from us by the restoration of the Valtoline.

SUCH IS THE PICTURE OF THE MUTUAL SUSPICIONS WHICH HARASS OUR CABINET POLITICIANS, AND OF THE UNHAPPINESS OF THEIR FAR-SIGHTED VIEWS OF THAT MUTUAL SUSCEPTIBILITY OF INCONSTANCY, SO PREVALENT WHENEVER NEW STATE INTERESTS ARE TO BE SUBSTITUTED FOR FORMER ONES.

A fresh impulse came from London. The favourable disposition of the French cabinet, which Lord Kensington transmitted to the duke, induced the minister to touch a secret spring of communication, in an overture to the Count de Tillieres, the French ambassador. A gentleman is hastened with a secret despatch for the French king, containing the joyful intelligence. The royal answer arrives immediately, "that no one more than the French monarch valued the alliance of so great a monarch as his Britannic majesty." The Earl of Carlisle, provided with ample powers, sets off to open the negotiation, which was to combine the strength of two great nations, and change the face of Europe.

Lord Kensington had imagined, by the ardour with which he himself and the Earl of Carlisle were entertained, that no possible obstructions could arise in the smooth progress of the treaty, and still less in that of the marriage; and he counted on the accomplishment of these important objects as on an affair of ten days.

The Duke de la Vicuville was a zealous but a weak prime minister, directing a cabinet divided into small parties. The king, who was governed by his mother, wished to grant the most unreserved confidence to Richelieu, whose talents were already felt by those about him. Even while the treaty with England was in progress, the obscure favourite of Marie de Medecis was to be the man who was adroitly to expel from the royal councils all those who had called him there; to cast into exile his unhappy patroness; to hold his sovereign in bondage; to guide the destinies of Europe; and unquestionably contribute to the destruction of Charles the First; the very prince whose double union with

France then so deeply engaged his labours. What a career may a mighty genius run, unconscious to itself!

The treaty of marriage was the more favourite negotiation with Lord Kensington; and this hymeneal ambassador, faithful to his charge, was studying how to make the Prince of Wales and the Princess of France enamoured of each other. With such view "this noble wrote thus to Prince Charles:"

"You will find her a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection as any creature under heaven can do. In the way of admiration of the person of madame my impressions were but ordinary, but to my amazement extraordinary; I find her, as I protest to God I did, the sweetest creature in France. She dances, the which I am a witness of, as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings most sweetly. I am sure she looks so. I heard her discourse with her mother and the ladies about her with extraordinary discretion and wisdom."

A confidential letter was sometimes addressed to the minister. His lordship repeats how all in France repute his royal highness to be "the most complete young prince and person in the world." Adding that—

"The sweet princess, madame, long felt a passionate desire to view 'the shadow of the person so honoured,' the prince's picture, which his lordship wore about his neck; yet this poor young lady durst not, like the queen and other princesses, open it, and consider it, and admire it; she only saw it afar off; 'she whose heart was nearer it than any of the others that did most gaze upon it.' Impatient for a leisurely inspection of a physiognomy doomed by politics, if not by love, to be the arbiter of her happiness or her glory; a confidential lady was the messenger to his lordship to entreat for a short loan of the portrait of Prince Charles. Our flowery courtier may tell the romantic incident in his own words, a curious specimen of an amatorial embassy. We seem to read a passage from the "Arcadia" of Sidney.

"As soon as she saw the party that brought it she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in; when she opened the picture in such haste as showed a

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true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secrecy, as I know it shall never go further than unto the king your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by this lady trusted, that is for beauty and goodness an angel."

The nobleman who, conjointly with the Earl of Carlisle, so skilfully negotiated the prince's marriage with Henrietta Maria, naturally attached himself to that queen; and through her good graces continued, even after Buckingham's death, to receive the most solid, as well as the most splendid marks of the king's favour, for which he showed all due gratitude, "while," as Clarendon says, "the weather was fair; but the storm no sooner did arise, but he abandoned his benefactor." His apostasy (more than once repeated) did not, however, save him from the sanguinary license of his new friends; for, shortly after the king's murder, he was tried before a high court of justice, of which Bradshaw—who had presided at the king's trial—was again chief; and being found guilty for the only honest part of his conduct (his appearing in arms for the king), he was beheaded, in 1649, on a scaffold erected in front of Westminster-hall, unregretted by any side.

It was to this gentleman that James gave so remarkable an instance of his liberality. Sir Henry Rich and Maxwell (a gentleman of the bedchamber) being one day with the king in the gallery at Whitehall, some porters passed by, carrying 3000*l.* in specie to the privy purse. Rich, seeing the money, turned to Maxwell and whispered him. The king, observing this, insisted on knowing what had passed. Maxwell told him that Rich had said that that sum of money would make him happy. Thereupon the king, calling the porters, ordered them to carry the money to Rich's lodgings, saying, at the same time, "You think, now, that you have a great purchase; but I am happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiv-

ing it." A noble sentiment, which we could wish to have arisen on a worthier occasion. It is very different from, and indeed not consistent with, the mean falsehood and avarice which Osborne imputes to James, in the story of his recalling a present he had made to Somerset, because Cecil, to exhibit the difference between *pounds Scottish* and English, had spread out the gold on a long table.

To return to the matter of this extraordinary negotiation. The Hon. J. W. Croker, in a note appended to his admirably edited translation of the "*Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England in 1626*," characterises the treaty of marriage between Charles and Henrietta as "the most impolitic and disgraceful which England ever made. To say nothing of the too numerous and independent Roman catholic household allowed to the queen; but, that a foreign power should have been allowed to stipulate in favour of any class of our own subjects—that the alteration or non-execution of our internal constitutional laws should have been promised in a foreign treaty—that it should have been conceded that the royal offspring should be educated by Roman catholics till the age of thirteen; and finally, that such offspring (whatever faith they might profess) should succeed to the crown of these kingdoms—are terms so monstrous, that Rapin inquires with wonder what could have induced the English court to accede to them; and he suggests three causes—James's avarice, vanity, and indifference to the Protestant reli-

"In the marriage treaty," says D'Israeli, "it is specified that the children of the future marriage shall be brought up by their mother till the age of fourteen years." This would have made an English protestant's cheek tingle with indignation; yet, after having extorted this impracticable concession from the British cabinet, when the dispensation was finally sent, it came clogged with a clause so insurmountable, that even James or Charles, with all their frailty, dare not perform it. It was nothing less than a catholic emancipation, in the form of a treaty with the Roman pontiff, to be sanctioned by an oath of the Eng-

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lish sovereign, which violated the fundamental laws of our constitution.

Dr. Lingard has vaguely stated that the children should remain under the queen's care until they were thirteen years old. The words in Rymer are more precise—*Les enfans seront nourris et elevés après de me dite reyne.* With the catholics it was a stipulation for the religion of the children. It was always so reported by one of the negotiators, De Brienne, and it is confirmed by Père Griffet, in his excellent history of Louis XIII. *Ce qu'il y a d'étonnant, c'est qu'ils ne faisoient pas tant de difficulté sur l'article qui regardoit l'éducation des enfans dans la religion catholique jusqu'à l'âge de douze ans, qui devoit ce semble leur paroître d'une si grande importance.*

In proportion to Richelieu's ascendancy in the cabinet at this period, the marriage treaties—of which the following are amongst some of the not least curious—moved the more sluggishly. The cardinal was inflexibly bent on the catholic cause in England :—

*Extracts from the Treaty of Marriage, signed at Paris, November 10, 1625.*

### VII.

The free exercise of the Roman catholic apostolic religion shall be granted to madame, as likewise to all the children that shall be born of this marriage.

### VIII.

To that end madame shall have a chapel in all the royal palaces, and in every place of the King of Great Britain's dominions where she or he shall reside.

### IX.

The said chapel shall be beautified with decent ornaments, and the care and custody thereof shall be committed to such as madame shall appoint. The preaching of God's Word and the administration of the sacraments shall be entirely free; and the mass, and the other parts of divine service, shall be celebrated according to the custom of the holy Roman church, with all jubilees and indulgences which madame shall procure from Rome. There shall also be a churchyard allowed in the city of London, where, according to the custom of the Roman church, such of madame's attendants shall be buried as happen to die, which shall be done in a modest

manner. The said churchyard shall be enclosed, that it may not be profaned.

### XI.

Madame shall have in her house twenty-eight priests or ecclesiastics, almoners and chaplains included, to serve in her chapel; and if there are any regulars, they shall wear the habit of their order.

### XII.

The king and prince shall oblige themselves by oath not to attempt, by any means whatever, to persuade madame to change her religion, or to engage her in any thing repugnant to it.

### XIV.

All the domestics that madame shall bring into England shall be French catholics, chosen by the most Christian king; and in the room of those that shall die, she shall take other French catholics, with the consent, however, of the King of Great Britain.

### XIX.

The children which shall be born of the marriage shall be brought up by madame, their mother, till the age of thirteen years.

"At length," continues the same author, "the Duke of Chevreuse, by proxy, espoused, in the name of the King of England, Madame Henrietta Maria. In a French journal of that period the splendid ceremony, and the public rejoicings from Paris to Amiens, occupy a moveable page of festivals, processions, and triumphal arches. All the magnificence of France was radiant; and the details from the mantles of violet velvet, spotted ermine, and cloth of beaten gold, to the allegorical entrances into towns, or the verses from sibyls or muses, with an exhibition of all the daughters of France who had been queens of England, represented as so many different virtues, were all unquestionably to the taste of Louis XIII., who perhaps edited, with particular care, the splendid chronicle of this book of kings. A circumstance in the marriage ceremony was remarkable. Although the French had obstinately persisted, during their negotiation, in requiring a secret article respecting the education of the children of the marriage under their Roman catholic mother, yet, when mass was performed at Notre-Dame, with great deli-



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cacy they permitted the Duke de Chevreuse, as representative of the English monarch, to withdraw from the mass, and accompany the two English ambassadors, who were not present during its celebration, but who returned to the French monarch to take their rank in the procession the instant it was concluded.

"Scarcely had the marriage ceremony closed, when, to the astonishment of the whole court, the unexpected arrival was announced of the Duke of Buckingham, accompanied by a train of English gentlemen."

The hostile Count de Brienne observes, "This Englishman appeared to the court to have his head filled with chimeras that broke out in his conversation; he pressed for the departure of the Queen of England, and every one earnestly wished for that of the presumptuous stranger."

The departure of her Britannic majesty was delayed by the indisposition of the king, who was desirous of accompanying his sister to Compiègne.

"Our comet of fortune blazed with intolerable light. Even the severity of the sullen secretary of state softens, as his reminiscences sparkle in describing the singular beauty of his person, the grace of his movements, the strange magnificence of his dress. We hear from our own quarters of Buckingham's twenty-seven suits, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and pearls could ornament; and more particularly of the white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, set off with great diamond buttons, and diamonded feathers.\* To the females, Buckingham seemed a degree above a mortal; for, among the seductions of his gallantries, he practised one peculiar to his own phantasy. He had his diamond stacked so loosely on, that, when he willed, some graceful motion would shake off a few; and he obtained all the celebrity he desired from the pickers up, the *dames de la cour*: whatever any fair hand condescended to take from the ground, the duke conferred on her as an unalienable possession.

"But, alas! his presence at the court

of France was fatal to her who seemed placed beyond the reach of fate—to Anne of Austria, the queen of Louis XIII. The splendour of that queen's complexion was unsufferably fair, and he who had all the world of women for his victims, was himself the weakest of that all. The lady, too, was one whose pride was to subdue the hearts of distinguished persons; and who, in Europe, was so distinguished as the magnificent and fascinating English duke?"

Buckingham shed tears on the queen's hand at taking his departure. Were those drops the melting effusions of his mind, or the burning heat of his senses? The annals of gallantry, usually so circumstantial with the French, have preserved a sullen and royal silence. Was the passion of Buckingham refined, as Hume in the calmness of his philosophy would conjecture, who tells us that, "that attachment, at least of the mind, which appears so delicious, and is so dangerous, seems to have been encouraged by the princess." But the discontent of her royal husband, the rage of the cardinal, were a double rival to Buckingham; and the covert style of the secretary of state indicated treason. "Had the princess followed my advice," says De Brienne (which was, to remain at Paris with her sick husband), "she would have received great advantages; but she preferred the councils of Madame de Berony," who probably was not unacquainted with her majesty's confidential inclinations, nor the promised festivals of every day, which were to make gay the progress to the coast.

We fear that Hume is here but an apologist for the French queen, when we find in the graver historian, Père Griffet, that "several of the queen's household were suddenly dismissed; the Marchioness de Vernet, her *dame d'atours*, and Ribera, her physician, as persons who had proved to have been too favourable to the designs of the duke." And further, when we recollect the reply of Voiture, when her majesty met him musing in the garden of Ruel—"What are you thinking on?" inquired the queen. "I am thinking," replied the wit, in impromptu verses, "that if, at this instant, the Duke of Buckingham should appear before your majesty, who would lose the day—the

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\* See a tale entitled "The Duke of Buckingham's Diamond," Dec. 1838.

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duke or Père Vincent, the queen's confessor."

The mystery of the loves of Anne of Austria and Buckingham is not diminished by a letter of the Earl of Holland to our duke, in which, among other state affairs, we discover certain hieroglyphics of love: a *crown*, to designate the King of France; a heart, the female lover; and an *anchor*, our lord high-admiral. It appears the anchor was most urgent to visit Paris, but the crown continued in its strongest suspicions, and the heart "hath infinite affections." A threat of the young bravadoes of the court, set on by the crafty cardinal, that he is not a good Frenchman who would suffer the anchor ever to return from France, might have its effect. "You are the most happy, unhappy man alive, for the heart is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance to you. Do what you will, I dare not advise you—to come is dangerous, not to come is unfortunate."—A specimen of love-letters enclosed in the despatches of ministers of state.

To return to this regal hymeneal treaty—relative to which, and indeed to royal and political marriages generally, it has been well remarked, that "the calamity of these ROMAN CATHOLIC and PROTESTANT MARRIAGES in the royal family—for calamitous they have always proved to be, by exciting the fears and jealousies of the nation, in an age of controversial faiths—was so far from having been yet ascertained, that, on the contrary, both parties there calculated on mutual advantages from this forced union of opposite interests. The first difficulty lay in the preliminaries: for which one party required so many concessions which could never be conceded; the other, in its perplexity, accommodated matters by promises which could never be performed. It seemed the act of one party to evade what the other at length would abandon; and it appears that notwithstanding the secret articles of the treaty ostensibly signed, there were others, still more secret, which annulled them, as the English cabinet, in their subsequent discussions

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and rupture with France, always asserted."

Again, "the nature and character of these POLITICAL MARRIAGES in our own history, since the time of the Reformation, is a subject of some curiosity and importance. Royal marriages with us were long the results of political combination, and the contract of marriage was nothing more than a clause in a treaty; the treaty itself being an act of political co-partnership, formed by all the fears and jealousies of the high contracting parties. In the wooing of the crowned and conjugal pair, the ambassadors, who were the adroit match-makers, and the grave ministers of state, who did not forbid the bans, had no other motive than what Italian politicians term the *Ragion di Stato*. A daughter or a sister were the victims, if they are to be considered as such, whenever, by their means, a great political purpose could be obtained. Henry the Eighth enjoined his executors to effectuate a marriage between Edward the Sixth and Mary of Scotland.\* The Scots, however, being under the influence of French councils, rejected the overture. The protestants then resolved to bring about an alliance and union by arms; and it was on this occasion that a Scottish nobleman said, 'I like marriage, but fancy not the wooing.'

"In that darling project of Catherine of the Medecis, † of uniting our Elizabeth ‡ with a prince of the royal line of France, when, after the first repulse, it was proposed by the French court, that the Duke of Alençon should succeed his brother the Duke of Anjou, and the English ministers seemed as desirous of the arrangement as the French monarch, the king impatiently observed, "You have now only to change the name of my brother, the Duke of Anjou, and insert in its place that of my brother the Duke of Alençon, in the articles which were agreed on; as was extremely well observed to you by my lord the great treasurer (Burleigh)." So simple is the style of these plotters of political marriages!

James has suffered an animadversion, because, when Prince Henry died on the

\* See the portraits and memoirs, May 1834.

† July 1836.

‡ January 1837.

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8th of November, his brother Charles was offered to the Spanish princess on the 9th. But in political marriages, it appears that not a single post is to be lost. Love neither preceded nor accompanied, the Hymen of the *corps diplomatique*, who often waved a smoky torch over the diplomatic treaty of a political marriage.

Royal marriages are a tribute paid to the interests of the state. A duke of Orleans is selected for a princess of the house of Mantua, which means that France resolves to maintain her footing in Italy; or, they are the price of new projects of ambition; and as such they were considered by Napoleon, when he long vacillated between an Austrian or a Russian arch-duchess—a political marriage, on which the fate of Europe revolved! The potent monarch of Spain condescended to cross the seas, to unite himself with an English queen, and could afterwards bend the knee to her renowned sister; and because the suppliant, but haughty Castilian could not obtain a political marriage, his unsuccessful wooing was concluded, as usual, by a political war.

The double marriage of Louis the Thirteenth with Anne of Austria, the infanta of Spain, and Madame Elizabeth of France with Philip, prince of Spain, spread a general alarm among the protestant states. England and Holland by means of their respective ambassadors strained every effort to break off this nuptial union. Even some of the French catholics approved of the resolution of Henry the Fourth, to avoid a family connexion with the Spanish court, already too formidable for the peace of Europe. The double political marriage was designed by Spain to maintain the predominance of the house of Austria in Germany, and to deprive France of the confidence of her numerous protestants. The policy of the bigoted Mary de Medecis, changed the political system of Henry the Fourth after his death, and Elizabeth of France sunk the victim of love and the criminal of state.

A royal marriage must, in general, be considered as the confirmation, and not the cause, of a particular line of policy. It is a public announcement of an alliance, which the supposed interests of the contracting parties have already cemented, and not an union, which is to

create interests between the nations which do not exist.

The monstrous union of our Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou and Alençon, made the Puritan, who wrote a book against the French marriages, and lost for it the hand which wrote it, exclaim, that “a daughter of God was united with a son of Antichrist;” while foreign catholics said of Charles the First, when that prince was proposed to the infanta of Spain, and afterwards to a princess of France, that it was the abomination of “a heretic with a Christian;” and some in England ascribed the calamities of the then reign, according to the expression of Hamon l'Estrange, as “an ireful stroke of divine justice, from his majesty marrying a lady of misbelief.”

The nature of these royal marriages, indeed, was never comprehended by the people, either at home or abroad. The people are occasionally mystified by statesmen, but they are too impatient to inquire how the tricks of political jugglers are performed.

Even Charles the Second cheerfully submitted to a grave and tawny princess of Portugal, repulsive in her person; and we now hold Bombay from this marriage. The overtures and proposals of the conjugal union of William the Third\* with the daughter of James the Second, at the time, were unwillingly consented to by the royal parent, and as coldly received by the Prince of Orange, yet how vast the results of that memorable union!

“Of such adverse elements,” continues our intelligent author, “has been often compounded the royal alliance of persons, whom nature and affection had never brought together; nor is this natural communication necessary for the designs and the ends of government; and it may be curious to observe, that such marriages are so strictly political, that whenever it has happened that they have been unexpectedly broken off, inasmuch as such rupture is the consequence of a most contrary change in the policy of both parties, they have usually terminated by a declaration of war.”

There exists in the British Museum a MS. letter of this period, which contains an anecdote of the Roman legate arresting the Queen of England at Amiens,

\* See these portraits and memoirs, April and May 1838.

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whilst on her way to England, requiring the princess to perform a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles informally, she not having received the papal dispensation. The queen, it is therein stated, obediently stopped her journey, apprising the king of the occasion of her delay. The illness of the queen-mother, Marie de Medecis, however, who could proceed no further to the sea-side, was the real cause which so long interrupted the arrival of the blooming bride of sixteen to the impatient Charles. The papal dispensation was, in fact, brought to Paris on the 10th of February, 1625; the marriage took place on the 11th of May, at Notre-Dame. The ceremony of the

espousals was performed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault (not de Richelieu, as many writers have stated); and on the 22nd of the next month, the young queen (for James died before the completion of the marriage) landed at Dover. The story of the legate is, therefore, merely a malicious rumour. There is, moreover, no mention made of such an important fact in the "Memoirs of the Count de Brienne," who accompanied the queen to England, and was with her during her stay at Amiens. Allusion has, previously, been made to the remarkable *fêtes* during the queen's stay at Amiens, and the count dwells on the mutual courtesies of the English and the French.

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### CHAP. II. 1625—1642.

Arrival of King Charles's consort—Secret history of the queen's household : its dismissal occasions war with France—Departure of the queen for Holland—Civil wars in England.

The queen arrived at Dover, Sunday, about eight in the evening, on the 22nd June, 1625 (O. S.); "lay there at the castle that night, whither the king rode on Monday morning from Canterbury, came thither after ten of the clock, and she being then at meat, he stayed till she had done, which she, advertised of, made short work, rose, went unto him, kneeled down at his feet, took and kissed his hand." But we now prefer following the author of "Memoirs of Henrietta," published in the year 1671. "Charles received her at Dover, on the top of the stairs, she striving, on her knees, to kiss his hands, and he preventing her with civilities on her lips : that, being retired, she wept, and he kissed off her tears, professing he would do so till she had done, and persuading her that she was not fallen into the hands of strangers, as she apprehended, tremblingly, but into the wise disposal of God, who would have her leave her kindred, and cleave to her spouse; he professing to be no longer master of himself than whilst he was servant to her. So after they fell into more composed conversation," and, says the writer of a private letter, "Charles took her up in his arms, kissed her, and, talking with her, cast down his eyes towards her feet, she, seeming taller than report

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was, reaching to his shoulders; which she soon perceiving, discovered, and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect—"Sir, I stand upon mine own feet. I have no help by art. Thus high I am, and am rather higher than lower."

Another account adds, that the king came, before she expected to see him, from Canterbury to Dover. "So soon as she heard he was come, she hasted down a pair of stairs to meet him, and offering to kneel and kiss his hand, he rapt her up in his arms with many kisses. The first words she said to him were, *Sire je suis venue. en ce pair (pays) de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous.*

"She recommended all her servants, by quality and name, in order. At dinner, being carved, pheasant and venison, by his majesty (who had dined before), she eat heartily of both, notwithstanding her confessor, who stood by her, had forewarned her that it was the eve of St. John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill example or a scandal at her first arrival."

The nuptials of the royal pair were celebrated at Canterbury, and they proceeded towards the metropolis.

"Yesterday," a certain writer states, "I saw them coming up from Graves-

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end, and never beheld the king to look so merrily. In stature her head reached his shoulder, but she is young enough to grow taller. Those of our nation that best know her disposition are very hopeful his majesty will have power to bring her to his own religion. Being asked not long since, if she could abide a Huguenot,—“Why not?” said she, “was not my father one?”

“Yesterday, ’twixt Gravesend and London, she had a beautiful and stately view of part of our navy that is to go to sea, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred shot.

“At five o’clock, there being a very great shower, the king and queen, in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour, and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall, infinite numbers, besides those in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, wharfs, and barges on each side of the shore. Fifty good ships discharging their ordnance, as their majesties passed along by, as, last of all, the Tower did such a peal, as, I believe, she never heard the like. The king and queen were both in green suits. The barge windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. She put out her hand, and shook it unto them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may, ere long, by God’s blessing, become ours in religion.”

To return to the former letter-writer:—“She is nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady. One ship, (during the procession on the Thames,) whereupon stood a hundred people, not being well ballasted, and they standing all to one side, was overturned and sunk, all that were in her tumbling into the river, yet was not any one lost, but all saved by help of boats. The bells rung till midnight, and all the streets were full of bonfires.”

Upon their majesties’ arrival, they went to Durham-house, in the Strand, but the plague then raging in London, fearful of catching the contagion, they removed their household to Hampton Court, until the pestilence a little abated, so that some time elapsed before her majesty made a public entry into the metropolis.

London presented itself to the eyes of the daughter of Henry the Great, in its old picturesque form, this being before the great fire. There is preserved a burlesque poem of the times descriptive of her entry into the metropolis from Blackheath and Greenwich. We see by this that the pageant began at St. George’s church in the Borough, and we trace the queen to the Bridge-tower, at the foot of the old London Bridge, old St. Paul’s Cross, and other antique features of London, for centuries, utterly vanished.

A ballad on the marriage of Henrietta Maria written at the time of her entry into the city (not published till sixteen years afterwards), attributed alike to Sir John Eliot and Dr. David Lloyd, is apparently the first satirical attack on the city pageantry.

An alderman both grave and wise,  
Cries brethren all let me advise,

Whilst wit is to be had;  
That we some speeches do provide,  
To entertain the Lady Bride,  
Before all men run mad.

“Saint George’s Church shall be the place,  
Where first I mean to meet her grace,

And there St. George shall be  
Mounted upon a dapple grey,  
And shouting, he shall seem to say,  
‘Welcome St. Denis to me.

“From thence we’ll march by two and two,  
As we at Newgate used to do,

And to the bridge convey her:  
When on the top of that old gate,  
On which stands many a rascal’s pate,  
I mean to place a player.”

And he unto her grace shall cry,

“Vouchsafe to cast up one bright eye,  
To view these heads of traitors:  
Know there we mean to raise all those  
That to your highness shall prove foes,  
For we to knaves are haters.

“Down Fish-street Hill a whale shall shoot,  
And meet her at the bridge’s foot,

Out from its mouth so wide, aye  
Shall Jonas peep and say, ‘For fish,  
As good as her dear heart can wish,  
She shall have hence each Friday.’”

At Grace-church corner there shall stand  
A troop of graces hand in hand,

And they to her shall say,  
“Your Grace of France is welcome hither,  
Tis merry when graces meet together,  
God speed you on your way!”

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At the Exchange shall placed be,  
In ugly shapes those sisters three,  
Who give to each his fate :  
While Spain's Infanta shall stand by,  
Wringing her hands and loud shall cry,  
" I do repent too late !"

There we a pair of gloves shall give,  
And pray her highness long may live,  
On her white hands to wear them ;  
For though they have a Spanish scent,\*  
The givers have no ill intent,  
Wherefore she need not fear them.

About the Standard† I think fit,  
Your wives, my brethren, all shall sit,  
And see my Lady Mayoress ;  
They shall present a cup of gold,  
Saying, " if they may be so bold,  
They'll drink to all in Paris."

In Paul's Churchyard we breath may take,  
For they such tedious speeches make,  
Will tire out any horse :  
And then I'll put her grace in mind,  
To cast her princely eye behind,  
And view St. Paul's Old Cross.

So many conflicting opinions are advanced both by modern and contemporary historians, relative to the motives and conduct of the several great personages who played such prominent parts at this juncture, though all writers agree that Buckingham was the prime mover of the measures which terminated in a war with France, that it may, perhaps, be preferable, in lieu of increasing the number of surmises upon this matter, to glean from the well-accredited writings of modern historians, of as well catholic as the protestant faith, the natives of either country, an unprejudiced and faithful relation of facts, arranged, as near as may be, in chronological order. "Henrietta," says a French author, "was fervently attached to the religion of her ancestors. Agreeably to the terms of the matrimonial convention, the queen was to enjoy an entire freedom relative to the exercise of the catholic worship :

\* Spanish gloves were somewhat similar to the embroidered gloves lately in fashion, but they were made of the most exquisite leather, and worked on the back of the hand with gold, silver, or coloured silks, sometimes with pearls and precious stones ; they were, besides, highly perfumed, and the scandals of that era affirm that fatal poison was often conveyed in the scent. This allusion is to the old story, that the grandmother of Henrietta Maria was poisoned by a pair of gloves sent as a present from Spain by a catholic.

† A conduit at Cheapside with steps all round.  
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she had brought with her Père Berulle, her confessor, and twelve priests of the congregation *de l'Oratoire*, of which he himself had been the founder ; but ere long the king's favourites, enemies of the religion professed by this queen, fearing the ascendancy which she might assume over her husband's mind, persuaded the monarch to send out of the kingdom the French ecclesiastics, and all catholic attendants of her majesty. She, herself, experienced more than one species of contradiction and trouble, although she possessed, as she well deserved, the affection of her husband. The plague continuing, gave Henrietta occasion to exercise great charities, which she bestowed, without distinction, alike on protestant and catholic ; but this scourge only for a time suspended the effects of the animosity of which she was the object. A great number of catholics were imprisoned in spite of her orders, and notwithstanding the remonstrances which Louis XIII. caused to be made on the subject by his ambassador. The queen at the same time was subjected to a trial not less grievous, since she saw England armed against her country and religion, at the solicitation of the French protestants, rebels against their sovereign, who had also summoned the English to their aid ; the latter, however, were defeated in a descent which they attempted upon the isle of Rhé ; and it was not long before she had the satisfaction of being able to contribute her assistance towards the termination of this war, Louis XIII. having sent to his sister the prisoners and artillery taken by his army. The treaty of peace with France was concluded at Suza by the intervention of the Venetians. At length, after eighteen months' sufferings, supported with patience and courage, Henrietta found means of disabusing her royal husband's mind of the prejudices which it had imbibed against her, and of rendering him sensible to the bad treatment which those officers of her household, whom she still retained, had encountered. Subsequently, she profited by a few years of tranquillity and the confidence of Charles I., to protect and extend the catholic faith. She was well seconded in this design by the priests of St. François, whom she had caused to be sent

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from France in place of the priests of the congregation *de l'Oratoire*. She had a hospital constructed in London for them near her own palace (Somerset House); and the chapel of this structure, a monument of her royal munificence, was served with as much solemnity as it would have been in any catholic country. But soon the flames of civil and religious discord were furiously kindled: the Scots revolted, and in England also the king had to carry on war against his own subjects. Aspersions were cast upon the queen for every thing that chanced: she was accused of having abused the tenderness and esteem of her husband, in order to make him abjure his own faith and destroy that of the state. Her only replies to these outrages were increased acts of beneficence affording, at the same time, constant proofs of goodness, wisdom, and firmness."

"Henrietta Maria," says an English protestant, "was a zealous, not to say bigoted, disciple of the church of Rome, and her family had obtained arms from James on that score, to which it is surprising that a prince, who affected to be the chief patron of the Reformers, should have consented. She came, says Father Daniel, '*avec toutes les precautions prises pour la liberte et la surete de sa religion*;' but many of these extended far beyond the provision necessary to secure to her the freedom of religious worship; for example, it was even stipulated by the treaty that the education of her children, till they reached the age of thirteen (as shown in our extracts from the marriage treaty), should be solely under her control. The French clergy, who formed part of her suite, on her arrival were intoxicated by these concessions. They were in number twenty-eight, with a bishop at their head; and they came full fraught with hopes and expedients for the restoration of the ancient faith. With this view, they lost no time in practising its ceremonies with the utmost publicity, and frequently made her a personal partaker in them. Her female attendants, with less ground of excuse, behaved, it appears, with yet more insolence: claimed places of honour, which were not due to them; and, in resentment for the denial of them, set the queen, to use Charles's

own words, 'in such a humour of distaste against him, as from that hour no man could say that she ever used him two days together with so much respect as he deserved of her.' New occasions of disgust and discord now occurred every hour; she positively rejected the establishment which the king had formed for her household, on the plan of that of his late mother; and upon his refusing to admit her French attendants to the superintendence of her jointure, she (so says our author) told him to 'take his lands to himself, for if she had no power to put whom she would into those places, she would have neither lands nor house of his, but bade him give her what he thought fit in pension.' These extravagances—though but the hasty ebullitions of a sanguine temper in a girl of sixteen—in the hands of bad advisers, required instant correction, and they were met by Charles with coolness and discretion. He dispatched the Lord Carleton to Paris to complain of them; and his instructions to that nobleman, dated at Waustead, on the 12th of July, 1626, furnish the authority for what has been here reported."

Charles ascribed this waywardness chiefly to the influence of the queen's French attendants, and his anger against them increased in an equal measure with his averseness to attribute it to the temper of his lovely bride. He had long meditated to send them home. So early as the 20th November, in the preceding year, he proposes it in the following letter to Buckingham, then in France, which we have copied from the original in the king's own hand:—

"STEENIE,—I writt to you by Ned Clarke, that I thought I would have cause anufe in shorte tyme to put away the Monsers, ether by atempting to steale away my wyfe, or by making plots with my owen subjects. For the first, I cannot say certainlie whether it was intended, but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daillie the malitiusness of the Monsers, by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarie no longer from advertising of you that I mean to seeke for no other grounds to casier (cashier) my Monsers. Having for this purpose sent you this other

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letter, that you may, if you thinke good, advertice the queen-mother with my intention; for this being an action that may have a show of harshness, I thought it was fit to take this way, that she to whome I have had manie obligations may not take it unkyndlie; & lyke-ways I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some place of it I may seeme to chide you. I pray you send mee word, with what speed you may, whither ye lyke this course or not, for I shall put nothing of this in execution while I heere from you. In the meanetyme, I shall think of the convenints meanes to doe this business with the best mind, but I am resolved it must be done, & that shortlie. So, longing to see thee, I rest,

"Your loving, faithfull, constant friend,

"CHARLES, R.

"Hampton Courte,

20th of November, 1625."

He delayed it, however, till the summer, when, on the 1st of July, in the following year, he communicated his determination in person, and refused to hear their apologies; and, on the 7th of August, in a moment evidently of the highest irritation, he wrote thus to Buckingham:—

"STEENIE,—I have received your letter by Dic Greame (Sir Richard Graham); this is my answer. I command you to send all the French away tomorrow out of the town: if you can, by fair means; but stick not long in disputing; otherways, force them away, lyke so many wyld beasts, untill you have shipped them; and so the devil go with them. Let me heare no more answer but of the performance of my command. "Your faithfull, constant, loving friend,

"CHARLES, R.

"Oaking, 7th August, 1626."

That the arrogance and impertinence of these persons had exceeded all due bounds of decency, there can be little doubt; but the true cause of the queen's misbehaviour was wholly unknown to Charles, and, in a great measure, to herself; and was of a character so singular, and indeed so romantic, that, were it not disclosed to us under an undubitable authority, it would be absolutely incredible.

The Duke of Buckingham, who had been to Paris in order to escort her to

England, was good enough, during his short visit at the French court, to strive to win the affections of Anne of Austria, Louis XIII.'s queen, a lady less remarkable for her prudence than for her beauty. When the day arrived for Henrietta Maria's departure, he tore himself from Paris with the utmost difficulty, and such was his infatuation, that he left her at Boulogne, pretending that he had that moment received an important commission from his master to the queen-regent, and hurried back for the sake of one brief interview with Anne, whom he found in bed, and almost alone, and towards whom he behaved with that frantic temerity and extravagance, which we have detailed in a previous memoir.

These circumstances were presently conveyed to Louis, and, had he ventured on such another visit, "provision," says Lord Clarendon, "was made for his reception; and, if he had pursued his attempt, he had been, without doubt, dispatched, of which he had only so much notice as served time to decline the danger; but he swore on the instant that he would see and speak with her in spite of the strength and power of France; and, from the time that the queen arrived in England, he took all the ways he could to undervalue and exasperate the court and nation; and omitted no opportunity to incense the king against France; and, which was worse than all this, took great pains to lessen the king's affection towards his young queen, being exceedingly jealous lest her interest might be of force enough to cross his other designs; and in this stratagem he brought himself to a habit of neglect, and even of rudeness towards the queen, so that upon open expostulation with her upon a trivial occasion, he told her she should repent it; and her majesty answering with some quickness, he replied insolently to her, "that there had been queens in England who had lost their heads." There can be little doubt that the misconduct of her French servants had been indirectly prompted by Buckingham, and formed a part of his wild and ungenerous plan for the gratification of his hatred to their nation, at the expense of the public and private peace of his too beneficent master.



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We now resume, more in detail, the progress of events.

"The queen, at the first hearing of mass at Whitehall, at eleven o'clock, soon after her arrival, it is stated, came out of her bedchamber in a petticoat with a veil over her head, supported by the Count de Tilliers, her lord chamberlain, followed by six women, and the mass was mumbled over to her. Whilst they were at mass, the king took order that no English man or woman should come near the place." These precautions were not unnecessary; no mass had been performed in England legally since the death of Queen Mary, or rather since the coronation service of Queen Elizabeth, and the populace were furiously bigoted against it.

"The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king slow in doing that. His answer was, that if the queen's closet, where they now say mass, was not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber were not wide enough, they might use the garden; and if the garden were not large enough to serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place. With all their stratagems they cannot bring him in the least love with their fopperies.

"They say, there came some English papists to the queen's mass on Sunday, whom she rebuked, and caused to be sent out.

"The English nation were, mean time, clamouring for a law to disinherit the heirs of catholic families, and refused the king the necessary subsidies until he had passed such unjust laws.

"The young king was between two fires; on the one hand, the catholics attached to the household of his queen paraded to the utmost before the people those ceremonies of their ritual, (by which they were certain of grievously exasperating the protestants,) glorying almost in the course they were taking—heedless of consequences; whilst on the other, the nation were, with a cruel spirit of intolerance, clamouring for penal laws and thirsting for catholic blood. There is no doubt the queen's train would have been still more intolerant in act, but religious persecution ever looks the most hideous when wielded by those who

have the power to perpetrate cruelty, be it practised by whatever sect it may—intolerance makes the sectarian, spiritualism the christian, be he protestant or catholic. The king's position was a cruel one."

From a letter of this time we find that—

"The friars so frequent the queen's private chamber, that the king is offended, having, as he said, granted them more than sufficient 'liberty in public.'" This Mr. Mordant writes to me, and besides that which follows:—

"The queen is, said he, howsoever little of stature, yet of a pleasing countenance if she is pleased, but full of spirit, and seems to be of more than an ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, she drove us all out of the chamber, the room being somewhat overheated with the fire and company. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."

That year the plague was awful in London. Two thousand seven hundred and forty-one persons died in London of the plague alone. The court removed from the metropolis to Hampton; and it is from this palace the letter of King Charles is dated, which confides to Buckingham, then in France, his dislike of his queen's French attendants.

On the 2nd of February, 1626, King Charles was crowned with great splendour, the religious prejudices of his young and lovely partner causing her to relinquish her part in the gorgeous ceremony.

"The queen," says a letter of the time, "stood at a window, looking on, and her French ladies dancing and frisking in the room. This window was in the gate-house at Whitehall, that celebrated gateway designed by Holbein, which crossed the street near the present Whitehall Chapel. From this station she beheld the pageant going and returning."

Howell, in one of his letters, dated about this time, says of Henrietta Maria, "We have now a most noble new queen of England, who, in true beauty, is much beyond the long-wooded infant, for she had fading flaxen hair, big lipped, and somewhat heavy eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest flower of

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the Bourbon, (being but in her cradle when her father, the great Henry, was put out of the world,) is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a clear brown, with eyes that sparkle like stars, and in her physiognomy a mirror of perfection.

"The king's reasons for sending off the queen's French attendants were, the impertinent mischief-making they practised between him and his wife, and the scandal which their bigotry caused in the country: that there were at that very time twenty priests under sentence of death for treason, for only practising the rites of their religion." In this state of the public mind, the imprudence was great of such extreme conduct as is here detailed. When speaking of the French bishop and her confessor:—

"No longer agon than upon St. James's day, these hypocritical doggs made the poor queen to walk afoot (some add barefoot) from her house at St. James's to the gallows at Tyborne, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, wherso many, martyrs forsooth, had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause. Had they not also made her to dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset-house to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding by her in his coach! Yea, they have made her go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of trine (wooden) dishes, to wait at table and serve her servants, with many other absurd penances. And if these rogues dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, to undergo?"

Again, in Ellis's collection of original letters, we find the following:—

*"From John Pery to Joseph Mead.*

"On Monday last, about three afternoon, the king passing into the queen's side, and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, *unreverently* curvetting and dauncing in her presence, took her by the hand, and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him, and shutting out all save the queen."

Charles's intention of dismissing his consort's French attendants on the first very feasible opportunity, we have seen developed in his letter to Buckingham; but it appears they kept too much

on their guard, until this unfortunate frisking took place in June, 1626. The occasion of offence was small, and the queen in consequence so much incensed, that after the king led her out of the room, as described, she became so violent that Charles could scarcely restrain her fury, by holding her wrists grasped in his hands. As it was, his incensed partner contrived to break his bedchamber windows.

"Presently Lord Conway signified to the French servants of her majesty, that young and old they must leave the kingdom, and should all depart thence to Somerset-house, and remain there till they knew his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if going to execution, but all in vain; for the guard, according to Lord Conway's orders, thrust them all out of the queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them. It is said, also, that the queen, when she understood the design, grew impatient and brake the glass windows with her fist; but since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the king and she, since they went to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together."

The king, it seems, subsequently "went to Somerset-house, and distributed 22,000*l.* among this train, but not contented with this benefaction, they took, as their fees, all the queen's wardrobe, leaving but the gown she wore and one change of linen. A remonstrance was sent, whereupon they only surrendered one old satin gown, and kept the rest as their perquisites. The queen's nurse and dresser were permitted to stay."

The last scene of this state comedy had like to have turned into a tragedy; for after the money had been distributed, and the king had dismissed them, the French attendants, with a polite speech, they vowed on the day appointed that they would not depart. Though the proper persons were in waiting with coaches, carts, and barges, yet they contumaciously refused to stir, for they had not been discharged, they said, with the proper punctilios. On this the king sent a large posse of heralds, trumpeters, and a strong body of his yeomen, and after the trumpets and heralds had proclaimed the king's pleasure at Somerset-house gates, if the French train showed

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on signs of departure, the yeomen had orders to seize them by the neck and shoulders and expel them by main force. However, they departed that tide. On their embarkation, the mob followed pelting them with stones; and as one of the females stepped into the boat, a stone from the foremost among the rioters struck her on the cap, whereupon an English gentleman who was escorting them turned back, drew his sword, ran the offender through the body, and then quietly regained the boat,—an incident strikingly characteristic of British gallantry at that period. The correspondent adds, “that the Duchess of Tremouille being detained by the king, was ordered to sleep at St. James’s, had not the housekeeper sent word that the French had so defiled that house, as a week’s work would not make it clean.”

A few ecclesiastics, however, still remained, as appears from what follows:—

“The queen hath a French priest left, but the silliest of them all, and also Philips, a Scotch priest, and Potter and Godfrey, English priests, and opposers of the pope’s supremacy in England.”

These people persuaded Henrietta Maria to acknowledge debts to them of upwards of 19,000*l.*, but on being earnestly questioned by the king, she confessed that the debts were counterfeits.

Much has been said of the imprudence of Charles in permitting the public penances of his queen; and some historians have attributed his misfortunes wholly to her bigotry and the insolence of her numerous priests. From the vicious generalities of modern historians, readers have, doubtless, concluded that such practices continued from the time of the marriage of Henrietta till the breaking out of the civil war. Let such look at the dates of the queen’s marriage and of the foregoing letter, and they will see that the priests were dismissed before the queen had completed the first year of her marriage, and seventeenth of her life. By others, Charles has been blamed for his uxoriousness, yet there are few signs of yielding in this occurrence; he rather assumes the tone of a stern young husband than otherwise. The French attendants finally departed in August, 1626. The king’s confidential letter to Buckingham, wherein he

is fully resolved on their removal, is dated six months earlier. This measure was the occasion of the war with France, and has been generally attributed, as we have shown, to the policy and measures of the all-powerful Buckingham.

Mr. D’Israeli has taken acute views of the mutually painful position of the royal pair relative to the machinations of the queen’s household, and of the attempt to organise a French and catholic faction in the English court.

“Charles I.,” he remarks, “at this early period of his reign, had not only to encounter the troubles of his parliament, the disaffection of his people (excited by his financial difficulties), and the anxieties attendant on his military expeditions, but even his own household opened for him a long scene of mortification, such as has rarely been exhibited under the roof of the palace of the sovereign.”

Charles and Henrietta had met in youthful love; ardent and heartfelt had been their first embrace; but the design and results of a POLITICAL MARRIAGE could not long be concealed, and their personal happiness was soon not in their own power to command.

Henrietta, among her French household, forgot her endearing entreaty to Charles, which had so gracefully opened her lips on her arrival, that “he would ever himself, and by no third person, correct her faults of ignorance, youthful and a stranger as she was.” In thanking her, the young monarch desired that “she would use him as she had desired him to use her.”

But Henrietta had the whole French cabinet invisibly operating on her conduct. Her mother, the dowager of France, and her brother, the monarch, flattered their hopes that a ductile princess of sixteen might serve as an instrument to maintain the predominance of the French interest in the English court; nor does the English king appear to have been insensible to their attempt. It is only by entering into the domestic privacies of these royal personages that we can do justice to Charles in a dilemma equally delicate and difficult.

Every ambassador sent by France was acting under the councils of the Louvre to influence the queen. The Count de Tilhères, who had first come

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over here as chamberlain to Henrietta, and was afterwards appointed ambassador, was dismissed with the rest of the French; and Charles sent an express prohibition to Tillières, that he should not presume to set foot on English shore to be near her majesty, for that "he would no longer suffer his sworn servant to be check-mate with him."\*

De Tillières was succeeded by the Marquis de Blainville, whom we find keeping up a secret intercourse with the queen and her numerous establishment; and his conduct here was such as to have incurred the peremptory refusal of Charles to allow his admittance to the presence either of the queen or himself.

By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment composed of her own people. As this arrangement was made during the life of James, it was limited to one hundred and twenty persons, in her state as a Princess of Wales. The French afterwards pleaded for an increased establishment for her rank as the Queen of England. Thus they gradually contrived to form nothing less than a small French colony; and, by a private account, it is said to have branched out, with their connexions, to about four hundred persons. This French party were forming a little republic within themselves; a political faction among them was furnishing intelligence to their own ambassadors, and spreading rumours in an intercourse with the English malcontents; while the French domestics, engaged in lower intrigues, were lending their names to hire houses in the suburbs, where, under their protection, the English catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to catholic seminaries. The queen's palace was converted into a place of security for the persons and papers of every fugitive. "The queen and hers," became an odious distinction with the people; and, what seems not improbable, the papists—presuming on the protection which the late marriage seemed to afford them—frequently passed through the churches during divine service, "hooting and hallooing." A

papist lord, when the king was at chapel, is accused "of prating, on purpose, louder than the chaplain prayed;" till the king sent his message, "either let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate farther off." Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; in private they were, as we shall see, of course less reserved.

Those who have portrayed the queen as displaying an ascendancy over the political conduct of Charles I., must at least acknowledge that she had not become a politician by any previous studies, or any disposition towards deep councils. Henrietta first conducted herself as might have been rather expected, than excused in an inconsiderate princess of sixteen; and exhausted her genius and her temper in the frivolous interests of her bedchamber ladies and her household appointments.

Henrietta yielded herself wholly to her confessor, Père Berulle, afterwards cardinal, who was soon succeeded by a more offensive character in Father Sancy. This meddling ecclesiastic appears to have excited incessant discord and mischief between the king and queen during his brief sojourn in this country. The English court must have been early and well apprised of this man's mission, for on the first arrival of the embassy, Charles demanded that Father Sancy should be sent back. These and other of the queen's priests, by those well-known means which the Roman religion sanctions, were, it was alleged, drawing from her the minutest circumstance which passed in privacy between her and the king. They indisposed her mind against her royal consort; they impressed on her a contempt of the English nation; and, as was long usual with an egotistical neighbour, they induced her to neglect the English language, as if the Queen of England held no common interest with the nation. Yet all this seemed hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English queen by their monastic obedience. The ascetic austerities of catholicism, in its daily practices, had occasioned the death of a female of distinction among her attendants, who, on her death-bed, had complained of such rigid penances.

On the queen they inflicted the most degrading or the most ridiculous pe-

\* Sloane MSS.

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nances and mortifications. Her majesty was seen walking barefoot, or spinning at certain hours, and performing menial offices. She even waited on her own domestics; but the most notorious was her majesty's pilgrimage to Tyburn, to pray under the gallows of those jesuits, who, executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James, were by the catholics held as martyrs of the faith. This incident, Bassompierre, in the style of true French gasconade, declared that "those who formed the accusation did not themselves believe." The fact, however, seems not doubtful; it is confirmed by private accounts, and afterwards sanctioned in a state paper.

The custom in France, of purchasing appointments in the royal household, which some did with all their means, seemed a monstrous anomaly to Charles; nor would he submit to a foreign regulation, which forced on him domestics who were nominated by his brother of France. The unhappy foreigners passed their days in jealous bickerings amongst themselves, which exposed them to the ridicule of their sarcastic neighbours. We smile at the despatches of the ambassador extraordinary, this great mediator between two kings and a queen, addressed to the minister of France, acknowledging that "the greatest obstacle in this most difficult negotiation, proceeded from the bedchamber women!" For Marshal Bassompierre "found more trouble to make these ladies agree, than to accommodate the differences between two monarchs."

The queen's French attendants finally departed from England in the month of August, 1626, under the circumstances previously narrated. To satisfy the King and Queen of France in this matter, the Lord Carleton was sent over to Paris, and was very ill received. Marshal Bassompierre was dispatched to London, as ambassador extraordinary to remonstrate with Charles.

The gallant marshal opens his diary by a very ingenuous avowal of the motives and circumstances under which he commenced his embassy, the events of which his memoirs very drily record: "In England they had turned away all the queen's French attendants, and the priests too, except her confessor, which gave great displeasure to the king (of France) and the queen-mother (Marie de Me-

décis), who wished the king to send me to England to set it all right: I did all I could to avoid it, having been so ill-used in respect to my last embassy to Switzerland, in which they had curtailed me of half my employment to confer it upon the Marquis of Cœuvres; but at last I was obliged to go."

The first open insult from the French court was the reappearance of the obnoxious Father Sancy, in the suite of Bassompierre. Charles signified his instant command that he should be sent back to France, but this the marshal, according to his instruction, refused. Charles thrice insisted on sending back Father Sancy, before he would grant a private audience. The marshal could only promise that the father should remain confined to his house, nor ever show himself either at court or in the city. The reception of Bassompierre, before he reached London, was studiously uncivil, in order to balance the cold entertainment which Lord Carleton had suffered at Paris. The master of the ceremonies was ordered not to meet him nearer than Gravesend and to prepare no house; all which the marshal perfectly understood, and refused the king's dict, for that "he would not eat at another's expense in his own house." And at his first interview with the king, at Hampton Court, he came too late, "purposely it was thought," for the dinner which had been prepared; and when "a collation was then set on the table, it remained untasted by him or his fellows:" from whence Sir John Finet on the ambassador's loss of appetite, sagaciously predicted *war, war!*

After many punctilios and much difficulty, the king was prevailed upon by the Duke of Buckingham to grant the ambassador an interview, and a stormy one it proved. De Blainville, the former ambassador, appears to have been sent to quarrel with the king, but Bassompierre to hold him in awe. Charles could not restrain the heat of his temper, and once exclaimed to the latter ambassador, "Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war?" Bassompierre's answer was firm and dignified:—"I am not a herald to declare war, but a marshal of France to make it when declared." The king was firm, and even stern, during the discussion, but he seems to have been struck by the temper, pre-

sence of mind, and ingenuity of Bassompierre.

At the close of the audience this officer's temper became more mollified, and the king himself condescendingly conducted the marshal through several galleries in communication with the apartments of the queen, where he quitted him with marked politeness, and subsequently honoured the French marshal with all the civilities, in his private character, which Charles had denied to his public. One occasion of festivity he notes thus in his diary: "Sunday, the 15th (November, 1626). The Spanish ambassador came to visit me; after which I went to the king at Withal (Whitehall), who placed me in his barge, and took me to the duke's, at Jorschau (York House), who gave him the most magnificent entertainment I ever saw in my life. The king supped at one table with the queen and me, which was served by a complete *ballet* at each course, with sundry representations, changes of scenery, tables, and music: the duke waited on the king at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the queen, and the Earl of Hollande on me. After supper the king and me were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the duke danced; and afterwards we set to and danced country-dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations."

By a *complete ballet*, the gallant marshal meant to say, that the dishes were served by persons in fancy dresses, and in some kind of allegorical show, with music and dancing.

An original letter in the British Museum gives an account of one of those fanciful entertainments, which now appears to be the very one mentioned by Bassompierre:—"Last Sunday, at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador, at York House, with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so like life that the queen's majesty could name them; it was

four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds."

In these feasts and festivals, as well as in some more serious affairs, Buckingham employed Sir Balthazar Gerbier, one of those ingenious men whom the duke's taste, magnificence, and love of the fine arts, had attracted into England. "The early part of Charles's reign," remarks Mr. Croker, "was the dawn, and, I am sorry to be obliged to add, the noon of the fine arts amongst us." It was that age which, to use Walpole's expression, "borrowed Rubens, adopted Vandyke,\* and produced Inigo Jones." It was that age which collected those treasures which have spread such magnificent specimens of painting, and sculpture, and architecture, over the face of England. If the murder of the king and the plunder of his palaces had not scattered all the royal collections, the crown of England would have possessed, at this day, a gallery, which that of the Louvre could not equal: nay, if the royal collections now scattered through Windsor, Hampton Court, Kensington, the Queen's, and other palaces, were assembled, we should be ourselves astonished at the greatness and magnitude of our wealth; and many of the fine specimens of the arts, now forgotten or neglected, and in some instances perishing, might be preserved to the use and admiration of posterity.

The embassy, as might naturally be expected, proved futile; and Bassompierre, in the ensuing December, took his departure.

Four years after the former dismissal of the French priests, a certain number were allowed to return for the religious service of the queen. The *rentrée* was granted at the peace, at once public and domestic, of the two courts. A manuscript memoir of one of the capuchins who was employed in "the Mission of England," as he denominated his evidence here, supplies some curious particulars.

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was (as previously mentioned), that the queen should have a chapel at

\* We have in our possession a large and greatly admired painting of the family of Sir Balthazar, the joint composition of these great painters.

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St James's, to be built and consecrated by the French bishop. The priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state required before the queen. The king's answer at this moment, which we have given in a letter of the times, betrayed no respect for popery.

The detail of the remarkable opening of the queen's chapel is a curiosity of picturesque devotion. "It may serve," says the intelligent writer whose account we are following, "at least as a splendid evidence of a scenical religion, and the art of getting up something like a modern opera, or rather an ancient mystery, aided by all the magic of the voice and the instrument, and the optical delusions of perspective."

The chapel was erected, and "to give greater glory to God and esteem for the Roman catholic religion to the Huguenots, her majesty would hear the first mass celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence possible." The capuchins were commanded to omit nothing which they could invent to render the solemnity more august. An illustrious sculptor had recently arrived from Rome, to whom they applied to assist the pious design. He graciously assented. He raised a machine, the admiration of the most ingenuous artists, to exhibit the most holy sacraments with the greatest majesty.

"A paradise of glory, adapted to the dome of the chapel, was raised forty feet in height; a broad arch was sustained by two columns before the great altar; the spaces between the columns and the walls served as passages to pass from the sacristy to the altar; the choirs of music were placed with the organs and the other instruments at both sides of the empty spaces. In the opening on each side appeared a prophet with a scroll of prophecy, and above the arch was viewed the portative altar, to which they ascended by three divisions of steps. The greatest in front had a balustrade, which admitted a full view of the altar to the assistants, and those on either side were surrounded also by balusters, where the priests, dressed in their pontifical habits, without interruption of the people, were viewed ascending and descending to and from the altar.

"At the back of the altar was the paradise, elevated above circles of clouds, in

which were intermingled the figures of angels, archangels, and cherubims and seraphims, to the number of two hundred: there some seemed adoring the holy sacrament, others were singing, or touching all sorts of musical instruments,—painted according to the rules of perspective; the most holy sacrament was the point of light where the concealed lights, which were of graduated dimensions, made the depth and the distance appear very great; and the number of figures seemed doubled, deceiving, by an ingenuous artifice, not only the eyes but also the ears; for every one imagined, on looking at that paradise, that they were listening to melodies played by angels.

"Of the circles of clouds, the first were the widest, diminishing in proportion to the last. The three first circles contained the angels, larger than the natural size, seated on the clouds, singing and playing; in the fourth and fifth were also angels habited as *diacres* (deacons), holding censors; others, *navettes*, those silver vessels in the shape of a ship, in which incense is burned; while others on their knees were suppliants, and others, prostrated, were pointing to the holy sacraments; all of size proportioned to their distances. In the sixth and seventh circles, winged children, in various attitudes, like young angels, were seen coming out of a cloud, playing together, but with gestures full of respect, inviting the people to rejoice with them at the sight of the adorable sacrament. In the eighth and ninth circles appeared the cherubim and the seraphim, among the clouds, surrounded by luminous rays, contrived by a most singular artifice. The place where was laid the holy sacrament, had a ground of gold, surrounded by a deep red oval, with golden beams, so that it seemed a celestial fire. Four hundred lights, besides a great multitude of tapers, artistly arranged upon the altar, lighted the first circle.

"These things being thus disposed, the whole was covered over by two curtains. When the queen entered with the court to celebrate mass, and had taken her seat, the curtains were drawn, and these wonders suddenly burst on the spectators, to the admiration, the joy, and the devotion of her majesty and all the catholics; at the same moment, the musicians and choristers resounded a motet of soft har-

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mony, seeming to come out of the clouds and the angelic figures. Paradise was opening, and the angels were musicians ! So it seemed, for the singers themselves were hidden, and thus the eye and the ear rejoiced in this subject of piety and artifice. The motet or hymn finished, the acolytes, soudiacres, and the diacres, and my Lord Du Perron, bishop of Angouleme, and grand almoner to the queen, dressed in their pontifical habits, issued from the sacristy, mounted the right steps of the altar, celebrated with the greatest solemnities the holy mass, which was chaunted, in eight divisions, so melodiously, that nothing less than a heart of stone but would have been deeply touched ; tears of joy were seen to fall from the eyes of the queen, considering in this pious and splendid ceremony the grace which God had bestowed on her, to raise a church where the divine offices were celebrated, which heresy had banished from England for more than one hundred years. The mass celebrated, a multitude of catholics crowded to receive the holy communion from the hands of the bishop, who gave his benediction and dispensed his indulgences.

“ After dinner, her majesty again returned to vespers, and complins, and the sermon. Messieurs the musicians, perceiving the effect they had produced on the queen at the morning service, now surpassed themselves. At the close of vespers, the archbishop delivered a pathetic sermon, congratulating the queen on having a catholic church, and publicly celebrating divine service, which had been abolished so many years in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Great was the applause of the audience. Those who were in the chapel found it difficult to issue, from the vast confluence of people who forced their way to witness the magnificence. This continued influx lasted so long, that it was impossible to close the gates of the church till the third night, when the king commanded they should all retire. He came himself to be a spectator of this magnificent representation, accompanied by his grand marshal, the comptroller of the household, and other lords ; he admired the *artifice* : he kept his eyes long on the beautiful scene, declared that he had never viewed any thing more beautiful, nor of a happier invention. The chapel,

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thus ornamented, was kept open from the eighth of December to Christmas. Crowds flocked, and waited two or three hours before they could enter a confessional. They held controversies and conferences, to confirm the FAITHFUL and to reclaim the HERETIC.

The historian (L'Estrange) exults in a favourite argument, by which it was inevitably shown that there could be no salvation for separatists from the true apostolical and Roman church ; but some protestants, who had conceived that this glorious proposition was false, were desirous of receiving more solid reasons for their maturer consideration ; of these, we are told that many, convinced of its truth, renounced their errors.

The puritans subsequently sent three thousand apprentices to the parliament, to demand the expulsion of the *Pères Capuchins* from England. The fathers awaited their death by the side of their altars, where they were prepared to suffer the blessings of martyrdom ; but they were only sent to prison for a month, and then shipped off for Calais. Thus terminated the history of the household of our catholic queen, Henrietta Maria.

After King Charles had thus dismissed the French attendants of his young queen, the next interruption of their domestic happiness was the restless desire of Henrietta to peep into that futurity, which, in mercy, was debarred from her view. The first wish of the queen was to know whether she should bring an heir to the British throne. The prophetess, to whom the queen had recourse to solve this question, was a lady of the court, whose pretences to divination made no little uproar in her day. This was none other than the daughter of the Earl of Castlehaven—Lady Eleanor Audley, married to Sir John Davies, the king's attorney-general—and who had not a little scandalized Charles, by prophesying her own husband's death. We will, however, give the scene between the queen and the Lady Eleanor, from the works of that lady, premising that her style is not remarkable for perspicuity :—“ About two years after the marriage of King Charles, I was waiting on the queen as she came from mass or evening service, on All Saints'-day, to know what service she was pleased to require of me.



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"The first question was, 'Whether she should ever have a son?' I answered, 'In a short time.'

"The next, 'What success the Duke of Buckingham should have, who, the queen said, was carrying his siege (of Rochelle) with forwardness.'

"I answered again, 'As for his honour, of that he would bring home not much, but his person would return in safety, with no little speed.'

"This reply, to neither side, gave little content: the duke's friends were not satisfied, nor even his enemies who wished his death.

"The queen then returned to her hopes of a son, and I showed her she should have one, and that for a time she should be happy.

"'But for how long?' asked Henrietta.

"'For sixteen years,' was my reply.

"Then King Charles coming in, our discourse was interrupted by him.

"'How now, Lady Eleanor! you are the person who foretold your husband's death, some three days before it happened?' to which his majesty thought proper to add, 'that it was the next way to break his heart:' and, probably, most persons will be of the same opinion as King Charles.

Thus the king cut short the precious conference his young consort was holding with Lady Eleanor, as mad a gentlewoman as ever walked unshackled about a royal court, and, in fact, the mischief she brewed was very severely felt at the commencement of the civil war.

Before, however, the Lady Eleanor had done with the queen, she informed her ladies "that it was true the queen should have a son, but the babe would be christened and buried all in one day;" and, indeed, Henrietta's first-born son died soon after it saw the light.

Encouraged by the success of this soothsaying, the Lady Eleanor vented so many impertinent prophecies relating to public affairs, that the king sent Mr. Kirk, of his bedchamber, to recommend her to hold her tongue; a piece of discretion Lady Eleanor had never been able to exercise, nor were either of her husbands able to control that unruly member, though both of them attempted it, and had each thrown a packet of her

prophecies, in manuscript, behind the fire. But the king's messenger was certainly allied against his royal master in the matter of divination, for after delivering the message of King Charles, he added, on his own account, an earnest request to know whether the expected child of her majesty would be a son or not? "And I," says the Lady Eleanor, "unwilling to send him empty away, assured him of a prince and a strong child, which he, not sparing to impart, accordingly solemnized with bonfires."

The poor king must have been sadly plagued with the follies of his young queen, the madness of her prophecies, and, above all, the perversity of his messenger, who, when sent to reprove the conjuring spirit of Lady Eleanor, took the opportunity of exciting her to exercise it anew.

Such was the temper of the times preceding the great rebellion; and how little do those historians do their duty, who disdain to show us the train of thoughts which prompted the actions they describe.

The queen's second child, as Lady Eleanor Davies pretends she predicted, was the heir of England, afterwards Charles II., born at St. James's Palace, May 29th, and baptized by Bishop Laud, the day which is still celebrated as the day of the restoration of the royal family.

The queen had now entered her twenty-first year, and was much improved in person, having grown taller, and become more graceful and womanly in contour; and her royal husband, who had controlled her with some severity during her petulant girlhood, now loved her with such intensity of passion, as to surrender his thoughts and will wholly to her guidance. One traditionary court anecdote, preserved by Swift, will show the effect that the least discomposure of the queen had upon the mind of Charles:—

"One day he thought to surprise her with the present of a diamond brooch of great value, which he chose to fasten to her dress himself, but by accident thrust the pin of the brooch into her chest so deeply, that the queen snatched the ornament from her bosom, and flung it on the ground. The king turned pale, and was observed on this occasion to look more alarmed and con-

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founded than he ever afterwards did when his worst misfortunes beset him."

The queen brought into the world a daughter the year following the birth of the Prince of Wales, which child received the name of Mary, and was afterwards the Princess of Orange.

In English history Henrietta Maria has borne most of the odium arising from her husband's misfortunes; she is, indeed, regarded as the author of the king's disputes with his parliament. This accusation lies heavy on her; but we believe, whatever results may have arisen from her conduct, that the evils which followed were involuntary; since the germ of these differences had its commencement before King Charles had ever spoken to her. To her influence, therefore, the parliamentary disputes cannot be attributed.

The differences between the king and his parliament commenced so early as May 1st, 1625, in the second month of his reign. Parliament had, at the close of the reign of James I., impeached and condemned to death no fewer than twenty catholic priests, accused only of having exercised their religious functions. That a dying man should recoil from setting his hand to such a butchery, was no great wonder. The parliament demanded the execution of these warrants from the young king, with which Charles refused to comply; and this was one of the first springs from which the disputes between Charles I. and his parliament arose.

It was jealousy of the catholic marriage of Charles that occasioned the parliament to be seized with this fit of bloody persecution. James I., in the very spirit of a *parvenu* king, who had been raised to a rank higher than that in which he was born, took into his whimsical head the notion that his heir should not marry with any but an European princess, and one of the highest rank. Now Spain and France bore the rank of the first kingdoms, but unfortunately their royal families were catholic. Though they had been Mahometan, James would have persevered, and, indeed, have met with less opposition. There was then no national law to prevent an English prince from marrying a catholic; accordingly, first the infant, and then the Princess of France, were

wooed for Prince Charles, who was, as already stated, betrothed to Henrietta when his father died. But this marriage excited the religious rage of the parliament, who, in contradistinction to the court, passed brutal penal laws, and demanded the execution of the twenty priests, as a pledge of the king's sincerity in the protestant religion; and on his refusal the supplies were denied by parliament; and then Charles had recourse to the illegal measures of ship-money, loans, and other modes of supplying the deficiencies of the revenue, which caused the flowing of such oceans of blood and tears. During several years their deaths were demanded by the legislature, and as firmly resisted by Charles, until the unfortunate band was reduced, by close imprisonment, to eleven. Now it is certain that if Charles had chosen to have sacrificed his true protestant principles of non-persecutor, and had put his hand to these atrocious death-warrants, the opposition of his wife would not have been more violent than when he dismissed her French servants; and all parties would have been pleased—the majority of the people, his parliament, and even the unfortunate men themselves; for it is well known that the chief of them had, in their enthusiasm, devoted themselves to martyrdom when they undertook their English mission; contrary to the law of God and his own conscience. His firm refusal, and the trying circumstance of his being the husband of a catholic queen, of great beauty, whom he loved intensely, made his people believe that he was, at heart, a catholic. His life and death proved that he was not; but his destiny had not then been fulfilled. No one in those times seems to have conceived the possibility that abstinence from religious persecution in a sovereign might spring from a virtuous motive. They had, in truth, never beheld any instance; and, indeed, those who examine history for the benefit of gaining an insight into the springs of human conduct, will perceive that catholicism had for so many centuries insisted on the religious persecution of the opposers of their creed *as a virtue*; that the principal nations of Europe were thoroughly imbued with religious destructiveness. It had, indeed, become

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a part of their natures to suffer their veneration to excite their "destructiveness;" so that it mattered little what creed they chose to profess, the unchristian and unbenevolent principle of persecution manifested itself alike, and was the vice of the seventeenth century; whilst the wickedness of hypocrisy was superadded to the crimes of those who accused others of persecution, which they were themselves thirsting to effect.

"Ye know not of what spirit ye are of," was the sublimest lesson ever given; and surely the most hideous mischiefs that have ever plagued nations have arisen from a general tendency in a people to a union of destructiveness and veneration, for the latter utterly blinds them to ills committed under the former influence. Such was the state of the public mind in England when Charles I. began his reign. It is seldom that a whole nation has to suffer the chastisement of a civil war, unless for some general moral error; and if we read the religious polemics of that day, we shall see that the hearts of a great majority must have been corrupted by malignant party feelings, and that the persons who perused, as a duty, either the railings of catholic against protestant, church against puritan, and puritan against both, must have offered up to the divine author of the Christian faith an abhorrent sacrifice of religious combativeness instead of true veneration. Never was the spirit of the times better described than in that extraordinary verse of Davenant—

"Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds,  
The differing world's agreeing sacrifice,  
Where Heaven, divided faiths, united finds,  
While prayer in various discords upward  
flies."

Never was the peevishness of party prayer, let it be catholic or protestant, better described than in these noble lines, which are inapplicable in these better times without an historical commentary. Frightfully must human beings have perverted their faculties when they dared corrupt the fountain of their immortality—their communion with the **MOST HIGH**, with their furious destructiveness, and, as Davenant says, preferred—

"Their quarrels, which they call their  
prayers, to heaven."

In these better times, when the moral law of humanity has gained the ascendant, and every kind of personal persecution, even of catholics, is justly considered horrible and abhorrent both to God and man, few people can imagine the venomous spirit that pervaded the minds of those, who would have been otherwise good men and women, when religious differences occupied not their attention. And when we consider how rich and abundant England was, without a national debt, and enjoying an increasing commerce, with manufactures just sufficient to employ a part of the population wholesomely; possessing rising colonies, and exulting in a long continuance of peace; established, moreover, in a mode of worship which offered a rational mean between the extremes of catholicism and calvinism—the religious mania that overthrew most of these blessings, seems most noxious.

In civil wars, as in family dissensions, the only way of tracing the cause of trouble, is to discover which of the contending parties committed the first moral wrong. Here it is clearly on the side of the parliament, who condemned twenty men to suffer an agonizing death for their religious belief; and the king was as clearly right, both as a human being and as a protestant, whose religion was founded on principles of non-persecution, to refuse putting his hand to their death-warrants. This enduring cause of contention once established, the impediments which the parliament threw in the way of the king's finances, as a means of compelling him to sacrifice these victims, speedily produced a plentiful crop of wrongs and illegalities; and wrong, once begun, continued in alternate fits of despotism and rebellion, till all were involved in one mass of civil strife and misery.

Henrietta was young, ignorant of the English laws, and reared, as we have shown, in the very bosom of despotism. If means had existed for King Charles to conciliate his people, by consenting to a religious persecution, her counsels were not likely to have assisted him in following that difficult path. The king's imprudent visit to the House of Commons, for the purpose of arresting the five obnoxious members, or "pulling the rogues out by the ears," has been attributed

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to the taunts and importunities of the queen.

It is true the undeserved lampoons on the queen and her court had occasioned great irritation in her mind. The English court was marked at that time by a higher degree of respectability and refinement than had been seen since the reign of Edward III. Some of the coarseness of a semi-barbarous age might still adhere to its manners and usages, but if we compare it with what was past, the improvement must be acknowledged to have been rapid. When we recall to mind the bull-baitings, and the bear-fights of Mary and Elizabeth, the cock-fightings of Henry VIII., and the lord of misrule with his wooden axe and block, mocking the death of Somerset, for the Christmas diversions of the poor sufferer's nephew, Edward VI., we shall deem the refined tastes of Charles and his Henrietta for poetry, painting, and architecture, and even their stately masks and ballets, a great improvement on former court occupations, and, moreover, infinitely preferable to the gluttonous festivals and drinking matches of the preceding reign, when ladies did not form part of the court of England; nor could a female even cross the halls or corridors frequented by King James and his nobility without the risk of the grossest insults, *were her rank ever so high.*

Disgusted at this horrid state of social life in the highest class, King Charles constituted a court to which at least ladies might resort without insult or reproach. His own moral life and conduct, his conjugal attachment to his queen, together with the elegant tastes of both, gave the English court a degree of refinement before unknown. A kinsman of Cromwell, a gentleman of senatorial rank and nearly allied to the nobility, exercised his poetical abilities as honorary poet laureate, and celebrated the praises of the beautiful queen and her noble ladies in many a highly-polished rhyme—this was Edmund Waller, a writer of some historical celebrity. Inigo Jones devised the scenery and ornamental department of masks and ballets, to which Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, wrote lyrics, which are the pride and glory of our language; while Vandyke and Rubens immortalized by their pencils the beauties who graced the

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picturesque and stately court of Charles and Henrietta: add to all this concentration of taste and genius, that the king and queen, in the very flower of life, were considered pre-eminent in Europe for beauty and accomplishments. These outward glories, however, were chequered with the troubles of the times; a concealed volcano was glowing beneath the feet of those who gaily trod the courtly measures in the elegant and really harmless ballets which rendered still more furious the fanaticism of Prynne and his coadjutors. The furious attack of Prynne on the queen drew down on him the vengeance of Charles in a manner inconsistent with his former character; but as no one blamed the conduct of Prynne more than that honest but mistaken fanatic himself, after he had witnessed the miseries of the civil wars, and the consequences of his own political agitations, it is little use dwelling here on the abhorrent and barbarous punishment inflicted upon him. "King Charles ought to have taken my head when he took my ears," wrote Prynne, after he had done all he could to undo the mischief he had wrought during his [sour and ascetic youth.

Soon after the queen had added to the number of the royal family by the birth of James, duke of York, she was invited to a grand mask and ballet, given by the gentlemen of Lincoln's-Inn and the Temple, in honour of the birth of another English prince; and to show how little they participated in the narrow and illiberal sentiments of one of their body, the fanatic agitator Prynne, it is a curious circumstance that the leaders of these stately revels were two gentlemen who afterwards became the most celebrated statesmen in England, on different sides, viz., Edward Hyde, afterwards Clarendon, lord chancellor and royalist historian, and Bulstrode Whitelocke, lord-keeper of the parliament, and, afterwards, parliamentary historian. They were then only the handsomest and gayest gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's-Inn. These magnificent revels cost the Inns of Court 22,000*l.*; and though the puritans of the times made a horrid outcry at the waste and extravagance, yet these rich societies did much good by the dispersion of a part of their wealth. All the diversions were refined

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and elegant. There was an intercourse between the sovereign, the court, and a most influential and learned body of Englishmen that did honour to both, and we should be glad to see a similar scene revived in the present times on some interesting and important occasion.

The Lincoln's-Inn and Temple pageants lasted three days; they put the majority of the people in an ecstasy of good humour, and for a little while contributed to sweeten the sour temper of the times.

It was at this time, when Henrietta had attained perfection of person, that Waller's courtly lyrics hailed the royal beauty as perpetuated by the masterly hand of Vandyke. The first of his poems is addressed to the picture of Henrietta; little did the object of his adulation deem that her poetical panegyrist would soon transfer his homage to "my Lord Protector," stained as he afterwards was with her husband's blood.

Well fare the hand! which to our humble  
sight  
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling  
light  
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,  
And all access, save by this art, denies.

The gracious image, seeming to give leave,  
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,  
And by our muse saluted. Mighty queen,  
In whom the extremes of power and beauty  
move,  
The queen of Britain and the queen of love.

Heaven hath preferred a sceptre to your  
hand,  
Favoured our freedom more than your com-  
mand;  
Beauty hath crowned you, and you must  
have been  
The whole world's mistress other than a  
queen.

All had been rivals, and you might have  
spared,  
Or killed, and tyrannized without a guard.  
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself had  
thrown  
As bright and quick a lightning as his own.

Witness our Jove perverted by their ~~same~~,  
In his swift passage to the Hesperian\* ~~dome~~,  
When—like a lion finding, in his way  
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey—  
The royal youth, pursuing the report  
Of beauty, found it at the Gallic court.

With his Achates\* breaking through the  
cloud

Of that disguise which did their graces  
shroud,  
And mixing with the ladies at the ball,  
Danced with the gallants, and outshone  
them all.

This historical allusion is somewhat embellished by Waller's courtly idealism; for we have seen, by plain matter-of-fact letters, that Charles did not bestow much attention upon the Princess Henrietta when present, in disguise, at the ball at the Louvre; and that the princess had never noticed him is certain, by the pretty anecdote told by the Duchess de Chevreuse of the self-inflicted suspense of the young princess, when the miniature of the Prince of Wales was presented to her on the morning of her espousals by proxy. Her ladies crowded round to see the likeness of her future husband, but Henrietta held it covered in her hand during half the morning, fearing to look on the features of her betrothed, knowing well the homely, undignified portraits of James I., and dreading lest his heir should be like his father. Her surprise and pleasure at the elegant features of her royal lord may then be readily imagined, when at last she summoned courage to gaze upon that noble countenance, and mark the intense depth of those dark eyes which love had never lit but for her. There is more real poetry in this little natural anecdote than in all that Waller wrote in praise of Gloriana, the name by which he celebrated the queen:—

"Hither my muse, like bold Prometheus,  
flies  
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes."

And—

"Great Gloriana, fair Gloriana,  
Bright as high heaven is, and bounteous as  
earth!"

His "Apology of Sleep to a lady who could do any thing but sleep when she pleased," is likewise addressed to the queen. This steps out of the commonplace which usually flattens all royal panegyric: he says, personifying sleep:—

My charge it is those languors to repair  
Which nature feels from sorrow, toil, and  
care;

\* Charles I. and the infants.

\* Duke of Buckingham.

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Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer  
On troubled minds ; but nought can add to  
her,  
Whom Heaven and her transcendant charms  
have placed  
Above those ills which wretched mortals  
taste.

Yet, as her earnest wish invokes my power,  
I shall no more decline that sacred bower  
Where Gloriana, the great mistress, lies,  
But gently fanning those victorious eyes,  
Charm all the senses, till the joyful sun,  
Without a rival, half his course has run ;  
Who, while my hand that fairer light con-  
fines,  
May boast himself the fairest thing that  
shines.

If the queen could be deceived out of  
a sense of her mortality by such adula-  
tion as this, the times were fast approach-  
ing which would show that she was in no-  
wise distinguished above other wretched  
mortals, except by the pressure of a  
double load of sorrow. That wakeful-  
ness, which was turned into compliment  
by the poetical adulation, had been in-  
duced by the prognostics of the coming  
storm.

The queen's religion was a constant  
theme of cruel jealousy and agitation in  
parliament, together with the king's  
firm refusal to shed the blood of catho-  
lics, which was construed into a secret  
bias for catholicism ; yet we have the  
evidence of Madame de Motteville, that  
he often tried to induce his queen to con-  
form to the ritual of the church of Eng-  
land, and one day sat down with her  
and made her compare the Common  
Prayer-book and the book of the Roman  
service, showing her, and truly, that our  
collects, prayers, and litany were wholly  
drawn from her own ; and that nothing  
but non-essentials, or invocations of a  
misdirected worship, were omitted ; put-  
ting it to her affection and tender love  
for him and her children, whether these  
superfluities and superstitions ought to  
stand in the way of their safety, and the  
peace of three kingdoms.

The blindness of his consort, however,  
resisted this affectionate appeal, and in  
so doing she virtually signed her hus-  
band's death-warrant, by urging him to  
that resistance which ended in total ruin ;  
and the rational endeavour of Charles  
to point out the fact that the church of  
England was the ancient worship, clean-

sed, from the corruptions that time and  
ignorance, the craft and frailty of man  
had cast on it, only raised a clamour  
against the ritual of that church, as  
though it had been another modification  
of papacy. Every hour now widened  
the breach between Charles and his  
people, while his queen's advice urged  
him constantly to assert his regal power  
by violence. There was, in fact, no  
middle path for the king between abdi-  
cation and compliance with the bloody  
laws which the parliament had made  
against the catholics ; for it was impos-  
sible for him, although a most economi-  
cal prince, to carry on the government  
without recourse to illegal measures,  
when lawful supplies were stopped.  
Strange it is that the party who at the  
present day is most active in heaping  
obloquy on the head of Charles (bearing  
in mind the change which time and cir-  
cumstances have justly wrought in public  
opinion), is that which was most clamor-  
ous for granting to catholics privileges  
which that unhappy sovereign, though  
he sacrificed his life rather than shed  
their blood, opposed with all his might.  
So hard it is for a monarch to keep the  
middle course between too great indul-  
gence and atrocious persecution ; for  
the rival demons of opposite parties in-  
variably yell for all or nothing.

The unfortunate Charles hoped, by a  
close attention to the ritual of the estab-  
lished church, to silence the faction that  
accused him of countenancing popery ;  
but this drew on the church he loved a  
persecution that outrivalled the fury  
exercised against catholicism.

There is a passage in the "Icon Basil-  
ike," wherein Charles laments the out-  
rageous proceedings of the puritans, as  
tending to confirm his queen in her dis-  
like of the protestant church. "I fear  
(he says) such motives, so little to the  
advancing of the protestant professions  
as they are, may occasion a further aliena-  
tion of mind and divorce of affections  
in her from that religion, which is the  
only thing wherein we differ."

It has been said that the queen brought  
up her children in the exercise of the  
catholic ritual till they were thirteen.  
Whatever she might do after her de-  
parture from England, this was certainly  
not the case before the civil war broke  
out : the Prince of Wales having had a

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protestant governor; and that the young Princess Elizabeth was a protestant, her death-pillow, the Bible, fully proves. Charles I. gave his son for a tutor the Earl of Hertford, that nobleman whose marriage with Lady Arabella Stuart had brought him into some restraint and trouble in the preceding reign.

The first letter that the queen wrote to her young son, is preserved in the British Museum. The prince was then about eight years old :—

*"Henrietta Maria to her son Charles, Prince of Wales. 1638.*

"CHARLES,—I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take phisike. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your healtie. I have given order to my Lord Newcastle to send mi worde to-night whether you will or not; therfore, I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe. And so I rest,

"Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTA MARIA, R.

"To mi deare son, the prince."

Prince Charles, in answer to the remonstrances of his governor, wrote him this droll note, between double-ruled lines, in "a text hand." Some indication may be seen of the lively wit that afterwards distinguished him; many, too, who dislike pills and potions will sympathise with the prince :—

"MY LORD,—I would not have you take too much phisicke, for it doth allways make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to returne to him that loves you,

"CHARLES, P."

Before the flame of civil war broke out, England was full of invectives and libels. The divisions between Charles and his parliament encouraged the factions, who found lawless upholders on either side; and the king, by the star-chamber, inflicted the punishments on those whom the parliament encouraged in their attacks on royalty; and, that great injustice and undue punishment was the consequence, the following instances will show :—

A person of the name of "Maud was fined 5000*l.* for affirming that the king went to mass with the queen;" another, of the name of Pickering, for saying "that the king was a papist at heart as well as the queen," was set in the pillory in two places; and, what marks the ferocious nature of the times more than any thing else, it was considered so deep a slander for protestant archbishops even to mention toleration to their fellow-creatures who differed from them in creed, that the star-chamber fined one Allinson in 1000*l.*, to be committed to prison, to be whipped, to be set in the pillory at York, Ipswich, and Yarmouth, and this for saying that he heard the Archbishop of York had asked a limited toleration for the catholics.

The epithet of *roundhead*, applied by the royalists to the parliamentarians, took its rise from Henrietta Maria. In the first unquiet years of the rebellion—when faction was showing itself by all manner of petitions and deputations—the London apprentices were very active in coming up with petitions regarding political and religious grievances. One day, looking out of a window at Whitehall on a number of these worthies, the queen saw at their head young Samuel Barnidiston, a cadet of an ancient family in Suffolk, brought up to trade in the city. This youth was very handsome, but had his hair clipped ostentatiously close, so as to give his head the appearance of a bowl; and this appearance struck the young queen, who exclaimed, "La! what a handsome young roundhead!" This descriptive appellation her ladies thought very appropriate, and "*roundheads*," from that time to this, became the name of the destructive party.

It is a curious fact that the roundness of the heads of these destructives (rendered more striking by their close-cut hair), and the thrusting out of the ears—the frequent indicator of an undue preponderance of the ferocious faculties—should be constantly spoken of in all descriptions of those times, and indeed dwelt upon in all party ballads and satirical squibs, which were so industriously circulated in those times; and that the perceptive faculties of the queen should so instinctively have taken cognizance of the peculiarity. If considered

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philosophically, this fact affords a clue to the restless and combative character of many of the prime instigators of the troubles of those days.

The name of *roundhead*, thus invented by Henrietta, was first publicly used by Captain Hyde, a cavalier, who drew his sword when the next deputation of apprentices favoured the parliament with their opinions on legislation, and proposed cropping all the ears that stood prominently from the round clipped heads; but it is not quite so easy a matter to clip ears which stand abroad, owing to the superabundant ferocity of their possessors,—a truth which the succeeding history fully illustrated.

The kingdom was now thrown into new disorder, from a simple and unexpected cause. Marie de Medecis, the queen's mother, was forced to seek shelter from the persecutions of Richelieu; and Charles, by the persuasion of his royal consort, consented to receive her in England. We have already detailed (in the memoir of that queen, from the narrative of Levres, an eye-witness,) the dutiful and affectionate manner in which the queen received her royal parent, and humbly kneeling on the stones which paved the court-yard of the palace of St. James's, surrounded by her children, likewise kneeling, asked her blessing,—so great was the personal homage shown by children to their parents in the seventeenth century.

Henrietta cherished her mother with the utmost duty and tenderness, and gave her an asylum from the year 1638; but terrified by the yells and maledictions of the populace, at the dreadful time of Strafford's impeachment, the queen herself implored leave to quit England. Charles had previously resisted every importunity of the parliament to deprive his wife's mother of the hospitality and shelter she so greatly needed. The death of Strafford set the last seal to the downfall of the royal family; that tragedy took place in 1641.

Historians have alleged that the queen's feminine fears\* wrought on the mind of

her husband to sign the death-warrant of the man whose fatal crime was assisting his sovereign to govern without the concurrence of his parliament. Whatever

ment, had suggested to Charles, after he had passed the bill of attainder, a plan for saving him, which was this: that Strafford should prefer a petition to the king for a short respite, and that Charles in person should the next day lay it before the two houses, as for their advice; Lord Holles promising, says Burnet, "to make interest among his numerous friends to get them to consent to it, and he had prepared a great many, by assuring them that if they would save Lord Strafford, he would become wholly theirs, in consequence of his first principles, and that he might do them much more service by being preserved, than he could do if made an example upon such new and doubtful points; and in this he had wrought on so many, that he believed if the king's party had struck into it, he had saved Strafford." But the bishop adds, that it was whispered to the queen that a part of Holles' engagement to his friends was that Strafford should accuse her, and that therefore she not only persuaded the king, instead of moving the parliament personally in the matter, to send a message to the House of Lords, written with his own hand, by the Prince of Wales, but to add to it, at the conclusion, these dastardly and fatal words, "if he must die, it were charity to relieve him till Saturday."

"A moment's reflection," says Lodge, "on the signal grandeur of Strafford's character, will invalidate the whole of this most improbable tale; for if that part which relates to him be untrue, and it is incredible that he should have been a party to such a negotiation, no reason remains for believing the vile accusation against the queen. Amidst the abundance of libels which were about this time poured forth against her, it is remarkable that none are to be found which charge her with a vindictive spirit. She was assailed and threatened by the most brutal and unmanly attacks, which for a short time she disregarded with becoming firmness. She calmly dispatched letters missive, by Sir Kenelm Digby, Walter Montagu, and others, to solicit loans from the catholics of England and Wales for the relief of Charles's necessities; and it has been said that the king was prompted chiefly by her persuasion to the bold and unhappy measure of demanding the impeached members in the House of Commons."

Charles, however, writes, in a letter to the queen, now fortunately preserved among the Harleian MSS., that he had sinned against his conscience, "FOR THE TRUTH," continues the king, "IS, I WAS SURPRISED WITH IT, INSTANTLY AFTER I MADE THAT BASE CONCESSION CONCERNING THE EARL OF STRAFFORD. I HOPE THAT GOD WILL ACCEPT OF MY HEARTY REPENTANCE."

[The concession here spoken of, we construe to mean the fearful menaces of a threatening populace, (for the death of this nobleman,) which the historians of those times have recorded.—*Ed.*]

\* Burnet plainly points out the queen as the final cause of Strafford's death; but attention is earnestly called to the following particulars relative to this deed of blood. Lord Holles, who was brother-in-law to the earl, and a man deeply engaged with the popular party in parliament.

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Strafford had done, had been by command of the king, and, as Charles afterwards declared, in signing his death-warrant, he signed his own, and gave a precedent for it. But the king's refusal would not have saved the life of the victim, although Charles would have been spared a thousand agonies, which such a judicial murder occasioned him. The unfortunate and deserted Strafford laid down his life, with a dignity and grandeur of soul which wrung tears from his most inveterate enemies, and the queen prepared to depart from England, under a pretext of escorting her young daughter, Mary, abroad, whose hand was given to the Prince of Orange, but, in reality, in order to obtain the aid of arms and money. As no objections could be raised to this truly protestant match, the queen was suffered to quit the kingdom with the young princess, then only eleven years old. "Many an unfortunate message was received from the Commons on his way, and the last hours of the parting of the family were disturbed by many a gloomy presage. When the queen had embarked, Charles stood immovable, watching the departing ship with the most poignant emotions. There was an awful uncertainty whether they should ever meet again. He stood on the shore to give them the last signal, the last farewell; gazing with moistened eyes till the shadowy sails vanished in the atmosphere. When the vessel was no longer visible, Charles lingered for some time, pacing along the shore, wrapped in deep and sad thoughts. The king had, of late, been accustomed to deprivation of his power—to the destitution of personal wants; and it is doubtful whether he had a kingdom which acknowledged its monarch, or a soldier who would obey his commands, for at this very moment, and

on his road, he had been assailed by reiterated messages to deliver up the militia to the Commons. But he had never yet lost his wife—he had never felt that pang of love—the loneliness of the soul."

After the queen was in safety the king assumed a higher tone with the parliament, and departed with his two sons to York. On the 22nd of August, 1642, he raised his standard at Nottingham, after having received from the queen a small ship, laden with arms and ammunition, and some money, which, by the bravery and skill of the captain who navigated the little barque, having escaped the cruisers of Admiral Batten, ran into the mouth of the Humber.

The queen wedded her daughter to the Prince of Orange, and also obtained a hundred thousand pounds for her husband by selling her own jewels and pawning some belonging to the king. From the list of jewels sold afterwards by the parliament, none of the English regalia were included; though such was the allegation which has been brought against Henrietta by many historians. The queen has likewise been accused of indifference to her husband, but, at this crisis, she herself showed the devoted love of a true woman and virtuous wife. She was in security, her mother's persecutor, Richelieu, was dead, and that mother, whom she had earnestly loved, no longer existed to prove a cause of contention to bar her entrance into the court of her dying brother. If, indeed, Henrietta had not loved her unfortunate husband better than herself, why did she run such personal risk to return to him? It required no little heroism in a young and beautiful queen to encounter such dangers and to abide such welcome to England, as our historical extracts abundantly prove.

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### CHAP. III. 1643—1699.

The queen lands in Yorkshire to aid the king against the rebels—Takes refuge in France—Death of Charles I.—Latter days of Henrietta Maria.

The queen was impatient to bring her promised aid to England, and embarked, though in the depth of winter, convoyed by Von Tromp, the Dutch admiral. She encountered a dreadful storm in her passage, and when her vessel was expected to founder, grasping the rudder

she dispelled the fears of her attendants on her account, by this calm observation, "*Les reines ne se noyaient pas.*" ("Queens are never drowned.") After losing two of her vessels, and that which conveyed her had sustained much damage, she was cast upon the coast of

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Holland, whence, at the end of a fortnight, she again committed herself to the perils of the sea, heedless of the rigours of winter, and ultimately effected a landing at Burlington-quay, on the 22nd of February, 1643. The parliamentary admiral, Batten, who had been cruising with four ships to intercept her, having received intelligence of her arrival, sailed into the bay, and began to cannonade the town. Several shots struck the house in which the queen was lodged, so that she was obliged to leave it, and take shelter in a ditch in a neighbouring field, where she remained all night, and was forced to crouch down while she was covered with the earth torn up by the flying bullets. A sergeant was killed near her, and the parliamentary admiral continued his fire until the reflux of the tide, and the threats of Von Tromp, compelled him to desist."

From a narrative of these perils, written by Henrietta herself, we take a few extracts:—

"The next night after we came to Burlington, four of the parliament's ships arrived, without being perceived by us, and about five of the clock in the morning began to ply us so fast with their ordnance, that they made us all rise out of our beds, and leave the village. One of the ships did me the favour to flank upon the house where I lay, and before I was out of my bed the cannon bullets whistled so loud about me, that all the company pressed me earnestly to go out of the house, their cannon having totally beaten down all the neighbour houses, and two cannon bullets falling from the top to the bottom of the house where I was; so that, clothed as well as in haste I could be, I went on foot some little distance out of the town, under the shelter of a ditch, like that of Newmarket, whither, before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me. We, in the end, gained the ditch, and stayed there two hours, whilst their cannon played all the while on us. The bullets flew, for the most part, over our heads; some few only, grazing on the ditch, covered us with earth, &c., till the ebbing of the tide, and the threats of the Holland admiral, put an end to that danger.

"While this struggle continued in Burlington-bay between Von Tromp and Batten, the queen's ships were landing the stores of ammunition which they had brought as quickly as possible; and the gallant Marquis of Montrose, with Lord Ogilvy, and a troop of horse, hearing of her majesty's arrival, hastened to join the standard of the defenceless queen in triumph to York, where the Earl of Newcastle was gathering forces for the king."

The courage displayed upon this emergency, as upon all others, during almost an entire year, inspired the supporters of the royal cause with an enthusiasm before unknown; for it was a courage superior to her sex and fortunes, and ardent zeal for the cause of the king her husband, united to a generosity and clemency which on several occasions gained over partisans from among the rebels.

The doubtful victory of Edgehill had previously been gained, but several engagements took place in the summer of 1643 of more decided success, and fortune seemed to smile on the royal cause, when Charles, having cleared away all impediments, marched in triumph to meet his queen, who was in progress with the supplies, which with such perseverance and intrepidity she had brought, escorted by the gallant cavaliers of the north. The army of Henrietta consisted of 2000 infantry, 1000 horse, 100 waggons laden with ammunition of all sorts, six pieces of cannon, and two mortars. For this exploit the queen was impeached by parliament, but of course her first duty was to her husband. They met on the 13th July, 1643, at Edgehill, where Charles had lately proved his stout courage in the field. So little did he now dread the least interruption, that he only took his own guard of horse and Prince Rupert's regiment. After a separation of more than a twelvemonth this loving and faithful pair met with transport, and entered Oxford amidst the triumphant rejoicings of that loyal city; and much was their joy increased by the news of the victory of Roundaway Downs, which arrived the same evening.

This was the great crisis of the queen's life, and it is no small proof of her talents that she was successful in every thing, and very complicated were the undertakings that she had had to perform since her parting with the king; even the gallant little bark, "The Pro-

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vidence,"\* which contained her first consignment of arms, had, through the daring skill of Captain Strachan, safely reached its destination, despite of the opposing fleet of the parliament. From this success we are inclined to believe that Henrietta possessed that first requisite of authority, a judgment of the characters of those employed by her, a faculty to which her great father owed most of his successes.

The period during which the queen exercised independent authority was, however, brief; it may, indeed, be dated from the time when she undertook the commission from her husband to obtain military stores in Holland, till she brought them safely to him at Edgehill, whereby, we beg to observe, we mean the spot, and not the battle which had been fought the 23rd of the previous October.

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court. There all that was loyal, refined, and learned rallied round their king, and for a while a great hope existed that Charles would subdue the discontents of a large portion of his people by force of arms. This could have brought no good, and no reflecting person could have wished it.

The queen was one of those whose characters by adversity is improved. She was no longer the petulant girl who broke windows if her will was gainsaid, but a woman deeply devoted to her husband and children, exerting all the energies of a powerful mind for their service; and even Mrs. Hutchinson, the admirable wife of one of Charles's enemies, though belonging to the other party, does her justice in this respect.

The queen remained at Oxford during the change of fortune that befel the king's party. It was at this time that Davenant addressed to her those celebrated lines, to the imitation of which Pope, in his Pastorals, owed his juvenile fame:

*To the Queen at Oxford.*

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day  
Of the first year, when every month was  
May;  
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new  
Unfolded bud, swelled by the morning dew;

\* The progress of this little vessel up the Humber, furnishes one of the most interesting pages of Clarendon's noble history.

Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far  
Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are:  
But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou  
here?

This last line conveys a question which the delicate state of the queen (she being advanced in pregnancy), and the increasing peril of the city of Oxford, forced on the attention of the king; and before the expected battle of Newberry was fought, he sent Henrietta to the loyal west of England, there to await the birth of her infant in greater security than could be offered in the midland counties. The queen separated from Charles at Abington, in the month of April, 1644, with many tears and dark forebodings, though the dreadful future was in mercy veiled from their sight; they knew not they were parting for ever.

Henrietta sought refuge at Exeter, and there found herself reduced to such an extremity, that to provide for her confinement she was forced to apply to Anne of Austria to send over her own midwife, and indeed every the smallest thing which was necessary under such peculiar and delicate circumstances. Her sister-in-law generously sent her 20,000 pistoles; but instead of using it for her own comfort, the amiable and devoted queen sent it immediately to her husband. Notwithstanding all these trying events, birth was given to a daughter (afterwards Duchess of Orleans), on the 16th of June, 1644, and in little less than a fortnight afterwards she went to Pendennis, in Cornwall, and embarked for France, arriving at Brest on the 15th of July. She had exacted two promises from Charles at their parting: the one, that he would receive no person, who had at any time injured him, into his favour or trust without her consent; the other, that he would not make peace with the rebels without her interposition and mediation, that the kingdom might know the share that she had in procuring it; and his religious observance of these engagements is thought, perhaps erroneously, to have produced ill consequences.

It being rather the province of history than of a brief biography to trace the series of disastrous engagements between the royalists and the rebels, we proceed with the detail of events closely connected with the subject of our memoir. The Earl of Essex approached the city of Exe-

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ter, where the queen had lately given birth to a daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne,\* afterwards Duchess of Orleans, and finding that it was not possible to oppose the parliamentary general, the queen requested he would give her a safe conduct to Bath, whither she wished to retire for her health; but Essex sent word that he would escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer to the parliament for having levied war against them. As they had proceeded so far (according to the French writers) as to set a price on the queen's head, she was forced to leave her bed and flee from Exeter, abandoning her little infant, only a fortnight old, to the care of Lady Morton.

After remaining hidden in a miserable cabin at the entrance of a wood, while the soldiers of Essex defiled on each side, during their march to the city of Exeter, and after hearing them discuss with each other the probability of seizing her, and the reward they should have for her head, the queen escaped that peril, and arrived safely on the sea-coast of Cornwall, where a fleet, sent by her son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, received her on board, and finally conveyed her safely to France.

Lady Morton soon after found means of escaping with the royal infant, who was restored to its queen-mother at Paris before it was a month old. Seldom, indeed, has such a series of perilous adventures befallen a mother and babe, in the first month of the infant's existence.

The unhappy queen was received with kindness by the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, her sister-in-law. Four years she suffered the tortures of suspense upon the state of affairs, separated from her husband and family, though receiving constantly affectionate letters from her royal husband, which announced, without end, some new disaster; one of the last letters she had from him, was during his melancholy sojourn at Hampton Court, once the scene of their wedded happiness.

But his beloved queen was not there; he had parted with her for ever, and his own stormy career drew near its close. Lady Fanshawe, in her interesting Me-

moirs, has left a touching picture of the devotion of Charles to his queen in these last months of his life. She says—

"I went three times to pay my duty to his majesty, both as I was the daughter of his servant and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him I could not refrain from weeping. When I took my leave of the king he saluted me, and I prayed God, with streaming tears, to preserve his majesty with a long and happy life.

"The king stroked me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God willeth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know what hands I am in.'

"Then, turning to my husband, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife, pray God bless her, and I hope all shall be well.' Then, taking my husband in his arms, he said—

"'Thou has ever been an honest man, I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son.'

"Thus did we part from that benign sun, that in a few months afterwards was extinguished, to the grief of all Christians who are not forsaken of their God."

The thread of our narrative now remains with Henrietta, who was far distant from her royal lord, when his execution, of which the particulars are so well-known, took place in the year 1649.

To the last moment Henrietta, who had many proofs of the devotion with which the great body of the people loved their king, never would believe the urgency of his danger, but relied that a general rising would free him, when he came to the scaffold;\* his letters of adieu, and the evidence of witnesses soon undeceived her. From the moment she heard of the death of Charles, she named herself *la reine malheureuse*, and assumed that garb of deep widowhood, which she

\* The portrait and memoir of this princess will appear in this Magazine for August.

\* That most worthy nonconformist, Matthew Henry, mentions the universal groan of agony which rose from the people, when the fatal blow fell on Charles; he speaks from the evidence of his grandfather, who was present. This circumstance cannot be doubted, when it is remembered that Matthew Henry was a devout independent; we draw the account from his celebrated Commentary on the Bible. It confirms the queen's supposition, but the people were overawed by an overpowering military force, which soon established a fierce despotism.

never laid aside, though she had scarcely seen her thirty-eighth year at the death of her husband.

The manner in which Henrietta was affected, on learning the unexpected fate of her unfortunate consort, is given from the MS. of an eye-witness, the Père Gamache, one of the capuchins who had waited on the queen in England:—

“The city of Paris was then blockaded by the insurgents, and, in the king’s minority, it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had dispatched a gentleman to St. Germain *en laye* to the French court, to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction and not to quit her majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible death of the king, her husband.

“At this grievous intelligence, I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where, during an hour, the various conversations on different subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness the queen experienced, who knew that the gentleman she had dispatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer, on which the Count of St. Alban’s (Jermyn) took the opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her majesty’s commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have come, had he had any favourable intelligence. ‘What then is the news?’ I see it is known to you,” said the queen. The count replied, that, in fact, he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her, little by little, to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh, and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. ‘*Curæ*

*leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*’ To this pitiable state was the queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in broken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathizing countenances, mourning over her extreme grief. This sad scene lasted till nightfall, when the Duchess of Vendome, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the queen, tenderly kissing it—and afterwards spoke so successfully, that she seemed to have recovered this desolated princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the king.”\*

Such is the pathetic and affecting narrative. “It surely proves,” says a commentator upon the capuchin’s detail, “that the affections of Henrietta were rivetted on those of her royal husband; nor can we less admire the caution and the delicacy with which Lord Jermyn, with no common dexterity, gradually prepared her for the unutterable calamity. The catastrophe appears to have come wholly unexpected. The stupor of grief was never more forcibly described.”

To dwell for a moment on the devoted affection exhibited by the royal pair for each other, we embrace the sentiments of intelligent writers. Charles was, undoubtedly, deeply enamoured of his queen; “the temperance of his youth by which he had lived so free from personal vice,” as May, the parliamentary historian—records, writing from a personal knowledge of the king—“had given to his first love—and his last,” as the king avowed in his solemn farewell, at the parting hour of life—“all the influence which that queen was privileged, by nature, to possess over a husband.” Charles knew not, as those persons imply who wrote such mean notes on his affectionate letters, that a husband could love too well; or that he could refuse his confidence to one so intimate with his thoughts, and so constant a witness of his actions, as a beloved wife. We may believe, too, that in desperate exigencies, and

\* *Memoires de la Mission des Capuchins près la Regne de l’Angleterre.* MS. recently in the possession of Mr. Colburn.

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there were several—such was his tenderness for the person of a hapless princess, a foreigner and a catholic, her health often yielding to her anxieties, that, as Sir Philip Warwick says—“He was always more chary of her person than his business.” It may, indeed, be said of Charles the First, that many years after his marriage, he did not cease to be a lover; and his letters to his exiled queen, written amidst his own deep afflictions and personal deprivations, in haste or flight, breathe a spirit of tenderness and passion which was not exceeded in his romantic youth.

So late as in 1645 the king writes—“Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If you knew what a life I lead (I speak not in respect of the common distraction), even in point of conversation, which, in my mind, is the chief joy or vexation of one’s life, I dare say thou would pity me; for some are too wise, others are too foolish, some too busy, others too reserved, many fantastic. In a word, when I knew none better (I speak not now in relation to business) than (and here he gives a list of persons in cipher) thou may easily judge how my conversation pleaseth me. I confess thy company hath, perhaps, made me in this hard to be pleased, but not less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this disease. Comfort me with thy letters, and dost not thou think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of? Believe me, sweet-heart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is for my affairs.”

“Such were the tender effusions of Charles the First,” remarks our discerning writer, “beautiful in feeling and expression; nor were they answered with inferior devotion by the queen, whose words were sanctioned by her deeds:—‘Assure yourself I shall be wanting in nothing you shall desire, and that I will hazard my life, that is to die by famine, rather than not send to you.’ But however active might be her zealous offices, she does not venture to act without the permission of Charles. On some new

engagement she says, ‘I thought this to be a matter of so great engagement, that I dare not do it without your command; therefore, if it please you that I should do so, send me what you would have me write, that I may not do more than what you appoint, and also be confident.’”

There is a tender passage in one of the queen’s letters, and equally pathetic. Deep and genuine emotions give, even to the simplicity of mind, all the force of eloquence. Henrietta writes from Paris—“There is one other thing in your letter which troubles me much, where you would have me keep to myself your despatches, as if you believe that I should be capable to show them to any, only to Lord Jer. (Jermyn) to uncipher them; my head not suffering me to do it myself; but, if it please you, I will do it, and none in the world shall see them; be kind to me, or you kill me. I have already affliction enough to bear, which without you I could not do, but your service surmounts all; farewell, my dear heart! Behold the mark which you desire to have, to know when I desire any thing in earnest, X.” Such was the wife of Charles Stuart, who, if she never obtained any ascendancy at the council table of the king, doubtless ruled over him by the more potent charms of every thing that was most lovely, most tender, and most vivacious.

Further trials, however, were yet reserved, her native France was plunged in the civil war of the Fronde. Anne of Austria, and Louis the Fourteenth, the young nephew of Henrietta, were forced to flee suddenly, January 6th, 1649, from the rage of the Parisian populace, leaving the heart-wrung widow of England, who appeared perfectly reckless of her fate, alone with her little child, in the solitude of the vast Louvre, with scarcely an attendant, and literally in want of the necessaries of life. It was at this time that Cardinal de Retz, one of the leaders of the Fronde, came to pay a humane visit to Queen Henrietta, in order to ascertain what had become of that desolate and unfortunate lady in the uproars which had driven her relations from Paris. He found her sitting by the side of her little daughter, who was in bed, though the wintry day was far advanced.

“You see me,” said the royal widow of England, “keeping company with

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my 'Henrietta; I thought it best for the poor child not to rise to-day, for we have no fire."

The little princess was five years old when she was thus suffering, with her mother, from the extreme of destitution.

The restoration of the French court shortly afterwards put an end to these sufferings, and Queen Henrietta had the happiness of receiving all her children at Paris, except the beautiful young Princess Elizabeth, who had died broken-hearted.

After the surrender of Oxford, she had been conveyed with her brother James, duke of York, and her little brother Henry, the fourth of the family, born at Oatlands, July 16th, 1640, then eight years old, to London, where they were confined in St. James's Palace. After the death of King Charles, the Duke of York was retained at St. James's, but the princess and her youngest brother were sent, under the care of the Countess of Northumberland, to Penshurst, and finally, on some jealousy, removed to the fortress of Carisbrooke, where the beautiful young Elizabeth died of slow decay, from sorrow and ill-treatment, in her fifteenth year. She expired alone, with her cheek resting on an English Bible, the last gift of her unfortunate father, when he bade her that adieu and sent that agonizing message to her mother which drew tears down the iron-checks of Cromwell. That message the fair young princess never lived to deliver: it was to tell her mother that his heart had never swerved from her since the first moment they were united.

Henry was the royal youth whom one of Cromwell's partisans recommended the parliament "to apprentice to some good trade, that he might get his bread honestly:" he was finally restored to his mother, by a treaty between Cromwell and Louis the Fourteenth.

James, duke of York, made his escape from St. James's in girl's clothes, three years after his captivity, and was conveyed by the trusty Captain Bamfylde to Paris, and restored to his mother. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had remained in his captivity; for the queen biased his young mind as much as possible to catholicism; and though the young prince resisted all her persuasions at that time, and pleaded the

dying 'commands of his father, yet his after-life proved that her lessons had taken effect. In this instance, Henrietta cruelly traversed the last injunctions of her husband; but bigotry was the Moloch of that age, and not, in fact, confined to the professors of one creed.

Henrietta had for some time resided at the convent of St. Marie de Chaillot, when a reaction in England recalled her family to this country, she thereupon quitted her seclusion, and returned to London in November 1660, for the purpose of beholding the restoration of her son. Here she was received with so much acclamation and popularity, that she could scarcely believe they were the same people who had driven her from their throne, thereby showing, perhaps, that their hearts were good though their heads had been turned upside down. She is said to have observed, that if she had known the English people as well in her youth as at that time, the civil war need never have taken place. In this the queen laid too great stress on her own personal influence; the civil war was doubtless accelerated, if not occasioned, by the king's union with a catholic; but the conduct of the princess, whose religion caused such jealousy among all ranks, had less to do with the civil war than the simple fact of her catholicism.

But the queen's heart was not so much purified from the evil traits of pride as she imagined; the obstinacy with which she set herself, while in England, to prevent her son James from honourably acknowledging his marriage with the wife of his heart, the daughter of Lord Clarendon, is disgraceful to her, more particularly if (as her son and Clarendon suspected) her intrigues had concocted that mass of false evidence against the unfortunate young lady, which had nigh caused a separation between the young couple. Clarendon and Count Hamilton, though so opposite in disposition and character, alike agree in charging this iniquity on the queen-mother.

The dower of sixty thousand crowns per annum, which she had vainly claimed of Cromwell, was of course restored to her after the return of her son to England; likewise the dowager's-palace, Somerset-house, where she made many improvements and built a suite of rooms in very fine taste, as may be seen in a cu-

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rious account, previous to its demolition for the erection of the present structure.

The flattering muse of Waller, perfectly shameless of inconsistency, and forgetful of all the laudatory lines he had addressed to Cromwell, notwithstanding the infinite scorn which that usurper always expressed for the idle art his cousin professed, again brought its adulation to the feet of Henrietta; these lines, though infinitely beneath his former efforts, have the advantage of being full of historical incidents, which would have been otherwise forgotten. The following passages are the most worthy of notice in the poem:—

### *Upon Her Majesty the Queen Dowager's new Buildings at Somerset-house.*

Great queen, who dost our island bless  
With princes and with palaces,  
Treated so ill, chased from your throne,  
Returning you adorn the town,  
And with a brave revenge do show,  
Its glory went and came with you.  
Peace from this isle and you were gone;  
Your bowers in that storm o'erthrown;  
Those wounds which civil furies give  
At once you pardon and relieve.  
Constant to England in your love  
As birds are to their wonted grove;  
Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,  
Then the next spring again they build.  
Accusing some malignant star,  
Not Britain, for that fatal war;  
Your kindness banishes your fear,  
And finds you for ever here.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Frugality and bounty too,  
Those differing virtues meet in you;  
From a confined well-ordered store,  
You both employ and feed the poor.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*This, by the queen herself designed,*  
Gives us a pattern of her mind;  
The state and order does proclaim  
The genius of the royal dame;  
Each part with just proportion graced,  
And all to such advantage placed,  
That the fair view her window yields,  
The town, the river, and the fields  
Entering beneath us, we deery,  
And wonder how we came so high.  
She needs no weary steps ascend,  
All seems before her feet to bend;  
And here, as she was born, she lies,  
High, without taking pains to rise.

From this description, thanks to the individuality of Waller, we find that Henrietta's buildings were on the terrace of the original Somerset-house, and that she was given the credit of designing

them herself, by which it appears she inherited the artistical talents of her mother, Marie de Medecis.

A court story was prevalent in England, among the innumerable private anecdotes of the day, that Henrietta Maria was secretly married to Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's. There was not the slightest ground for this report; and those who raised it, went on no better foundation than observing the uneasiness that the queen-dowager ever manifested when in the same room with Jermyn. She was observed to turn pale whenever she heard the sound of his voice, and from this they inferred she was married to him, —no very great compliment to matrimony, it must be owned, unless it arose from the fear at the discovery of some secret. But Jermyn had been the queen's attendant during all the horrors of the civil war; and the observers might have supposed, with as great a degree of probability, that the sound of his voice in England conjured up to her memory, by the association of ideas, mournful reminiscences of the agonizing and irremediable past. This supposed second spouse of Henrietta lived in a fine house at the head of Jermyn-street, which takes its name from his residence.

The health of the queen declined before the approach of what may be termed old age, in June, 1665. She finally returned to France, in order to visit the convent she had founded, and to enjoy the exercise of her religion, without anxiety regarding the discontents which were again beginning to ferment in England. She died very suddenly, at the chateau of St. Colombe, near Paris, situate on the banks of the Seine, September 10th, 1669, nearly 60 years of age. It was her wish to have been buried in the chapel of the convent at Chaillot, but Louis XIV. caused her remains to be transported to St. Denis, on the 7th of the following November. Her nephew, Louis XIV., had the meanness to seize on all her effects, probably for the use of his sister-in-law, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, the youngest child of Queen Henrietta Maria and Charles the First. It is stated in the letters of Sir Leoline Jenkins, that this property was finally recovered by a process very like a lawsuit. In the life of Sir Leoline, we find the following passage:—"When Henrietta Maria died in



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France, in 1669, her whole estate, real and personal, was claimed by her nephew, Louis XVI. Her son sent Dr. Leoline Jenkins, a famous advocate in the Court of Arches, to claim their rights, who joined with three others in a commission, recovered the queen-mother's

effects, for which he received the honour of knighthood."

Only three of her children survived their royal parents, Charles (the second), James duke of York, and the Duchess of Orleans, whose death occurred the following year.

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### DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, EMBELLISHING THE PRESENT NUMBER.

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In this portrait, taken from the collection of the King of France, the queen of Charles I. is seen in that exquisite and graceful costume, which her fine taste made national in England, for at least half a century. It is generally called the Spanish mode; but a comparison with the real Spanish dress of the seventeenth century (displayed in the portrait of the sister-in-law of this queen, Anne of Austria \*), will show some material points of difference. The collar, which so finely and softly defines the falling shoulders of the Queen of England, stands up in a high stiff ruff, in the costume of the Spanish princess; the train here flows in elegant folds, without the support of the farthingale; and the sleeves are moderately full, without disproportion. The female figure was never altogether more tastefully defined than in the Anglo-Spanish costume, worn by this elegant queen and her court.

Henrietta Maria wears no ornament on her head, save a simple knot of ribbon

intertwined among her falling ringlets. The robe is of garter blue velvet; the train is open in front, and bordered with a rich gold lace; the *tablier* is of white satin, worked with gold flowers, and trimmed at the bottom and up the front with gold lace. The boddice is pointed, and the sleeves full and plain, meeting white satin half-sleeves, and cuffs turned up with Brussels lace. These half-sleeves and cuffs were worn in masculine dress during the time of William III.

The beautiful collar and chemisette is worthy imitation at the present day. The cape-collar, of rich Brussels points and scallops, opens lower than the throat, and is just in the proportion to set off the shoulders; the chemisette meets the corsage of the dress, the wrought scallops making a graceful finish. The queen holds a large Spanish fan (the only kind of the slightest value, either for use or ornament); the jewels are, a throat necklace of large pearls, with a pear-pearl pendant in front; pear-pearl earrings, and strings of large pearls, as bracelets, over her gloves.

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\* See portrait, after Rubens, of this queen. April, 1839.

## LEWELLYN'S BRIDE

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Broad o'er the hill declines the sun ;  
The horn is hush'd—the chase is done ;  
The hounds within the leash are led,  
The wearied courser droops the head ;  
Sweeping o'er valley, hill, and plain,  
Come serf and falc'ner, knight and train,  
And many a tale of woodland strife,  
Their prowess re-awakes to life ;  
Till with one farewell bugle-blast,  
Lewellyn's castle-gates are passed.

Then from his steed the chieftain sprung,  
And fiercely rushed their ranks among ;  
He question'd loud, "hath any seen  
Of late the Lady Lewellyn ?"  
All stood aghast, for what befel,  
As none had miss'd—so none could tell ;  
All thought they 'd seen their lady ride  
Her palfrey by the chieftain's side.  
"To horse, to horse !" the chieftain spake—  
"Prepare the torch ; let field and brake  
Be close explored—with speed obey ;  
Myself will lead your darkling way."  
The sullen drawbridge creak'd and swung,  
The courser's hoofs along it rung ;  
And charger's neigh, and voice of hind,  
Soon died upon the moaning wind.

Till midnight deep, the sorrowing train,  
Search'd grove and glade—but search'd in vain ;  
But when the waning moon had set,  
And chimed the abbey minaret,  
The shrilly bugle roll'd on high,  
And then a wild and anguished cry  
Rose o'er the thicket in reply.

On rushed the train—on rushed the knight ;  
The brake is pierced, and full in sight  
The Lady of Lewellyn lies ;  
The grim wolf grows above his prize.  
The gore is clotted in her hair,  
The signs of struggle and despair  
Are stamp'd upon her tortured brow ;  
Her bleeding breast all bare below ;  
Her limbs are writh'd in dying pains ;  
Her flesh is on the wild wolf's fangs ;  
As grinning on th' unwelcome brand,  
With blazing torch, and gleaming band,  
The savage prowler, brought to bay,  
Scarce left the warm and mangled prey.

## *Lewellyn's Bride.*

No soothing tear Lewellyn shed ;  
The wound was in his heart which bled ;  
Nought left him save the sable pall,  
Thenceforth in his baronial hall ;  
He smiled not — spake not of her doom,  
But soon slept in the self-same tomb ;  
And, peaceful, slumber side by side,  
Lewellyn and his peerless bride.  
But yearly on that fatal day,  
When light withdraws its gladd'ning ray,  
The peasant starts within his cot  
To hear the midnight bugle-note ;  
And faint and far a woman's wail  
Of anguish swells o'er hill and vale ;  
The mother clasps her babe, and cries,  
" The Lady of Lewellyn dies ! "

W. LEDGER.

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## A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

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A first visit to the British Museum is, generally speaking, an epoch in a person's life, which unfolds a fresh and lively train of ideas, connected with so many objects of intellectual interest, that its traces are seldom wholly obliterated from the mirror of the mind. My observation, of course, applies not to those thorough-paced sight-loving Johnny Bulls and their dames, whose unmeaning faces we encounter by dozens at every place open to public inspection, and who appear as if obeying the mysterious laws of a sort of staring instinct, which impels them to every gradation of spectacle, from that of Punch and Judy, up to the most intellectual exhibition which art or science can offer.

I remember once observing a genuine party of this description eating ginger-bread, sucking oranges, and even cracking nuts, under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, while they were gazing at the monuments and listening to the explanations of the guide ; thus enjoying a three-fold gratification at the same moment, which certainly was making the most of their time, if economy of time were their object ; but it was only too evident that they were, for the most part, actuated by no higher motive than that of passing away a leisure hour or two, which they knew not how to employ otherwise.

The members of this extensive family, with a very few exceptions, make up the aggregate of the bustling crowds which thrice a-week are to be seen in the British Museum, swarming with aimless curiosity from room to room, loudly expressing their wonder and disapprobation of the very things most worthy of admiration, or passing with a vacant gaze those precious relics of antiquity, of which it is impossible that they can understand the value, as they are, for the most part, insensible to the hallowing associations, which render these objects the links of connexion between distant ages and our own.

How much, indeed, of that which the pen of the historian has chronicled, would be questioned, and treated as cunningly-devised fables, did not these silent witnessess survive the ebbing tide of departing centuries ; and the fall of nations to afford incontrovertible evidence that such things were.

The dusky veil with which time has partially obscured the events of four thousand ages appears withdrawn, as we gaze on the surviving relics of Egypt, Athens, Herculaneum, and imperial Rome. We become, as it were, familiar with their manners, customs, and arts. In fancy we enter their dwellings, their temples, and schools. We listen to their elo-

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quence, witness their battles, exult in their triumphs, and mourn over their reverses, till we almost lose the sense of our own identity; while thought vibrating between the majestic walks of truth, and the flowery regions of imagination, flings the magic drapery of Romance over the bold outlines of History, and the heart luxuriates in its own glowing poetry.

"It is all mighty fine!" observed the antiquarian cousin who attended me, in the capacity of *cicerone*, on my first visit to the British Museum, and had listened from time to time with a dry sarcastic smile to the natural expression of my feelings on that occasion; "but it is necessary to take a retrograde step of nearly half a century in the weary pilgrimage of life, before we can be reasonably expected to sympathize with their raptures," pursued he; "and, after all, what are these heathenish old fellows who had their day and were forgotten nearly two thousand centuries ago, to people who enjoy the comforts of feather-beds, glass windows, and umbrellas, to say nothing of India-rubber *para-bouts*, Mackintosh cloaks, and cotton shirting, woven at the rate of twenty miles a-day? No, no; tell me of the solid advantages of the present age, and let oblivion drop her friendly curtain over the chimerical grandeur of the crime-stained past."

"These observations savour rather of the school of modern utilitarianism, than of the classic taste of a man who spends his life among the dust of black-letter chronicles, and monkish MSS., whose very characters are to common eyes a mystery," I rejoined.

"It is true that I have wasted much of my time in these pursuits," he replied; "but is a man never to make the *amendo* for past follies, by learning to think and act like other people?"

"The people whose thoughts are ever at work in power-looms, whose imaginations run perpetually on rail-roads, whose ideality flies off in steam, and whose estimate of the sublime can never sour a pitch above cotton greatness," I observed, with some degree of scorn.

"My dear child, the world is in a state of transit, and if we would not be left like lonely relics of an exploded system, we must endeavour to assimilate our ideas to the change that is so rapidly progressing in all things around us. We

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should remember that we are the creatures of the present age, and not the denizens of vanished centuries."

"You would have us, then, become the heartless worshippers of Mammon, alive only to the sciences, whose end is profit, and cold to all the high and glorious associations which are connected with the memory of the wise, the valiant, and learned of departed days."

"I would have you dwell more on facts and less on fancies," he replied; "I can warn you, from my own experience, that it is a dangerous thing to give the reins too freely to imagination."

"From your own experience," I repeated. "Aye, my own; fair cousin!" returned he, "you look saucily sceptical, but I was not always the cool, calculating stoic which you deem me now; and as I hear a heavy shower of rain pattering without, and we are likely to be weather-bound for the next half hour, I will endeavour to wile away the time by relating to you an adventure that befel me at the first visit I ever made to the British Museum."

"Any adventure in which you have been concerned must needs be worth hearing," I rejoined, with a sly glance at the single-breasted coat, stiff plaited stock, cut steel knee-buckles, and formal wig of my antiquarian cousin, who had not, by any means, accommodated the fashion of his array to the changes of the mode, but was completely in dress, as, in age, a man of the last century; an ancient piece of solemn frost-work, with whom a lady might, without a breach of the rules of etiquette, be seen seated *tete-à-tete* in a quiet corner of the gallery of antiquities, listening to a long story.

"My first visit to the British Museum," he said, "had been long and eagerly anticipated in my early days. Ah, my saucy cousin, you smile; by which token I perceive that, like some other of my fair friends, you are disposed to entertain a doubt whether I ever was a young man; but the fellowship of a college and a Greek professorship generally destroy all traces of juvenility, even in persons of a more volatile disposition than your humble servant; but I was always of a grave, sedate temper, averse to the dissipations of other students, and devoted to the pursuits of learning. I retreated as much as I could from the active duties of life,

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and living within a little world of my own, I became a nonentity in society; and when I entered any place of public resort, I behaved at the best like a man who is walking in his sleep, and entailed upon myself the ridicule of all my acquaintances by my want of attention to conventional forms, and my absurd abstraction from all outward circumstances of time and place. At length the happy day arrived, when I was enabled to undertake a journey to that mighty emporium of talent, the metropolis, which was, however, chiefly interesting to me as the spot which contained this grand national reliquarium, the British Museum. I had thought of nothing else for ten days previous to my journey; and during my slumbers for two successive nights in the northern mail, it had furnished the subject of my dreams. The moment I was released from the vehicle, instead of making my toilet at the inn, refreshing myself with breakfast, or hastening prudent attention on the business which brought me to town, I transferred my person, and the little circular valise that contained my slender stock of linen, and my letters of introduction, into a hackney-coach, and bade the coachman set me down at the British Museum. The valise, as you have probably anticipated, I left in the coach, and never saw again."

"Ah, my poor cousin!" I ejaculated, compassionately.

"Spare your pity, *Amica mia*. I was too happy to miss the paltry article during the first six hours of ecstasy which succeeded my entrance into the Gallery of Antiquities, the Etruscan Chamber, and last, not least, the Egyptian Hall. All the emotions that you have described in such vivid terms did I experience on entering the latter place, where, for a time, I stood spell-bound with awe and wonder, as the past, with all its mighty remembrances, rushed, as it were, in a flood upon my soul, and, overpowered with the stupendous chain of ideas that crowded upon me, I sunk into a reverie so absorbing, that I was alike unconscious that the hour for quitting the Museum had struck, and deaf to the warning intimations of the attendants for students and strangers to withdraw, till the repeated clapping of doors, which echoed like thunder through the building, at length roused me to recollection; and I began to think it must

be time to quit the apartment. With lingering steps and backward glances, I prepared to do so; but when I reached the door, I perceived with dismay that the time was already past. In fact, I was fairly locked in for the night.

"It was to no purpose that I exerted the utmost powers of my lungs in shouting for deliverance; the echoes of my own vociferations were returned alone to my ear in the profound silence and solitude of my prison; and after a few more fruitless attempts, I gave up the hope of making myself heard.

"It was the eve of All-Hallows, and notwithstanding all my classical enthusiasm, I contemplated the probability of passing the night in the Egyptian Hall with very little satisfaction. I was very hungry, and thoroughly out of humour with myself for the absurd fit of abstraction which had subjected me to so great an inconvenience, and stood biting my nails in utter perplexity, and staring in the huge face of Memnon, till I actually fancied that the monster had the impudence to grin at me in derision. From him I glanced mechanically at the grotesque pair of lean, black, sedentary wretches, whom the sculptor has, with true Egyptian taste, represented in the graceful act of drawing their hideous knees up to their noses, and methought they looked as if they enjoyed my dilemma. I felt disposed to wish that they and their uncouth brethren of all sorts, sizes and colours, had been whelmed in the Red Sea, with King Pharaoh and his chariots, ere I had suffered my antiquarian enthusiasm to be so ridiculously excited in their behalf, as to betray me into such a strait.

"The shades of evening deepened around me; I grew cold and splenetic, and being heartily weary with my long journey, faint for want of food, and tired of standing so long, I turned my back on the Egyptian antiquities in a pet, and for want of a better resting-place, crept into the black sarcophagus, which popular tradition reports to have been the repository of the mortal remains of Alexander the Great. Notwithstanding a certain taste for the marvellous, which renders an antiquary the most credulous person in existence, I had always doubted the truth of this assertion; and as nothing increases scepticism so much as ill humour, I now made up my mind that it

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was a downright fable. 'A coffin!' I exclaimed aloud, in the energy of my disapprobation, on discovering the impossibility of extending my person to its full length, 'It is a paltry Egyptian bath, nothing more.'

" 'It is false,' shrieked a sharp, shrill voice, in a language which I should have had some difficulty in recognising for ancient Greek, so barbarously done were its cadences and idioms, had I not at length detected some of the unmistakable tropes and figures of 'Homeric abuse.' For a moment I imagined that some learned professor, who had studied Greek till he had forgotten his own language, had, like myself, been unfortunately locked in for the night, and the silence and mystic gloom of the apartment had produced such an effect on that region of the brain, which phrenologists style the organ of murder, that he had gone frantic. Raising myself on my elbow, in some alarm, I perceived, by the light of the moon, which now began to shed her bright beams through the lofty windows of the Egyptian Hall, a little vixenish-looking personage, with a wry neck and a vastly impertinent twist of the chin, perched on the edge of the sarcophagus, and surveying me with a very malign regard. I was exceedingly troubled at the presence and strange demeanour of this extraordinary visitor; but imagine my consternation and surprise, when, in a haughty tone, he announced himself to be the spirit of Alexander the Great, and sternly demanded, 'How I dared to profane his sacred coffin, by converting it into a dormitory for my contemptible person.'

" 'With an humble apology for the liberty I had taken, I was preparing to vacate the sarcophagus, but he poured forth a fresh volley of classical vituperation, and leaping upon me, would, perhaps, have transported me to those unmentionable regions, of which, from his manners, I shrewdly suspected him of being a denizen, had it not been for the seasonable interposition of a polite old gentleman, in a suit of cut velvets, with point lace ruffles, and cravat, and a full-bottomed wig, who compelled my ghostly enemy to release me from his ferocious grasp, just as I was on the point of suffocation. When I requested to be favoured with the name of

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my deliverer, he, with a profound obsequance, replied :—

" 'I am the shade of the most noble and illustrious John, duke of Montague, the founder of this mansion, and sometime lord chamberlain of England, which office I lost in consequence of my rash folly in venturing to squeeze the royal hand of my sovereign lady, Queen Anne, not with any evil intention, but in performance, as I imagined, of one of the duties of my vocation. But her majesty was a prudent queen, and dismissed me from her presence, lest I should become too dangerous; and I retired thereupon to bury myself in the seclusion of these stately halls, where I passed the residue of my days in lamenting my presumptuous folly, and exclaiming with the kingly moralist, 'Vanity of vanity, all is vanity.'

" Here the fierce spirit of the mighty little Macedonian having very impatiently waited the conclusion of the *ci-devant* lord chamberlain's speech, menaced a fresh attack upon my luckless person; on which he was civilly reminded by the Duke of Montague, 'that he was no less an intruder in his house than I was in the empty coffin to which he vainly laid claim.'

" 'Oh, Jupiter Ammon, father of mine!' exclaimed Alexander, in a transport of rage, 'is it possible that the conqueror of the world can be an intruder in any palace, to say nothing of a tasteless red brick house within its limits?'

" 'Your majesty had always an evil habit of exaggerating your conquests,' observed the ducal shade, 'but surely you will not presume to assert that any part of England was ever subjected to your yoke?'

" 'I was unconscious of the existence of so obscure a pimple on the face of the ocean,' retorted the son of Philip, 'or doubtless it had shared the fate of all the mighty nations that were subdued by my invincible arms.'

" 'Of all these you retain not so much as standing room for your sometime coffin,' returned the duke.

" 'My coffin, my sacred coffin,' reiterated the little sprite in a fresh excess of fury. 'My royal ashes have been sacrilegiously expelled from their sanctuary by ignoble slaves for the sake of lucre, and it has been profanely removed to this

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paltry place, for vulgar fools to gape upon.

" 'Paltry place,' interrupted the noble founder of Montague-house, in a great huff; 'I beg leave to assure your majesty, that I consider the introduction of so displeasing an object as a coffin into my splendid mansion, as a far greater grievance than that of which you complain. This house,' pursued he, 'which I built at a vast expense, fitted up in a princely manner, with furniture made after the patterns of the *grande monarque*, and called after my own name, in the hope of securing immortality to my memory, I revisit, and find all my plans deranged, my superb furniture turned out of doors, and dispersed no one knows whither; the name of Montague-house lost in that of the British Museum; and all my apartments, from the basement to the attics, crowded with worthless trash from every quarter of the globe.'

" 'Worthless trash!' ejaculated I, every particle of *veritè* in my composition revolting at the application of such an epithet to the inestimable treasures of our national collection.

" 'Yes, sir, worthless trash—I repeat the word,' reiterated his defunct Grace of Montague, significantly holding up the synopsis of the contents of the Museum. 'Think you that I would have admitted any portion of the antique trumpery here enumerated to occupy the stately apartments of my noble mansion, had I possessed the power of excluding them. I protest that I would scarcely have allowed them a place in a lumber-garret. However, as I have as yet seen very few of these things, save the Egyptian monstrosities, I shall, this night, take a regular survey of them, and if you think proper, you may attend me.'

" I embraced this permission with trembling alacrity, feeling a strange desire of hearing his grace's comments on the arrangements of the apartments.

" The doors expanded at a touch from the quondam master of the mansion, and he walked majestically forward. I followed at a respectful distance, and the little spirit of the mighty Macedonian thinking proper to make one of the party, marched before with the strut of a bantam cock.

" 'Ha!' exclaimed the Duke of Mon-

tague, 'what maskers and mummers have we here?' as the tenants of the mummy-closet, men, women, cats, and ibises, shuffled forth to pay their respects to him as he passed. 'In the name of every thing that is absurd, who are ye, and what business have ye here?' continued his grace. 'Pharaoh Necho,' 'the priestess of Isis,' and the 'priests of Osiris and Anubis,' replied the four whose swathings were not in the best repair; while the others, who appeared greatly confused at the dilapidated condition in which they found themselves, thought it best, for the honour of their families, to preserve a strict incognito, and professed themselves 'to be of such remote antiquity, that they had forgotten their own names.' But all united in assuring his grace, 'that it was neither business nor inclination of their own that had made them tenants of his house, which was, to them, a dishonouring prison-house.'

" As we approached the room appropriated to the reception of the funeral urns, our ears were invaded with a doleful concert of lamentations from the spirits of those whose ashes had been expatriated, and deposited in a place so little suited to their ideas of a mausoleum.

" The duke assured the disconsolate spirits that he had no time to attend to their complaints, and besought them to refrain from raising so dismal a concert in his house.

" In the Towlly gallery, I could not help observing that the remarks of Alexander the Great were far more edifying to a connoisseur, than those of the British duke; and I presently discovered that he was no mean judge of the arts, probably his acquaintance with Apelles had been the means of improving the royal taste.

" He pointed out, with great discrimination, the various beauties and defects in the statues, and detected, with the eye of a master, several modern counterfeits, which had passed muster with the world as genuine antiques.

" As for the ex-lord chamberlain, he appeared much charmed with all the Cupids, and pronounced the 'long-sided Venus' to be a very adorable lady, quite worthy of the station she occupied in his house.

" I certainly did expect the ducal shade

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to evince some kindling of enthusiasm, on beholding the long-buried treasures of *Herculaneum*, rescued by the daring enterprise of science from the grave of nearly two thousand centuries; but he regarded them with very little more complacency than he had done those of Egypt and Greece. The vases he, indeed, allowed were elegant, and he commended some of the bronzes, especially the lamps; but as for the curious specimens of culinary and sacrificial articles, there preserved, he surveyed them with sovereign contempt, and declared that, for the most part, they were only fit to be trucked away as old iron and brass.

"The cases of gems in the windows were, however, honoured with his unreserved approbation, so much so, indeed, that I was not without apprehension that it was his intention to carry off a few of the most costly to the other world; and on repassing the anti-room, on our return, he made an actual attempt to clutch the Barberini vase, but it proved too material a possession for his aerial grasp.

"On crossing the entrance-hall, the sight of the paltry box, in which the catalogues are vended, excited the ducal indignation in no slight degree. Alexander exhibited some vivacity at the sight of an Indian idol, which was evidently an old acquaintance, and I silently offered my homage to the statue of Shakspeare, by Nollekins; but Alexander continued the attitude, declaring 'that it was in very bad taste.'

"Ah, my ceilings! my beautiful painted ceilings!" exclaimed the duke, casting a woful look at the dingy, cobwebbed dome of the banquetting-room.

"And is it for this collection of dirty trash," pursued he, pointing contemptuously to the geological specimens in the saloon of natural history, 'that all my gilded chairs, carved tables, costly china, and superb mirrors have been discarded? Out upon the rubbish!'

"These angry words were answered by such a general movement among the antediluvian fry, as perhaps never took place since the deluge. *Puteus gryphytes*, together with the whole families of bivalves, univalves, &c. &c., rattled in their glass cases, the common *ammonites* began to unveil themselves, and the skulls of mouse-deer and elks exalted their horns.

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In short, every organic remain in the Museum appeared mysteriously animated.

"In the next room we were saluted, on our entrance, with a general fluttering of wings; for all the stuffed birds had flitted out of their cases, and were quarrelling with the monkeys.

"We were enveloped in a cloud of moths and dust, which they had shaken out of their feathers, and were fain to take refuge in the library; but there our ears were assailed by a general uproar of tongues engaged in an angry disputation, for that night a ghostly *conversazione* was held by the deceased authors and donors of the books there preserved. My mortal organs of hearing were unable to sustain the clamour, of which the confusion of tongues at Babel can scarcely furnish an adequate idea, seeing that the men of Babel were builders, not authors. I fled with precipitation from the spot, where the defunct philosophers of Greece and Rome were quarrelling at monkish chronicles, and the ghosts of Calvinistic polemics were flinging their folios at the heads of modern sceptics; while Homer was calling all the other heroic poets, from Virgil down to the provincial minstrels and Italian bards, to account for their imitations and robberies from his immortal text; and Spenser, Milton, and Pope, were fiercely contending for superiority, with a crowd of presumptuous rivals and impudent plagiarists. In my anxiety to escape from the alarum, I lost my shadowy companions, and somehow or other blundered back into the Egyptian Hall, where the door once more closing upon me, I remained like a mouse in the trap for the rest of the night.

"In the morning I almost frightened the attendant, who came to open the apartment, out of his wits, by poking my head out of Alexander's coffin, into which I had unaccountably crept once more, and actually slept soundly till broad day-light, without receiving any farther molestation from its former occupant."

"So it was only a dream after all," ejaculated I, with some degree of pique at having permitted myself to be wound up to a pitch of very foolish excitement during the narrative.

"Nothing else, my fair cousin!"

"How ridiculous!"

"Exceedingly ridiculous for a man



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who had arrived at full years of discretion to dream of such a farrago of nonsense."

"Are we then accountable for our dreams?"

"To a certain degree I should think we are, if it be true that our nocturnal fancies are the offspring of our daily thoughts. My head was full of cogitations on the subjects most intimately connected with The British Museum, to the exclusion of my own affairs; when, like an absent blockhead that I was, I suffered myself to be locked up in the Egyptian Hall all night, after fasting a whole day;

and then the disquiet I endured was productive of the absurd vagaries in which my slumbering faculties employed themselves, instead of labouring how to provide me with a visionary supper, or devising means for the recovery of my lost shirts and night-caps. Now the moral I am about to draw"—

"Must be deferred till a more convenient season," said I, "for I hear the clock striking four, and we must follow the tide of retreating visitors, unless you are ambitious of passing a second night in the BRITISH MUSEUM."

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### NIGHT SONG OF THE SHIP.

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O'er the white waves bounding  
    Away! away!  
While the winds are sounding  
    Their roundelay.  
With exulting motion,  
    Onward I sweep,  
Favourite of ocean,  
    Pride of the deep.  
Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—  
Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night.

Moon and stars deny me  
    Their cheering ray,  
Blasts that hurry by me,  
    Strive to dismay;  
But triumphant ever,  
    I mock their wrath,  
And with fresh endeavour  
    Pursue my path.  
Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—  
Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night.

Soon, the shades retreating,  
    Gladly will rise  
With its welcome greeting,  
    The land ye prize.  
Soon will fond eyes brighten,  
    Sad hearts be gay,  
When the sun doth lighten  
    The well-known bay.  
Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—  
Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night.

T. W.

## ITALIAN DRAMA.—LUCREZIA BORGIA.

In accordance with a promise to present our readers with some remarks upon the Philosophy of Literature and the Fine Arts, we proceed to the task of analyzing some of our thoughts upon philosophy, æsthetics, music, the drama, and painting: and first we shall touch upon the Italian Drama.

The term *drama* among the Greeks, with whom it originated, denoted a *genus* of poetry, comprehending both tragic and comic representations: among the Italians it now signifies a *species*, invented in Italy by Rinuccini, improved by Apostolo Zeno, and raised to its greatest height by the masterly hand of Metastasio. And as from the first, the poetry of the drama was accompanied with *song* and with music, it was from the Greek word *melos* (song) denominated *melodrame*.

But it seemed as if the melodrame sunk with the poet Metastasio into the tomb; and although from time to time an occasional gleam shot forth, most critics agree that it was no more than a reflected ray of the splendid light that had passed away. But this state of things may be attributed to a variety of causes, and must not be considered merely as the effect of a lack of Italian genius. To enter now, however, upon a description of these causes would occupy too much time and space; we will, therefore, content ourselves with observing that they are partly inherent in the nature of this kind of poetry, and partly extrinsic. A mind elevated to true sublimity of conception would be but very unfavourably disposed towards poetry of an ephemeral character; and a strong mind would submit with very ill grace to the restraints imposed upon it by the laws of music, the will of the composer, the caprice of the singers, or the dictum of the public, the which—seated in the theatre, and not universally gifted with soundness of judgment—for the most part takes for its criteria in these matters the pleasure and degree of relish it derives from the combination of musical sounds. In the handling of a melodramatic subject the poet would meet with but small

success, if, giving himself up entirely to the inspirations of his genius, he were to listen only to the dictates of his art, and refuse to bow in submission to the composer of the music, and those actors who were to sing the words of his poetry. But in Italy, beside these and many other equally substantial reasons, we must consider the influence of the theatrical censorship which denounces and chains down thoughts and subjects that of a truth are the most poetical. We may add that numerous other defects arise from the music which but too frequently departing from the simplicity of nature displays in its headlong course a degree of fantastic exaggeration, and so completely resolves into an absolute whirl of confusion that the poor poetry can find neither time nor place for the development of its high reason or the performance of its noble ministry. Much, too, of this defectiveness is derivable from the general ignorance of both composers and singers, whose multitudinous pretensions and endless assumptions so disturb and embarrass the mind of the unfortunate poet, that he not unfrequently finds his energies to have been wrested into subserviency to the mind and convenience of any person but himself. Wherefore it often happens that his productions seem to have been composed piecemeal, without that interconnecting interest which gives them warmth and life they are consequently full of incongruities. Apart, therefore, from the music, they cease to attract attention and fall into neglect, although they may be written with much of the spirit of true poetry.

And if no poet has yet, for the reasons above stated, arisen to give us compensation for the loss of the great Metastasio, there is still consolation the thought that Felice Romani, Salvador, Camerano, and a few other Italian poets have watched over and in some measure contributed to uphold the glory of the drama.

Romani, as we have often had occasion to remark, is a brilliant poet—one of the first living poets of Italy; but

the noble evidence of this superiority is more distinctly and forcibly manifested in his canzoni than his dramas. This meed of praise, which is no less just than sincere and conscientious, we thus publicly give; but we cannot bring ourselves to coincide with a talented French journalist who affirms that his dramatic productions *l'ont placé avant Metastasio*! Romani, we are convinced, has too much judgment, too deep a sense of the surpassing merit—notwithstanding his defects—of Metastasio as a dramatic poet, to suffer himself to be seduced by this adulating compliment: not that we believe him to have exerted in his melodramas the whole force of his poetic powers, or that he was by privilege exempt from the numerous impediments to the possibility of his nearer approach to his great model: but it is precisely from defects of this particular class, as we have before remarked, rather than from his presumed incapacity, that an opinion should be formed of his distance from the renowned author of the *Artaserse*, of *Tenistocle*, *Zenobia*, *Catone*, *Attilio*, *Regolo*, *Demofoonte*, and so many other original masterpieces, which, together with an infinitude of poetic beauties—lyric and dramatic—the whole world admired and will ever admire for their sublime sentiments and salutary lessons of love, patriotism, noble faith, in fact of every virtue, private as well as public, courtly as well as popular, and all wonderfully combined with an absolute, irresistible command of the affections and passions, which glow with such intensity in all his well-contrived, masterly scenes. It is, therefore, with acknowledged pride that Italy pronounces the name of Metastasio in immediate connexion with those of her greater poets, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri, &c.

But the term *drama*, in the present day, is used to designate a theatrical composition unconnected with music, ordinarily written in prose, and which, utterly regardless of the relations of time and place, mingles with its scenes historical events generally but little truthful, and almost always deep dyed with crime and blood. There are, however, some to be found—such as have but small acquaintance with literature—

who, judging from the matter and not thinking of the form, honestly believe this kind of representation to be—*tragedy*! These same also will boldly undertake to call a prose historical romance, a *poem*, not knowing that every art has its peculiar character which discriminates it from all others, and its own particular limits within which it is bound to keep; that in like manner as painting with colours and sculpture with relief, so real tragedy and a true poem should be clothed with poetry and verse, which constitute their peculiar form.

In Italy, however, this new kind of composition, a something between prose and poetry, has not yet struck deep root, notwithstanding the efforts of a few, of no despicable talent, to produce that result. Its native soil is Paris, and its greatest and really able champions are Dumas and Victor Hugo, whose successive productions, rife, nevertheless, with extraordinary merits, sometimes for the groundwork, sometimes for the accessories, have taken the ancient and venerable place of deep tragedy, and of good and useful comedy.

But while avowing our unfeigned respect for the wreaths of laurel with which these celebrated poets are daily crowned, we venture to give their Italian imitators a little counsel, which is—to offer less violence to the sanctity of history, and to draw less of materials and theatrical subject from the atrocious, sanguinary scenes of the dark ages; but if they are determined to draw thence, to do so with more truth and fidelity. But of what use is it to seek from certain modern writers historical truth in things past and ancient, whilst even now a Janin and a Gueroult grossly misrepresent and ignore things present, those too of a most solemn and public character, well known to the most heedless and most ignorant.

But, to resume the thread of our subject, we wish not to be considered such rigid adherents to classic rules that we cannot regard with favourable eye the productions of the day because they are clothed in new forms. On the contrary, we are persuaded that literary works, whatever their form, while they delight the public, while they benefit as well as amuse, are always worthy of

attention and favour. But what real delight, what benefit, we ask, can be derived from compositions in which human nature is so deeply saddened and degraded by fiercest passion and bloody crime, which are for the most part exhibited as stalking unpunished and triumphant through the guilty scene? What ear, what heart, educated in innocence and alive to virtuous impressions can, without indignation and horror, contemplate scenes of deepest shame and barbarity, designedly bemired, so to speak, with the degree of base and repulsive human wretchedness that probably has no existence but in the wild wanderings of a vicious and disordered imagination? The theatre should be, as far as possible, the school of truth and right conduct.

Fortunately, these dramatic representations do not seem possessed of much vigour of life, or calculated to endure long, since even those that in their first days were received with loudest acclamations soon become old and die; like the weed of the field, or the child of a single spring, it is so slightly rooted in the soil, that the ploughshare or the tooth of the first passing ox uproots and destroys it at once. On the other hand, some of the ancient tragedies (it is of little importance whether they are called classic or romantic) still exhibit a robust and perennial life; and the agonies depicted in their solemn but natural events exciting the wail of sympathy in the breasts of all people, from the days of Sophocles and Euripides to Shakspeare, Calderon, Corneille, Voltaire and Alfieri, have on every occasion of their representation, obtained the first post of honour, and attracted the applaudive homage of an admiring and intelligent public. And why may not the modern drama anticipate an equally splendid fate? Because it has not truth for its basis; because it ordinarily displays the most repulsive and unnatural passions and affections, and is so *individualised* that it is impossible for the heart of the spectator to identify itself with the scenes; and when the charm of novelty and style is removed, their defectiveness is immediately felt.

A striking example of this truth will  
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be found on the Paris stage in Hugo's drama of *Angelo, Tyrant of Padua*, notwithstanding that its numerous artistic beauties attracted enthusiastic applause. On its appearance at one of the theatres of the French metropolis, "it was received (to use the language of one of the most eminent French periodicals) with much coldness, because the public perceived it to be empty and false, fraught with exaggerated declamation, and passions worked to the highest degree of agitation *for nothing*." It is truly melancholy to behold the premature old age that has thus struck so remarkable a production of a man who justly ranks among the masters of the dramatic art at the present day.

Before concluding our reflections upon this subject, we wish to present a corroboration of our criticism, in the ingenious remarks of a celebrated French author, who, in speaking of poetry and the drama, thus elegantly reasons:—"Poetry, and especially the drama, should, like the sun, shine upon all and over all. When, therefore, you read *une poésie intime*, or are present at one of those *drames individuels* (two terms which fashion has now universally adopted) are you not every moment tempted to ask yourself the data at which this poetry was written, or the time when the drama was composed? The cause lies in all this *intimité* and in this *individualité*! Don't talk of passions that a capricious and variable poet has created for his own purposes, but of those which are felt by all; let me hear of heroes formed, not out of his own imagination, which may and must grow old and feeble, but rather of heroes endued with the spirit of human nature which never changes."

Oh! if even from this slight and cursory examination we feel a desire to suppress a greater portion of the dramatic productions of the day, how numerous must be their substantial defects. Nor can we wonder much at their early fall into oblivion, or at the similar fate of many works, now enjoying a short-lived renown, chiefly attributable to the fact of their not being constructed in accordance with the eternal and immutable laws of

truth, of the beautiful and the grand, or even properly subjected to the dictates of decorum and sound morality.

With these ideas in our mind we witnessed with deep attention the representation of *Lucrezia Borgia*, produced during the past month at the Italian Opera House, and we shall explain the impression made upon us as well by the poetry as by the music and the singing.

It is well known that Romani wrote his libretto from Victor Hugo's tragedy entitled *Lucrezia Borgia*. We shall not, however, enter much into the details of the tragedy, because it was so fully discussed at the time of its first appearance; neither shall we direct attention now to the particulars of Romani's melodrama, which is but a polished translation. The dramatic situations are very effective, and the style brilliant though not always equal.—Nevertheless we cannot approve the selection of such subjects, involving a falsification of both history and character. We are not, as we have before declared, of that class who deny to the dramatic art other mission than that of amusement. Victor Hugo affirms it himself, and then plunges into the very mire of human crime; nay, even invents, exaggerates, and forms a sublime of ideal truism, and fills the stage with scenes utterly detestable and unworthy to meet the eye.

We must, however, say a few words upon the libretto as well as upon the music of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

The piece opens with the melody of an allegro chorus of mischievous fops, whom an occasion of festivity had assembled together, enjoying themselves upon a terrace of the Palazzo Barberigo in Venice. Certain of these young gallants make reciprocal wondering inquiries respecting the probability of their meeting with similarly delightful entertainments at the court of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, whither they are about to accompany the ambassador Grimani. They are assured by *Gubetta*, one of the courtiers, that there will be much gaiety, as the Duchess *Lucrezia Borgia* is there. Immediately all exclaim, name not that woman!

“Acquetati :  
Non la nomar giammai.”

All hate her : every mouth is loud with reproach against her. *Orsini*, one of the number, a young cavalier, declares that his detestation of her is unmeasurable, and that he will explain to them the reason of it. *Gennaro*, a handsome captain in the Venetian army, his most intimate friend and almost brother, manifested even a stronger feeling of indignation against *Lucrezia*, and not wishing to hear any narration of which she was the subject, retired and lay himself down to sleep. *Orsini* tells them the account, expatiating upon the noble qualities of *Gennaro*, and upon the prophecy of an old man who predicted that they two would die by the hand of a Borgia.

This narrative, in the form of a romance, is very pleasing but not original in its melody : the modulations are good but not elegant ; nevertheless, as a part of the introduction—that is, the musical pieces and scenes which form the proemium—it is sufficiently studied, and pleases much. *Ernesta Grisi*, who takes the character of *Orsini*, sings this part in very laudable style. The introduction concludes with the chorus, and all saying to *Orsini*, while looking at *Gennaro*, who is sleeping—

“Vieni, la danza invitaci,  
Lasciam costui dormir,” &c.

They all retire except *Gubetta* and the sleeping *Gennaro*. Meanwhile *Lucrezia* (*Grisi*) comes out from a gondola masked. She gazes at *Gennaro* (*Mario*) and envies his placid repose. From her remorse has long banished the quiet of sleep. *Gubetta* beseeches *Lucrezia* to be very cautious since, if she be discovered, she may be insulted. *Lucrezia* impatiently desires her to leave her : it is in vain she endeavours to discover the cause of *Lucrezia's* coming from Ferrara to Venice. As soon as she is alone, *Lucrezia* raises her mask, and sings a sweet cavatina.

“Com'è bello ! Quale incanto  
In quel volto onesto e altero !” &c.

The poetry is simple and the music well adapted, and it is sung by *Grisi* with much taste.

At this moment, *Don Alfonso* masked, arrives in a gondola, from which he disembarks ; the conduct of his wife has excited his suspicion, and for this

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reason, he follows her *in disguise*.—*Rustighello*, one of his courtiers, accompanies him, and increases his suspicion by telling him that *Lucrezia* is in love with an adventurer, who is the youth before them. The duke requests his confidant to find some means of bringing this officer to Ferrara. *Rustighello* assures him that he will come there in the suite of the Venetian ambassador. After this they depart. A well conceived duet is here introduced, while *Lucrezia* kisses the hand of *Gennaro*, and wakes him. She implores his love, saying that she will love him with a warm affection. “*Si quanto lice io v’amo.*” He replies to the beautiful stranger that he feels for her an unaccountable affection, but that he preserves the first place in his heart to a mother of whose existence and name he is ignorant, but whom he loves more tenderly the more she is involved in mystery. We will give these beautiful lines—

“L’amo, sì l’amo e sembrami  
Vederla in ogni oggetto,  
Una soave immagine  
Me ne ho formata in petto,  
Seco dormiente, o vigile,  
Sico favello ognor!”

This is a touching duet, from the peculiar situation of *Lucrezia*, who is rejoiced at finding herself beloved by her son, but does not reveal herself as his mother, because he is the offspring of a horrid crime; the subject is well treated by the poet, and the composer has coloured it with beautiful music in which the instrumentation is scientific, yet simple, and accords admirably with the dramatic melodies which depict the poetry and the situations of the characters. This colloquy is interrupted by the party of gentlemen returning from the ball. Seeing *Gennaro* in conversation with a lady, who has replaced her mask, they begin to examine her, and, discovering that she is *Lucrezia*, heap upon her reproaches. *Gennaro*, ignorant who she is, endeavours to defend her, but tearing away her mask, they all at once cry, “*é la Borgia.*” There is a beautiful contrast of parts in this confusion, which forms the *finale* of the first act. Donizetti here displays true musical knowledge, whether as regards the thoughts, the melody,

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the modulation, or the magnificent harmony which compose the second act.

What others would have called the *prologue* we have called the first act, for such it certainly appears. Nevertheless we shall offer no opposition if it must bear any other name.

The first scene of this act places us in a *piazza* at Ferrara, between the house of *Borgia*, and the residence of *Gennaro*, who is arrived with the Venetian ambassador. The *Duke* asks his vejanus, *Rustighello* :—

“Nel veneto corteggio lo rasvisasti  
E meglì posi al fianco,  
E lo segnai, come se l’ombra io fossi  
Del corpo suo,” &c.

These and other words of the dialogue, show that *Gennaro* is alluded to, and that his life is conspired against. We are petrified at the expressions of the *Duke* in reference to *Gennaro*, and tremble lest he should go to the house of *Lucrezia* :—

“Entrarvi ei puote, non n’escir mai vivo!”

In the fury of jealousy *Alfonso* vents his rage against his supposed rival, and all Venice :—

“Non sempre chiusa ai popoli  
Fu la fatal laguna,  
Ed à oltraggiato principe  
Aprir si puote ancor.”

The music is martial and free, but *brodè* to display the powers of *Tamburini*, and deficient in originality.

The *Duke* retires, and *Gennaro*, *Orsini*, and all the friends come upon the scene taking leave of each other after the festivities. *Gubetta* is amongst them; a conversation against *Borgia* so enrages *Gennaro*, that he ascends the steps before the door of the house of *Borgia*, and with his sword erases the *B*, thus leaving only *orgia*. His friends alarmed, tell him that this jest may cost not only him, but themselves, all very heavily.

“Ove del reo si cerchi,  
Me stesso palesar pronto sou’io.

Thus boldly replies *Gennaro*, at the same instant two men dressed in black, appear at the back of the stage; at the sight of them the party separates, and *Gennaro* enters his own house. After a chorus of bravos, which possesses a certain deep, mysterious beauty, the scene changes to a room in the ducal palace

## A VISIT TO THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

TRANSLATED FROM SPINDLER.

### CHAPTER I.

THE battle of Nördlingen had well nigh proved fatal to the interests of the Protestant princes and their allies. Victory and fortune ranged themselves once more under the Imperial standard, and Ferdinand's army overran the whole of Germany; the Swedes, hitherto supposed to be invincible, were everywhere driven back by their overwhelming force, and the straggling regiments and squadrons which had separated from the *corps d'armée* threw themselves into such towns and fortresses as were under the protection of the Confederacy. The beautifully-located town of Hanau, the better portion of which had just been completed by means of Dutch wealth and French industry, was particularly selected for this purpose, and, being well-provisioned and strongly fortified, the Swedish commandant, Major-General Ramsay, a Scotchman by birth, fixed upon it as a place capable of maintaining a long siege. The war-loving commandant had collected a tolerably strong force, composed of Scots, Swedes, and Weimarers; and (all the noble families having fled to the Netherlands) assumed the undivided command over town and citadel. Citizens and soldiers were alike required, under the severest penalties, to bring in arms and ammunition to complete the fortifications, and to act on the offensive and defensive to the very last extremity. The result proved the wisdom of Ramsay's precautions: Imperial troops shortly appeared in the neighbourhood, their numbers increasing from day to day. Towards the end of the year 1635, Baron de Lamboy, the commanding officer, formally opened the siege under the most threatening aspect, and the brave garrison closed in deadly strife with their obstinate besiegers, who, finding their invitation to surrender rejected with scorn, resolved upon capturing a place which commanded

the Maine, as well as the whole of the surrounding country. In vain the besieged flattered themselves with the prospect of a speedy reinforcement, the resources of the allies were crippled, or, in the confusion of those fermenting times, were either heedless, or incapable of affording assistance to a fortress of minor consideration. Thus passed on week after week, month after month, until the blockade evidently reduced the town to a state of want. The sword of the active enemy cut off all who attempted to leave the gates; each passing bullet struck some soldier on the ramparts or citizen in the street; houses and churches successively crumbled beneath their shells. Dreadful as this was, the place of the dead could be supplied from amongst the living, breaches filled up, and the destruction caused by roofs on flames repaired; but there existed one misery, the most trying of all, which greatly favoured the Imperial army, namely, the impossibility of procuring fresh supplies; and its attendant, contagion, sparing neither sex nor age, swept off thousands to an untimely grave. After seven months of obstinate resistance, Ramsay judged it advisable to capitulate; but the Imperial general's thirst for vengeance rendered all his efforts to obtain it ineffectual. The heralds were either branded on the forehead, and then driven back to the gates, or else hanged on the enemy's redoubts. This contravention of the rights of war, which, under extraordinary circumstances of cruel retaliation, is only partially excusable, left little hope for any but that of a desperate result. Reckless despair on the one side, was opposed to the most deadly revenge on the other; and Ramsay's oath that he would perish in the ruins of his citadel, was responded to by Lamboy's vow that at the general storming of the town not one of its inhabitants should find mercy.

CHAPTER II.

Who would imagine that in the tumult of this turbulent era, amidst scenes of misery, famine, and multi-form destruction, Cupid, that god of love, could yet find wherewithal to busy himself? And yet many a tie was then formed which endured long after the months of desolation had passed away, and others too, that inexorable fate rendered abortive in their earliest being. Under the roof of the patriotic advocate, Delatre, two amiable and beautiful girls, his wards and nieces, had arrived at womanhood, ornaments of his unpretending household, and the joy of his advancing years. Hedwig, the elder of the two, was a fascinating being, with a peaceful, celestial expression in her clear blue eye; whilst her sister, Clara, exhibited, with every soft and feminine grace, a considerable portion of masculine firmness and strength of mind, inherited from her father. An attachment, rarely met with even amongst sisters, knit the hearts of these two girls in so strong a manner, that even an affection of a different nature, which Hedwig now for the first time intuitively felt, offered no interruption to its indulgence. The object of that affection was Neil Peterson, a Swedish nobleman holding a captain's commission in Burgdorf's regiment, whose distinguished integrity and patriotic virtues combined with the advantages of an agreeable exterior, entitled him to the possession of so amiable and accomplished a wife as Hedwig promised to be. Amid the thunder of the enemy's artillery, and the dangers incurred of various conflicts, had their hearts been united, and, soldier-like, ever alert at the call of duty, he formally demanded of Delatre the hand of his niece. The old uncle, pained as he was at the idea of parting with the beloved girl, who, in the event of such marriage, would be obliged to quit his roof to reside in a distant and northern country, on her husband's property, nevertheless listened rather to the wishes of the young people than to his own, and yielded a reluctant consent. The advocate's very reasonable desire, however, that the marriage ceremony should

be postponed until after the restoration of peace, little suited the impatience of the count, who was urgent for its immediate consummation. "Surely," he would say, "these very disturbances point out the necessity for promptitude. The *present* is the only moment the soldier can call his own, he knows not if he can command the next; the enemy's lead showers around us and may reach me as well as my neighbour, and 'tis hard to die on the threshold of happiness; besides, death loses some of its poignancy when our wishes are fulfilled, and if such be my fate, I shall meet it more resignedly when I know that she whom I leave behind will bear my name."

Hedwig endeavoured to avert his thoughts from such a future and her uncle opposed arguments, but the count adhered to his resolution, and the parties at length agreed upon an early celebration of the nuptials in as private a manner as possible, only in such a manner, indeed, as the distressing state of the times would justly admit of. Feasting and dancing were, of course, out of the question, but a bridal robe, a costly wedding garment, the sister and friends of Hedwig maintained their right to provide for her. This indisputable privilege required, however, the sacrifice of eight days' exertion, which was for Neil Peterson a most unwelcome postponement, yet for Hedwig a desirable interval during which she might prepare for this the most important change in her lot.

CHAPTER III.

It happened at the time when the robe in question was just commenced, that two prisoners of war were quartered in Delatre's house; a major in the service of the emperor, and his servant, both of whom Peterson had himself captured whilst taking their repast at some isolated outwork of their camp. As might be expected, they were far from pleased at this unexpected chance of war, although, in order to ameliorate the hardship of their lot as much as possible, Peterson introduced them to the family of his friend, the famine, then raging in the city, luckily inconvenienced them less than



might have been expected, as the serving-man, a short, thick-set, bulky personage, contented himself with the use of wine and ardent spirits, of which there remained an abundant supply, and the major, a member of the noble house of Buddingen, sought relief from *cummi* in the society of the ladies of the family. He amused himself by passing the whole of the day in the sitting-room with the attractive party of diligent embroideresses, watching the progress of their work, singing snatches of Hungarian songs, whose wild and strange sounds were amusing though unintelligible to the ears of most of his fair auditors, or else relating to them various tales and marvellous legends; until, by the third day of his domestication among them, he had succeeded in making himself an agreeable and welcome companion; and the young ladies deeply regretted that so good a singer and such an amusing storyteller should be one of the hated Imperialists, instead of a Swede or a Weimar. Clara alone cherished an unconquerable dislike to the major, which increased in proportion to the greater pains taken by him to render himself agreeable to her. To her alone he addressed himself, to her alone he sang, and his ardent gaze was bent on her, while seeming to listen to the artless tales of her young friends. His whole conduct and deportment manifested a deep and overwhelming passion, which Clara's pure and innocent mind failing thus to interpret, was precisely the cause of that aversion which she could not overcome.

"Say what you will," she once replied to the jests of her companions, "but the Imperial major is to me a most unwelcome guest, and I shall heartily rejoice when he either effects an exchange or lays down the ransom for his liberty. My spirits are depressed whenever I chance to look at him, and if I meet his wild ferocious glance, it makes me tremble."

They laughed at her sentiments of antipathy, and one of them smilingly observed, "that peradventure Gottfried Uttenhofen, the volunteer, might better succeed in winning her favour."

They all extolled his manly, open countenance and dignified demeanour,

his wealth, and ~~deserved~~ reputation for cool, intrepid courage, whilst one remarked that Gottfried and Clara would be as interesting a couple as Hedwig and Peterson. The blushing girl, who had never yet even to herself acknowledged a preference, persisted in denying that there existed any, and positively declared she had never bestowed a thought on Gottfried any more than she had on the detested major. Clara knew not that poor Uttenhofen had entered the room, and, while standing behind her chair, had overheard the greater part of the conversation; her attention having been attracted by the suppressed laughter of her friends she suddenly turned round, and in doing so her eye rested on the pallid countenance of Gottfried; she half regretted her harsh speech, for he bowed low and coldly, and with the air of one whose feelings have been deeply wounded, in silence left the house.

Clara, however, dissembled her mortification, and quickly retorted the jests of her companions.

"Leave me to my own enjoyments," she exclaimed, "and force me not to be melancholy; am I not the only being in the house who can maintain a smile of cheerfulness? My uncle is oppressed by the weight of his affairs; old nurse Ursula who sits slumbering in our grandfather's chair, prays and mutters psalms the whole day long; and the affianced bride surpasses all the rest in gravity. Only look at Hedwig. To-morrow her dress will be completed, on the following day she will be married—and yet there she sits with a face as doleful as though she were condemned to the scaffold. Heaven defend me from matrimony if all brides are as inconsolable as my beloved sister."

"Jest me not," replied Hedwig with patient seriousness; "if I cannot escape from my own thoughts, and the needle falls from my unconscious hand, there is ample cause for it. Listen to what I dreamed last night. I seemed to be standing in full bridal costume in my own apartment; the windows were all illumined as if by torchlight; there was tumult in the streets—a noise like the retreat of soldiers; but I heeded not the disturbance from without, and

thought I enjoyed the peaceful stillness of my own little room, so I determined to finish my toilet and bind the flowers on my hair. I applied myself anxiously to my pleasing task, but my unskilful hands refused to perform their office and the wreath fell repeatedly from my brow, and each time reached the ground with a strange sound like the rustling of the wind amongst dry leaves. At first the accident amused me, but I soon became impatient at my want of success. Then came a low knock at the window, and knowing already who stood without, I exclaimed, 'Come in, dear Neil, and help me with my garland.' The window flew open, the count stood there, and behind him in hazy indistinctness a long line of soldiers. I was, however, by no means surprised at his pale and strange appearance, but smiling held out the wreath to him; he took it silently and sorrowfully, but as he extended his right hand he was drawn back by the soldiery, and disappeared from my sight like a dissolving mist. 'Give me back my flowers,' I cried in alarm, but they also vanished from my outstretched hand, and only a few scattered leaves fluttered back, which, as I caught them, distended into long black draperies until they entirely enveloped me; then, seized with a feeling of horror, I awoke sobbing at my frightful dream."

Hedwig's friends had drawn themselves closer together around the flickering lamp in thoughtful silence for some time after she had finished her recital. Clara was the first to speak, and with her wonted readiness ascribed the vision to the effects of an overheated imagination.

"Good dreams," she argued, "are sent from heaven—bad ones are only the work of malignant spirits; avoid all needless anxiety, my Hedwig; be assured the count will not exert himself to make you a widow," she further added, laughing. "Besides, what all the town says must be true, that Peterson bears a charm, and is safe equally against shot and sword. Has he not numberless times faced the enemy without ever receiving the slightest scratch?"

"You talk at random, Clara," interrupted the old nurse, "nevertheless it

is true. I have often heard that he wears a talisman, and none but a bullet of silver or of ivory can take his life."

"Now set your dear heart at rest, my sister," cried Clara, "certes, Lamboy will not deprive himself either of silver or ivory for the express purpose of shooting your betrothed."

"That is not all," persisted the prattling Ursula, "charms are bestowed by demons, who never lose sight of their favourites, particularly as they do not serve them gratis. The soldier must—so said my dear deceased husband—exchange whatever he most loves on earth for the protecting talisman, be it what he now possesses or may hereafter possess, whether horse, or dog, wife, or child. Many repent, and implore the fiend to retract, but the charm has vanished, and the next shot that is fired is for that same ill-fated individual, and well for him if he hath become a christian beforehand!"

"Heaven and the saints protect us!" ejaculated the young ladies in a breath; and Clara exerted all her steady cheerfulness to dissipate her sister's gloom.

The entrance of the major failed to give the wished-for turn to the conversation, although he was applied to by some of the party to affirm or contradict the nurse's story.

"Really, ladies," he replied complacently, "I am unable to give you any very accurate information on the subject, as I have no charm myself;" he looked earnestly at Clara, who as usual turned away. "However, I will relate all I know, and which in fact corroborates what the excellent, intelligent Ursula has stated. Some years past," continued Buddingen, "there was an extravagant ensign in our regiment who bore a most dissipated character, yet he was endowed with an almost incredible degree of courage which bore him unharmed through every danger. It happened once that we were both sent together reconnoitring into Saxony. The ensign rode constantly by my side, chatting and amusing himself as unconcerned as though the enemy was not constantly firing in our way.

"These fellows are getting rather troublesome, ensign," I exclaimed, 'let us return.'"

"But he laughed, and coolly replied, "Never mind them, quartermaster, they will not harm you, for I catch all their *blue beans* in my glove."

"So saying, he composedly took off his glove, and shook from it about a dozen flattened bullets and some shot. Surprised at so strange an occurrence, I inquired what it meant? He shook his head and said, 'that was a matter of secrecy, but I might perceive he bore a charm, and could if I pleased procure for me the same advantage.' This I begged leave to decline, alleging that I was too good a christian, and warned him also against his recklessness."

"Some time had elapsed after this event, when he sought me out at the time we were encamped on the Bohemian frontier."

"Major," said he, looking very pale and dispirited, 'give me your advice, I am very painfully circumstanced; there is a young lady to whom I am anxious to make proposals, for I am distractedly fond of her.'

"Well," I replied, 'take my consent and go.'

"The officer shrugged up his shoulders, cast his eyes upon the ground, and said—

"Fain would I go, but that is not all, for I have rashly promised *him* who protects my life that which on earth I hold most dear. The bargain was made in a moment of recklessness, before a thought of marriage had entered into my head. Even now the demon exacts his reward, if I gain her hand, she dies—if not—'

"The important personage will have nothing to complain of," said I interrupting him—"offer some other object, or better still,—reconcile yourself with the church; the priestly blessing cannot be less efficacious than the verdict of your protecting fiend."

"My comrade straightway departed, made his confession to the priest, was released from his vow, and fearlessly led his bride to the altar. The next skirmish, however, proved his last, for though only wounded, and thereby falling from his horse, he broke his neck and instantly expired: he had ceased to wear the talisman, and his widow too died of a broken heart."

#### CHAPTER IV.

The retreat sounding, warned the listening party that it was time to seek their respective homes; they took leave, and Hedwig somewhat disturbed by the major's story, retired with the nurse to her apartment, and Clara having laid aside her work was preparing to follow, when the major resolutely placed himself in the way to prevent her doing so, at the same time seizing her hand, which she vainly endeavoured to extricate from his hold.

"So far from this surprising you, *Fraülein*," he began, "you may only wonder that I have not ere this unburdened my bursting heart. Now, thanks to my improvisation, your friends have left you sooner than usual. I employ the precious moments which offer themselves to unfold the inmost secret of my soul. The fortune of war has thrown me into the enemy's power; a gentle yet almost painful feeling has centered my affection in you. This heart, unyielding in the battle-field, breathes only humble devotion to you. You are the chosen mistress of my affections—the sole lady of my thoughts—let me hope that this avowal may secure me your favour."

Clara looked at him in silent yet unsophisticated astonishment. He continued—

"Blame me not, reprove me not for this irrepressible outbreak of my feelings; your own perfection is its cause; yet think me not unworthy of the happiness I aspire to: I am becoming wearied of a soldier's life, my only ambition now is to repair to my paternal home on the banks of the Donau; my possessions are far from inconsiderable, and the spoils of war have largely added to them; there, with the blessings of peace, will I clasp my bride to my heart."

"You compel me, sir, to be candid with you," replied Clara coldly and with emphasis. "A simple negative would scarcely convey a sufficiently decisive reply to your importunity. Know then that your person and demeanour are equally disagreeable to me; that you neither understand nor are capable of appreciating the delicacy of the female character, the freedom of your speech and manner clearly evince, and

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that you are not master of your passions or inclinations is rendered apparent by the wildness and ferocity of your deportment, which cannot long sustain the character you endeavoured to assume. Your advances are as repugnant to me as would be every endeavour that you could make in my behalf; and finally, sir, *could* I reciprocate your pretended feelings, I *dare* not. The individual who has laid waste the inheritance of my forefathers—trampled on my faith, and now offers me the spoils of the dead for a dowry can have no claim on my regard, even were he endowed with riches and advantages beyond those which fall to the common lot of mortals. Leave my hand, Major Buddingen, and for the future spare your attempts at eloquence. I must repeat what has passed to my uncle, that you may immediately quit a house that has afforded you such agreeable pastime."

"You mock me," retorted Buddingen with ill-suppressed rage. "Do so, and you shall have cause enough to banish me from a house that without your love will be hateful to me."

"You are scarcely coherent," said Clara interrupting him with a compassionate smile, as she resolutely added, "once more I desire you to leave my hand, otherwise I must call the nurse and my sister."

"Your hand," said he, in a bitter concentrated tone, "who shall tear this from me? and more than this, yourself? for mine you shall be. Hanau must fall to the besiegers—it may, perchance, be stormed before to-morrow's dawn, and then, proud girl, you may soldiery."

Clara, hereupon, making a strong effort at length disengaged herself from his grasp and flew towards the door of entrance at the same moment that Gottfried, attended by the major's groom, most opportunely made his appearance there.

"Heaven be praised, Gottfried, that you are come!" she exclaimed earnestly. "Explain to this officer how he should conduct himself towards a lady," and without further parley the indignant Clara disappeared.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Your conscience be your judge,"  
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Gottfried began, "I was not witness to what may have passed, but I charge you to respect Clara Delatre; she is one whom I esteem and revere, and I shall avenge an insult to her more than any that could be offered to myself. I am an officer like yourself, but serve not my fatherland by compulsion or for gold. At present, however, I have business with you. With no small difficulty I have withdrawn this knave of yours from a party of our Weimarers who had taken umbrage at his ridiculous gasconading. You are acting contrary to the commandant's orders, which enforce that no prisoner of war shall be found lounging about the cabarets, or out of quarters, after the retreat is beaten. Were Ramsay to hear of it, in ten minutes after your servant would be suspended to the lantern. I have done—farewell."

Uttenhofen quitted the house; and major and man betook themselves to their apartment.

"Your misconduct will be the ruin of us both," muttered the major as he paced up and down the room, whilst his esquire comfortably esconced himself in the arm-chair.

"A plague on your bullying, I say; it knows no bounds when you are in low society, and will plunge us into endless troubles."

"Bah!" rejoined the other; "the coat I've adopted demands it; think you it would be more consistent for me to associate with the officers and introduce myself at Ramsay's table? Haunting the *cafés* as I do in this gear, no one recognizes the marked man whose rifle-corps endangers every bush and every ditch around the country within two miles of your presence."

"Colonel, colonel, you will pursue that game once too often," observed the major; "mark me! whether your name be Breivogel or not, whether you have raised a regiment for the emperor or not, if Ramsay detect you out after hours he'll hang you."

"Hang me!" grinned forth the colonel; "and if so—why have I donned this stable-boy's disguise? To save my life, eh! you know I value that less than the superb trout we were obliged to leave unfinished to go and meet the enemy. 'Twas for my coffer's sake I

did it, which is a far more important consideration. What a ransom must I not lay down did they suspect who the caged bird was. With you the case is different, you have nothing in the world but the lace upon your coat : they will gladly exchange you as a useless consumer of their provisions ; at the worst you are but a prisoner, and may find means to escape, whereas that accursed Ramsay would first appropriate my ducats, and then, who knows what may follow ? Never fear, I shall share your lot, I do not mind enacting the part of your servant, till the word ' Go forth ! ' be uttered : until then trust to my prudence and sagacity."

" Ah ! " cried Buddingen, " be still, my good friend, I am out of temper, and in my impotent rage could bay the moon that peers through the window like a spy."

" The moon is right," replied Breivogel, " you are a poor love-stricken animal, and ought not to despise the silver goddess."

" It's all over ! " said the melancholy and afflicted Buddingen, " I'm scorned, rejected without mercy—without a spark of hope."

" So ! " replied Breivogel, laughing ; " I might have guessed as much, and I give her credit for firmness. I'll engage you vaunted to her your vast possessions that lie somewhere on the other side of the world ; and swore to an undying faith, brittle as glass ! my good fellow. The air of the camp has rather unfitted you for domestic enjoyments ; you vowed similar vows to Laura Bremer, and Sabina v. Gelnhausen. But Clara is an angel, and would not think of you. Forget her as soon as possible."

" I cannot, and will not," exclaimed the major, " mine she must be in spite of all the powers of darkness. Colonel Breivogel, help me with one of your sage freebooter plans."

" You make me laugh," replied the colonel, quietly composing himself for the night ; " let us only escape from this abominable nest, and a couple of my trusty sharpshooters will carry her off easily enough, sooner than that I'll have nothing to do with it."

## CHAPTER VI.

In the spacious council-room of the town-hall, the officers of the garrison formed a circle round their commandant ; the red light of evening streaming through the high gothic windows, tinged with its deep glow the serious and thoughtful faces of the military leaders ; who with the magistrates of Hanau listened in respectful silence to the general's project who addressed them on the existing necessity for taking some important forts from the enemy, which had hitherto so much annoyed the town, and for which a *sortie* must be attempted that same night. " So soon," said Ramsay, " as the tower-guard gives notice of the tenth hour, let the troops be assembled on the Neustädter Platze. The four first divisions of Burgdorf's regiment commanded by Captains Schweickhardt, de Lisle, and Peterson, and Ensign Alexander v. Winterfeld ; and also two squadrons of Jyllis's cavalry under Captain Sturm and Cornet Hembel, shall share the danger and the glory of the attempt. Colonel Mongery will lead the assault ; the troops preserving the strictest silence. Meanwhile the magistrates will call the citizens to arms and keep vigilant watch over all suspected persons, under the severest penalties for misconduct ; Colonel Mongery will report all proceedings to me, and to him the officers in command will apply for their orders." The commandant bowing slightly to the assembly was about to withdraw, when he encountered Captain Peterson and the Advocate Delatre who were respectfully approaching him.

" What are your wishes, gentlemen ? " asked the Scotchman in a dry sententious tone, thinking he read a petition in the features of both.

" General," began Peterson, with dignified demeanour ; " you will do me the justice to say, that I have never on any single occasion been reluctant to face the enemy. But to-day, for once, I request to be excused from joining in the *sortie*."

Ramsay's brow darkened.

" My lord," interposed Delatre, " to-morrow morning, the count pur-

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poses to lead my niece to the altar, the nuptials are to take place at seven o'clock, and I entreat you to give him leave of absence on this occasion, and spare the tears of his young bride."

"What have I and the city to do with the count's marriage?" sternly interrupted Ramsay; "I am happy to acknowledge his already brilliant achievements, and for that precise reason he cannot now be spared. This day I require men with heads as well as arms, and it displeases me greatly when I find my officers fettering themselves to women; such conduct inevitably leads to a neglect of duty."

"General!" furiously exclaimed the count; "do I merit that reproach from you?"

"So long as you continue in your military obligations, no;" continued Ramsay as before, "the soldier's best-loved wife is his sword, the distaff may follow after. Storm the imperial entrenchments, and then perchance you may find an hour to spare for gentler pastime. At all events you will hold yourself in readiness for marching orders. By midnight the whole affair will be over, and that will allow you time to go to church at seven. Your bride will surely receive you the more graciously if you bring in an enemy's standard to lay at her feet. Good-night."

Ramsay left the room, and Peterson, stamping on the floor, muttered between his teeth, "We will talk over this anon, general!" then turning to the advocate, who was deep in thought, "what is to be done, M. Delatre? The kind-hearted Ramsay will have me shot if I venture on another word, so let us retire, only, I pray you, not a breath of this to my Hedwig; her distress would unman me, and, after all, I shall be with you again to-morrow."

"Well for you that can think so," observed Ensign Winterfield, who now joined them, "it will go worse with me; my gorget fell from the wall and broke in half this morning; a sure sign, as every soldier knows, that death is nigh. On that account I've drawn up my last will and testament. I leave my dog to you, Peterson; my regulation sword to Hembel; and to Ramsay, the accomplished tormentor, I

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bequeath the whole of my remaining property, a reichsthaler and a half, or thereabouts."

Peterson could only reply by a faint smile to his sprightly young friend, and requesting Cornet Hembel to show his standard in the Grand Place, in case of his overstaying the appointed hour, accompanied Delatre home, where Hedwig awaited their return.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Discoursing of the future in all the unreserve of confiding attachment, Hedwig sat beside her betrothed; her previous melancholy had completely forsaken her and she gave herself up to the enjoyment of almost childlike loquacity. Peterson listened in silence without interrupting her, until Hedwig, finding her thousand queries were not replied to, suddenly checked herself as she perceived his thoughts to be elsewhere; this recalled him from his reverie, and, half embarrassed, he leaned his forehead on his hand.

"What were you thinking of?" said Hedwig, gently touching his arm, "you are motionless as a statue, and this evening, too—the eve of union, and the lamp burns so cheerfully, and the good Clara has left the room on tiptoe that she may not disturb us; why are you not happy, my beloved? This morning you reproached me for a feeling of sadness I could not overcome, and now I seem to have imparted it to you. What ails you? are you longing to be far away from these scenes, in your own quiet home where dwells unbroken peace?"

"My quiet home!" repeated the count half unconsciously—then as if glad to have found a pretext for his abstraction, he resumed, in a gayer tone, "you may be right, my Hedwig."

"Ah!" she replied, laughing, "how insatiable are men in their desires! yet I cannot blame you for that wish; no clang of war, no dread of famine destroys the happy stillness of your native land. There, where you have told me a thousand times the stars shine with a brighter lustre, and a clearer though a colder sky expands its bright blue canopy above; there peace must dwell, and to fix my habitation

there, beside your hearth, is the extent of my ambition."

"May Heaven grant it!" replied the count with energy. "May the Almighty vouchsafe a speedy termination to this chaos of human passions! Then will I exchange the sword for the hunting spear, and, after an encounter with my only enemy in the forest, return to my blissful well-ordered home to be welcomed by my Hedwig's smile."

"Is your residence well protected against danger?" inquired Hedwig.

"With tower, and wall, and bridge; I would not leave you alone in a miserable hut, believe me."

"Happiness finds its way there oftener than in more lofty dwellings," observed Hedwig.

"Ah!" exclaimed Peterson, "but there is beauty in my paternal halls, embosomed amid forest and rock. Oh! may I be permitted to close my earthly career within their sanctuary; and, promise me this, Hedwig, should fate be unpropitious to my dreams of happiness here, far from the home of my childhood, see that my remains be conveyed to the north, to repose in the tomb of my forefathers, for there only shall I rest. Promise me this!"

"It is cruel, my friend, it is cruel thus to torment my feelings," said Hedwig. "Were such to happen, Oh Father of Heaven!"

"Are we not all dust?" repeated the count; "give me your promise; then will the sight of my grave not prevent you from bestowing your heart and hand on another and rescuing some of the joys of life from the wreck of time."

Hedwig strove to interrupt him, but he continued with fervent utterance—

"Let not my entreaty be vain; there, where rise the towers of my inheritance, and where the north-light flashes, be my last dark home!"

"Ah! sighed Hedwig, "that north light is all that I dread in your native country; although you have so frequently described its beauty with enthusiasm, yet the thought of it fills my heart with dread and a vague unwelcome foreboding."

"You are mistaken, love," said the count, smiling, "we lend to it on the contrary a favourable interpretation;

and my countrypeople cherish the belief, that at such times the gates of heaven are opened, to gratify the spirits of the blessed with a glimpse of those they loved during their earthly sojourn; and every ray that shoots along the purple sky is thought to be the airy spirit of one departed hovering over some beloved object, infusing with its brilliant glances peace and confiding hope into the bereaved heart. From such a halo will I, too, look down, and linger beside my grave and thee, to bless thee for having faithfully performed my last request."

He ceased speaking, and, absorbed for the moment in a deep yet scarcely painful feeling of melancholy, drew Hedwig closer to him, but she started up, her eyes riveted on the window, then pointing with a trembling hand towards the street she almost shrieked—

"In Heaven's name what flame is it that glares on yonder houses; it cannot be the north light!"

The count inwardly imprecated his irresolution which had prevented him from keeping the appointed hour. The troops were already on their march, and he distinctly heard their measured and almost noiseless tread along the street, while from the corner of the Neustädter Platz flickered the blood-red flame of a parapet lamp. Peterson, completely thrown off his guard, and snatching up his cap and sword found it impossible to conceal that he had been surprised.

"Speak, Peterson," cried Hedwig. "In the name of mercy, I conjure you, tell me what all this means; what has called out the soldiers at this time of night?"

The count attempted an evasive reply, but just then Hembel, who rode beside his troop, knocked at the window and called to him—

"Captain Peterson, it is time, your ensign is approaching."

"In Heaven's name, then!" exclaimed Peterson, throwing on his cap, and at the same time hastily embracing Hedwig, "an untoward accident has prevented my concealing what so much alarms you; but take courage, I shall return to-morrow."

"Tell me whither," she cried, vainly

exerting her feeble strength to detain him—"you will kill me."

But Neil tore himself from her hold, and placing her in her sister's arms rushed from the house.

"Lights in your windows," cried voices from without:—and Hedwig flung open the casement to take a last look at her betrothed; his pallid face was turned towards her with a sickly farewell smile, then shrieking "Angel of Mercy, my dream!" fell senseless into the arms of her nurse and sister; whilst cavalry and infantry silently pursued the way in their sanguinary occupation.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The day following was one of lamentation and mourning. The sortie had failed entirely, defeated by the vigilance of the enemy; a musket shot imprudently fired sufficed to give the alarm, and the assailants were completely routed. Winterfeld, who but yesterday in a thoughtless moment foretold his end, lay in the fosse beneath the walls, and Hembel in endeavouring to cover the retreat with his body of cavalry was struck down by a rifle shot. Peterson's moments were also numbered, he was killed in the act of planting his ensign on the enemy's rampart; his fall brought everything into disorder; the Hessians and Weimarers leaving behind them a great number of killed and wounded, hurried back to the fortress, bearers of the unlooked-for intelligence of their disaster; this caused a great ferment amongst the garrison, but of all the inhabitants of the town, poor Hedwig suffered most keenly, and her grief excited general sympathy. After the lapse of a few hours her wild despair yielded to the remonstrances of her uncle, and the venerable minister; but neither their consolations nor the affectionate attention of her beloved sister and kind-hearted friends, could alleviate the firm deep-rooted sorrow that took possession of her mind. The poor bereaved girl ceased not to weep for the departed, and constantly called on those around her to recover his body from the field.

"I must see him once more," she would exclaim—"I must now fulfil the promise that he in his untimely fore-

boding exacted from me, his remains shall be borne to the sepulchre of his forefathers as soon as peace shall be restored; and till then I will mourn beside his temporary tomb; oh, who will save him from the claws of the vulture and the rage of his relentless enemies?"

Delatre willing to meet the wish of his unhappy niece, applied to the town council for a messenger to be dispatched to the Imperial general, demanding the dead to be delivered up, as is often the case in time of war. But Ramsay was inexorable in his refusal; he recalled to mind how many of his envoys Lamboy had caused to be hung or branded with hot irons, and maintained that none of his soldiers should be exposed to similar danger.

"No," he declared, "the meanest drummer shall not undertake such a pilgrimage; Peterson was a brave officer I grant, but I will not for the sake of his dead body send any baptized Christian to bite the dust. 'Tis the soldier's lot to fall in the open field and have the winds and the midnight storm to chant his death song, until some friendly hand consign him to the earth. I shall fare no better I dare to say. If there be any one in the town at all anxious to be strangled, by main force let him pass the Frankfort gate, but I would strongly advise you to keep your men and your money for a more befitting occasion. A dead man can be of no use, and deserves no more attention than a worn-out garment."

The magistrate though inwardly incensed at the roughness and want of feeling displayed by the commandant, yet coincided with him in refusing Delatre's proposition to go himself. The rumour that their efforts were hopeless soon reached the ears of Hedwig, and her grief returned in all its frantic force. Clara's sufferings at the situation of her sister amounted almost to martyrdom, but she could devise no means of obtaining assistance, and was wringing her hands in utter despair, when the supposed groom of the major stood before her.

"Fraülein," said he, addressing her—"I have formed a plan of assisting your sister and benefitting my master and myself at the same time. The



major is Lamboy's intimate friend and brother in arms, make the offer of exchanging him for the captain's body, and I'll answer for it the baron will not refuse. But this offer must come from the right quarter; let your sister herself go to Lamboy, accompanied by the major to prove there is no deception, then one word from her pretty lips, and we are beyond the walls, and the dead count within them."

The bold thought darted like lightning through Clara's brain and was as quickly followed by cool reflection.

"My sister," she said thoughtfully—"she, poor girl, whom grief has almost laid low; her mourning habit would be a jest to the rough soldiery; speech itself would fail her at the first ungentle word of your general. Misfortune will come of this."

"Then choose a substitute," cunningly suggested Breivogel—"it would not be difficult, were your people to send me on to the camp, to procure a pass for the fair petitioner. But mark me, a lady must go, as Lamboy's heart is never proof against the appeal of beauty, still greater is the necessity for the application being made to-day, for by the morrow, Zamiel himself would be puzzled to find the poor count amongst the heap of slain.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Early in the afternoon of that same day, rumour was busily afloat in the town of Hanau. "Have you heard the news?" cried one neighbour to the other—"Clara Delatre is going herself to the Imperial camp." "Intrepid girl!" "How every one admires her resolution, and even the commandant himself could not refuse her the major's exchange." "See, here she comes, her sister in all her bridal robes could not look more lovely."—Advancing to the Frankfort gate, came the heroic girl, surrounded by her young friends, and attended by a civic guard. The blessing of Delatre seemed to follow her, for her deportment was dignified firm and self-possessed; she could not forbear a farewell look at her uncle's house, where he remained as a necessary comforter to his sorrowing niece; she then walked on steadily to the gate which opened on her arrival. There

her young friends bade her adieu. Accompanied by the major and old Ursula, she silently pursued the route over draw-bridge and fosse, through outwork and palisade, until the first Imperial redoubt rose up in front of them, and a loud "Halt!" warned them of the presence of a sentinel. The Imperial scarf worn by the major and the white handkerchief waved by the drummer sufficed to obtain a moment's truce. After the officer commanding the fort had interrogated and examined the party, the pass signed by Lamboy was handed to Clara, in which Captain Jessachitz (the aforementioned officer) was empowered to conduct the applicant before General the Baron Lamboy, and to return with her to her escort, who were posted within gunshot of the redoubt. The captain also unconditionally required that Major Buddingen should not remain in their charge, but that as soon as all doubt as to the exchange was removed he might proceed with the rest. In vain the civic commander loudly expostulated against this proceeding; Jessachitz however adhered to the letter of Lamboy's expressed order, and as Buddingen unhesitatingly gave his word of honour to return if any obstacle were offered to the exchange, Clara's protectors suffered him at last to pass on. The poor girl's heart beat heavily when she found herself separated from her fellow-citizens and only protected by the two officers and her old nurse, who could do nought else but mutter prayer after prayer. The party as if by one accord maintained the strictest silence. The plain between the redoubt and the camp was barren and unsheltered; the burning summer sun had scorched the surface of the earth and dried all the moisture from the trees, and the heat would have been insupportable had not a refreshing breeze been now and then wafted from the Maine. At short intervening distances stood a barrack, with its guard-house and single piece of ordnance. Croats lay about the ground in drowsy idleness under tattered canvass awnings or straw huts, their light Barbary steeds fastened to the few stunted trees which the devastating hand of war had allowed to remain. The monotonous "Wer da!"

of the sentinel, and the password given by the two officers, alone, disturbed the heavy stillness of this oppressive day : but no sooner did the travellers reach the outer row of tents than the whole scene was as if by magic reversed. A confused tumult of voices, mingled with a variety of other sounds, issued from the enclosure, and a cloud fell on the spirits of both females as they for the first time approached an encampment. Menacing and inquisitive bearded faces peered on them from every corner ; weapons were seen everywhere gleaming in the sunbeams ; horses, men, and cattle, all were promiscuously huddled together in one mighty mass. There was a sound of drums rolling in the distance, and from the opposite bank of the river was heard an occasional blast of trumpets. Several officers of his acquaintance now came forward to greet the major, vouchsafing a familiar notice of the beautiful girl he escorted or a jest upon the old and wrinkled Ursula. As wave succeeds wave in a majestic stream so varied were the moving scenes through which they passed, until they reached the Grande Garde, situated in the centre of the open space and surmounted by the Imperial standard. Noisy merry-making groups thronged around on every side. In the provision-tents Croats and sharpshooters were dancing to the tones of a crazy violin, and dragoons were drinking and playing cards and other games of chance. Opposite to them the smiths' forges were at work, and the light canvass tent of a market-crier closed in the spacious scene whose motley inhabitants continually renewed their not unpicturesque groupings.

"You may wait here, child," said Jessachitz, addressing Clara and placing her under one of the colours close to the guard, "you will be safe in this place ; I go to inform the general of your arrival when he leaves the table, for he is dining with the colonel of artillery—he must pass this way to go to Steinheim, where the head-quarters are ; be civil, maiden, and he will not refuse what you may choose to ask him."

With this piece of advice he quitted them, and when Clara ventured a timid look around her, they were alone—the

major having also disappeared, they knew not how or when.

#### CHAPTER X.

Hated as the major had always been by Clara, his presence had nevertheless been hitherto a support to her ; she became painfully alive to the singularity of her situation, and the ever-increasing fears of her nurse, who prayed at one moment, cried the next, and continually imprecated that instant in which she had been induced to agree to so extraordinary a step, contributed not a little to shake Clara's resolution and weaken her former presence of mind. How many a sight and sound presaged to them misfortunes yet to come !—In the neighbouring avenue in front of the provost's barrack, they were compelled to witness the brutal coercion of a poor recruit for some trivial breach of discipline. Shortly after large herds were driven in, having been forcibly seized from their possessors by straggling parties of Croats—wretched peasants, who, only for attempting to carry provisions to the distressed town had been deprived of their cars, and were hunted along the open space. Had not these atrocities sufficed to fill the minds of Clara and her attendant with horror and dismay, the licentious conduct of the soldiers was heart-sickening enough of itself. One of their parties, consisting of a corporal of chasseurs, a Hungarian freebooter, and an arquebusier, did not scruple to address them freely, although protected by the Imperial ensign. Clara turned trembling away, while Ursula defended with hands and teeth a casket of jewels that had been entrusted to her, the property of Hedwig and Clara. The contest would have proved an unequal one, had not a gigantic martial-looking woman, about forty years of age, dressed in a military coat and chasseur's cap, thrown herself between Clara and her tormentor.

"Touch her on your peril," she vociferated at the top of her unharmonious voice ; and then discharging a volley of eloquence, comprehensible only to the ears it was directed against, she succeeded in maintaining her vantage ground.

"I must see if the woman have a pass," sulkily ejaculated the jäger.

Clara, with a trembling hand, extended the general's letter of safe conduct, a diligent study of which the unlearned corporal eagerly commenced.

This female sutler then kindly endeavoured to keep up poor Clara's spirits by such comfort as one of her nature was capable of offering. She made inquiry into the motive of their coming, brought a barrel and a drum, in room of better sitting accommodation for them, and filled a glass with wine to moisten their parched lips. Ursula soon recovered herself, and Clara breathed new life from the sympathy of this rough, but honest and kind-hearted woman, who gladly communicated all she knew. She informed Clara that the bodies of the officers killed on the previous night had, by Lamboy's order, been removed from the field and taken to a house in the village of Kesselstadt, to await interment that same afternoon; and she was sure the general would make no difficulty in giving up the dead body of the poor captain in exchange for the liberty of his favourite companion in arms. She was about to lecture the listening Clara on the manner of conducting herself towards de Lamboy, when suddenly the sentinel exclaimed,

"Attention! the general!"

Immediately the drums beat and the guard turned out to receive the baron with all the honours due to his rank. Clara and Ursula trembling concealed themselves behind the Imperial banners: in a single instant music, dancing, and disorder yielded to a perfect stillness; the soldiers all retreated to their respective tents; and, attended by a brilliant staff, General de Lamboy advanced to the spot where Clara stood.

#### CHAPTER XI.

On the general's left walked Colonel Kehraus of the artillery, a man notorious for his cruel and ferocious temper; he was possessed of the baron's entire confidence and took command in the camp when he was absent. To him, Lamboy remarked (when Jessa-chitz, with more kindness than she had yet experienced, led Clara from her hiding-place)—

"The colonel was right, a charming girl, by my faith; I do not wonder at his admiration. 'Tis well maiden," he continued, as Clara stammered out the object of her mission. "My good fortune having favoured me with the visit of so fair a citizen of yonder rebel town, I have already determined on granting your request. Captain Jessa-chitz, let the count's body be at once conveyed to the enemy's guard."

The officer beckoned to a troop standing at a little distance, and they advanced, bearing on their shoulders the body of Peterson, stretched on a simple bier. Clara instantly approached the melancholy spectacle, and when she recognized those well-known, but now lifeless and blood-stained features, she became so strongly affected that she could only raise one silent sorrowing look to heaven, and turning again to Lamboy, expressed, in scarcely coherent words, her sense of obligation; then bursting into tears, she prepared to follow the corpse. Lamboy, however, commanded her to remain, and, as the body was borne away, drew nearer to Clara, to whose dress old Ursula pertinaciously clung.

"Are you the bearer of no other petition?" he inquired with a penetrating mien.

Clara replied in the negative.

"None other?" repeated the general. "So, the leaders of this rebellious town have not then seen the expediency of improving the opportunity offered through a negotiator whose sex is her protection for soliciting my favour. Know you not, poor deluded one, that death stands even now on your thresholds? That hunger rages within your walls, and fire and pestilence dispute the possession of your doomed city? Let me once act in earnest, and at my word your already crumbling bastions are levelled with the dust and Hanau falls into the hands of my soldiers."

"Gracious sir," replied Clara modestly and with discretion, "I, poor weak thing that I am, am ignorant of the proceedings of war, and naturally imbibe the opinion that our commandant and town council act for the best. It is really not in my power to answer you on that subject."

"You cannot be the niece of that

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hot-headed, self-styled patriot, Delatre, and remain ignorant of what is passing in the town," observed Lamboy. "In fact, you know all. Tell me, what force can Ramsay still count upon; deny if you can that disease is daily carrying off both citizen and soldier."

"The Lord reckons his hosts!" warmly ejaculated Clara. "If the King of Kings so wills it, the very dust shall be made life! Release me from further interrogation of this nature, I pray you, noble sir; I know nothing, and did I know of aught, you have yourself reminded me that I am the niece of the patriot Delatre."

"Of the deluded man," exclaimed Lamboy, his anger now excited, "whose blind misguided zeal has dragged his fellow-citizens to the dizzyest height of fanaticism; whose headlong rebellious obstinacy contributes even more again than Ramsay's temerity to hurry on the hour of your destruction. But," he added in a milder tone, "once more, for the last time, I am willing—for I cannot but pity the thousands of innocents who will be hurled into eternity by this unequal struggle—to extend mercy where it is deserved. Go, tell your uncle that I am aware what influence his word exercises both in council and on the people; that from this hour I place the future destiny of Hanau in his hands. Let him call upon the rebels to submit to the emperor, fall upon the handful of Swedish troops and open the gates to us, he shall reap the brilliant reward of our unbounded clemency, and the inestimable consciousness of being the preserver of his native town. Let him on the contrary maintain and inculcate his rebel principles, and at the general storming, infancy itself shall not escape, and his own fate be the most terrible, the most awful of all. Bear him my mission, dauntless girl."

Clara looked up earnestly at the general's face, and replied with composure—

"You speak thus to try me, noble baron, for I should forfeit my own life were I to obey your mandate. My uncle would be the first to pronounce my sentence. No, my lord general, we are weak women and unable to serve our country like the stronger sex, but

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if we cannot defend our walls we are at least incapable of betraying them into the hands of a blood-thirsty enemy. Let not your eye flash fire, my lord; imagine a daughter of your own placed in my situation, and blame me not."

The general, with clouded brow, remained silent for a moment. Kehraus whispered in his ear—

"A point-blank shot that, baron; upon my honour, I never fired a better myself; but the audacious maiden must serve as an example for the benefit of the besieged, who must needs send their women to beards in the camp; what punishment——"

Lamboy shook his head distrustfully.

"I have given my word and seal," he said, "therefore let her depart unmolested. Go home, rash girl, and warn your countrymen to make ready their shrouds and their winding-sheets, for ere another moon their last hour has tolled."

"Wait here," said Kehraus, "until Captain Jessachitz conduct you back to your own people, otherwise you may perchance meet with your deserts, audacious prattler that you are!"

Lamboy coldly turned upon his heel, and followed by his staff, pursued the way to the Maine, which he was obliged to cross to reach his head-quarters at Steinheim.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"Alas! alas! why need you contradict that Holofernes," sobbed the old nurse, "only think, my Clara, what may befall us when they sack the town; let us say our prayers, unthinking child. Oh, mercy! mercy!"

"Prithee hold your peace and trouble me not with your lamentations," sharply replied Clara; "pray rather for the captain's speedy return to escort us hence. The ground burns beneath my feet whilst I remain here; twice has the sentinel been relieved, the shadows already begin to lengthen as evening draws in; what will my uncle think?—what the unhappy Hedwig?"

"Very true," sighed Ursula; "here we stay in the pillory, as it were, and I shall bless heaven when we are safe at home."

"Come then," said Clara resolutely, and taking the casket as she gave her

hand to her nurse, "we will make the attempt."

"Eh, child! what next?" cried the querulous Ursula, "how shall we find our way through these streets of tents? reflect a little, my Clara."

"Go we must," replied the impatient girl, "and go we can if we keep in view the road taken by the general and his suite."

"But if we should lose it again, if we were to fall in with any of those Bohemian or Croat robbers! Why the beautiful gold chains of your dear mother and grandmother that you are carrying, and which fortunately Lamb-boy did not require to ransom the dead, might become the prey of those thieves of Hungarians!"

"Nonsense," cried Clara, growing angry; "be not so childish nurse, have I not the general's pass to show?"

Boldly as Clara pronounced these words, the greater was her agitation when, mechanically feeling for the paper she had concealed in her dress, she missed it. She turned deadly pale, but instantly remembered that the drunken corporal had not returned it. Far as her falcon eye could reach through the labyrinth of tents, she could nowhere distinguish him. She fancied she could discern him in every breeze-bent bush, though they were few—but 'twas illusion. In vain she applied to the vivandière, the woman expressed her deep regret that she knew him not. In vain she besought the officer on guard, who sat in front of the tent playing with his scarf and rocking on his camp chair, to obtain the pass again for her.

"Nix Deutsch," answered the foreign lieutenant in a surly tone, and whistled to his dog.

Clara's anxiety increased every minute, and she was about to attempt a return at all hazards, when she perceived Major Buddingen advancing towards her. Dire necessity makes us sometimes appeal to our enemies.

"Sir," said Clara addressing him, "you are indebted for your freedom to the stroke of death and my affection for my sister; cancel the obligation by a trifling assistance, and conduct me back to my escort, for I have lost the general's pass."

The major looked at her exultingly.

"We have no further occasion for the general or his pass, and you must content yourself with my companionship and my affection, as I am determined that you no longer escape me."

Clara started; Ursula folded her hands in silent amazement. Buddingen continued—

"I do not return to Hanau, neither shall you."

"All merciful Heaven," ejaculated Clara, "what does this mean? Where is Captain Jessachitz? what heartless mockery is this?"

"It is not mockery, obstinate girl," said the unfeeling major, "you are in my power; I have sent the captain on to the redoubt to dismiss your escort with musket-balls. If I give them leave to betake themselves and their dead burden as safe as may be to their own walls, methinks they may well intrust you to my care."

"Monster!" cried Clara, "think you this treachery will pass unpunished?"

"I shall take care of myself," retorted the major, smiling. Then after exchanging a few words in a foreign tongue with the officer on guard, he ironically addressed Clara—"Do not alarm yourself needlessly, my love, fortune seldom forsakes a soldier. I go to prepare a dwelling for you in the village, such however as it may be amongst the confusion we are in here. Until I return to conduct you thither, you will be safe under the protection of my friend. Is it not so, my pretty child?" and he advanced familiarly towards her, but Clara with a strong effort attempted to run a few yards from the spot; the officer uttered a thundering, "Halt!" the sentinel extended his cloak before her, and the poor deceived girl sunk senseless upon a drum, as Buddingen loudly laughing went his way, and nurse Ursula rent the air with her cries.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"Ei potz Croaten und Wallonen!"\* exclaimed a familiar voice behind the nurse and the vivandière; "What have we here? Is the corps de garde of his Imperial Majesty to be turned into an

A military ejaculation.

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hospital?" Ursula was not a little alarmed at beholding a portly officer beside her, dressed in a rich green uniform glittering with golden tassels and embroidery; from his cap depended a superb green plume, partially concealing features which she thought she recognised.

"Oh, blessed heaven!" she joyfully exclaimed, "is it not Adam the major's groom? Why Adam, how soon they have made an officer of you! Ah, you little thought of this when you were a prisoner in our town, and oftentimes begged a morsel from me to keep you from starvation." This sally elicited a burst of uncontrollable laughter from a party of jägers who surrounded their bold colonel; the latter bit his lip with vexation. The undaunted Ursula went on. "Nothing can happen more fortunately than their making a gentleman of you, Adam; save us now from the claws of your late master, whom I never thought so ill-bred as he has proved himself to be."

"Is the creature mad?" stammered Breivogel. "Here corporal, take away this raving old woman." As the corporal advanced, Clara who had recovered, recognised the same to whom she had given the pass; and she implored the colonel to procure it and her freedom. "Neun und neunzig Gewitter sollen mir den Bart Scheeren!"† if I have the paper, protested the wily old sharpshooter. The vivandière stoutly maintained the truth of Clara's assertion, and said she saw him take it. But Breivogel in whose possession it was at that moment, ordered her to be silent on pain of punishment. "Dare not," he vociferated, "to offer contradiction to his Roman Majesty's jägers; I am sorry for the young lady, but if the major thinks proper to detain her, he must have good reasons for doing so."

"Reasons of Belial!" screamed Ursula, "and you Adam, are not a whit better for being dressed up in your gilded finery!"

"Will you let her go on, colonel?" inquired the corporal, who was again ordered to remove her.

"Only be reasonable," said the vivandière to the old dame; "the gentleman is Colonel Breivogel, who does not allow himself to be jested with, thus." But all advice to Ursula was thrown away, she screamed, scolded, and struggled to disengage herself from the corporal's hold.

"Oh, in mercy, do not drag my nurse away from me!" cried Clara, now really despairing. The colonel's anger, however, once excited was not easily appeased. "Away with the unmannerly hag!" he again ordered; and she was instantly seized by the jägers, but Clara threw herself upon her enraged and crying attendant, and clung to her with all her remaining strength, exclaiming, "You dare not part us; never shall you tear this faithful woman from me!"

"Let her go!" roared out the colonel, snatching a musket from one of his men "Let her go! or I will shoot her this moment."

Clara, shuddering, quitted her hold of Ursula, who was dragged by the jägers to the entrance of the camp. A prey to agonising thought, alone in the power of a lawless soldiery, Clara sank down exhausted, buried her face in her hands and prayed for an early death. The colonel contemplated her for a moment with a feeling bordering on compassion, but it soon forsook him; and he walked up and down the open space, conversing and laughing familiarly with the officer on guard. Clara could gather nothing from their boisterous mirth and foreign language, but feeling a confidential pressure on her arm, she turned, and found the good vivandière crouching beside her. The woman motioned her to be still, and by the quick direction of her eye and action, gave her to understand that from him alone she might expect to derive assistance, his avarice not being proof against gold. Watching that she was unobserved by Breivogel, she laid one hand upon her forehead, touched her pocket, then motioned as if in the act of counting money. Clara was not slow at comprehending her pantomime, and quietly drew from beneath her mantle the casket whose valuable contents were to have been offered in case of need in ransom for the corpse of

† May ninety-nine thunder-storms shave my beard.—Lit. Tran.

Peterson, and allowed her protectress a stolen glance at its treasures. The vivandière raised her hands in wonder at the sight of two massive gold chains of curious workmanship with jewelled clasps, besides ruby ornaments and rich bracelets of pearl. "Holy Virgin!" she whispered—"for this, the colonel would betray his brother—let us not lose a moment." Clara in the joyful impulse of new-born hope, pressed the acceptance of a jewel on her kind adviser, but she waved a decided denial, and returned the casket open into Clara's hand, intimating to her to keep it so, as if counting over its splendid contents; then passing the colonel as it were by accident, she drew his attention to Clara. "See, my lord colonel, what a dowry that maiden brings the major!" Nothing more was required to rouse Breivogel's dominant passion.

CHAPTER XIV.

"What do you purpose doing with those superb jewels, eh?" demanded the colonel, after he had stood for some time behind Clara, greedily examining the contents of the casket.

"I am taking another look at them ere they cease to be mine," replied Clara, with a melancholy tone; "they were left me by the most exemplary of mothers, and it pains me much to part with them."

"I can believe it," said Breivogel, his sympathies warning as his practised eye discerned the purest gold and stones of the finest water. "Shall I take charge of them for the present, and return them at a more convenient season? The major need not know of them."

"He unfortunately already knows that I have them," rejoined Clara, with well-feigned sorrow; "and yet rather would I see my jewels in the possession of the Turks, than in his."

"Doubtless, my good child," replied Breivogel, confidentially; "and I am now of opinion that the major's intentions are less honourable than I at first supposed them to be. To deprive one so young and innocent as yourself of property and freedom at once, is indeed shameful."

"Ah," exclaimed Clara, "gladly would I give it all to one who would

have courage to extricate me from impending danger; but who would peril himself for the sake of a poor defenceless girl?"

"Hold there, maiden, you must never mistrust the honour of a soldier; I myself for instance, were I assured that the major had no claim upon you—"

"No more than he has upon these jewels," quickly rejoined Clara.

"Indeed?" replied Breivogel, with an expression of perfect sincerity. "Solid!" he repeated, weighing the chains in his hand, whilst his nod of approbation confirmed the fact, without troubling Clara for an affirmative. "Yes," he continued, "although I do not generally mix myself up with other people's affairs, yet I consider this as a christian duty. If you choose to accept of my slight services, I can promise to extricate you from this unpleasant situation, certainly but little adapted to a young lady of your family, rank, and superior education."

"Thankfully do I accept your proffered aid," answered Clara, calmly closing the casket; "but not one single pearl do I give until I find myself at liberty!"

"Do you then mistake me for a mercenary jew?" inquired the colonel of the freishützer. "In that case you may entrust them to the care of Frau Hanna, for the present."

"Not so," replied Clara, with decision. "It does not leave my possession until I am secure from the major's hated importunities and on my way to my own home."

"Well, well, child," said Breivogel with a longing glance at the casket, "we will soon be quit of the major for yonder he comes."

Clara needed all the good Hanna's support to maintain an appearance of self-possession, as Buddingen actually approached her, and with increased familiarity exclaimed, "I have ransacked the whole village, and there is not even a corner vacant, but 'tis of no consequence dearest, for I have just received orders to take command of the Stone Fort, and thither you can accompany me. The late commander's hut is built only of turf and logs, but your presence will change its aspect to that of a fairy palace." As he spoke, he seized her hand;

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the unprotected girl looked piteously at the colonel, who like a threatening angel, actually stepped between her and her persecutor.

"A truce to this farce," said he coldly to the major, "you are undeserving of this fair maiden, she is far too good for you."

"Powers of darkness! what means this?" cried the astounded major, starting with surprise and rage.

"You do not understand me?" retorted Breivogel, roughly; "you have grown wonderfully dull of late: my meaning is this, that you go your own way, and leave this poor thing in peace."

"Colonel," said Buddingen, irresolutely; "are you in your sober senses, or have you a fever? Are you ignorant of the whole transaction, or have I not profited by your sage counsel in this business?"

"It is Satan's business!" rejoined Breivogel, as before. "'Federn und Blei!' I pray you leave me out of the game. This virtuous young creature merits a better fate; she has wound as it were a golden chain about my heart, and nothing shall harm her."

"This is beyond all bearing," angrily exclaimed the major; "I will see—"

"A villain, whoever touches that girl to injure her," roared Breivogel, placing his broad form before her. This insult enraged the major to the utmost, he wrenched his sword from the scabbard, and at the same instant the other drew his sabre; Buddingen cut furiously at the colonel, who parried his thrusts with perfect coolness. Frau Hanna vainly called for help; the officer on guard dared not interfere with the disputants: at length amidst a great deal of confusion caused by the multitude who thronged to the spot, Colonel Kehraus who commanded in the camp, came forward through the crowd; as he did so, the swords of the antagonists were pointed to the ground.

"What is all this, gentlemen?" he demanded sternly; it is well that two officers set an example of insubordination to the whole camp in presence of the imperial standard, and that, too, for the sake of a woman who has done mischief enough already." The major was too much ashamed to speak. Breivogel, however, assumed a higher tone.

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"Very well, commandant," he exclaimed, "Major Buddingen is at liberty to apply your lecture; but who will accuse me of wrong, for protecting my own child against the rudeness of a libertine?"

This maiden, my dear colonel, is, as you may readily perceive, my daughter, unexpectedly restored to me after long years of separation; these tears of parental affection may convince you that I am entitled to draw my sword in her defence," so saying, he embraced the astonished and frightened Clara with seeming warmth and overacted emotion; and no one present knew what to think of this very singular affair.

"In Heaven's name what is all this," whispered Clara, as he embraced her a second time.

"Only say 'yes' to everything, and you are safe," replied the colonel in the same tone; then turning to the officers who were watching him with open mouths, he proceeded—"Yes, yes, my good colonel, the destiny of man is indeed fraught with wonderful events, especially in war time, and I purpose in due season to explain the whole circumstances to the general, as also the present affair. What I now require, is your protection against the major, who setting the general's signature at defiance would have detained my daughter by force."

Buddingen looked venom at the paternal speaker, and declared the whole proceeding to be a daring falsehood; recalling to the minds of his auditors the multifarious instances in which the leader of the Frieschützer had displayed his skill and proficiency in the art of deception. Kehraus paid little or no attention to the declarations of either party. "The colonel's claims," said he laughing, "are certainly more than doubtful, while on the other hand, those of the major are perfectly unjustifiable. With respect to the general's pass, that is of no further use, the time specified having expired; the recall is already sounded, and the hour for relieving guard at the outposts is past. The young lady can no longer return to Hanau, and I charge her adoptive father to keep the strictest watch upon her that she does not effect her escape."



"Hold ! in the name of mercy," sobbed Clara ; "must I stay in this place, and under the care of this man."

"Is he not your father?" demanded Kehraus with bitter irony. "My orders are given." Clara was in the act of throwing herself at his feet, when a Croat was observed through the twilight galloping up to them at full speed. As he threw himself from his foam-covered steed he handed a letter to the colonel in command. The latter glanced his eye rapidly over the few lines, and his dark brow became darker still as he perused them. "To your post, Major Buddingen," he exclaimed in a peremptory tone ; "Colonel Breivogel, you with your jäger corps surround the wood without delay. I hasten to dispatch a messenger to the general." So saying he quitted them abruptly ; his orders plainly showing the importance of the intelligence he had received.

"We shall meet elsewhere," said Buddingen tauntingly to the colonel, who without noticing him by a reply summoned Clara to follow him.

"Never," cried the poor disconsolate girl. "Never ! rather will I stay here and die by the hands of the cruel Hungarians."

Breivogel frowned, "This is no time to encourage idle fears ; what would you have gained had I left you to your fate just now ? Besides, are you not aware that I *must* take charge of you ? However, to set your overstrained delicacy at rest, Hanna shall bear you company at my quarters where you will remain safe and undisturbed whilst I and my green birds hie to the forest. Frau Hanna and my sentinels will be sufficient protection I promise you."

The vivandière declared her willingness to go ; gave her husband the charge of her merchandise, and supporting Clara, who had no alternative but to submit to her fate, led her along the dreary road to the colonel's quarters at Kesselstadt. The house was situated at some distance from the village ; one miserable sitting-room and a smaller one adjoining constituted the only habitable part of it. The cottage had been plundered and the inhabitants driven away, so that only the most wretched accommodation was to be

met with. The colonel's camp-bed was brought into the smaller room, into which Clara and Hanna securely bolted themselves ; whilst the old corporal (the colonel's right hand) and a couple of jägers were stationed in that in front, where they passed their time in drinking and card-playing. The colonel left the house on horseback to go the rounds and inspect the watch-fires of his troop. It was with difficulty Hanna could allay the increasing fears of Clara, whose high spirit was now almost subdued to despair. "Only calm yourself," uttered the kind-hearted woman, "whilst I am near no one shall harm you. As for the colonel he cares for nothing but gold and wine. The night will soon pass over, and to-morrow I will myself take you to Steinheim where you may throw yourself at the general's feet and discover to him the whole plot. What matters it ? by to-morrow's noon at farthest, you will be again restored to your home and family."

#### CHAPTER XV.

Fatigued and worn out by the struggles and emotions of the day, Clara fell into a light slumber, which was not, however, of very long duration. Sounds sweet and familiar smote upon her ear, and thoughts of home came gently o'er her mind as she awoke. But, ah ! how unlike home were the objects that greeted her. The faithful Hanna sat asleep beside her. Moonlight streamed through the broken shutters, and between the crevices of the door glimmered the uncertain lamplight, by help of whose feeble rays her guards were amusing themselves. Clara wept as the dreary reality forced itself upon her ; her ear alone had not deceived her as to the sweet sounds of her dream. A fine voice was heard in the adjoining room singing a convivial song, accompanied by a few chords on the guitar, the air of which was not unfamiliar to the listening prisoner, who sat with her hands folded on her bosom as if to still the almost audible throbbings of her heart, and a countenance growing every moment more radiant with the certainty that it was the voice of a friend—of a dear friend that reached her. The song ended, the soldiers were loud in their applause,

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and Clara profited by the noise to steal silently to the door and look through the crevice, where she instantly recognised in the wandering minstrel the brave Gottfried Uttenhofen, her neighbour and the playmate of her childhood. She could with difficulty restrain her joy, but exerted her utmost attention to catch the passing conversation.

"Drink Bursche," cried one of the jägers; "take that and welcome for your song, we've nothing else to give ye."

"Ah! gentlemen," replied Gottfried with humility, "I ask neither food nor money, only shelter for the night, for I have wandered a long distance and am much fatigued; could you not spare me a corner of that room?"

"Oh, by my faith," answered the corporal with an air of great importance and secrecy, "but we have there a war-and-state prisoner, a very beautiful young lady from the enemy's town, and, as some say, a daughter of our colonel. No, rather stay here, sing and drink with us, and tell us how it happens that a fine tall fellow like you chooses to lead the life of an idle beggar?"

"I was not born to this," replied Gottfried, in a melancholy tone, "but these bad times of war"—

"Make good fighting men," said the corporal, interrupting him. "A uniform is the only gear you can now win fortune's favour in. Let us see how you would look as a Freyshitzer; there, put on my cap and drink long live the emperor."

"Drink, comrade!" cried all the party in a breath.

But Gottfried, totally forgetting himself and his masquerade, dashed both cap and cup to the ground.

"May I be shot at this moment," he vociferated, "if I touch one drop in *his* cause, or degrade myself to be as one of you."

"Neun und neunzig Gewitter sollen mir den Bart scheeren!" growled the corporal, seizing him by the collar—"Do you trample on the Imperial arms, dog of a mendicant? Recall those words and drink, or by—"

The corporal was prevented completing his oration by a blow from

Gottfried's powerful hand, which laid him prostrate. The guitar player prepared to leap over his fallen enemy and make good his escape, when he was secured by the other two jägers. To extricate himself from their strong grasp was impossible, so he found himself compelled to submit to the orders given by the enraged corporal. Gottfried was accordingly bound hand and foot, and locked within the stable, and one of the jägers was dispatched to seek the colonel and inform him of the detention of a suspicious character, and the other resumed his game with the corporal as if nothing had passed.

The foregoing scene had so unnerved poor Clara, that she was incapable of communicating to Hanna the cause of her emotion. The painful certainty that the friend whose feelings she had but a few days before deeply wounded in a moment of girlish thoughtlessness was there, and for her sake exposed to imminent danger, so preyed upon her spirits that she scarcely noticed the approaching tramp of horses, until the colonel, inflamed with passion, entered it, and, knocking at the chamber door, angrily demanded admittance.

"No delay, Hanna!" he exclaimed, "open the door at once, I have no time to lose, for all the fiends are let loose to-night. And you, maiden," addressing Clara, "hand me the jewels we agreed for, this instant."

Clara, taken off her guard by the impetuosity of his demand, involuntarily extended the casket, which Breivogel hastily seized.

"Lambloy may say what he pleases," he resumed, "but if the cavalry the scouts tell us are advancing are the cuirassiers that we expect from Fulda, may I be thin enough to pass through a needle's eye. A prudent man anticipates evils: Kuntz!" calling to a jäger who had accompanied him, "take that valise out to Peter, who is holding the horses, bind it upon the white, and both of you ride off to the great linden tree at the entrance of the forest, and I'll shoot the first of you that removes but a cord from it."

The soldiers retreated with their load of mammon.

"Simon!" shouted Breivogel to the corporal's companion, "mount the

other horse and come with me, it is not pleasant to ride alone in such a night as this."

The corporal tried to remonstrate, but the colonel was deaf to all representations.

"Pray," said Breivogel, with a sneer, "are you not man enough to keep guard over a beggar and a girl? besides, about midnight, at farthest, a picquet of the major's people will be here from the fort; to them you will give up the female prisoner, and afterwards arrange for the mendicant to be hanged at an early hour in the morning."

"All merciful heaven!" exclaimed Clara, "do I hear right? Is it your intention to deliver me up to the major?"

"Oh, that is a point of honour," replied Breivogel with indifference. "I have just lost you to him at backgammon, and won his horse into the bargain."

Clara and the vivandière were dumb with horror and disgust at his cold-blooded villany.

"Submit with a good grace," continued the colonel; "after all, you will find it pleasanter here than in a starving garrison. Were I a few years younger, no power should induce me to give you up; however, I shall keep your jewels in remembrance of you, and often think with pleasure that I was enabled to render you a service. Farewell!"

He and his followers left the cottage, and the tramp of their horses' feet was soon lost in the silence of night.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Sorrow resumed her empire at the cottage. Clara paced the room wringing her hands; and Hanna bitterly reproached herself as the cause of Clara's misfortune. Even the corporal lounged sulkily against the door, muttering discontent at his unwelcome charge and the colonel's reprimand.

"Take courage, lady," he endeavoured to stammer out, "you are young, and even if you are the colonel's daughter, there's still a chance for you, for youth may be happy; but an old soldier, when his services are no longer wanted, is only fit to be cast behind a door, as that youngster served me just

now, for which he shall repent before the guard is relieved."

"Oh, my God!" sighed Clara, looking from the window upon the clear calm moonlight, "must Gottfried die for my sake? must I, too, become the enemy's prey? Oh, Heavenly Father, whose radiant eye looketh down with compassion on thy creatures of this world, in mercy shed thy grace upon my wounded spirit! What were the words of my exiled grandsire?\* what hope sustained him through all his trials? *Dieu voit tout, bénissons sa miséricorde!*" She repeated the proverb aloud, and feeling her mind strengthened by religious self-communion, added, "now I am strong again!"

Hanna just then left the room, and the corporal instantly addressed Clara in a tone meant to be graduated.

"Say that once more," he began.

Clara looked astonished.

"Repeat that again, I say; we know that all you heathens understand the arts of sorcery, for your officers are as cool and ball-proof as iron; and, so long as they remember the pass word, and keep their promise not to marry, we may fire at them till we're tired, and all to no purpose. Come, teach me your saying."

"You forget whom you are speaking to," said Clara contemptuously.

But he was not sober enough to observe her manner: "Only say it once again," he persisted; "Buddingen will soon be here. I shall never see you more, long as I live, and such a piece of witchery does not often cross my path. See, I'm growing old, and want to feel strong again, as you said you felt just now: you Protestants have the means at your fingers' ends, I know. Come, tell me the proverb as a favour."

On this slight foundation Clara's quick wit formed a bold design, as she remembered the major's story at Hanau: "You have more sense than I thought for," she replied to the old jäger, "and as I like your confidence,

\* It is perhaps scarcely necessary to observe that the town of Hanau owed its origin to refugees from France and the Netherlands, compelled to quit their country on account of professing the Protestant faith.

you shall be satisfied. Still, though I ask nothing for myself, there are two conditions to be made."

"Anything short of my duty," eagerly responded the old soldier.

"Not for worlds would I infringe upon that—so, firstly, you must engage never to marry."

"Ha! ha! no fear of it; and I can guess the second, the demon requires what I most value of all I possess."

"Right, old man, he exacts that which you love most of all you carry at this moment; so that I may burn it in the fire, or cast it into the water; for then only can I teach you the proverb, and make the sign upon your brow that you shall be proof against every bullet but a silver one, and shall become strong again as the young eagle."

"Thanks, lady, your spirit will not be much the gainer, for I value above all things this pocket pistol, taken from a Swedish officer that I shot at Lutzen."

"'Tis a sorry gift indeed," said Clara affecting displeasure, "nevertheless it appears inlaid with silver."

"In truth it is," assured the jäger.

"Let me inspect it," demanded Clara.

"Willingly, only be careful, lady, for it is primed and loaded, and the least touch upon the trigger would discharge it the same moment."

"Indeed," exclaimed Clara, seizing the pistol from his unsteady hand; "then lay your other weapons on the table, and take not one step towards the corner where you left your musket." The corporal hesitated between fear and surprise; "this instant do as I command you," repeated Clara in as stern a tone as her feminine voice could assume; "disobey me, or utter the slightest sound, and this moment is your last," saying which, Clara—for it was not the first time she had handled fire-arms—levelled the weapon with so true an aim, that the old man let fall his side-arms, and attempted to beg for his life.

At this moment, Frau Hanna re-appeared and started with wonder at the unexpected scene."

"Take the lantern," my good woman," said Clara, "and light us to the stable. And you, soldier, come with us."

Hanna quickly obeyed, and Clara

leading the now powerless jäger, ordered him to unbar the stable door and release the prisoner. It was done, Gottfried threw himself at Clara's feet. "Angel of my deliverance!" he exclaimed.

"Heaven permits me to save him who endangered his own life for mine," she joyfully replied; "but every moment is precious; dear Gottfried treat this soldier as he treated you."

Uttenhofen did not require a second hint, but bound the corporal to one of the posts, submitting like a lamb to his fate. They then quitted the stable, and Gottfried armed himself with the corporal's weapons. "Now I fear danger no more," he exclaimed; "well armed, and having you, my preserver, to protect, I feel like a war god."

"Who would I more gladly entrust my life with than yourself?" said Clara, frankly extending her hand to him; and Gottfried understood both look and action, every trace of wounded feeling was obliterated, and never did he regret that anxiety for her had induced him to leave the fortress by stealth, even had his life paid the forfeit of her preservation.

The good vivandière was obliged to interrupt his recital of the sensation Clara's detention had caused in the town.—"My dear young lady," said she, looking anxiously from the window,— "if I mistake not, the twelfth hour has already struck at Steinheim. The major's party cannot be far off. If the cavalier know what road to pursue, fly, fly, and lose not a moment."

"Follow me, Clara," said Gottfried, "and fear nothing." One word of farewell,—a warm pressure of the kind vivandière's hand (who hastened back to the camp), and the scene of their danger soon lay behind them. A few steps farther and Gottfried encountered a man trying to conceal himself behind a corner, and in answer to the "Who goes there?" fell at his feet imploring mercy.

"Who goes there?" repeated Gottfried.

"A poor peasant who has lost his way,"—was the humble reply, and they recognized the voice of Heinrich, a fellow citizen, who was entrusted with dispatches, and was now return-

ing with an important mission to the town, where he was expected with the greatest impatience and anxiety.

CHAPTER XVII.

Question and answer were interchanged with lightning swiftness between the fugitives. "Hanau is saved," whispered Heinrich, "I am just returned from Cassel; the landgrave's army is close at hand; his aid has been accelerated by means of his wife, who is a daughter of our commandant. I thought to have reached the town by the mills, but the enemy was there, now I intend following the banks of the Maine, and advise you to accompany me, for there is danger in the path you had entered when we met. I narrowly missed encountering a picket of infantry on that same road; if I hear right, they are not far off now."

"Buddingen's men" whispered Clara,—“oh, quick let us hasten.”

The moon all in their favour hid herself behind a dark cloud, but Clara's fluttering dress betrayed their trace to the arquebusiers, who having surrounded the cottage found it deserted. A few straggling shots were fired, one of which entered Heinrich's arm, but he resolutely bore the anguish, and tore his companions after him to the river's brink, along which, sheltered by the lofty banks, they pursued their way like noiseless shadows, and passed the enemy's outposts in safety, the attention of the different watches being engaged in observing the rockets thrown up from the heights of Windeck—to the besieged, a gladdening, to the besiegers, a menacing token. In Hanau the signal of hope was quickly understood, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and numberless torches from the citadel's tower blazed their glad response to the fiery telegraph from Windeck. A general alarm prevailed in the enemy's camp, and the confusion caused by it greatly facilitated the escape of the fugitives. With Clara on one arm, and supporting their wounded guide on the other, Gottfried reached the fortress, and he and his companion were thence delegated to hear the blessed tidings of near approaching aid to the inhabitants of

the town. Overcome with joy, Clara lay in her sister's, her venerable uncle's, and her nurse's arms; and then she knelt in humble heartfelt thankfulness beside the bier of him, who in all his martial array lay lifeless there, awaiting his last sad removal, and whose remains her rash courage, but affectionate self-devotion had rescued from the hands of his enemies.

"Imagine if you can"—at length spoke Hedwig—"the extent of my despair, if I had lost *thee*, when *he* was called from me. Oh, how bitterly has his foreboding been realised! There where the Northlight flashes, shall his manes rest, and its ghastly flickering ray shall be the sign for me to follow him."

"Not so my child," said Delatre; "time brings life as well as death, and happiness yet remains for you in resignation to the will of God, and in your home, when peace shall again dawn upon it."

The dawn did herald in that peace. The following day, June 13th, 1636, confirmed the hopes of the afflicted city. The Hessian army headed by the landgrave in person, and commanded by Generals Lestre and King, broke like a mountain torrent on all the enemy's entrenchments at once. The Imperialists opposed an obstinate but vain resistance. Ramsay and the citizens supported the landgrave's attack by a brilliant *sortie*; most of the enemy's redoubts were shortly captured, the gates were free, and an abundance of provisions poured in on every side for the relief of the half-famished inhabitants. Lamboy retreated to Steinheim, and Buddingen, in his thirst for vengeance, having failed in his attempt on Gottfried's life whilst leading on his volunteers, rather than fall again into the hands of the Hanauers, blew up the fort he commanded and perished with his followers in the ruins.

With many an honourable wound, and an Imperial standard besides, Gottfried returned home the next day, when no trace of an enemy was to be seen in Hanau, and presented his trophy to Clara. Much as he wished their nuptials to be celebrated at the approaching festival of peace, Clara steadily but affectionately withheld her consent

for the present, alleging the mourning of their house and her sister's grief.

In the following spring, crowned with flowers and clad in the expressive

colour of hope, Clara pronounced her vow to promote the happiness of Gottfried's life, and that happiness withered not in the bud.

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## FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY—SOCIETIES OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS—It is said that Apelles was in the habit of concealing himself behind his pictures, that he might have the benefit of hearing the comments of spectators whilst, free from restraint, they made their remarks—excellent example for all artists to imitate! In works of the fine arts, the public should be considered the principal judge; although not obliged to understand every rule or varied style and mystery of art in its true sense, and not necessarily entering into profound discourses to arrive at the truth, it can come to just conclusions, deciding dispassionately, according to its own feelings, and with a judgment true to nature. The custom of exhibiting in academies of fine arts the works of artists and dilettanti, is therefore productive of much good; but in displaying his productions, the artist's sole intention should be to hear the censure of the public, and to correct his errors. Gresset counsels authors of every description—“*S'honorer des critiques, mépriser les satyres, profiter de ses fautes, et faire mieux.*”

The criticism of the multitude is certainly profitable; still caution is necessary in receiving the observations of certain *soi-disants* amateurs, who, unqualified by proper study, utter opinions founded upon the false and superficial knowledge acquired in an occasional quarter of an hour's desultory reading.

In spite of the criticisms, open reason and consent of the public and of true connoisseurs, perfumed Ganymedes will sometimes declare that they alone are capable of interpreting the true and beautiful. It is, indeed, curious to hear the conversation before a picture in the exhibition room, between one of these pseudo-amateurs and some

artist whom he has deigned to address, or perhaps some one who has spent many years in comparing the theories of different authors and studying the style and poetry of the various celebrated painters, masters of the numerous schools of painting in which the different courses pursued prove that the beautiful is attainable through divers paths. Our amateur, condescending to speak to an artist, a man deeply versed in the study of the fine arts, thus begins:—“*This is a beautiful painting, certainly!*” It is difficult to reply politely to such an address; but should the person accosted respond, for instance, that the figure is not over symmetrical, and is rather affected—“*Yes,*” replies the affected *demi-savant*, “*but we frequently observe the same in Parmigianino.*”—“The drapery of the other figures,” continues the artist, “does not accord with the epoch and place of the event represented.”—“*That is true; but Rubens, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese painted in a similar manner.*”—“But you cannot deny,” replies the real connoisseur, “that the colouring is not natural; it is falsely vivid and bold.”—“*Baroccio,*” resumes the imperturbable pseudo-erudite, “*used to heighten his tints with red lead and blue.*”—“But those heads—that drapery.”—“*Whatever you like, but this picture is beautiful.*” And the echo of the coterie repeats—“*is beautiful.*” This painting, though really but of mediocre quality, obtains a high price, whilst another, the work of some talented artist, who, however, lacks the advantage of introduction, and is just commencing his career, is passed by unnoticed, or seen only to be blamed with such cruel inconsiderateness, and total want of just criticism, as to pluck the pinions from the wings of a man who would have illuminated a page in the history of the Fine Arts.

Far be it from us to assert that all the so called *amateurs* of the Fine Arts, have only similar powers of judgment: we know that by study some have become true amateurs, and to these we wish that artists, and people of wealth, rank, and fashion would listen. In a succeeding number, we shall give an analysis of the impressions received at the exhibition of ancient pictures at the British Institution; and purpose prefacing our remarks with a short treatise, or rather a specimen of *apophthegms* and thoughts upon the difficulty of forming a correct judgment upon paintings, confirmed by the theory of the art itself:—and in this manner show how we are guided in our path of criticism.

In resuming our remarks upon the Royal Academy, we again recommend young artists to give an attentive ear to the advice and opinions of the public, and receive with all caution the praises bestowed by the worshippers of fashion, a Goddess who *befriends* all *novelties*, and consequently confers only ephemeral praise. The true artist should be sensible of the high power of the beautiful, and of the noble mission which he shares with poets and literati; that is, at once to instruct, civilise, and delight mankind and society. This reflection should stimulate the artist to strive for enduring approbation and aspire to immortality.

It is related that Borromini, the architect and sculptor, a man of genius, but ambitious of the admiration of contemporary lovers of fashion, in endeavouring to gratify the prevailing desire for novelty, fell into mad extravagances, wilder even than those of his predecessor and master, Bernini. As with humanity in general, the nearer we approach to vice the more forcibly we are drawn and irresistibly led to excesses productive of fatal results, so Borromini, in the restlessness of his mind, wishing to secure a renown which should surpass that of his master, and failing in his attempt, put an end to his own life. A host of *Borromineschi* afterwards arose to plunge the art in a short time into the greatest confusion of mannerism and barbarism, to extricate it from which ages will be necessary.

The celebrated Poussin repeating and amplifying a discourse of Leonardo da Vinci, addressed to the young artists present these memorable words—“If you fervently love the art, let not your love be exceeded by that of a short-lived fame. If the fine arts require the sacrifice of your utility, do not hesitate! Every good should be secondary to the prosperity of art. Listen with judgment to the opinions of the public and the really learned, when they point out the good and bad in your works; flatter none, much less yourselves, criticism will be more advantageous to you than praise; your innate good sense will guide your thoughts and hand; and the public and time will crown you with immortal laurels.”

Under the influence of these noble ideas, artists and the arts were honoured by the ancients; and as the arts flourished, so their souls rose to a dignity of conception which after ages strove, in vain, to imitate.

We now proceed with a second critique upon the paintings exhibited in the Royal Academy.

Although fault-finding is painful, and there is more pleasure in noticing beauties in the productions of artists who are exerting their energies to obtain public approbation, we could not refrain in the last article on this subject, from giving utterance to our predominant feelings. Now, however, we shall devote ourselves to the more grateful labour of awarding praise to those whom we find to be really deserving, though we still have occasion to apply the scourge to some of the Academicians.

No. 75.—A very good portrait (we speak not of the figure), is that of Sir C. Bethell Codrington, Bart., by Sir M. A. Shee. The colouring and effect are brilliant and vigorous, the head full of life, the touch free and bold. No. 61.—The Rev. Dr. Arnold, Head Master of Rugby School, by T. Phillips, is a remarkably well painted picture; the head is beautifully modelled, and the details well treated. No. 65.—We are grieved to say that we consider Wilkie's picture of Sir David Baird discovering the body of the Sultan, Tippoo Saib, a complete failure. There is much confusion in the compo-

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sition, owing to a great want of correctness in the design. The principal figure, that of Sir David, is very discreditable to this celebrated artist. When a man possesses the highest order of genius, like Wilkie, and attracts our deepest admiration, we are but the more disposed to require of him, that every line, every touch, should be well-conceived. It is with artists of great talent that criticism ought to be severe, reminding them at the same time, that they will find no judge so inflexible as Posterity. Even Homer, whom Dante calls "*primo Pittor delle memorie antiche*," even Homer is accused of being sometimes less than Homer—

"Napping at intervals." \*

And it is because we recognise such high talent in Turner, that we were lately so severe upon his extravagancies. But to return to the subject of the painting to which we have alluded, the Tippoo Saib, by Wilkie:—it seems to us that the head is much too small for such an immense figure, the arms almost one-third too short for the body, and the legs a great deal too long; besides which, the figure is sadly wanting in grace and elegance, and none of the limbs can be said to be well drawn. A great confusion also prevails about the lower part of the body of Tippoo Saib, and though his legs are enveloped in ample drapery, the artist ought not to forget that the folds should display the form of the body, however full the garment may be. A glance at Raphael's cartoons will prove the assertion that the anatomy of the human body may be perfectly distinct under the most ample robes. Michael Angelo proves his skill in never losing the outline of his figures, though they are often covered from the neck to the feet. We may also mention Flaxman, in his figures of Dante and Virgil, constantly dressed in long robes which reach to the ground, and yet the development of the limbs is palpable. This of Sir David fails likewise considerably in the effect of light and shade; the figures are not detached one from the other (the chief cause of the great confusion that pervades the composition); his colour has no body (wanting muscle, sinew, bone, marrow, and more flesh,

and his pencil lacking nerve). It is, indeed, glassy and transparent, so that one could almost see through the hero's boots and legs the forms of the figures that stand behind.

Leslie has produced a remarkably pretty picture of Sancho Panza (125), and the doctor's hand and wand that caused the dishes to vanish before his hungry looks. The artist has hit upon the exact character of countenance that one would imagine belonged to the jovial and knowing governor of the Isle of Barataria. If the author of that beautiful novel were to come to life again, he would be delighted to see his conception thus stamped on canvass, sprung indeed from his own imagination, as if by magnetic influence his very intentions had been communicated to the intelligent artist. The expression of disappointment and astonishment is beautifully portrayed in Sancho's countenance; the head is well modelled, and full of life; and we might almost venture to say that, from the wide and developed forehead, the artist is not without some knowledge of that science so important to artists; namely, phrenology; or has his genius happily hit upon this characteristic development?—we are anxious to learn.

It is much to be regretted, that one endowed with so versatile an imagination and such facility of execution as Mr. Maclise, should be so careless in all his paintings. His attitudes are full of grace and variety, but his outline is not correct, the light is too much scattered about, instead of being concentrated on his principal figure, or group, so as to attract immediately the attention of the gazer to the principal object. Mr. Hornung, on the other hand, understands this reserve of light uncommonly well, and shows it in his picture of Calvin on his Death-bed (221); for his brightest light is thrown on the group round Calvin, and the most luminous figure of the whole, is that of the Reformer himself, as the most important, and that on which the eye ought to fall at the first glance. Mr. Maclise, in his large picture of Robin Hood (293), has selected many graceful attitudes, and given great life to his figures, but all his men have a family likeness, and their smiles are forced



smiles. His women are very pretty, but very affected and *minaudières*, and their complexions chalky. The details are most skilfully painted by a masterly hand; but details are not the principal object in an historical painting. No. 124.—The second Adventure of Gil Blas, we find the expressions exaggerated; but the composition is better, and there is more unity; still the principal figure, that of Gil Blas, in consequence of being placed in the shade, fails to engross the attention.

The portrait of Miss Eliza Peel with Fido (235), is, in our opinion, Mr. Landseer's best portrait this year. The composition is very graceful and unpretending, and the picture displays in a remarkable manner the painter's knowledge of contrast of colour; it possesses a charm and brilliancy worthy of that great artist. With regard to the dog, we shall content ourselves with the avowal of our conviction that Landseer never had, and never will have a rival in that branch of his art. His lions and tigers are beyond all praise, but we cannot say so much for the figure of Van Amburgh (351), which is very carelessly painted, and the legs very badly drawn. The figures in the back-ground are also too small for the distance at which they stand. Mrs. Robertson's Portrait of a Lady (268), is graceful and easy in the design; colour and effect very good; the face and hands well painted; its details and draperies well arranged and finished: altogether a highly pleasing picture. The Pillaging of a Jew's House in the Reign of Richard I., by Mr. C. Landseer (327), is the production of a very promising talent; there is great imagination and much to admire in it, but wanting firmness of touch, vigour of light and shade, and, in some parts, is deficient in accuracy of design. The figures are graceful and animated and the whole subject well treated, but we should like to see a little more energy in the outline and colouring, and the details a little more finished. Mr. O'Neil's Standard-bearer (362) is full of life, and brilliancy of light and colour: the touch is bold and the effect vigorous. Mr. Cowper has produced a very pretty composition of Othello relating his Adventures (394), but we

strongly suspect that he has taken the idea from a picture we saw at the Louvre in Paris some years ago; still the subject is well treated, and the expression of the figures very good. Mr. Kidd, in his Friendly Contest (422) has proved himself equal to Wilkie in his best style: there is a freshness and brilliancy of effect and colour really enchanting, with a variety of expression and a skill in the grouping of the figures that deserves great praise. Columbus asking Bread and Water for his Child (519), by W. Simson. This picture is a production deserving the attention of amateurs. The subject by itself is very attractive. The child is an interesting figure, and the friars are not the ridiculous monks that we are accustomed to see on the English stage, but the benevolent and highly cultivated friars of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The colour and composition do much credit to the artist. Mr. E. Landseer is always charming in his compositions, and his picture of Colonel Bithurst's Children (548) is lovely, but though we profess an unbounded admiration for his compositions, and especially for his animals, we cannot help saying that his flesh is too pink, and resembles painted chalk.

A Recollection of the Court of Elizabeth (541) by Mr. Wood, reminds us of the bold and easy style of Vandyke. The attitude of the figure is graceful and noble, the head uncommonly well painted and the details good. The principal merits of all Mr. Stephanoff's paintings consist in beautiful compositions, brilliancy of colour, and bright effects of light, but we must complain of the carelessness and inaccuracy of his outlines; for instance, his picture of Sancho, Governor of Baradona (580) possesses the qualities we have mentioned, but is sadly deficient in the design. The principal figure, Sancho, is very badly drawn and not over well finished; still it is an agreeable feature owing to the great freshness of the colouring. Mr. O'Neil's Cold as the Marble, where his Length was Laid, &c., No. 569, from Lord Byron's *Lara*, is full of vigour and depth of colour. The effect is very beautiful and the composition good, but we cannot help repeating that the legs of the prostrate

man are ill-drawn. The Chess Players, by Mr. Cunliff, 495, is a very good picture: the effect of lamplight is excellently given, the expression of attention is well rendered and the faces well painted.

We cannot, however, close these reflections without citing Plato in justification of the foregoing observations. This philosopher imagined Painting and perhaps—in an ampler sense—*Art*, as a beautiful woman resplendent with divine light, who, on a golden car drawn by four magnificent white steeds flew in the immense space of heaven, scattering, like Aurora, with both hands a varied abundance of flowers which falling on the earth grew rapidly, shedding around odoriferous perfumes. In the mean time crowds were seen gathering these flowers, adorning their breasts and temples with them and acquiring from their elegance additional grace and beauty. We mention this passage because it is closely connected with the pervading principle of our article, which is that the high mission of an artist is by delightful means to civilize humanity; and hence it is that *Art* with its flowers produces results of such mighty importance, and that the public voice can appreciate and will only approve what is natural or at least probable. Among the flowers that *Art* dropped from heaven there is one of a particular kind which was seized with avidity and zealously cultivated in Britain. To make use, indeed, of an expression of Simonides it seems that *Art* has thrown aside not only the flowers but also the basket that contains them; but, to quit the language of metaphor, the flower we mean is Water-Colour painting, which is one of the species of flowers of which Great Britain shows the finest specimens, and she may really be proud of wreathing the most ethereal and various coloured chaplet that encircles the divine head of the muse of painting. And this leads us to speak of *THE NEW WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION*, which truly reminds us of the sanctuary of *Flora*. Let us prostrate ourselves in the vestibule and invoke the genius of the Fine Arts that he may guide us; let us enter, observe, and admire.

We might continue our comments  
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till doomsday upon this extensive collection of works of art, and probably may next month recur to that subject, but there are now other claimants upon our space and time containing more good productions than the Royal Academy, considering the numerical proportion of paintings. We shall select the best and give an analysis of their perfections. Mr. Nesfield's *Gordale Scar*, Yorkshire, No. 4, viz. rocks and wild scenery; the colour is sober and at the same time brilliant, the rocks well studied, and the waterfall, or torrent, very good. The *Confession*, No. 36, by Lake Price, is an admirable painting. It is impossible to find anything more vigorous, warm, and brilliant, without gaudiness, than this splendid picture. Oil colour itself cannot go beyond the depth of those rich tones. The design and composition are remarkably good; and as for the effect and colour we can only compare it to Rembrandt. Any one who has been even but once in St. George's Chapel at Windsor does not require the help of the catalogue to know what chapel Mr. Joseph Nash's picture represents, so true is it to nature. It is painted with great facility of touch and great vigour of light and shade. Mr. Prout has exhibited several good pictures, viz.—The Entrance to the Cathedral of Abbeville, No. 21; *Croix de Pierre*, Rouen, No. 77; *Two Views of Venice*; *Hotel de Ville*, Lausanne, &c.; the best of which is decidedly the *Hotel de Ville*. We perceive in these the evidence of great talent, but there is also much sameness and mannerism in all his works, and he gives the same atmosphere and colour to his views of France and of Italy, though the light and colour of these two countries differs widely. Mr. Price has distinguished himself in two other pictures, (No. 81, *The Baron's Return*, and 116, *An Apartment in Bolsover Castle*. His touch is uncommonly free and bold, and the composition of the *Baron's return* is very good. This clever artist is remarkably happy in his effects of light and shade which are always brilliant and harmonious, and the arrangement of his details is beautifully managed. He may be classed among the most eminent water-

colour painters, and his Confession alone is enough to immortalize his name. Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye, Stormy Evening, 173, by W. Turner:—

“A scene so rude, so wild as this  
Yet so sublime in barrenness.”

It is indeed a sublime scene, and if the verses had been written for the picture, the author could not have understood the painter better than the artist has identified his painting with the poetry. The wilderness, the grandeur, and the solitude of this landscape are calculated to inspire poetical and sublime ideas to a follower of the muses. Cochun on the Moselle (138) by J. D. Harding. The colour of this lovely landscape is luxuriant and sunny, the light abundant and brilliant, the composition very good, and altogether it is one of the most pleasing pictures in the exhibition. We cannot accord sufficient praise to Mr. Bartholomew for his admirable picture of Fruit (316)—it is not a painting, but nature itself. Nothing can be more truly and beautifully imitated than the grapes: it is a picture that ought to belong to some elderly gourmand to excite his appetite. Peat Bog near Harlech Castle, North Wales (183), by Nesfield, is a most charming picture; the brilliancy, warmth, vigour of effect and colour, are truly delightful. His picture of Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe, is equally clever.

From the beauties of nature we shall turn to a scene in a noble mansion with elegant furniture and draperies, representing a family very deeply interested in the contents of two letters, one in the hands of a young female who is perusing it, and the other in those of a young man who has retired to a window for the same purpose. The grouping of the figures is arranged with judgment, the draperies are beautifully painted, but there is a lack of vigour in the heads which causes them to appear not round enough (he is probably a political hater of *round-heads*), and the face of the father is too young for his white hair; yet it must be considered one of the best paintings of the gallery. In Mr. Copley Fielding's pictures we generally find vast plains and distant mountains almost out of

sight and rather confused with the clouds, so that much is left to be wished-for. Nevertheless, we must grant his wonderful talent of making a landscape out of nothing; take, for instance, his View of Salisbury Plain. But we were delighted with his lovely little view of Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond over Macfarlane's Island. It is of a most delightful colour and charming effect. His Langdale Pikes, Westmoreland, we think inferior; the mountains in the distance are too white and cold, and it is rather carelessly painted. Boy in the State-room (No. 14), Hardwicke, by Lake Price, is a picture which should only be looked at by stealth, but which nevertheless displays good effect with excellent colouring. We were much delighted with the view of Loch Achray and Ben Venus—summer evening, by Copley Fielding, and consider it would be an appropriate ornament for the most elegant of rooms. The Discovery, by Lake Price, contains much that redounds to the praise of that distinguished artist, but there appears to us much confusion in the composition. A good and clear arrangement of objects, like perspicuity of style in a book, is a first requisite. Such is the arrangement, such the order we admire in the works of Scott.

In the paintings of W. Scott, there is always precision and truth in the objects; but occasionally a slight dryness, or a certain laboured effect apparent. Of this kind is Rocher Bayard, on the Meuse, No. 16. Dover Castle, from the Folkestone Road, No. 139. Cottage at Hoddesdon, Herts, No. 205. But we regarded Namur, on the Meuse, as the cleverest production of this really very talented artist. The work of simple imitation merits appreciation, but attaches most value to those works of art in which invention predominates; it is in this that poetry is so much admired: viz. in the inventive mind of the artist. In the word “Inventor,” the ancients included the definition of poet; and the painter truly is, and ought to be, a poet. Virgil places the *inventores*, or poets, beautifully arrayed, and surpassingly happy, in a separate and more delightful part of the Elysian fields; meaning, by this, to signify the

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dignity of the office of those privileged talents that holds so high ascendancy over the minds of men.

Honour then to painters of portraits, landscapes, animals, flowers, and figures! but honour still higher to those geniuses who, not merely exact copyists, can, from the beauties scattered throughout nature, create one beautiful whole, and infuse a sacred fire which sublimates animate objects, and heightening the truth without exaggeration, vivifies even the inanimate.

This faculty of poetic invention, in which consists the true spirit of ART (in the abstract sense) is displayed in a highly laudable manner in some of the water-colour paintings. As examples of this class, we shall enumerate No. 71. The Castle Hall, the Baron's Return, by Lake Price. The composition is beautiful, the effect and colouring admirable, and the touch very free. Nor were we displeased with 'the Ruins of the Monastery of Alcobaca,' by Holland: the style of colouring is worthy of commendation, but the general air of the piece does not appear so good. Morning, with Cattle, by G. Barrett, is flat and void of vigour. 'Afternoon,' a scene, by the same, claims a few moments' attention. In this painting Mr. Barrett wishes to express these lines:—

"The sun has lost his rage:  
His downward orb shoots nothing now  
But animating warmth."

It is evident that Mr. Barrett not only delights to invent and compose his landscapes, but that he has, with much observation, studied the great masters, particularly Claude Lorraine. But to produce poetic landscapes, conveying real historical pictures, we strongly recommend a closer and more constant study of nature. And though not inclined to be so severe as some one who called the execution of the plants in 'Afternoon' "bad," and likened the picture to "a dish of spinach," still we think there remains much of truth to be desired in all the pictures of Mr. Barrett. We would give similar advice that is, to study truth, to the artist P. de Wint, in his picture, Lowther No. 110, and not to make his trees so heavy; some of them are, indeed, rootless, and the colouring is very mono-

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tonous. In Windsor Park, No. 122, by W. A. Nesfield, the outline is good, but the colouring cold and untrue.

In water-colours, conventional style often takes place of truth, and consequently pictorial harmony disappears. It would, we think, be easy to prove that painting is a true music of colours, and that, as when the sounds are discordant, and the voices not well harmonized, it is not music, but *noise* that is heard; so, if the colours do not harmonize, they neither speak nor sing to our eyes, but *bawl!* No. 132. The paintings of J. B. Harding evince much talent; and Cochem on the Moselle is rich in colouring; but in this, as in 141, Riva-Lago di Garda, which is really very good, we cannot but feel the want of a certain veil of harmony; in Lago di Garda, for instance, the blue is too predominating.

As we have before observed, we esteem most those compositions which represent important facts of history. We therefore freely applaud Frederick Tayler for his choice of subject. No. 160. King Charles the First conveyed a Prisoner from Newcastle to Holmby House, Northamptonshire, by the Parliamentary Army, will be gazed at with double interest, as connected with the subject of this month's Memoir and Portrait of his unfortunate consort; but his horses require more and better training, and have surely been selected from the awkward squad; well would it be for him to imitate the perseverance of Leonardo, who drew from life a stupendous collection of horses, when he kept the best of his own making and disposed of the remainder, to do more ordinary work than he had a demand for.

#### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"Ille incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures!"  
VIRGIL.

THERE are in London, on every side, thousands of sources of emulation springing up to inspire with admiration those who devote themselves to the fine arts.

This remark is verified by the magnificence of the places allotted to the exhibitions, and the multitude of visitors who throng them. To think how numerous are the rooms in which the

artist may display his talent, brings to one's mind the lines of Horace:—

"Mille Capax aditus, et apertas undique Portas  
Virtus habet....."

One of 'these thousand doors' open to young artists, who are ambitious of a crown and desirous of reward, is the New Room, 53, Pall-mall; the number of water-colour pictures exhibited here amounts to 348, some of which at our first visit we thought most deserving of admiration.

There is an infinite variety of style and subject; some of the paintings claim considerable attention, but several visits would be requisite to enable us to give a detailed account of them. The collection appeared extremely good, and we hope that amateurs in this graceful style of painting will frequent this excellent exhibition.

We trust that emulation among British artists will still continue to increase, and that those who are yet young will endeavour to profit from the many large and admirable galleries which welcome them, and for which this useful society has been particularly established. They should recollect that to secure enduring fame in the art of painting is a long and arduous work; Dante says:—

"Seggendo in piuma,  
In fanna non si viene, nè sotto coltre  
Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma  
Total vestigio in terra di se lascia,  
Qual fumo in aere, oï in acqua la spuma."  
Inferno, Canto 34.

Transparency is one of the beauties of water-colour painting. The want of this transparency in the water of the pictures No. 75, Rievaulx Abbey, Bridlington Pier, Yorkshire, by Copley Fielding, is, therefore, a considerable drawback to our admiration of them; there is also rather a sameness in the colouring; and we could desire a more beautiful tinting in No. 77, La Croix de Pierre, Rouen, and the other paintings of T. Prout. In the View in Wales, between Penthill and Bangor, No. 80, by P. de Wiut, the light and shade appear, on the contrary, too exaggerated, and the detail deficient.

"One day nigh wearie of the yrksome way,  
From her unkastie beast she did alight;

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And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay

In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight;

From her fayre head her fillet she undight

And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,

As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place."

FAIRIE QUEEN.

From these lines J. W. Wright has conceived his delightful picture, No. 124, entitled *Una*; the composition is graceful, the expression sweet, but the colouring is monotonous and the drapery not very beautiful. No. 201, *Evening*, composition by J. Warley, is a vigorous piece and of fine composition; the clouds however appear somewhat dark and the trees heavy. We cannot pass near the charming painting—*Dinant on the Meuse*. No. 208, without again giving expression to our admiration. How excellent is the great distance under the bridge! It is thus that all painters should understand aerial perspective. We cannot bestow the same tribute of applause upon Mrs. Seyforth in her *Public Garden at Charlottenburgh*, near Berlin, No. 206. It presents great confusion; the trees are not good and no effect is produced. The composition of *Christ raising the Widow's Son*, No. 241, by Eliza Sharpe, is theatrical, the colouring gaudy, and there is no light and shade. Among the pictorial compositions exhibited by J. Stephanoff, that which delights us most and seems his best is No. 261, *Covenanters*, 17th century; it is truly an excellent composition, the light, however, is too scattered.

Not to make our review interminable, we will conclude with a tribute of eulogy to W. Hunt, for his paintings, and particularly for his work, *A Scrub*, No. 276, which is really very beautiful, but rather dully painted. No one will oppose our again admiring the paintings by G. Catermole, and especially No. 334, the *Taking of Wardour Castle*, which however some have considered rather flat. But we must conclude. There still remain many things that could be blamed; and very many deserving our praise.

Before closing this article, we must be allowed to remind artists not to suffer criticism to discourage, or praise to

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elate them. The artist has before him a long, laborious, and therefore grand, and noble career.

Francis the First, King of France, received Leonardo da Vinci with much friendship, and attended him in his last moments. Perceiving that his courtiers were displeased because Leonarda, neither a duke, nor marquis, was more honoured than they, he said : " Do not be angry ; in a day I could create an infinite number of dukes and marquises, but in all my life, I cannot create a single artist. A true artist is a genius, and a genius is a rare gift of heaven !"

These are words worthy of being treasured in the memory of artists, and of kings.

*Mezzotint of Sheridan Knowles, Esq., by Mr. Sadd, from the original, by S. S. Osgood, Esq.*—Mr. Osgood, the American who lately visited us, seems to have been disciplined in a very good school, and wholly free from the mannerism to copy nature with fidelity. There is a softness about this which, we presume, is still more attractive in the original ; and to both artists we give our hearty commendations.

At the recent ceremony at S. Giovanni in Laterano early in May, the Pope himself officiated, and afterwards blessed the people from the gallery of the church. The sight is reported to have been splendid, the whole of the troops kneeling in the spacious Piazza, and the peasantry dressed in their beautiful costumes mixing among the throng, while around were the ruins of the noble aqueducts of old, that delightful country, so beautifully described by Sir E. L. Bulwer, in painting to the imagination the view to be seen

from such a building under such a sky as Italy can boast of. The Pope at this time threw out several indulgences from the balcony of the church. Strange to say, one, after dropping a little, was taken up again by the current,—carried to the top of the facade, all along it, one while carried partly down, at another driven almost back again. The interest attached to the fall of the bit of paper was quite extraordinary, and the rush tremendous to obtain it!!! The number of persons present was immense.

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## THE INVITATION.

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Come, sail with me the Western sea.  
And far-off bowers our home shall be ;  
For bowers, o'er-arched with the wildling vine,  
Are blooming, love, for me and mine.  
Beneath the larch, with its pendant boughs  
We'll wander, and whisper affection's vows :  
And when may the vows of affection be  
More true than when breathed 'neath the forest tree ?

Where blossoms the cherry our heads above,  
Shall melt on the ear the coo of the dove ;  
And ours shall be, as we wander along,  
The brightest flowers, the sweetest song.  
For sweet and bright are the songs and flowers  
Where love lights up his forest bowers :  
Then come with me, and our home shall be  
Far away, dear girl, o'er the Western sea.

*Minstrel Melodies.*

## Monthly Critic.

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*Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne.* By Mrs. THOMSON. Two vols. COLBURN.

These Memoirs present a wholesome and seasonable lesson on the influence that chamberwomens' counsels (we speak historically) have had on female royalty, and for their varied interest are preferable to any other work hitherto published on the same subject. Our accomplished authoress, after proper examination of authorities, skilfully links all she can find in contemporaneous authors, or in letters, into one harmonious whole: this (with the exception of a few errors easy of correction) is the character of a work which every reader must own combines information and amusement well blended. Modest, as industrious, Mrs. Thomson is sparing of private opinion, save when a sense of moral justice elicits her remarks—she is then the righteous and high-minded woman. Her volumes inform us better of the history of Mary the Second and Anne than all the ostentatious political histories of the last century. Our own biographies of Mary, William, and Anne show that Mrs. Thomson has visited the same sources of intelligence, and she agrees in our view of those subjects, with the exception that she censures Mary still more severely than we thought fitting to do: but the greater search into the documentary history of past times, the more revolting, it seems, will the character of that idol of ignorant prejudice appear. We granted to Mary some human traits of feeling; we considered her as a wife—the bright side of her character; but Mrs. Thomson, having to portray her as a sister, exhibits her conduct as atrocious. Candour, nevertheless, obliges us to observe that the amiable domestic character of the Duke of Marlborough, his conjugal fidelity and devotedness as a husband, his sweet-tempered and prettily-written home letters, occasion his fair biographer to regard his character in too favourable a light, and to excuse (while she owns the facts) his

duplicity and vile treachery in his correspondence with James the Second, or, rather, with the Jacobites, *after* the revolution—a course most unwarrantable, most unjustifiable, for all treacherous men, like panthers lurking for their prey, deserve the hatred of mankind. If Marlborough, from conscience sake, arrayed himself against his benefactor, James, a Catholic sovereign, who was less a Catholic at St. Germain's than at St. James's; but with respect to the coarse-minded yet honest wife, Mrs. Thomson displays her in her true colours, and leans with too much tenderness towards the fascinating and good-tempered yet treacherous husband. Her's is, however, the popular view of Marlborough's character, for he is still unworthily the idol of two-thirds of the reading public.

Aware of the treachery of Marlborough, Mary the Second had some excuse when she insisted upon tearing the husband and wife from the councils of her sister, or rather from the absolute sway with which they governed the heiress presumptive, but we think some correction needful of Lady Marlborough's constant assertion, that the indignities offered to Anne were prompted by Lord Rochester, uncle to the queen, and the Princess Anne. Due examination of the journal and letters of that honest and excellent son of the great Clarendon will prove that he was not on terms sufficiently intimate with his royal niece, Mary, to influence her "conduct even towards a cat," but it was necessary for Sarah of Marlborough, who *would not* own her husband's double dealing, to give some reason for the dead set made by William and Mary against their once pliant tool.

Here is an instance of the shelter that the heiress to the throne gave to two persons who have been convicted of sending intelligence of every defensive measure England was adopting against the power of France and the exiled king, James the Second. The after sufferings that Sarah of Marlbo-

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roughly inflicted on her royal victim, when her coils were woven round her, are well drawn in the succeeding volume, and ought to be read and deeply studied by every female sovereign, as well as by honest politicians generally.

Mrs. Thomson sometimes gives a *little* too much credit to the Duchess of Marlborough's own view of the question; she is evidently not aware that the true grounds of her grace's venom against the Earl of Rochester was because that noble, when the lord treasurer to King James, pointed out the Marlboroughs as the drain which occasioned the debts of the Princess Anne. Alluding to these, our authoress says truly that James had twice paid the debts of his daughter, owing to the encroachments of this favourite on her income, a fact rather inconsistent with praises of the economy of Anne, or the disinterestedness of the Marlboroughs.

As the memoir proceeds its interest and merit as a biography increase remarkably; the weakest part is the commencement, but it gets stronger the farther it develops itself. Mrs. Thomson is we think cautious in an undue degree, regarding the early life and parentage of Sarah of Marlborough. That she had respectable ancestry is certain; but she does not give us sufficient information of her family, nor how her father (one of the twenty-two living children of Sir John Jenyns, who began life according to the duchess's own account with a fortune of only 400*l.*) came to be living as a country gentleman of fortune at Sandridge? Applications to immediate descendants for information are by no means desirable or satisfactory, as a biographer cannot with any courtesy mention circumstances which would be considered blots on escutcheons not very distant from the source whence their honours were derived. That Sarah of Marlborough's father had been a tapster or vintner was more than a report, it was an outcry of the day, and though the duchess spent the evening of her days in vindications of her career and refutations of various *on dits* regarding herself, yet *that* is a point she never denies, though in her clever sketch of the rise of her first cousin Lady

Masham, she mentions *promiscuously* (as suburbans would say) their mutual descent from a cavalier knight or baronet. How Richard Jennings, a younger son of such an immense family, came by the possession of the paternal estate is a question not solved. The wealthy mother of the duchess perhaps supplied the funds, but Count Hamilton in his memoirs casts great scorn on her name, and as she was the mother-in-law of his brother George, a beloved brother, and grandmother of his nieces he could not do so without dishonouring his own family connexions. Count Antoine is very partial to his sister-in-law, Frances Jennings, praising her at her mother's expense, saying that considering the example of her mother's conduct, such virtue as she exhibited was not to be expected. Sarah was the younger sister of Frances by the same mother, she was not then Duchess of Marlborough, nor had she excited any political jealousy. It is clear therefore, that the witty Hamilton did not slander his family connexion out of political hatred to the Marlborough faction.

There is some mystery relative to the parentage of this favourite of Queen Anne, which is not explained in Mrs. Thomson's memoir, and is perhaps inexplicable at the present day. It must be remembered that at one time, Abigail Hill (afterwards Lady Masham) a daughter, like the Duchess of Marlborough, of one of Sir John Jenyns\* twenty-one younger children was reduced so low as to be actually chambermaid to a private gentlewoman, a fitting wielder, truly, of the fate of England, by means of her bed-chamber attendance on a female sovereign! But this early destitution of so near a relative does not speak great things for the splendour of Duchess Sarah's early days.

However unsatisfactory the memoir may be regarding a point which we doubt not has been purposely obscured, far beyond the power of any biographer of the present day to penetrate, the stream of the narrative from the revolution to the death of the duchess

\* So was the name spelt by the cavalier grandfather; the father of the duchess altered it to Jennings.



which is full, rich and interesting in no ordinary degree. Among the highly curious papers which have never been published till Mrs. Thomson's research brought them to light, we quote the following, which painfully displays the petty suspicions and by-play around a female sovereign in those days; and while her people saw Anne surrounded by all the stately regulations of courtly formula, how many hearts were swelling with suppressed rage beneath that disciplined exterior, while standing upright, or sitting on stools became matters of awful parting import?

These intrigues connected as they are with trifles inflated into burlesque dignity, become matter of amusement for light readers in a succeeding age, but are fit meditations for the philosophic observer of the varied passions and workings of human nature which plays its fantastic tricks over and over again actuated by the same motions, and upon the same arena.

"The Duchess of Marlborough, constrained by the duties of her office to wait upon the queen, was present during the whole of the trial of Sacheverell; and whilst the assembled throng in court were intent upon the scene below the bar, small intrigues for favour and secret heart-burnings were carried on behind that curtain, screened by which her Majesty sat to hear the singular proceedings in court. The duchess has given the following account of the new causes of offence which she was so unfortunate as to give to her Majesty.\*

"This was at Dr. Sacheverell's trial, where I waited upon the queen the first time she went thither, and having stood above two hours, said to the vice-chamberlain, that when the queen went to any place incognito (as she came to the trial, and only looked from behind a curtain) it was always the custom for the ladies to sit down before her; but her Majesty had forgot to speak to us now; and that since the trial was like to continue very long every day, I wished he would put the queen in mind of it: to which he replied very naturally, 'Why, madam, should you not speak to the queen yourself, who are always in waiting?'

"This I knew was right, and therefore I went up to the queen, and stooping down to her as she was sitting, to whisper to her, said 'I believed her Majesty had forgot to order us to sit, as was customary in such

cases.' Upon this, she looked indeed as if she had forgot, and was sorry for it, and answered in a very kind easy way, 'By all means, pray sit;' and, before I could go a step from her chair, she called to Mr. Mor-daunt, the page of honour, to bring stools, and desire the ladies to sit down, which accordingly we did—Lady Scarborough, Lady Burlington, and myself. But as I was to sit nearest to the queen, I took care to place myself at a good distance from her, though it was usual in such cases to sit close to her, and sometimes at the basset table, where she does not appear incognito; but, in a place of ceremony, the company has sat so near her as scarce to leave her room to put her hand to her pocket. Besides this, I used a further caution of showing her all the respect I could in this matter, by drawing a curtain behind me in such a manner, betwixt her and me, as to appear to be as it were in a different room from her Majesty. But my Lady Hyde,\* who stood behind the queen when I went to speak to her (and who I observed, with an air of boldness more than good breeding, came up then nearer to hear what I said), continued to stand still in the same manner, and never came to sit with the rest of us that day, which I then took for nothing else but the making show of more than ordinary favour with the queen.

"The next day the Duchess of Somerset came to the trial, and before I sat down I turned to her, having always used to show her a great deal of respect,† and asked her if her grace would not be pleased to sit; at which she gave a sort of start back, with the appearance of being surprised, as if she thought I had asked a very strange thing, and refused sitting. Upon this I said it was always the custom to sit before the queen in such cases, and that her Majesty had ordered us to do so the day before, but that her refusing it now looked as if she thought we had done something that was not proper. To which she only answered,

\* Lady Hyde, afterwards Countess of Rochester, from whom the Duchess states herself to have received many affronts on the back stairs.—Coxe MSS. vol. xlii.

† The Duchess of Somerset, wife of the proud, Duke of Somerset, so called from his excessive pride of rank and ostentation, was a Percy; and, as such, considered to merit precedence and great deference, both by her husband and by the Duchess of Marlborough, who always called her "the great lady." There seems to have been a friendly understanding between the two duchesses, for Mr. Maynwaring, in one of his letters to the Duchess of Marlborough, says, "I am glad the Duke and Duchess of Somerset were to dine with you, for notwithstanding the faults of the one, and the spirit of Percy blood in the other, I think they both naturally love and esteem you very much."—Coxe MSS. vol. xli. p. 248.

\* Preserved in the Coxe MSS. in the British Museum, and has never before been quoted or published.

that she did not care to sit; and then she went and stood behind the queen, as Lady Hyde had done the day before, which I took no farther notice of then, but sat down with my Lady Burlington as we did before. But when I came to reflect upon what these two ladies had done, I plainly perceived that, in the Duchess of Somerset especially, this conduct could not be thought to be the effect of humility, but that it must be a stratagem that they had formed in their cabal, to flatter the queen by paying her more respect, and to make some public noise of this matter that might be to my disadvantage, or disagreeable to me.

"And this I was still the more confirmed in, because it had been known before that the Duchess of Somerset, who was there with her lord, was to act a cunning part between the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The Whigs and Tories did not intend to come to the trial.

"As, therefore, it was my business to keep all things as quiet as possible till the campaign was over, and preserve myself in the meanwhile, if I could, from any public affront, I resolved to do what I could to disappoint these ladies in their little design; and in order to this, I waited upon the queen the next morning, before she went to the trial, and told her that I had observed, the day before, that the Duchess of Somerset had refused to sit at the trial, which I did not know the meaning of, since her Majesty was pleased to order it, and it was nothing more than what was agreeable to the constant practice of the court in all such cases; but however, if it would be in any respects more pleasing to her Majesty that we should stand for the future, I begged she would let me know her mind about it, because I should be very sorry to do anything that could give her the least dissatisfaction. To this she answered, with more peevishness than was natural to her, in these words: '*If I had not liked you should sit, why should I have ordered it?*'"

"This plainly showed that the cabal had been blowing her up, but that she could not, however, contradict her own order. What she had now said was still a further confirmation of it, and made it more difficult for the cabal to proceed any farther in this matter, and therefore the next day the Duchess of Ormond and Lady Fretchwell came to the trial, and, to my great surprise, sat down amongst the rest of us. And thus this matter ended; only that the Duchess of Somerset used some little arts afterwards, which are not worth mentioning, to sweeten me again, and cover her design, which I suppose now she was ashamed of.\*"

The moral of this work is admirable, no fictitious story could present a more wholesome poetical justice than the dreary old age of the *parvenu* duchess, weary of life and yet clinging to this world, with no companions among her numerous descendants, defying her own species and scorning belief in a superior being, reduced to the society of three curs, whose more appropriate friendship she cultivated with the assiduity waspish people do usually bestow on creatures of an organization inferior to that of their own species. Anecdotes of her unjust partialities and instances of violent but useless vengeance abound in this work.

"Charles, who succeeded his brother Robert, and became afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was never, according to Horace Walpole, a favourite of his grandmother, although he possessed many good qualities. He was not, however, endowed with the family attribute of economy; neither could he brook the control of one, who expected probably far more obedience from her grandchildren than young persons are generally disposed to yield from any motive but affection. Unhappily the duke's sister, Lady Anne Bateman, whom the duchess had, in compliance with her mother's wishes, brought up, was but ill disposed to soothe those differences which often arose between her grandmother and the young duke. She introduced her brother, unhappily for his morals, to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, one of those unprincipled, but agreeable men, whose conversation soon banishes all thirst for honour, and sense of shame. By Fox, a Jacobite at heart, but an interested partisan of Sir Robert Walpole, the young duke was won over to the court party; upon which occasion was uttered the duchess's sarcasm, 'that is the Fox that has won over my goose;' a remark which, like every thing that she said, was industriously circulated. Fox considered public virtue in the light of a pretext in some, as an infatuation in others: self-interest was, in him, the all-prevailing principle;† Sir Robert Walpole being, in that respect, his model.

"Lady Anne Bateman, intriguing and high-spirited, exercised over her brother an ascendancy which was shared by the 'Fox.' Influenced by dislike to her grandmother, she introduced the duke into the family of Lord Trevor, one of whose daughters he married. The duchess had a peculiar antipathy to Lord Trevor, who had been an

\* MS. Letter. Coxe Papers, p. 44.  
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† Chesterfield.

enemy of her husband, and with her usual violence she banished the duke from Windsor Lodge, and then, in derision of the new duchess, who had, she alleged, stripped the house and garden, she set up eight figures to personate the eight Misses Trevor, cousins of the young duchess, representing them, in a puppet-show, as tearing up the shrubs, whilst the duchess was portrayed carrying away a hen-coop under her arm. This anecdote originates with Horace Walpole, and, from its source, it must be regarded with great caution: there are other exhibitions of passion in this extraordinary woman, which rest upon better authority.

"The duchess never forgave Lady Anne Bateman; and whilst we acknowledge the wickedness of that vindictive spirit, it must be owned that the duchess had much provocation from this grandchild. In addition to the ingratitude of Lady Anne, she had the vexation, when Lord Charles succeeded to the Marlborough estates, to see him and his younger brother, Lord John, squander away their patrimonial property, and vie with each other in every wild and mad frolic. At length their complicated quarrels ended in what was professedly an amicable lawsuit between the heir and his grandmother, for the settlement of some disputed portion of the property. To the amusement of the world, and certainly *not* to the annoyance of those of her relatives who rejoiced in exposing her eccentricities, the duchess, who was capable of any act of effrontery, appeared in court to plead her own cause. The diamond-hilted sword given by the Emperor Charles to the great Marlborough, was claimed by Lord Sunderland. 'What!' exclaimed the duchess indignantly, 'shall I suffer *that* sword, which *my* lord would have carried to the gates of Paris, to be sent to a pawnbroker's, to have the diamonds picked out one by one?'"\* \* \*

"On the honourable John Spencer, commonly called by the writers of those days Jack Spencer, the affections of the duchess were, after the death of his eldest brother, chiefly centred. Not all his extravagance, nor the low-lived pranks in which he figured; not even the prospect of seeing him squander away every shilling which he possessed, could alienate from him this fantastic and unjust partiality on the part of his grandmother. He died, after a profligate and disgraceful career, at the age of six or seven and thirty, 'merely,' says Horace Walpole, 'because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of a British subject, namely, brandy, small-beer, and tobacco.'†

Notwithstanding these propensities, the duchess left him in her will a clear income of thirty thousand a year, to the enjoyment of which was annexed a condition, characteristic enough, that he should not accept any place or pension from any government whatsoever. Whilst she thus enriched her unworthy grandson, she entirely disinherited Charles Duke of Marlborough of all the property which was vested in herself to bequeath.

Lady Diana Spencer, the youngest of the Sunderland family, was also a favourite of her grandmother. She appears to have been an object of solicitude to the duchess, who, it may be remembered, expressed much satisfaction when the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, called 'her Dy' back to bid her hold her head up, which, added the duchess, 'was what I was always telling her.' She also quoted 'her Dy,' with much satisfaction, in her letter to Dr. Hare, when she extenuated her behaviour to Sir Robert Walpole.

"In 1731, the Duchess was much gratified by the marriage of 'her Dy' with Lord John Russell, afterwards third Duke of Bedford. Writing from Blenheim to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the Duchess, in speaking of this wedding, declares to her gifted correspondent, that it is very much to her satisfaction. 'I propose to myself more satisfaction than I thought there had been in store for me.' These were the expressions of hope; but, alas! like almost every other object of the duchess's regard in her own family, Lady Diana Russell died early, surviving her marriage only four years. It is impossible to note these successive deprivations without feeling sincere compassion for the harassed and bereaved old duchess, who beheld, one by one, her only comforts taken from her old age.

"'Her Torrismond,' as the duchess termed John Spencer, indeed survived her, though not many years. His marrying suitably was an event which she had much at heart. 'I believe you have heard me say,' writes her grace to Lady Mary Wortley, 'that I desired to die when I had disposed well of her (Lady Diana), but I desire that you would not put me in mind of it, for I find I have a mind to live till I have married my Torrismond, which is a name I have given long to John Spencer.'" Unhappily, Torrismond was too frequently to be found in the watchhouse, in company with other young noblemen, to think of domesticating according to the duchess's desire.

"Lady Anne Egerton, the only child of Lady Bridgewater, was also undutiful, ac-

\* Lady M. W. Montague.

Letters to Sir Horace Mann, vol. ii. p. 144.

\* Dallaway's Memoirs of Lady M. W. Lord Wharnccliffe. Edition of Lady M. W.

cording to the duchess's notions, and to be derided and insulted accordingly. She had been brought up by her grandmother, who, finding that she was neglected after the death of her mother, took charge of her when her other grandchildren were left to her care. Lady Anne married Wriothesley Duke of Bedford, the elder brother of Lord John Russell, to whom his title descended.

"In Lady Anne the grandmother's spirit was apparent. Their quarrels were continual and violent; and the duchess charmed, one must suppose, with her conceit of the eight puppet Misses Trevor, invented the same sort of vengeance in effigy for Lady Anne. She had procured her granddaughter's picture, of which she blackened the face over, and writing on the frame in large letters, 'She is much blacker within,' placed it in her own sitting room, for the edification and amusement of all visitors."\*

Besides the history of the duchess, her husband, and their descendants, many sprightly little biographies occur in the volumes of the leading members of the courts of England, at the end of the 17th, and the beginning of the 18th centuries. It will be necessary for the following error to be corrected in succeeding editions (and we doubt not there will be many). The Duchess of York, Anne Hyde, is mentioned as living and dying a firm Protestant, when in fact her recantation occasioned no little uproar, for she became a Catholic about two years before her death, and she died young: her defection from Protestantism produced that celebrated letter from her exiled father, the great Earl of Clarendon, which did not however arrive until a few hours after her death.

Our author does not seem to be aware of the origin of the nickname of the Marquis of Halifax, who was called before he rose to that dignity the storm of revolution, Mouse Montague, this surname *Mouse* arose from a parody on Dryden's poem of the "Hind and Panther travestied to the Country and City Mouse." This is not the well-known witty fable of that name, but a party squib.

Dryden's "Hind and Panther" was an allegorical apology for the conversion

of the poet laureate to Catholicism, which Prior answered in burlesque, while Montague whose literary abilities were most miserable, fathered the parody, and this false reputation became the foundation of the fortunes of the needy Montague, who was considered one of the chief springs of the succeeding revolution.

These valuable volumes, so pregnant of matter and entertainment, and written as they are in the right spirit of biography, assure both the cursory and the studious reader, a rich regale of scenes and anecdotes of domestic and state life characteristic of the manœuvring and scandal-loving court of her majesty Queen Anne.

#### *Argentine. An Autobiography.*

Out of a whim which shows that he cares nothing for authorcraft or writing, as a profession, the author has thought proper to come before the public as a tyro, and omitted ascribing to himself the merit due for two previous publications, which any writer of the present day might be proud to own—two of the best tales of the metaphysical class which have appeared in this century, of the author we know nothing, not even his name.

The works of this author may be known by an overflowing and lively philanthropy, a cheerfulness in right doing and right believing, a healthful contrast to that morbidness of feeling which is one of the follies of the present age; but now, that mania is thought to be so vulgar, thanks therefore! that it has descended from such men as Byron and Shelley, (who were certainly among the nobles of our land), to gents. *what* wear their shirt collars open, frequent cigar divans, and do the poetical for three-halfpenny magazines.

Argentine is written in the first person, as the autobiography of an orphan nobleman, who narrates his thoughts and adventures from his state of infancy to the period of his marriage. We like the school-boy scenes of this author, they are always original and calculated to do good. Argentine during his minority is left in the care of a weak self-

\* Horace Walpole mentions this anecdote of Lady Bateman, but a later account specifies Lady Anne Egerton as the heroine of the blackened picture.

interested guardian, next heir to the estate; with whom his son, the wicked one of the tale, forms a plan for disinheriting the earl by abstracting the register of his birth while he is on his travels. As Argentine is the son of an Italian lady who was married after Catholic rites, it is remarkably inconvenient to the young earl to prove the legitimacy of his birth, and on this incident runs a very interesting story. But story is a secondary consideration in a production which accurately paints human life and the world of internal feeling. The work, besides being enriched with choice criticism and research, contains much original thought and rare reading among old books; we do not complain because in this instance the scene changes from England to Italy, for our author is there at home, deep in Italian literature and history: every page breathes of Italy itself, and the reader is willingly captive who follows the track of the story whithersoever it lead him.

We give the following extract in support of our assertion:—

"His house was situated in one of those dark and narrow canals in the rear of the Piazza di S. Marco; a tall and spacious, but gloomy building, entered by a low-arched water-gate, fenced by a portcullis, and flanked by two old wave-worn Gorgons—the heraldic supporters of the ancient nobles to whom the mansion once appertained. The dungeon-like landing-place contrasted singularly with the ample magnificence of the hall into which it ushered: from which ascended, in double sweep, a broad marble staircase with massy gilded balustrades, and in the centre of which swung a huge bronze chandelier of quaint device. The dingy walls were covered with old paintings, and the ceiling with faded frescoes. In the dark oak-panneled passages, and in every apartment through which we passed, we could perceive the picturesque adaptation of the place to the taste of its amiable occupant. There was an endless display of venerable memorials of decayed grandeur, historic relics, statues, arabesques, scutcheons, pictures. One room was hung all round with rusty armour and trophies of the chase; another was crowded with antique furniture of every conceivable design, mosaic tables, ebony cabinets inlaid with ivory and silver; couches of Persian silk, and elaborately-carved chairs, on which the artist of San Rocco had lavished his utmost skill. We were conducted—through a splendid saloon, in which modern luxury lent its aid to

old romance, and from the walls of which frowned down on us as we passed, the heads of warriors, ambassadors, and dogs—into an inner apartment, in the window of which, on entering, we saw our host intently engaged on examining an old parchment. A most venerable-looking man, in priest's habiliments, stood at a little distance, regarding him with a fixed but placid smile:—his head and figure were a study for a Raphael.

"'Lord Argentine—Father Giacomo Rospini,—the most learned man of his age and country. My venerable Father—the Earl of Argentine, a young nobleman in whose veins flows the oldest blood of the Lagoon, the lineal descendant of the Thiepoli! I will be with you in one moment.'

"The good father had not half finished his profound obeisances, before Mr. Pen-darves returned; and after general inquiries found composure enough to lead us through his mansion, and give us some idea of its various treasures,—books, manuscripts, cabinets, and paintings. A most rare and curious collection it undoubtedly was, and admirably calculated to illustrate the history of the old Republic; a purpose, indeed, to which George whispered me it was more than probable we should see it one day applied.

"'But look here, George! You have not seen my new acquisition yet—my Rembrandt!' and he uncurtained a fine painting of that wonderful master as he spoke. 'There!—what say you to *that*, George? *That's* a painting, Lord Argentine, is it not?'

"'It is *indeed* beautiful!' said George, gazing long and intently on it. 'Wonderful!—magical! To see how the arch-chymic power of genius, as Milton says of the sun,

'Produces by terrestrial humours mixed,  
*Here in the dark*, so many precious things,  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare!'

"'Exquisite, George!—the happiest quotation I ever heard! But I have a crotchet of my own about Milton: have I ever told you? The Val' Ambrosia inspired his Paradise; but Italy inspired more than *that*. The tribute!—What think you? Where did he find the original of his Arcadian Queen,—Ha?

'Mark what radiant state she spreads  
In circle round her shining zone;  
Shooting her beams like silver threads;  
This—this is she alone,  
Standing like a goddess bright  
In the centre of her light.'

Ha!—what think you of that, Lord Argentine?

"'Most appropriate indeed, Mr. Pen-darves. But there's no end to the parallelisms of sentiment and fancy. It is the

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same goddess Nature, who sits to every true artist, whether he represent her by the aid of pen, brush, or chisel: in imitating her, their works, if true must all necessarily resemble each other. But it is certainly very pleasing to trace the coincidence of that resemblance in kindred arts.'

"Pleasing indeed!—Now can anything be more charming than the resemblance between Guercino's Santa Petronilla, in St. Peter's, and Shakspeare's Hamlet?"

"Ha! said George, 'what is that?'"

"Why this. The heart-broken lover in that noble painting, is seen leaning over his mistress's open grave, repelling the kindred who are crowding forward, with the air of one who demands a monopoly of his great grief. It is precisely Hamlet's feeling, which amounts to indignation when he witnesses Laertes' grief over Ophelia, and resents it as an insult to his own huge and colossal sorrow."

"True, true!" said George, 'or Charalots' in the Fatal Dowry, lamenting over his father's body,—

'Peace—peace, away! this scene is wholly mine!

"By the by," said Mr. Pendarves, changing his key;—"talking of fictitious coincidences reminds me of the still more extraordinary coincidences of real life or history; and of one in particular, which Father Giacomo pointed out to me only the other day, and which I do think as curious as any I ever encountered:—I really must tell it you. You remember the story of the War of Chiozza, when Venice was besieged so long by Genoa, her vast possessions reduced to the circuit of her Campanile bell-toll, and ruin staring in her very face, so that Doria scorned even to dictate the terms of her degradation until he did so from the porch of St. Mark. Then was it that Venice arose from her lethargy with the energy of despair. The infuriated multitude demanded of the trembling Council the release of their great hero, Pisano, unjustly immured in their dungeons for alleged offences against the State, of which he had more than once been the deliverer. With an anxious heart, but an uncomplaining and forgiving meekness, that glorious patriot—"

"Your collateral ancestor, Excellenza!" suddenly interrupted Father Giacomo, with an eagerness of delight that made us all stare.

"Yes!" resumed Mr. Pendarves,—"that glorious patriot, my lord—your ancestor—stepped forth from his prison, and by the might of his single arm, and his God-given genius, saved his perishing and ungrateful country, when there was but a step between her and death! And is not this the very tale of Camillo in old Roman his-

tory? The city besieged in all her gates and streets—reduced to her capitol, and at the last extremity—terms of the most abject capitulation offered and rejected—Camillo, their only hero, suffering unjust banishment—his recall wrung from the haughty but terrified senate by the mad outcries of the despairing citizens—his instant devotion to the cause of his country, and magnanimous forgetfulness of all his personal wrongs—the prodigious enthusiasm which his return awakened, and the triumph that ensued!"

"It is indeed," I cried, 'a very striking resemblance that exists between the two cases.'

"But more striking still!" continued Mr. Pendarves; "we find that when Venice began to breathe after her miraculous escape, her Council, appalled by the ruins around them, solemnly deliberated on removal of the seat of government to Cyprus. The senate of Rome in like manner, when the Goths had retreated, proposed removing to Veice."

"That is really a most curious coincidence," exclaimed George, with a smile of delighted surprise.

"More curious than all remains!" continued Mr. Pendarves;—"scarcely credible; but the facts are unquestionable. The proposal was in both assemblies, negatived by a bare majority of one! and Venice is Venice, and Rome is Rome to this day!"

For extracts from the story we have no further space, there is a vein of intense interest in the manner in which Lord Argentine seeks and finds his Italian uncle, and the mental bondage of this nobleman to Harley the Jesuit is touched with truth and nature; the scenes relating to the forged papers and the trial are skilfully wrought up and must remind every reader, almost too strongly for a mere coincidence, of Lord Stirling's late painful trial. But in the fiction, as in Lord Stirling's case (the most singular among the British *causes célèbres*) it is much easier for honest people to find themselves surrounded by the meshes of dark working villany, than to free themselves in a satisfactory manner. Thus the worst part of Argentine is the *denouement* which is huddled up in a hurried way. This is wrong, for whatever is worth publishing, is worthy being finished carefully. The manner in which Lord Argentine gets into the awful scrape of the forgery is as finely wrought up as any of the scenes of our older dramatists; but the mode in which he gets out of

his troubles, we defy the most patient reader to define with any satisfaction. Some other faults occur in the tale. There is a little too much gabbling of Mr. Pendarves' who, when on his best behaviour, is a valuable person; we are displeased too, with the imputed perfections of Mary, they make her very inane, particularly as her conduct is far enough from perfection. She is a coquette although a very dull and sentimental one. Now if a woman indulge herself in the amusement of having two lovers at the same time, a merry temper may lead her into error just for the fun of seeing which of her patients will conduct himself in the drollest manner; but for a demure die-a-way damsel invested with all the panoply of a perfect heroine, to devote her exclusive attention first to one lord and then to another!—fie, we cannot tolerate such doings!

Our admiration for the evident genius of the author does not blind us to the defects of his work, which are chiefly the result of rapid composition; if the author of *Argentine* were forced to write his best he would take very high rank, indeed, in the literary world.

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*The British Anglers' Manual.* By T. C. HOFLAND, Esq.

Mr. Hofland's delightful volume gives us infinite pleasure, although the day is long past when we renounced the enchanting sport of angling. Without dwelling upon this attractive exercise of the organs of destructiveness, Mr. Horace Smith's tirades against that most amiable of fishers, and excellent of biographers, Isaac Walton, contributed probably not a little towards this renunciation, before we imagined that either we or Mr. Horace Smith had the slightest pretensions to set ourselves up as more righteous than our neighbours, who still followed the anglers' art. With this observation, far be it from us to debar any who love that pleasant and healthful diversion from enjoying themselves during this summer season, and taking this agreeable book as their companion whilst setting at defiance all double refined whims and affectations, to rise early,

angle adroitly, and furnish their friends with a nice dish of fish for supper. But to return to the book itself, it is unique of its kind, for it not only gives all professional directions with great simplicity and clearness, but serves as a picturesque guide book for all likely sports throughout the British islands. It is withal beautifully illustrated after Mr. Hofland's own pencil, by highly finished engravings, executed by W. S. Smith. Among these we would point out Lea Bridge, the Horse and Groom, a famous fishing resort for the metropolitan anglers, which is a beautiful spot faithfully rendered; also Hampton Court, not a whit inferior to it in merit. Ulswater is a scene of a different cast, equally well handled, the summer-evening-repose is there divine. Whitewell, a lovely plate, is perhaps the best engraving, and the book, which is in truth illustrated as richly as our best annuals, and of far more sensible character;—there being four species of embellishment, landscapes on steel; wood-cuts of the different kinds of fish; delineations of the various kinds of artificial flies, and, moreover, many a pretty sketchy bit as wood-cut vignettes, all equally excellent in their several departments. Indeed the pictorial arrangements speak at once of the vigilant eye of the artist-author under whose superintendence it has issued. Whilst the literature especially belongs to those for whom it is designed, though for the general reader it is far from an unentertaining book, being written with sprightliness and nature; we give two anecdotes in proof of this assertion.

“Two of the mills in the town of Wycombe belonged to two brothers, both of whom had kindly given me leave to fish in their waters, where, for two successive seasons, I had excellent sport. I visited the same spot a third season; reached the water-side by six o'clock on a fine May morning, and, after trying every fly, kill-devil, &c., I returned to breakfast without even seeing a fish. About ten o'clock, with most favourable weather, I again sought the water, when, after a few unsuccessful casts of my fly, the quaker proprietor put his head out of a mill-window, and inquired, ‘What sport?’ I, being somewhat vexed at my disappointment, answered testily, ‘Sport! I have not even seen a fish.’ He replied, ‘I have seen

thee flogging the water some hours, with great perseverance, and, apparently, with skill also; but I cannot wonder thou hast not caught anything, for, I hope, there is not one fish in this part of the water. The fact is, that when the poachers stole our fish they stole other things also, therefore my brother and myself have destroyed our fish to save other property.'

"But, pray sir, why did you not tell me this till now?"

"Because I thought thou hadst good practice, and I was amused by thy perseverance, and, see! to reward thy diligence, I have written a note to my friend Street, who will, I doubt not, give thee good fishing."

"I made use of the note, and caught twenty brace of trout in four hours, as already mentioned." \* \*

"The common eel is too well known to require minute description; its serpent-like form has rendered it an object of aversion to the natives of some countries; and I have, myself, witnessed a strong prejudice against it in the Highlands of Scotland. Having caught a fine silver eel, in Loch Tay, of about a pound and a half weight, I found much difficulty in persuading any of Mr. Cameron's servants, at Killin, to cook it for me: they called it a 'fou sarcent thing;' and I quite lost my character by eating of it."

In a word by way of parting—this volume realizes our expectations, but we must again commend the wood-cuts of some of the fish, by Vasey, as highly talented performances, and we are confident that our sportsman has too good an opinion of our honesty to think that, in thus commending him as *artist* and *fisher*, seeing he can catch twenty brace of trout in four hours; we too are fishing designedly.

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*The Royal Gallery of Pictures at Buckingham Palace, under the superintendence of J. LINNELL, Esq.*

This work richly deserves to meet with magnificent encouragement. Being tolerably familiar with the originals, we are enabled to affirm that the engravers have, in several subjects, approached high in giving the tone of tinting and touch peculiar to the great masters whose works they have copied. In many of the Dutch masters these plates have assumed a lighter tint of printing than is often seen in English engravings, but our national fault is too much to be corrected, and it remains to be proved

whether the public eye will relish the true taste which gives the Botts, the Cuyp, the Karel, and Teniers, in their original glow of light, tender brightness—the gemmy trembling rays peculiar to Rembrandt, which Barnett's etching shows, in this collection, with such singular faithfulness.

As works of art, we own our preference for Rembrandt's portraits before his historical scenic pictures, and hail with delight the earnest truthfulness of the ship-builder and his wife, which rendered finely, in mezzotint, by Quilley, is a masterly plate. It may be wondered how Rembrandt came to depict an enormous mass of construction on the temples of his thoughtful-looking artisan? The answer is obvious, the picture is a portrait, and he found the prominences exhibited there. In Linnell's mezzotint of Titian's Storm, we think the artist undertook a task of extreme difficulty, for the great Italian shows more of genius than art in his landscape. The St. Philip, by Bott, is a gem of the most finished perfection; how naturally the eye travels down those vistas of true and tender aerial distances! what perfect beauty in the reaches of water! what fairy pencillings in the trees! Taylor has had a delicious subject in hand, and he has treated it *con amore*. The brightly-toned picture of Teniers and his family is admirable, and the Karel di Jardin, by Allen, is of first-rate excellence. We do not like Allen's engravings from Wouvermans so well; in labouring after the touch of the painter, he has left his outlines in a hazy indistinctness, not to be allowed even in etchings. To the fine manly portrait of the Marquis of Granby, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the engraver, Reynolds, has done great justice, although the head of the attendant Moor is rather too near. The Gerard Dow, representing the Dutch Shop-window, by Greatbach, is well rendered, and also the Milkmaid, from Paul Potter, but it would have been improved by more force of tone in the scene of action. Allen's Astade is everything that can be wished. The Marriage of St. Catharine is well copied; Vandyke, if the truth must be spoken, is by no means a happy historical pain-



ter, except in portraits historically grouped; strange to say, he could not conjure up ideal beauty, and wisely caught, or attracted the prettiest realities of the day.

The most interesting pictures, to our taste, are announced to appear in the two forthcoming numbers. The work, when complete, will be an honour to the age in which it appears, and serve as delightful memoranda of, and visit to, the treasures of art contained in the Royal Gallery at Buckingham Palace, which have of late afforded so much pleasure to numerous guests who have partaken of the royal bounty and participated in the royal favour.

*Fair Rosamond; an Historical Romance*, in 3 vols. By THOMAS MILLER.—Colburn.

"Fair Rosamond" displays a chapter rich in that beauty of language for which his pen is remarkable; in verbal elegance his descriptive survey is truly good. He always works from nature too, and this fact gives greater value to the tone which especially breathes in his landscape sketches—a spirit of refinement painfully enough bestowed, among other gifts uncommon to writers of his class of society.

These volumes show historical study, not only in regard to events, but with respect to the more recondite knowledge of manners, customs, and national character at the particular era in which the scenes are laid. Archbishop Becket is the hero, and when he is on the stage the scene is highly interesting. The other characters, for our liking, are too much in the extremes of common romance, being either angelically good or thoroughly bad; Mr. Miller has shown Becket as he really was, a great man with a mixed character, and given the true bearing of that powerful hierarch's peculiar position as the upholder of the oppressed Anglo-Saxons. Out of party motives, former Protestant biographers made him a fiend, and their Catholic brethren a saint,—none have written a matter-of-fact life of this mighty man, and as a man, he thus remains as much unknown to the general reader as if the pages of historical controversy, from the time of the reformation, had never

even mentioned him. As to the fictitious department of the romance, the retreat of Becket from Nottingham, which is sketched with dramatic vigour, joined to fine keeping as to the natural localities of the scenery, is a capital portion. We have only space for a small extract, but the reader will pursue this vein of the story with increased pleasure through the scene in the blacksmith's dwelling at Lincoln, which is still better, but it is long and will not properly bear curtailing.

"Here they halted; for the broad river Trent was now before them, and in consequence of the late rains, was impassable. As no sign of either shelter or human habitation here presented itself, they rode along by the banks of the river for upwards of a mile, until they came to where the village of Wilford now stands, and which even at that early period was known as a ferry. They reined in their steeds beside the bank; near to which, a huge flat-bottomed boat was moored, and was the only communication between the opposite shores. Beyond the river, and the broad meadows, rose the turrets of Nottingham castle,—the huge rock resting in half-shadow, and the straggling town stretching along the gentle acclivity,—here and there concealed by masses of trees, as if it had sprung up in the midst of a forest. Looking behind them they discovered a rude shed, which was overhung by two immense oaks, and not doubting but that this was the abode of the ferryman, Becket alighted and began to knock at the door.

"The deep baying of a mastiff, and the sound of a voice almost as surly, demanding the business of the intruders, were the ready answers to the Primate's summons.

"'We would have thee unmoor thy boat, honest ferryman,' said the Archbishop, 'and give us a safe conveyance to the opposite shore.'

"'A safe conveyance to the devil!' muttered the surly Charon; 'how think you I could get across without floating down a mile or two while the stream is running at this furious rate? Go from whence you came, and disturb me not; for I have already waisted three cursed Normans over this very night; and the fourth, I trow, is by this time in the safe keeping of Satan; for both horse and rider went head-foremost into the stream.'

"'We are no Normans, friend,' replied Gryme, 'but two poor Saxon monks flying from danger, and have need of assistance.'

"'The less need have ye to cross the river,' answered the ferryman, fumbling at the wooden bar which secured the door, and

which he opened as the broad morning broke. 'Horses, too!' added he, eyeing them narrowly; 'the one tall, and the other of middling stature;—the very men these Norman cut-throats were inquiring after. Hark you, friends!' added he in a louder tone, 'I, and my fathers before me, have kept this ferry for more than a hundred years, and never yet defiled our hands with the gold of the Norman. I need but to bear you across to place you within the power of those who are in quest of you. But if ye be Saxons, take my counsel and journey further on, for here you are halting too near the hold of the enemy; and from yonder castle all can be seen that passeth here: for the warden has the eye of an hawk.'

" 'We thank thee for thy advice,' said the Archbishop; 'but having been in the saddle all night, we are but ill fitted to pursue our journey without rest and refreshment; and if it is not in thy power to grant us either, thou wilt, we trust, point out some place where we may obtain a mouthful of food and a few hours' repose.'

" 'Nay, an't it be thus,' said the rough ferryman, 'ye shall be welcome to the best my shed affords; for it shall never be said that the son of Balder was a churl, when those of his oppressed race needed a shelter;' saying which, he led the way into his hut, having placed their horses in a rude out-house; where the steeds of his passengers were generally stabled.

" 'I have not been so well provisioned during the late rains,' said the ferryman, producing a wooden trencher which contained a huge lump of cold fat pork, and a cake of coarse barley bread; 'for but few of the good-wives venture across the river at this time of the year; but here is a stoup of Burton ale,—better never washed the lip of a saint,—and if a Saxon welcome will give this homely fare a better relish, why, in the name of St. Dunstan, fall to.'

" Both the guests assured their host that they needed no better fare, and Becket partook of it with a keener relish than he had before done when sharing daintier viands; for his severe abstinence had taught him to conquer trifles. Nor did the ferryman himself, when pressed to share their repast, show any reluctance; but ate with the appetite of a true Saxon, and washed it down with a cup of good ale, which the sharp smacking of his lips pronounced excellent.

" Scarcely was their meal finished before they were startled by the sound of voices which came from the opposite bank of the river. 'Yonder are the Norman thieves whom I ferried across yester-even,' said the ferryman, reconnoitering from a loop-hole in his shed; 'I know them by their armour. The devil looketh after his own, or they

would have shared the fate of their companion. It is as I feared,—the cursed warden has had a glimpse of you from the watch-tower of the castle; but fear not, the broad river will keep the blood-thirsty thieves at bay, while I plan your escape;—devil of aught shall they find but your horses.'

" The Primate looked through the narrow loop-hole, and saw three men armed, and in their saddles on the opposite bank, who were riding to and fro, and hallooing at the highest pitch of their voices. The loud dashing of the river, and the sound of the wind among the trees prevented their words from being heard.

" 'This way,' said the ferryman, hastily setting aside the remains of the meal, and opening a door at the back of his hut. He then led them round by a circuitous path, until he brought them on a line behind the banks of the river; and bidding them stoop that their heads might not be seen above the bank, led them to a considerable distance before he bade them halt.

" 'You are safe now,' said he, pausing before a little island covered with tall osiers, which shut out all view of the opposite shore. 'Steady and fear nothing, but grasp that pole firmly, and you will pass the narrow channel. Devil a bit can either man or horse reach you there, when I have unmoored the old tree, and sent it sailing down the stream.' Along the hedge of the bank, and even down to the margin of the river, grew several enormous elms, some of their roots were bared by the dashing of waters, which had from time to time carried away portions of the earth; a few were also scattered on the farthest edge of the island, and as the osiers, though leafless, were planted close together, they formed an impenetrable barrier to the eye, on the opposite shore.

" Tall sedge also grew along the margin; reeds and rushes, which were white and withered, afforded safe shelter to the wild-fowl, several of which were startled from their haunts by the presence of our adventurers. The river rolled along darkly and deeply in this confined channel, and much swifter than in the broader bed of the river, and many a boiling eddy told its strength in this narrow course; nor did the trunk of the extensive tree with its round side and rough bark, that stretched across to the island, promise too secure a footing, for in more than one place the waves washed over it. There was, however, no time for hesitation, for between every pause of the wind, the voices of the knights were heard on the opposite shore growing more angry at the delay, and roaring like lions eager to seize their prey.

" With eye firmly fixed on the end of the

tree, and the pole grasped securely in his hand, which it required nerves of iron to hold steady amid the furious current, the Archbishop stepped boldly and fearlessly across in safety, and then threw back the pole for Gryme. The monk hesitated, and for a moment the dashing of the stream rendered his eye unsteady, but a word of caution from Becket made him more calm, and although he fell all his length among the tall sedge, he speedily recovered his footing, and both made their way into the very centre of the ozier-holt.

"The ferryman took up the pole, and getting a purchase with it like a lever, shifted the end of the tree into the stream: it swung slowly round, until it caught the full current, and was then borne furiously down the river, and the son of Balder returned with all former caution to his hut."

Mr. Miller describes, with admirable spirit, the manners of the lower orders in the middle ages: we point out a scene of great merit, where Ranulph Glanville, the grand justiciary, is taking notes regarding the laws of England.

The other characters do not reach the excellence we have described. The greatest failure is in Queen Eleonora, she is the mere jealous queen of the old ballad, brandishing her dagger perpetually in the melo-dramatic style of the minor theatres. Unlike the voluptuous poetical, and musical queen of the south, the character of Eleonora of Aquitaine required deeper research among her native chronicles than our author has afforded. No act of violence was ever, we believe, attributed to her, excepting her attack upon Rosamond, she ought not, therefore, to have been represented as entertaining a household assassin, like Ugglethred, who was for ever running after her.

Rosamond herself is, however, a young lady rejoicing in blue eyes and fair flowing hair, but possessing few other discriminative traits. Miller must avoid, in future, that common-place style of romance which makes Fair Rosamond resemble too closely other works of the kind, and try to cultivate the spirit displayed in the more original portions of his work, which will cause the romance to be welcomed as an entertaining library contribution.

*The Landgrave; a Play in Five Acts, with Dramatic Illustrations of Female Character.* By ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU.

The elegant moral, but melancholy muse of Miss Montagu has, in this volume, essayed in the tragic style; her dramas frequently abound in sweetness of language and deep pathos. In her "Dramatic Illustrations of Female Character" appended to the principal tragedy of the "Landgrave," she renders a graceful tribute to the virtues of woman. The "Last of the Cathari" is perhaps the best specimen of her talent; like every emanation of this lady's mind, it is intensely mournful. The poetry of the "Landgrave" evinces dramatic power, and, in many instances, reminds us of the mighty genius of Schiller, so that it seems like a brother play to his two glorious Wallensteins. We think the passage, "Pauline takes the ring from the passive finger of the Landgrave," would tell effectively on the stage.

*The Hall of Audience. In the centre, on a raised platform, is the Chair of State. The LANDGRAVE and PAULINA: the former pacing up and down.*

PAULINA.

My Lord, I ask for justice, not for mercy.  
Think not I come a suppliant at your feet,—  
To sue for grace the common felon craves.  
Yet since it sorts not with your mood that  
thus  
I frame my lips to innocency's prayer,  
Then deem that he hath wronged, con-  
temned, opposed you;  
And, since upon your brow I think you bear  
The stamp of nature's true nobility,  
Be noble!

LANDGRAVE.

Aye! and send him forth to vaunt  
How weak a thing was he who could be won  
By but a little breath from woman's lip!

PAULINA.

No! he would blush to say a prize withheld  
The palm of justice till a woman sued.

LANDGRAVE.

And dares he, then, 'neath the false name of  
justice  
To mask rebellion?

PAULINA.

How has he rebelled?  
Is it a crime to snatch the innocent lamb  
From the wolf's fangs? Or must he bear  
alone

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The penalty of Mercy, who has borne  
Its banner in such wide companionship?  
This city's wrongs, with one united voice  
Appeal to Heaven; the very stones cry out  
Against oppression: shall her sons be  
mute?—

No! though my tears would wash away his  
fault,  
I would not shed them!—But I do him  
wrong  
To blazon forth his never-vaunted deeds  
To win him back to life and tyranny!

LANDGRAVE.

You plead a rebel's cause in vain: he dies!—  
But this is a subject for a later hour.  
You stand here charged with harbouring  
sedition

Against my crown and state authority. —

[Suddenly stopping and confronting PAULINA.]  
Who is this claimant for my name and title,  
Who boasts a right in nearness to my blood  
To thrust me from my throne?

PAULINA [*aside*.]

Ha! then he knows not.—  
Shades of my fathers, look upon your child!  
Yes, Maximilian, since I may not save thee,  
One doom shall fall on both!

LANDGRAVE.

You muse. Must I  
In vain await an answer? I am a man  
Of desperate fortunes, and will brook no  
trifling.—

Who is this scion of a lordly tree,  
Who, daring to dispute my heritage,  
Yet wants the courage of an ancient line;  
Content in secret councils and cabals  
To undermine my power? If the pure  
stream

Be not degenerate in its later channels,  
Bid this proud heir stand forth, and to my  
face

Assume yon vacant seat!

[PAULINA approaches the platform, ascends  
it, and places herself in the Chair of State.]

'Tis as I deemed, then;

You do confess it?

PAULINA.

Should I then deny  
The noble blood that circles in these veins?  
No, 'tis my glory, from the earliest dawn  
Of thoughtful being, passionately grew  
Within my soul the grandeur of the Past.  
Each deed of buried ages, like a star,  
Threw its great lustre as a halo round me!  
Canst thou condemn the worship of that sun  
Whose kindred beams majestically crown,  
More than a jewelled diadem, your brow;—  
That brow o'er which, while gazing, I could  
deem

I saw the shadowy forms of heroes gone  
Sweep like a storm whose thunders all are  
hushed?

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LANDGRAVE.

Not all: the bolt has yet to strike. Have  
you  
No fears?

PAULINA.

Prince, no!—One earthly fear alone  
Hath ever cast its shadow o'er the heart  
Of her who bears the spirit of her race;—  
The fear which bids me tremble to survive  
All I have loved on earth!—Behold your  
foe!

A foe than whom, though woman, there  
exists

None deeper or more deadly. Send me  
hence,

With all my house's injuries on my head,  
And its irrevocable hate to thee,  
And I will bless thee with my parting breath.  
Take, take a life which is all worthless now,  
And let me share with him whom you have  
doomed

One love—one hope—one scaffold—and one  
grave!

LANDGRAVE.

Away! thou dost unman me. For thy life,  
Take it, for it is the bitterest boon  
Thy foe could grant; but, mark me! for my  
power,

I never will resign it; for of all  
The gifts which once were mine, 'tis the last  
thing  
That cleaves to me.

PAULINA.

Then grasp it while thou may'st:  
But give, oh! give me back the one true heart  
Which beats alone to mine. Think'st thou  
his breath

Is in thine hands? No, it is not in thine.  
There is a Power above, from whose great  
gaze

Thou canst not, and thou wouldst not turn  
away!

[Approaching him.]

Landgrave! the world doth speak thee for  
a man

Hardened in crime and stained with inno-  
cent blood!

I look into thy soul, and say—'tis false!

LANDGRAVE.

What knowest thou of men's actions or  
their source?

PAULINA.

I know that nature never did en throne  
A fiend's dark spirit on a brow like thine:  
Ne'er was the temple of a godlike mind  
Made for an unblest soul to harbour in!  
Some grief hath maddened—or the world  
hath wronged thee!

I see a soft relenting in thine eye!

[She kneels and takes his hand.]

I know that thou wilt spare him! He is  
young.

Too young to die—too much beloved for death.

Thou hast a daughter : couldst thou from her breast

Shut the glad music of her love's young life ?

I know that thou wilt spare him !—Hast thou felt

Through every pulse the bitterness of death ?

Oh ! look into my heart—that pang is there.

I know that thou wilt spare him !—See, this ring

Will make the ponderous dungeon-bolts give way :

This signet from thine unresisting hand

Thus let me draw !

[*Starting up.*]

'Tis mine—'tis mine —'tis mine !

My heart's warm blessing breathe into thy soul !

Oh, were that hand more guilty than it is,

Thus would I clasp it for a boon like this !

[*Goes out.*]

The foregoing necessarily brief tribute of praise is due to the numerous and striking beauties of this elegant volume.

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*Holmes on Consumption, 2nd Edition.*

Our medical practitioners of the present day, instead of involving their professions in a mysterious jargon seem, wisely, anxious to throw open the doors to popular investigation, and actually invite the afflicted to a discussion of their own cases, by placing before them plain and comprehensive descriptions. Such appears the character of the present work, whose principal object is to discuss the efficacy of external stimulants for those dreadful maladies of the chest producing consumption and death. Those powerful remedies, friction and inhaling, treated empirically by the unfortunate St. John, have in fact (as every reflective person considered they would) opened a new era in consumptive treatment, and the regular practitioner has gathered benefits from the daring experiments of that person, who, whatever his faults, received more than his due share of vituperation. The chapter entitled "Rheumatic Affections of the Chest," strikes us as deserving great attention, as rheumatism about the muscles of the heart has often baffled the skill of the cleverest physicians. That on bronchitis (or, in plain English, that disagreeable affection arising from a bad

cold) will attract general attention ; and, "On Hooping Cough," the especial consideration of mothers. The work deserves the popularity it obtained by its evident usefulness.

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*Life of the Duke of Wellington.*

Parts 2 and 3. Colburn.

This record of the professional and political career of the hero of the 19th century progresses through the second and third numbers in a manner highly satisfactory to the reader who wishes sound and genuine information regarding the fields won by, and the exploits of, Wellington. The second number leads us through his Indian triumphs ; the third introduces him on that Iberian Peninsula where his choicest laurels were reaped. Although not ostensibly a private life of the Duke of Wellington, we are here furnished with some interesting particulars hitherto unpublished, relating to his Grace's family.

The siege of Saragossa is a specimen of the eloquent brevity with which the author can touch a powerful subject ; we should like much to see a candid detail of facts connected with the career of Palafox, as wherever he was present the result of every struggle became, to a most extraordinary degree, desperately doubtful ; and yet our author, like Napier, and most British officers, holds him in low esteem.

The remarks on Palafox, however, in the third number, are in a more liberal spirit than those of Napier ; he likewise speaks of the Spaniards in a more generous spirit than does that spirited but petulant soldier.

The map and portrait illustrations of this work are good ; the third number is rich in additions of this nature, containing a capital though youthful-looking portrait of Napoleon, and one of the statesman, brother of the hero, the Marquis of Wellesley. We think a coloured tracing of the military routes on the map would considerably add to its value.

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*Coulson on Deformities of the Chest and Spine. Second Edition.*

If Mr. Coulson's warning voice is properly regarded he may add to the title

[THE COURT

of his work, "Life Preserver to the Fair Sex." No parent of growing families should be without this good book. It will save many victims if fathers, guided by its pages, will make inquisition into the martyrdoms their young girls may be enduring for the sake of wasp-like waists. Sometimes such mischiefs are perpetrated by unwise mothers and their handmaids, but after the period of childhood, a girl's own folly, and after girls have laced themselves into all the horrid diseases pointed out as the result of such doings, and spoilt their tempers by self-inflicted tortures, after all, be it remembered, they are only *womens'* beauties—for gentlemen, to do them justice, no more admire disproportion in the female form than they do in the race-horse, greyhound, or any other portion of the creation remarkable for delicate and graceful outline. The author's remarks on the principal cause of chest diseases, in relation to beauty of outline and complexion, are as valuable as they are interesting, and the many additional plates in this new edition render the work of greatly increased value and interest.

*English Protestant Martyrs. 1555.* By T. SMITH. Wright.

This small volume is a compilation of the leading facts connected with the Marian persecution, chiefly abstracted from the Book of Martyrs by Fox. It is well calculated to excite the terrors of those who are so ignorant of history and biography as to believe that similar results can happen in the nineteenth century.

*Adrian, a Tale of Italy.* By HENRY COOK. Parker.

"Adrian" is the production of a youthful aspirant, whose composition occasionally displays grace of expression and fluency of language. His best passages are those which show a close appreciation of nature in her various moods; but our young painter is too much occupied in minutely describing the appearance and features of his *dramatis personæ*, and the scenery of their situations, to pay sufficient atten-

tion to the dramatic action of his tale. But this is as it should be: for these descriptive powers, though too redundant for poetical excellence, will be continually called into action in his profession as a painter. The best passages in his volume are those which display the painter's rather than the poet's genius.

*Hood's Own.* No. 12.

Hood's Quaker's *Conversazione* is truly comic, full of those little dry touches that are worth cart-loads of actual puns.

His literary reminiscences are sparkling far enough for a jest book, though well deserving a better place; speaking of his old friend, the lamented Celia, he says:

"From Colebrook, Lamb removed to Enfield Chase,—a painful operation at all times, for as he feelingly misapplied Wordsworth, 'the moving accident was not his trade.' As soon as he was settled, I called upon him, and found him in a bad-looking yellowish house, with a bit of a garden, and a wasp's nest convenient, as the Irish say, for one stung my pony as he stood at the door. Lamb laughed at the fun; but, the clown says, the whirligig of time has brought round its revenges. He was one day bawtering my wife on her dread of wasps, when all at once he uttered a horrible shout,—a wounded specimen of the species had slyly crawled up the leg of the table, and stung him in the thumb. I told him it was a refutation well put in, like Smollett's timely snowball. 'Yes,' said he, 'and a stinging commentary on Macbeth—"

"By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.'"

#### EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

1. *Agnes; or, the Little Girl who could keep her Promise* is written by Mrs. Loudon who, as Miss Webb, attained considerable distinction in the literary world. Agnes is a sweet little story, ornamented with pretty woodcuts, which will do good to the infant mind, and was, doubtless, written for the benefit of Mrs. Loudon's own little girl.

2. *Charlie's Discoveries: or, a Good Use for Eyes and Ears*, is not equal in talent to the above, but is full of gentle instructive chit-chat, on matters

of natural history, is almost superabundantly illustrated with beautiful woodcuts, by Williams.

3. *Hymns for the Nursery Illustrated*—Were well known to the juvenile tribe of five and twenty years back, but our editions, with divers such amiable little lyrics, were without pictorial illustrations, for all was not then quite so rife as when this little volume first became a popular book. The embellishments are very elegant and spirited.

4. *Maternal Advice to a Daughter Leaving Home*—Is a little book for elder young ladies, who are either about to be married or thinking of it, and all the duties are set forth in the preceptual style of the last century. The volume is a compilation from the works of Hannah More, Mrs. Trimmer, Dr. Hawkesworth, and other favourite writers. The biographies are too vague and generalizing. Biographies of a page or two sink into a mere collection of panegyricizing epithets; it would have been better to have devoted the space to one biography—that of Hannah More for instance, and given an abstract of her life with interesting facts. Indiscriminate praise is not information.

5. *L'Echo de Paris. Parts 1, 2, 3.* By M. LEPAGE—The lively and natural phraseology of this book, so different from the pedantic dialogues by which colloquial French is usually taught, has justly won for *L'Echo de Paris* the distinction of a fourth edition. The present impression, by its strength of binding, appears intended for a permanent and useful school-book: as such, our English customers ought to have been a little more considered; for instance, however natural a proceeding "blowing soup" when too hot may be, it is considered rather a barbarism for English children to practice, and uncourtlike certainly to be inculcated. That lively and observant portion of humanity, 'ycleped the juvenile world, are for ever on the watch for precedents to justify derelictions from the etiquette-chain to which polite society dooms the poor little mortals who

would, one and all, be excessively charmed at being able to quote from a school-book, to justify cooling their broth in a manner that would throw their worthy instructors, or instructionesses, into professional dismay. As, however, it is in print, we recommend the teachers to point out the philosophy connected with the subjects, for the little creatures would be puzzled to tell how their heated breaths were likely to accomplish the purpose. This too national sentence can, however, be easily crossed out, and we see no other fault in the volume, so that we hope the author, and his recently burnt-out publisher, may meet with a welcome reception in every academy.

*The Gift of Conversation, Part 3*—Consists of English sentences, fitted to be rendered into French, as well for speech as for writing exercises.

ROYAL HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The principal, and a very great attraction at this house has been Mr. Charles Kean, who had been engaged by the able manager to perform a limited number of nights previous to his departure for America. Whether the manager could influence that talented actor to defer for awhile his transatlantic trip is a question which time alone can solve; but if we formed a judgment from the very elegant and full attendances when Mr. Kean acted, and those were the nights on which we chanced to be present, we should certainly be glad to find that he is at least less expeditious than he intended. His Richard III. was particularly satisfactory and highly applauded. It is needless to attempt now-a-days to enter into a critical examination of the parts he enacts: as experience teacheth wisdom, so every day's knowledge of the world, carefully applied by a discerning mind will tame down the man, and make him more and more a follower of nature. There have been many very agreeable and excellent pieces constantly in the nightly bill of fare, sufficient to ensure that quantum of patronage which has never departed from the favourite Haymarket Theatre.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

**May 30.**—The Queen went to Ascot races in an open carriage, drawn by four grays, with out-riders in scarlet liveries. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent sat by the side of Her Majesty, their S.H's. the Prince and Princess Leiningen sitting opposite. H.I.H. the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, and H.R.H. Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands, were presented to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

**31.**—Her Majesty accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Leiningen, and the royal suite, arrived in town from Windsor Castle.

**June 1.**—Viscounts Melbourne and Duncannon had audience of Her Majesty. The Queen rode on horseback for two hours, accompanied by Prince and Princess Leiningen. Her Majesty, accompanied by her august Mother and suite, honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

**Sunday, 2.**—The Queen attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty afterwards took an airing in the parks. The Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta also attended the service, and remained at the Chapel Royal to receive the sacrament.

**3.**—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace. Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audience of Her Majesty.

**4.**—Viscount Duncannon and Viscount Melbourne had audiences. The Queen took an airing in the Parks in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and a distinguished party, honoured the Italian Opera House with her presence.

**5.**—Her Majesty held a levee, and afterwards an investiture of the order of the Bath after the levee in the Royal Closet; her Majesty wearing the mantle of the order.

**6.**—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty rode out on horseback, attended by her suite. The Duchess of Gloucester gave a ball at Gloucester House, which was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty.

**7.**—Her Majesty had an evening party; the suite of state rooms were opened and a band attended in the throne-room. Her Majesty and her illustrious visitors entered the rooms at half-past ten o'clock. Refreshments were served in the picture gallery.

**8.**—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audiences of her Majesty.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess

of Kent, and a large suite honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex visited her Majesty.

In the afternoon, her Majesty took an airing in an open carriage in the parks.

**10.**—The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences.

Her Majesty and suite rode out on horseback.

**11.**—Audiences were granted to Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Hill.

The Queen, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

**12.**—Her Majesty held an investiture of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath. Her Majesty was pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg (uncle to her Majesty), and then vested his Serene Highness with the ensigns of a Knight Grand Cross of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath.

Her Majesty gave audiences to Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Palmerston, and Sir H. Vivian.

Her Majesty drove out in an open carriage and four, accompanied by Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, and the Prince and Princess of Leiningen.

**13.**—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.

The Royal dinner party included the Duke of Argyll, Marquises of Normanby and Anglesey, Earls of Liverpool, Clanwilliam, Chesterfield, and Uxbridge, Countesses of Chesterfield and Clanwilliam, Ladies Seymour, Adelaide Paget, and Louisa Jenkinson, Lords Seymour, Alfred Paget, and George Paget.

**14.**—The Earl of Albemarle and Viscount Melbourne had audiences.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough House.

The Queen gave a concert at Buckingham Palace. The grand saloon was fitted up as a music room. The adjacent drawing-rooms and picture-gallery were opened and brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Supper was served in the dining-room.

**15.**—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty took an airing in an open landau and four, accompanied by the Princess



Victoire of Saxe Coburg and the Princess of Leiningen.

Her Majesty honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

16.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

17.—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.

The Queen-Dowager rode in the Park, attended by her suite. The Queen gave a state ball at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty entered the throne-room at eleven o'clock; and, soon after, opened the ball in a quadrille, dancing with Prince Doria; H.R.H. the Princess dancing in the same, with Viscount Torrington, and after other quadrilles the Queen passed to the other ball-room, where Her Majesty danced a quadrille with the Earl of March, and in the same H.R.H. the Princess Augusta of Cambridge danced with Baron Gersdorff, the Saxon minister. At one o'clock Her Majesty went to the dining-room, where supper was served, on tables extending around the room. The beautet of gold plate contained a number of the finest shields, vases, cups, and tankards in the royal collection, brilliantly illuminated with gold candelabra and sconces, and having a back-ground of crimson drapery and gold.

The dresses of the ladies were very rich and elegant, and the display of diamonds and precious stones most brilliant. Among the most splendid costumes were those of the Marchioness of Abercorn and the Marchioness of Londonderry, the former wearing her diamond girdle. Prince John Tontzo appeared in a Greek dress; and the Marquis of Douglas, Mr. Campbell Macdonald, and others, wore the Highland dress; Prince Esterhazy wore a pelisse of deep crimson velvet profusely decorated with diamonds and pearls, also the order of the golden fleece set in precious stones; and several foreign noblemen were dressed in the costume of their respective countries.

18.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Princess and young Princes of Leiningen, and attended by the Marchioness of Normanby, were present at a *divertissement* given by the Duchess of Gloucester to her youthful niece the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager also visited the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House.

The Queen honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

19.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty rode out on horseback, accompanied by the Princess Leiningen and suite. The two Princesses of Hohenlohe landed at the Tower-stairs from the Continent.

20.—The Queen held a Drawing Room at St. James's Palace. The following ladies had

the honour of being presented to Her Majesty:—

Astley, Lady ..... Lady Talbot Malhide  
Aylesford, Countess of .... Ctss. of Warwick  
Allardice, Miss B. .... Mrs. Gurney  
Barclay, Mrs. D. .... Countess of Zetland  
Baker, Lady .... } Dow. Lady Rendlesham  
Baker, Miss .... }  
Bouverie, Miss B. .... } by her mother, Hon.  
Bouverie, Miss L.B. } Mrs. P. Bouverie  
Bingham, Lady .... Countess of Chichester  
Bentinck, Miss R. .... Lady Courtenay  
Browne, Mrs. P. .... Lady Radstock  
Buckingham & Chan- }  
dos, Duchess of .... } Lady Nugent  
Baskerville, Mrs. .... March. of Lansdowne  
Burgess, Mrs. .... Lady MacLaine  
Buller, Mrs. .... Viscountess Andover  
Bowers, Mrs. .... Lady Trimleston  
Bowers, Miss .... her mother, Mrs. Bowers  
Buckley, Mrs. H. .... Mrs. L. Fox  
Bligh, Miss .... Countess of Roden  
Beverley, Countess of .... Lady Howick  
Burke, Miss .... Mrs. Dawson  
Balfour, Mrs. .... Duchess of Bedford  
Balfour, Miss Elizabeth .... } Mrs. Balfour  
Balfour, Miss E. .... }  
Croft, Miss E. A. .... Lady Croft  
Colborne, Lady { upon Ld. Colborne's elevation to the peerage, by the Ctss. of Albemarle  
Cavan, Countess of { on her marriage, by Lady Hetherton  
Cust, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady H. Paget  
Coltman, Lady .... Lady Stratheden  
Carnegie, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady Nightingale  
Clarendon, Ctss. of .... Hon. Mrs. Villiers  
Capel, Lady A. .... her mother, Lady C. Capel  
Capel, Lady C. .... Lady H. Paget  
Colborne, Miss R. { by her mother, Lady Colborne  
Charlton, Mrs. .... Viscountess Howick  
Cook, Mrs. .... Countess of Zetland  
Croft, Miss .... Lady Croft  
Charlton, Miss .... Viscountess Howick  
Charlton, Miss K. .... Viscountess Howick  
Conyers, Miss C. .... her aunt, Lady Wrottesley  
Cust, Miss F. .... by her mother, Hon. Mrs. Cust  
Chelsea, Viscountess .... Countess of Cadogan  
Dare, Mrs. H. .... Countess of Albemarle  
Digby, Mrs. G. .... Dow. Countess of Ilchester  
Delamere, Lady .... Countess of Surrey  
Dennistoun, Mrs. J. .... March. of Breadalbane  
Doveton, Lady .... her sister, Lady Russell  
Douglas, Lady .... Lady Montagu  
Davis, Mrs. S. .... Lady C. Russell  
Dawson, Hon. Mrs. Massy. .... Visctss. Forbes  
Douro, the March. of .... Lady Maryborough  
Killiot, Hon. Mrs. J. .... Lady A. M. Donkin  
Eversfield, Miss. .... her mother, Mrs. Tredcroft  
Ellice, Mrs. E. .... Duchess of Bedford  
Frere, Miss M.F. .... her mother, Mrs. Frere  
Foster, Lady. .... Countess of Albemarle  
Franks, Miss. .... by her sister, Lady J. Norreys  
Fellowes, Miss H. .... }  
Fellowes, Lady C. .... } Lady Courtenay  
Fellowes, Miss .... }  
Foulis, Lady .... Lady Mary Ross  
Finch, Lady A. .... her mother, Ctss. Aylsford  
Frere, Mrs. W. .... Countess of Luxborough

Graves, Hon. Miss ..... Lady C. Capel  
 Gladstone, Miss. .... Viscountess Canning  
 Griffiths, Mrs. J. .... March. of Normanby  
 Godsel, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady de Saumarez  
 Gore, Miss A. } their mother, Lady Gore  
 Gore, Miss M. }  
 Gurney, Lady ..... Mrs. Gurney  
 Godsal, Miss, her mother, Hon. Mrs. Godsal  
 Gore, Lady } Queen Dowager's House-  
 } hold, by Visctss Barrington  
 Harriott, Mrs. General. .... Mrs. Storey  
 Hughan, Lady L. .... Marchioness Tavistock  
 Hadley, Mrs. G. .... Mrs. Tredcroft  
 Henderson, Miss. .... Lady M'Gregor  
 Holroyd, Mrs. T. .... Lady Stratheden  
 Hill, Lady G. .... Countess of Albemarle  
 Hill, Mrs. A. .... Marchess. of Londonderry  
 Hibbert, Mrs. J. N. .... Countess of Orkney  
 Hill, Lady G. .... Countess of Albemarle  
 Hawkins, Miss A. .... Lady A. Lennox  
 Hall, Miss. .... Dowager Lady De Clifford  
 Herbert, Lady C. } by their mother, the  
 } Herbert, Lady L. } Countess of Powis  
 Hankey, Mrs. J. A. .... Hon. Mrs. S. Bathurst  
 Hare, Mrs. .... Marchioness of Normanby  
 Hale, Lady T. Dowager Lady de Clifford  
 Jerningham, Hon. Mrs. S. .... Cts. Surrey  
 Jones, Mrs. C. .... Mrs. J. H. Vivian  
 Jelf, Mrs. .... Mrs. Barnard  
 Lyons, Miss. .... Countess of Surrey  
 Lyons, Lady ..... Countess of Surrey  
 Liddell, Hon. G. .... Lady Ravensworth  
 Lefevre, Mrs. T. .... Viscountess Howick  
 Law, Mrs. .... Lady Imhoff  
 Lurgan, Lady ..... Countess of Charlemont  
 Lawley, Hon. Miss, her mo., Lady Wenlock  
 Leigh, Lady ..... Hon. Mrs. Leigh  
 Lascelles, Miss A. .... Lady Rodney  
 Leigh, Hon. Miss ..... Lady Leigh  
 Madocks, Mrs. W. A. } by her daughter,  
 } Mrs. G. Holford.  
 M'Taggart, Miss. .... Mrs. M'Taggart  
 M'Taggart, Mrs. .... March. of Tavistock  
 Le Marchant, Mrs. .... Lady Cottenham  
 Methuen, Miss ..... by her mother  
 Magan, Miss G. E. .... Lady T. de Malahide  
 Macan, Miss ..... Lady Lurgan  
 Meux, Miss ..... Lady Meux  
 Money, Lady R. .... Countess Somers  
 Melville, Miss W. .... Countess of Chichester  
 Melville, Lady C. W., Countess of Chichester  
 Meux, Lady ..... Lady Bowyer Smyth  
 Madocks, Miss ..... her mother, Mrs. Madocks  
 Mytton, Mrs. .... Lady Wrottesley  
 Methuen, Lady .... Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Musgrave, Mrs. R. .... Countess Mexborough  
 Montrose, Duchess of ..... Visctss Beresford  
 Millett, Mrs. .... Lady Rodney  
 M'Evoy, Mrs. .... Lady Talbot de Malahide  
 Newdigate, Lady B. .... Lady H. Paget  
 Newdigate, Miss. .... Lady B. Newdigate  
 Nichol, Mrs. .... Mrs. Stewart  
 North, Lady S. .... Countess of Sheffield  
 Ord, Mrs. .... Marchioness of Lansdowne  
 Pegus, Miss. .... Lady C. Guest  
 Poland, Lady ..... Lady Mayoress  
 Perceval, Mrs. S. .... Lady Seymour  
 Powis, Countess. .... March. of Tweeddale  
 Pennefather, Lady E. .... Cts. Dow. of Clare  
 Paul, Miss. .... March. of Normanby  
 P'oney, Miss. .... her sister, Mrs. Smith

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Prior, Mrs. M. .... Lady Lumley  
 Pigott, Mrs. .... her mother, Lady Wilder  
 Ros, Lady de. .... Dow. Duch. of Richmond  
 Russell, Miss. .... her mother, Lady Russell  
 Rodney, Miss. .... Lady Rodney  
 Rycroft, Lady. .... Lady C. Copley  
 Riddell, Miss. .... Visctss. Howick  
 Rutherford, Mrs. .... Cts. Dow. of Clare  
 Riddell, Mrs. .... Visctss. Howick  
 Roche, Lady. .... March. of Normanby  
 Robertson, Mrs. .... March. of Lansdowne  
 Russell, Lady. .... Countess de Lawarr  
 Ray, Mrs. E. B. .... Lady T. Lister  
 Roden, Countess. .... Duch. of Sutherland  
 Richardson, Mrs. C. .... Lady Morison  
 Rowland Smyth, Hon. } Rt. Hon. Lady de  
 } Saumarez.  
 Sharp, Mrs. R. .... Lady Timblestown  
 Sefton, Countess of. .... Countess of Wilton  
 Saumarez, Hon. Miss. .... Lady de Saumarez  
 Smith, Miss L. .... Lady Cottenham  
 Sadler, Mrs. H. .... Lady Rodney  
 Starkie, Mrs. Le G. .... Lady Herries  
 Sharp, Miss. .... her mother, Mrs. R. Sharp  
 Styleman, Mrs. .... Mrs. Stewart  
 Spring Rice, Mrs. S. } on her marriage, by  
 } her mother, Mrs.  
 } Frere  
 Smith, Mrs. .... Dow. Countess of Ilchester  
 Styleman, Miss. .... her mo. Lady Styleman  
 Smyth, Miss E. B. } by their mother, Lady  
 } Smyth, Miss B. } B. Smyth  
 Seymour, Lady E. .... Lady Seymour  
 Siwle, Miss G. .... Mrs. Tremayne  
 Smyth, Lady B. of Hill Hall. .... March. of Ely  
 St. John, Right Hon. } her mar. by the Dow.  
 } Lady St. John  
 Sawle, Lady Graves. .... Mrs. Tremayne  
 Sheffield, Lady ..... Countess of Ilchester  
 Thorn, Mrs. .... Lady Herries  
 Tremayne, Miss ..... Lady Courtenay  
 Travers, Miss } Duch. Richmond  
 Travers, Miss Isabella }  
 } her return from New Gre-  
 } nada, by March. Lans-  
 } downe  
 Turner, Mrs. }  
 Turnour, Lady Caroline. .... Countess of Powis  
 Teed, Mrs. T. .... Lady Talbot de Malahide  
 Teedcroft, Mrs. .... Duch. Dow. of Richmond  
 Talfourd, Mrs. T. N. .... March. of Normanby  
 Wilson, Miss. .... Dow. Lady Bedingfield  
 White, Mrs. H. .... March. of Normanby  
 Winterton, Cts. .... Lucy, Cts. of Winterton  
 Lady Wenlock } on Lord Wenlock's ele-  
 } vation to the peerage,  
 } by Lady Lyttleton  
 Walker, Mrs. .... Lady Beresford  
 Wrottesley, Lady. .... Lady Lyttleton  
 Whitgreave, Mrs. .... Lady Smythe  
 Wynne, Mrs. (of Peniarth). .... Mrs. O. Gore  
 Wilder, Lady. .... Lady M'Grigor  
 Miss C. Whitgreave } Mrs. Whitgreave  
 Miss Whitgreave }  
 Wilmot Horton, Miss. .... Ly. Wil. Horton  
 Wickham, Mrs. H. } her mar. by Countess  
 } Dow. of Ilchester  
 21.—The Queen held a Court at Bucking-  
 ham Palace.  
 22.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill  
 had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty,  
 accompanied by the Princess Theresa of

Hohenloe, and the Princess of Leiningen, honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

23.—The Queen attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; the Queen-Dowager and the Princess Augusta also attended the service. The service was preached by the Hon. and Rev. N. Greville.

Sir John and Lady Conroy and family left town for a tour on the continent.

24.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. The Queen rode out on horseback, accompanied by the Princess Leiningen and suite.

25.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen, attended by a numerous suite, rode out on horseback yesterday. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Leiningen, honoured the Italian Opera House with their presence.

26.—Her Majesty held a levee at St. James's Palace.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to Her Majesty :—

Marquis Douro.

Earls:—Powis (on succeeding to the title) Scarborough, Beverley (on his return from abroad), Winterton.

Viscount Chelsea.

Lords:—Methuen, Bayning, A. Loftus, Brooke, de Ros (on succeeding to the title) Douglas.

Count de Morel de Champermount.

Honourables:—Capt. Cavendish, R.N. (on his marriage); G. S. N. Jerningham (on his appointment to be Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation at Madrid); F. Charteris, L. M. Wilkins, A. Stewart, C. Howard, S. Lyttleton, W. Cust, and Rev. R. Cust, Chas. Wrottesley.

Baronets:—G. Chetwynd, E. Filmer, C. G. Stuart Montearth, J. Chetwode.

Knights:—W. Medlicott, R. Sheffield, H. Marsh, R. Bycroft.

Rev. Doctor:—Holloway.

Rev. Messieurs:—J. Carver, J. Rowlands, H. Buckley, G. S. Montearth, W. Harrison, on his appointment as Domestic Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; C. Jones, J. W. Holme, F. C. Glynn.

Doctors:—T. M. Peters, Sidley, Farral.

Messieurs:—G. L. Phillips, Wise, C. F. Huth, R. L. Wilson, E. Bligh, Ward, Drummond, Turnor, Symons, Woodall, F. C. Anstey, M. Carvick, Pigot, Wright, Egginton, B. Beaumont, S. Gregson, R. Neave, T. S. Carter, S. Scott, T. S. Cocks, jun., J. O. C. Read, S. Galbraith, S. Motte, B. McCormick, E. Williams, H. Stubber, G. Campbell, Trant, J. L. Wilmot, W. Young, Shaw, T. Bland, W. Porter, W. Nicol, F. Huddleston, F. Scott, Lockyer, B. Tindal, J. Raikes, Macguire, C. Hyde, R. F. Gordon, J. Johnson, Thiselton, C. L. Phipps, High Sheriff for Wiltshire, R. H. Williamson, on going to India, Boulbee, Ecott, S. J. Brown, S. Digby, T. B. Roupell, R. Archer Houblon, Hepworth, Nero-digate, Seymour, Burgess, Massey Dawson, G. Smith, James Lean, on his return from

India, Evanson, R. Owen, O'Gorman Mahon.

Captains:—C. Lewis, Sir James Stirling, R.N., on his return from service; Inglefield, R.N., on being appointed a Companion of the Bath; Kingcome, R.N., on his promotion and return from India; C. F. Daly, R.N., C.B., on receiving the Companionship of the Bath; Burnett, R.N., W. H. Henderson, R.N., Meadow Taylor, J. Gray, Sampson, W. Ridley, Shaw, Hill, Alexander Boddam, Henry Wilson, H. A. Jackson, Brand, Boulton, Weir, Mackenzie.

Lieutenants:—C. Ellice, Gen. Sir Thomas Hawker, K.C.H., on appointment to be Colonel of the 6th Dragoon Guards; Col. Clarke, on promotion; Col. Trickey, Col. Townshend, W. James, R.N., H. Dunlop, R.N., on his return from abroad; Col. Butler, Gen. Lord C. Manners, Col. C. Kennedy, on being appointed a Companion of the Bath; Col. Ferguson, Boyce H. Combe, H. Delamain, W. Lindsay, Fitzroy, Thorndike, Col. Buller, Frith, Somerset, B. Granville Lazard, Greene, Francis Seymour, Le Mesurier, Frederick Henry Laing, Stracey, Cunch, J. S. Shoett, Percy, Trelawney, Grant, G. McCall, W. R. Lewis, E. P. Bryant.

Commanders:—J. Reeve, on paying off Her Majesty's ship Lily; Castle, on return from foreign service; Larcom, J. L. Parkin.

Colonels:—Bunbury, Sir Hen. McLeod, on return from the West Indies.

Majors:—Hope, Power, Gen. Count F. Rivarola, K.C.H.; Irton, on promotion; Gen. Wright, Rumsey, Allen, on being appointed one of Her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Chamber; Gen. Andrews, on promotion; Gen. Sheilham, on promotion; J. W. Henderson, Irving.

Cornets:—Monro, Francis.

Ensigns:—Edward Warwick Harvey, Walter Prout, Sydenham Rose, Ewart, J. Butler Fellowes, Wedderburne, Charles Sygon Cocks, Thomas Cochrane Inglis.

After the levee Her Majesty gave audience, in the royal closet, to the Earl of Clarendon.

27.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. The Queen rode out on horseback, attended by her suite. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager also rode out on horseback, with her suite, in the parks.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, June 1, 7, 9.  
H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, June 7.  
Prince and Princess Leiningen, June 1.  
Duke Frederick of Saxe Coburg, June 3.  
Princess Victoire and Princes Augustus and Leopold of Saxe Coburg, June 3.  
Viscount Melbourne, June 5, 10, 12, 21, 26.  
Lord Byron, May 31, June 1, 26.  
Earl of Surrey, May 31, June 21, 26.  
Earl of Uxbridge, June 3, 5, 10, 13, 26.  
Earl of Albemarle, June 3.  
Lord Lyttelton, June 3.  
Baroness Tennevessy, June 3.

[THE COURT

Count Alexander Mensdorf, June 3.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, June 3, 21.  
 Viscount Palmerston, June 5, 19.  
 Viscount Falkland, June 5.  
 Viscount Torrington, June 5.  
 Lord and Lady Portman, June 5.  
 Duke of Wellington, June 10.  
 Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, June 10.  
 Marquis and March. of Tavistock, June 10.  
 Lord and Lady Cowley, June 10.  
 Lord Morpeth, June 12.  
 Lord A. Paget, June 12.  
 Right Hon. G. S. Byng, June 12.  
 Mr. G. E. Anson, June 12.  
 Duke of Argyll, June 13.  
 Marquis of Normanby, June 13.  
 Marquis of Anglesea, June 13.  
 Earl of Liverpool, June 13.  
 Earl and Countess of Clauwilliam, June 13.  
 Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, June 13.  
 Lady Seymour, June 13.  
 Lady Adelaide Paget, June 13.  
 Lady Louisa Jenkinson, June 13.  
 Lord Seymour, June 13.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, June 13.  
 Lord George Paget, June 13.  
 Earl and Countess Cowper, June 21.  
 Lord and Lady Ashley, June 21.  
 Lord Levison, June 31.  
 Hon. S. Cowper, June 26.  
 Dow. Countess and Lady F. Cowper, June 26.  
 Count Valentine Esterhazy, June 26.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, June 26.  
 Mr. Rogers, June 26.

Mr. G. E. Anson, June 26.  
 Rt. Hon. Sir J. Hobhouse, June 27.  
 Hon. C. Howard, June 27.

*The following accompanied Her Majesty in her Rides and Drives and visits to the Theatre.*

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, May 31, June 1, 8, 11.  
 Their Serene H's Prince and Princess Leiningen, May 31, June 1, 12.  
 Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, June 12.  
 Baroness Lehzen, June 12, 21, 27.  
 Lady Lyttleton, June 2.  
 Hon. Miss Spring Rice, June 2, 11, 12.  
 Hon. Miss Paget, June 2, 12.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, June 2, 21.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, June 2, 21, 27.  
 Hon. Major Keppell, June 2.  
 Col. Wemyss, June 2, 6, 11, 21, 27.  
 Earl of Fingall, June 6.  
 Hon. Major Keppell, June 6.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, June 6.  
 Marchioness of Normanby, June 11, 15.  
 Baroness Tenyevessy, June 11.  
 Lord Byron, June 11, 21.  
 Mr. Rich, June 11, 21.  
 Hon. Miss Cocks, June 21.  
 Hon. Miss Cavendish, June 21.  
 Miss Quentin, June 21, 27.  
 Lord Gardner, June 27.  
 Earl of Belfast, June 27.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, June 27.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, June 21, 27.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 679.—*Morning Walking Dress and Toilette d'Interieur.*—Walking Dress.—Redingotte of *poux de soie*, *coulour cendre*. The corsage is made to sit perfectly tight to the bust, and without a waistband. The back is plain, the fronts *en châte*, like a gentleman's waistcoat, with collar turned over and lappels turned back; it merely meets at the waist in front (see plate). It will be perceived that the collar and fronts are lined with buckram or some other stiffening to make them sit as in the plate. The sleeves are tight at top, confined in plaits towards the wrist, the remainder full. The skirt, which is very long and very ample has five *rouleaux* down each side of the front, which are continued round the bottom of the skirt. These *rouleaux* are put in a bunch close together at the waist, but occupy a wider space as they go down (see plate). The chemisette is of cambric, the front in set plaits, and *à sabot*, or small plaited frill down the front; round the neck

is a lace or cambric frill. The ruffles are cambric trimmed with lace. Hat of *paille de riz* lined and trimmed with delicate pink *crepe lisse*. A bunch of roses is placed as low as possible at the right side, and a light wreath of the same crosses the brow and descends a little at each side under the front of the hat. Hair in bands. Pale yellow gloves. Black varnished leather shoes.

Sitting Figure.—*Toilette d'Interieur.* *Home Morning Dress.*—Dress of white muslin: corsage *demi decolletée* (half high); the back has a few gathers at the waist; the fronts cross and are in large set folds or plaits (see plate): round the neck is a narrow lace. The sleeves are short and do not even cover the elbow: they are quite tight and have five double tucks (which are cut the cross way) put on as plain as possible and close together, so that the upper tuck covers the putting on of the one below it, and so on. The skirt has rather a deep flounce at the very bottom. Apron of *broché* silk with a flounce

of the same all round and a double one at the bottom (see plate); the pockets are on the outside, rather pointed at bottom: they are put on with a narrow flounce all round except at top. The cap consists of a mere *cornet à la paysanne*; the crown is like a half handkerchief plaited into form at the back: the lappets in front descend below the ears and are turned up again and fastened amidst the plaits at the back of the cap; they are considerably stiffened and in three or four deep plaits or folds. A coloured ribbon, after forming a rosette-bow in front, encircles the cap and finishes in a bow with long ends at back; a small bouquet of roses is placed at the left side (see plate). Hair in smooth bands, the ends braided and turned up at each side of the face. Bow of coloured ribbon fastening the corsage in front. Hair chain. Half-long black netting mittens.

No. 770.—*Grande Toilette de Visites, or Carriage Costume*.—Redingote of rich green satin; the corsage half-high, made to fit the bust as accurately as possible. The corsage has a seam down the centre of the back, and each side of the front, it may be remarked (see plate) is in two pieces. It has also a full jacket at back and a slight point in front, being made without a ceinture. A *revers en châle*, turning over like a flat collar at back, and forming a kind of lappel in front finishes the top of the

corsage. This *revers* has a trifling cut on the shoulder (see plate) so as to form a point to the lappel, and is trimmed round with a narrow white blonde. The corsage is fastened down the front with silk buttons. The sleeves are plain on the shoulder and very full all the way down. The skirt of the dress is *en tablier*, formed by a very thick *ruche* (quilling) *découpé*, which goes down each side of the front of the dress, in the style of robings, and is continued round the entire back of the skirt. A row of buttons to match those on the corsage goes down the front breadth of the dress. Drawn *capotte* of pink crape. The front is *évasée*, and very long at the sides. It will also be perceived (see plate) that the centre of the front is much less deep than the sides. The crown is rather small at top. The trimming is of crape, cut on the cross-way, and a plume of marabouts is placed low at the left side of the *capotte*. Underneath the front arc to be seen at each side four full-blown roses without foliage. Chemisette *décolletée*, trimmed with three rows of narrow lace. Cambric ruffles, trimmed with narrow lace, top and bottom. Hair in bands. Yellow kid gloves. Black shoes.

*Second, or Sitting Figure*.—The dress which gives the back of the one just described, is composed of *pour de soie, couleur cendre*. The *capotte* is of straw-colour *pour de soie*. White gloves. Fan.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, June 23d, 1839.

I hasten to fulfil your wishes, *chérie*, and send you the *very newest* patterns of dresses—of course I mean the newest *façons*. As to a corsage made up to the throat, such a thing is quite antediluvian at present. Indeed, if you were to be seen so attired, you might expect the court of your hotel to be filled with carriages for three days, all your friends coming to inquire if you had recovered from your *fluxion de poitrine*. Nothing but a dangerous malady of that kind could be supposed to induce you to make such a fright of yourself, or be deemed sufficient excuse for appearing in the promenades or

drives dressed like your grandmother, supposing your *bonne maman* (grandmother) to have attained the age of seventy, for I need scarcely remind you that there is no such thing in existence as a fashionable French woman between the ages of forty-eight and seventy. And before they attain the former age they are very nearly, if not quite, sixty in the eye of the world. Then they become *d'un certain âge*, and that is of several years' duration. So *ma chère prenez garde je t-en prie*, and do not on any account cover your throat, or wear a dress fastened up in front. Before two o'clock in the day, you may venture upon a closed *chemisette*. The

standing figure in plate 769 will give you the exact pattern of a very pretty one, to be made in cambric, the fronts in deepplaits, and a small plaited *sabot* or frill down the front. No collar, but a mere frill of lace or cambric overcast at the edge, round the neck, and I have seen several with one or two small plaited frills (to turn down) similar to the *sabot*. The corsage of the dress best adapted to these chemisettes is à *châle*, with collar and lappels turned back: what is called a *corsage croisé* sits too tight and too flat over it. The corsages are made without ceintures (waistbands), and are finished at bottom with a small piping. Some have a small point in front, and others are without; these latter are so sloped as to give them the appearance of being slightly rounded, and a little longer waisted at front than at back. The waists at present are worn very long, and the skirts very long also. The sleeves are tight on the shoulder, the remainder full, with a deep *poignet* (wristband). Flounces are fashionable, but other trimmings equally so, as *ruches* cut out at the edge, and plaited thickly in the middle, two rows put as close as possible together. Puff or *bouillon* trimmings. *Rouleaux* from three to five placed at distances. And *passenterie* silk trimmings, with buttons and fringes, &c., of all descriptions. For muslin dresses flounces must supply the place of all other *garnitures*.

The fashionable materials for dresses are silks *chinée* (clouded) and *gorge de pigeon* (shot). Some of the latter in dark shades are particularly rich, as very dark green shot with orange, dark purple shot with orange, deep blue and orange, green shot with red. Some lighter shades are also pretty, as a very delicate blue shot with pale pink, light lilac with apple-green, besides numerous others. *Mousselines-de-laine* are much worn—the new patterns particularly. These are à *dessins grecs*, and indeed all Eastern patterns, as Cashmere stripes, Persian palms, and à *ramages Perses*. All over patterns of Persian flowers. They are certainly very elegant, but too showy for those who prefer a plain style of dress. One of these robes will not alone display every colour in the rainbow, but all the

different styles of *dessins* that I have named. There will be narrow Cashmere stripes of bright colours, a running pattern in each stripe of an opposite colour, then there will be a broad space of white. Very light blue or yellow covered with a *ramage* in dark browns and greens, and that broad space will have on one side a narrower stripe of a dark but bright colour, which will have palms all along! In fact, it is almost impossible to describe them. The *dessins* of the newest coloured muslins are in the same style.

I have nothing very new to say on the subject of ball dresses: all our balls are, I may say, over. Corsages à *pointe*. Sleeves very short; skirts trimmed with flowers, bows of ribbon, or lace. In short, I may refer you to my last letters, as I have nothing newer to offer.

*Hats*.—I have been telling you that the hats were diminishing in size, and you can scarcely imagine how small they are just now, yet withal anything but pretty. The fronts are cut away to nothing, especially in the centre of the front; they are deeper at the sides, and descend very low; they nearly meet under the chin, but instead of being close and elegant as the little *bibis* were, they are the most staring bonnets you ever saw: the fronts stand nearly upright especially over the brow; they are worn far back, so that the head is exposed far beyond the division of the hair. The crowns are low and broad at the base, though small at top. The trimming, whether flowers, bows, or feathers, is quite low at the side. A roll of *crêpe lisse* is all that crosses the front; this plainness adds to the appearance of breadth, so that when I look at one of those low, broad *chapeaux* it somehow reminds me of a little monster stunted in its growth. Flowers intermixed with *crêpe lisse* are worn underneath the fronts in place of blonde, which is totally exploded. The fashionable hats are made of *gros de Naples*, *poux de soie*, and *gros d'Afrique*. The drawn *capottes* of silk, crape, tulle, or lace (black or white), transparent of course. Hats of *paille de riz* are à *l'ordinaire de grande vogue*. Leghorns are entirely out. Straw bonnets trimmed with black lace, and black, green,

or red velvet, or rich plaid ribbons, are much worn. The flowers adapted to them are field-flowers.

*Hair.*—Ringlets à l'Anglaise is the most fashionable style of wearing the front hair, the back twisted up in *rouleaux à la duchesse*. *Les coiffures Grecs* are much adopted *en grande toilette*, with the front hair in *bandeaux*, and a string of pearls round the head. When flowers are worn, they are placed just over the back of the ear in a drooping position at the left side. *Perronniers* are much in fashion, and in the morning a simple band of narrow black velvet ribbon goes round the head and crosses the brow, just over the roots of the hair.

*Lingerie.*—There are many pretty articles in this department of the toilette. *Canezous* are again coming in. They are nearly similar to those worn a few years since, with the exception that like the corsages of the dresses they are low in the neck. They are taken in to a ceinture, and have a few gathers at the waist at back. The fronts are either in gathers or set plaits from the shoulder-strap, and cross in front a little above the ceinture, like a *corsage de robe*.

There are small *jockeis* or caps on the shoulders; they are trimmed with lace—the lace rather narrower and less full as it goes down towards the waist both at front and back; a double row, deeper and more full, forms the garniture over the shoulder. The inner side is trimmed with a narrow lace standing up. The materials preferred for these *canezous* are sprigged and spotted *tulles*. I have seen some very elegant made of black lace and net. Some very rich expensive *canezous* are made of *guipere*. Now, I shall give you directions to make a very pretty *nouveauté* in the style of a *fichu*. Take two bands of nice clear muslin, or pretty sprigged or spotted tulle, each band six fingers long and three wide (you understand I mean the English manner of measuring by fingers)—or perhaps it will be clearer if ~~they~~ three quarters long, and half that width), set each band into three regular folds or plaits—the breadth of a plait between each two—join them in a point at back—the point must be precisely the half square—trim the

inner side with a narrow lace, neither quite plain nor very full, the outer edge to be trimmed with a deeper lace, put on tolerably full, until it comes about half way down the front, where it is to be gradually diminished in width as well as fullness. The *fichu* crosses in front and fastens beneath the ceinture, if one be worn; if not, the ends to be trimmed with the narrow lace that goes inside; it will then be merely pinned at the waist. Of course it is to be worn over the dress.

Now that I have given you a lesson upon *fichu* making, shall I give you another upon *economie domestique*, and teach you to make delicious *lavender water* and *lavender vinegar*?

You will soon have lavender in your garden fit for this use. Take two ounces of the fresh lavender spikes, put them into a wide mouthed bottle, which must be well stopped, and pour upon them a quart of spirits of wine at thirty-two-degrees. Let them steep a month, and then filter through filtering paper. Dried lavender does not answer so well as the fresh.

*Lavender Vinegar.*—Take three pounds of fresh lavender spikes, let them steep during one month in four quarts of strong vinegar; filter through paper.

You know that both this lavender water and vinegar are delightfully refreshing for the toilette in warm weather. A little of the latter poured into water I particularly recommend to your notice. Rosemary vinegar is made in the same way, and also very agreeable.

This reminds me of the little *sachets* (scent bags) we made together when we were *démoiselles*, in which we mixed all sorts of aromatic leaves, as mint, balm, rosemary, sweet basil, the lemon-scented verbena, &c. &c.;—that was before we found, *mechant*, gouty husbands to contradict us at every moment! *Mais, me voila au bout de mon papier*—and I had many other things to tell you about—and I have only space to add that the colours in vogue are, for hats—white, pink, pale lilac, and *paille*; for dresses—*cendre, écrue*, lavender, and drab or *poussière*.

*Adieu ma bien aimée toute à toi,*

L. de F.—.

[COURT MAG.]



# THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

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UNITED SERIES, VOL. IV.]

[ANCIENT PORTRAIT SERIES, VOL. XV.

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## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS;  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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MEMOIR OF THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA STUART,  
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND,  
AND WIFE TO PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

*Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, superbly coloured from the original at Versailles.*

THE Princess Henrietta Stuart, youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, was born June 16, 1644, at Exeter, during the period of the civil wars in England; and her earliest infancy, like that of her unfortunate mother, was marked by events of no ordinary character. General Fairfax headed the Parliamentary forces, in the siege against that city, with the avowed object of seizing both parent and infant, and conveying them prisoners to London. Although in a weak and unfit condition for immediate exertion, the Queen, to secure her own safety, was compelled to take instant flight; and after encountering numerous adventures and imminent perils, fortunately succeeded in

H—AUGUST, 1839.

reaching the French court, having left her infant (not then two weeks old) in the charge of her faithful servants, Ladies Dalkeith and Morton.

Before the departure of her royal mother, the Princess received the names of Henrietta Anne. The latter name was probably intended as a compliment to the Queen's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, regent of France; who, on her assumption of power in that kingdom, had shown great kindness and sympathy for the afflicted British Queen.

On the 26th July, 1644, Charles was enabled to relieve Exeter; and the harassed monarch then, for the first time, saw his little babe, and bestowed upon her a paternal blessing—destined to be the



## Memoir of Princess Henrietta Stuart.

first and last she ever received from her ill-fated father.

The King's affairs becoming desperate, Lady Dalkeith, fearful lest, in the chances of war, the little Princess might fall into the hands of the republicans, and a subsequent difficulty arise in identifying the child, it was finally agreed that Lady Morton, who purposed to join the fortunes of her royal mistress, should take charge of the infant, and effect its escape. Feigning severe illness, therefore, she expressed an intention of seeking a warmer climate for the benefit of her health; and, when ready to embark, gave the royal babe a strong opiate, slung it round her waist, covering it with an apron; then, affecting to be seized with sudden indisposition, induced by the delicacy of her situation, she eluded discovery—

safely crossed the sea to Holland, where the young matron soon disencumbered herself of her precious burden, exulting exceedingly in the success of her bold and generous stratagem.

The Ladies Dalkeith and Morton were reigning beauties at the Queen's court. Lady Morton had been only recently married, and the favouritism she had received was thus repaid in a most gratifying manner towards the exiled Queen, who, with all the joy of a fond and anxious mother, welcomed the restoration of her child as her best consolation under such peculiar sorrows and reverses.

This anecdote is alluded to by Waller, in one of his best poems, written when he was an exile in Paris, after the discovery of the Chaloner plot. These verses, interesting from historical circumstances, are entitled—

“ LINES TO MY LADY MORTON, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, AT THE LOUVRE, AT PARIS.

“ Lady, new years may well expect to find  
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;  
 Still, as they pass, they court and smile on you,  
 And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.  
 To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,  
 And fairest Morton now as much to her;  
 But, thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,  
 Gives you but myrtle, who might challenge bays.  
*From armed foes to bring a royal prize,*  
 Shows your brave heart victorious, or your eyes.  
 If Judith, marching with the general's head,  
 Can give us passion when her story's read,  
 What may the living do, who brought away,  
 Though not a bloody, yet a nobler prey?  
 Who, from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,  
*Satrch'd her fair charge, the princess, like a brand—*  
 A brand, preserv'd to warm some prince's heart,  
 And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.  
 So Venus from prevailing Greeks did shroud  
 The hope of Rome, and saved him in a cloud.

“ This gallant act may cancel all our rage—  
 Begin a better, and absolve this age;  
 Dark shades become the portrait of our time,  
 Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime.  
 Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,  
 This portion only may endure the light:  
*Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,*  
*Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape;*  
*When thro' the guards, the river, and the sea,*  
*Faith, beauty, wit, and courage made their way.*  
 As the brave eagle does with sorrow see  
 The forest wasted, and the lofty tree

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Which holds her neat about to be o'erthrown,  
Before the feathers of her young are grown—  
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,  
But bears them boldly on her wings away.  
*So fled this fair, and o'er the ocean bore  
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.*  
Born in the storms of war, this royal fair,  
Produced like lightning in tempestuous air;  
Tho' now she flies her native isle (less kind,  
Less safe for her than either sea or wind),  
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,  
See her great brother on the British throne;  
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,  
But which rules most—his sceptre or her eyes!"

This poetical prophecy was fulfilled nearer to the letter than most predictions have been; for the young Princess grew up a beauty, and her brother was restored to his father's long-usurped throne.

Madame de Motteville, in whose amusing memoirs many notices of the English Princess occur, declares that the royal infant was two years old before she was reunited to her mother. It is possible that Lady Morton made some stay in Holland before she arrived in Paris; but we believe there are no authentic documents extant respecting her proceedings in that country.

Henrietta was, during childhood, the petted darling of her kind aunt and protectress, Anne of Austria; but troubles almost as severe as those which had banished the English Queen, and at this period left her a widow, now beset the royal family of France; and Anne of Austria, flying from Paris with her son for their lives, was forced to leave the orphan Henrietta, then four years old, and her mother, destitute of the necessities of life, in the vast solitude of the Louvre.\*

During the civil war of the Fronde, the young princess retired with her mother to the convent of Chaillot, where the deserted queen of Charles I. soothed her bitter griefs by sedulously attending to the education of her child; who, reared in the most rigid discipline of the Roman Catholic faith, often, by her mother's commands, subdued her spirit in childhood to wait on the ladies of the Visita-

tion (as the nuns of Chaillot were called) when they took their meals on the solemn festivals of the church. This austerity did not injure the mind of the young Henrietta—patience and sweet temper were the characteristics of her life; the fallen fortunes of her royal house made her meek and reflective, and she was universally considered a most engaging and angelic child.

As her youth advanced, that adverse fortune which had made the kindred houses of the Kings of England and France nearly rivals in calamity, brightened in regard to the latter. In 1654, the splendour of the court of Anne of Austria was renewed at the Louvre; and we find, by the following extracts from Madame de Motteville, that the exiled daughter of Charles I., then but eleven years old, shared in its amusements:—

"In the year 1655, several balls were given, to which the King, Louis XIV., went frequently masked. The Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, having on one occasion in particular invited the Queen of England to see the King dance, she came; and the Queen-mother, having attired herself in a morning-cap and robe, to denote that she was indisposed, received the Queen of England in that manner; the company present comprising only her own maids of honour, a few *jeunes dames*, and some duchesses, wives of the ministers of state. It was merely got up to show off the King's graceful deportment, and divert the English Princess, Henrietta, who was just emerging from childhood, and gave promise of becoming, in time, a lovely woman. Anne of Austria took every possible pains to render the *réunion*,

\* See Memoirs of Anne of Austria, April, 1639; and Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, July, 1639.

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although a small one, very delightful, and worthy of the royal personages composing it. The King, accustomed as he had long been to lavish all his attentions upon the nieces of Cardinal Mazarine, when about to commence the *braule*,\* went to lead out Marie Mancini, of whom, to the indignation of his royal mother, he was passionately enamoured, even to the point of raising her to the throne. The Queen-mother abruptly quitted her seat, walked up and separated Marie from her royal partner, and whispered the latter to go and lead forth the Princess of England. The Queen of England, perceiving the Queen-mother's anger, ran up to her, and, in a whisper, begged she would not constrain the King—that her daughter had hurt her foot, and was unable to dance. Anne of Austria replied, that if the Princess did not dance, the King should not at all that evening. The English Queen, therefore, with a view to prevent disorder, allowed her daughter to dance, though at heart was but ill pleased with the King. His youthful Majesty was scolded again, privately, during the evening, by the Queen his mother; but the answer he made her was, that 'he did not like little girls.'"

The Princess of England, however, was then eleven years old, and he between sixteen and seventeen. There existed not only a difference of age between them, but a still greater disproportion of appearance, for the King looked twenty. Anne of Austria in public showed a tender and respectful manner towards him, but whenever he committed any little error she exercised her maternal authority; and on this occasion her

anger was just. Nevertheless, she did not fail to remark during the evening, before several persons, that she had been a little too hasty towards so good a son as the King, and that she should be ashamed of it were the occasion less; avowing that she had been so astonished to see him fail in the courtesy due to the Princess of England, as to be unable to restrain herself. The generous character of Anne of Austria could not bear the thought that the fallen fortunes of the royal house of England might be considered as the cause of this neglect of royal etiquette.

The Queen-regent, in lieu of the Infanta, would have preferred the English Princess to any other for her son's bride, for she already loved her, and that youthful Princess then appeared to have so much respect for her royal aunt that it seemed as though she held her in scarcely less consideration than her own mother; but the French monarch did not find her to his taste, or, to speak plainly, the minister, Mazarine, had no interest which obliged him to lean towards her side. Anne of Austria, on the contrary, had been accustomed to say that if she could not have her niece, the Infanta Maria Theresa, for Queen, she would like to have the former Princess; and that she much regretted her not being three years older, in order to please the King, who appeared to neglect her because she happened to be younger than himself, he manifesting a *penchant* for a grown-up partner.

Madame de Motteville continues:—"The Queen-mother, after having married the king to her whom his heart had always desired, turned her thoughts towards seeking out a fitting bride for Monsieur, the only brother of Louis XIV., and, like a good mother, chose for him the one who appeared to be the most attractive Europe could furnish. This was the Princess of England, whom she had so tenderly loved, and whom she would have made Queen of France if the match had not taken place between the King and the Infanta. She made Louis, therefore, agree to this marriage, and to engage him to its conclusion, proceeded to ask the hand of the young Princess from the English Queen, whose consent she easily obtained, for Monsieur was

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\* This celebrated measure, originally derived from England, was frequently danced by Queen Elizabeth and Sir Christopher Hatton—

"My lord high keeper led the *brawls*,  
The seals and maces danced before him."

In the succeeding century it was fashionable in France, even we see here as late as the minority of Louis Quatorze. It was called "the Brawl," because the salutations, which were part of the ceremony for the gentleman dancer to bestow on his partner, were sometimes returned by the lady with a cuff on the ear, and a series of regular frays and romping matches often ensued. This explains why the King wished to dance with Mazarine's beautiful niece, whom he loved, rather than with his Princess-cousin of eleven years old,

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worthy of being joyfully received among the greatest princesses of the earth; and Henrietta, whom he was about to espouse, certainly loved and preferred him to all others."

Such was the opinion of Madame de Motteville in regard to the youngest son of the Regent-queen, Anne of Austria; but the portrait of Philippe, the younger brother of Louis XIV., requires to be drawn with a pen less prejudiced in his favour. It is very probable that the young Princess of England loved and preferred her younger cousin, since the King, fearing to be united to an unformed girl, small and childish for her age, had always treated *la petite*, as he called her, with neglect and distance, while his brother was kind and attentive.

Philippe, the youngest son of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, was a very singular character, possessing that simplicity of heart and transparency of mind which are the most unfortunate qualities that can appertain to a prince; the ductility of his disposition made him readily take every impression from those around him, and the consequence was, he fathered many of their follies and even crimes of which he was himself perfectly innocent. He had finer features than those even of his handsome brother, but failed of reaching his majestic stature by an inch and a half, which was a source of great tribulation to Monsieur, who, though wanting in sufficient pride for ordinary use, made up the deficiency by an inordinate share of personal vanity.

One day the brilliant idea struck him that it only required a pair of boots with heels an inch and a half in height, to make him rival the stature of his royal brother. After holding many consultations with his bootmaker, the grand affair was arranged for the next hunting day; but, as it was perfectly impossible for Monsieur to keep a secret, he ran about, not only whispering the news that there would soon be no difference between his height and that of the King, but in what manner the important object would be effected.

It soon came to the King's ears, who took no notice openly, but provided himself with a pair of boots exactly similar in height, which he put on the very day that Philippe expected to enjoy his triumph; but when the Prince placed

himself by the King's side, in all the flutter of vanity, the blank look with which he beheld that the shoulders of Louis were still an inch and a half above his own, disconcerted the gravity of both sovereign and courtiers; when the King had done laughing, he said, "Come, Philippe, let us take off these boots and return to our natural stature, for such stilts are very uncomfortable."

This prince was entirely uneducated, and remained all his life comparatively in the same unintellectual state of mind in which he was at five years old. But he showed, however, great valour in his first campaign, and a natural talent for war—qualifications frequently manifested in the human being, even in a state of uncivilised nature. He won two battles and took a town, which made him so popular in France, that his brother (it is said), inspired with jealousy, would never give him another command; but, however the valour and perceptiveness of Monsieur might distinguish him when actually in the field, his utter incapacity for holding his tongue must have ever prevented him from being a great commander. He was consequently forced to remain at court; and the sole exercise he had for his perceptiveness, was collecting all the gossip going on in that region, and finding out every body's business but his own. Such was the brother of Louis XIV., and the husband of Henrietta, of England; his chief fault was that of being a trifier.

After having witnessed the betrothment of her daughter with the second prince in France, a few days previously to that of All-Saints, the widowed Queen of England prepared once more to visit the country from which she had been exiled sixteen years. She took with her the Princess, her daughter, in order that a dowry might be settled by Parliament. The royal pair arrived in England in November, 1660, and found the country in an intoxication of loyalty at the Restoration. During this visit to England, the young Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Henrietta's youngest brother, and Mary Princess of Orange, her eldest sister, died in the prime of their youth, of the small-pox, in the midst of the joy of the restoration and reunion of the royal family. After these heart-rending afflictions, Queen Henrietta

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Maria was anxious to return to France with her only remaining daughter. They sailed from Portsmouth, purposing to land in France at the Port of Havre ; but the vessel in which they embarked encountered great danger from a tempest, and was cast ashore on the sands. At the same time the Princess Henrietta being attacked by measles, became so seriously ill that she was brought back to Portsmouth, and there laid some days in danger, to the terror of the Queen, who expected to lose her, as she had lately been bereft of her sister. The invalid at length recovered, and they once more embarked at Portsmouth, and arrived happily at Havre, whence they journeyed to Paris, which they reached without further disasters, February 20, 1661. The royal mother and daughter were welcomed with the utmost joy by Anne of Austria and her sons, who awaited them at St. Denis, under a splendid tent, large enough to accommodate the vast retinue of the royal family of France.

The marriage of Monsieur with Henrietta of England, took place at the Palais Royal, upon the last day of March, in the presence of Anne of Austria, Queen Henrietta Maria and Louis XIV. : the ceremony was considered a private one, because there were only present La Grande Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and the great Condé, who were the nearest relations to the young pair. Soon after the ceremony the King invested his brother with the appanage of the dukedom of Orleans, vacated by the death of his uncle Gaston ; this dignity being always reserved, on failure of heirs, for the second son of France. Since that investiture in 1661, the title has remained in one line, the heir of Philippe of Orleans being now on the throne of France. The brother of Louis XIV. was always called Monsieur, *par eminence*, and his wife Madame ; and by those titles they are better known in history than by any other, according to the custom of France.

The portrait of Henrietta, Princess of England, by marriage Duchess of Orleans, and Madame of France, is thus drawn by one who knew her well, Madame de Motteville ; her own countrymen evidently thought more of her

beauty than the French, if we trust to this description :

“ The Princess of England was of a fair height, and extremely graceful, though her shape was far from faultless, but in the general effect this was not perceptible. Her features were still less perfect, but her expression was so agreeable that she appeared altogether lovely. She had the most delicate complexion in the world, exceedingly fair, blended with a natural bloom, which could only be compared to the mixture of roses and jasmines ; her eyes were small, yet soft and brilliant ; her nose was not ugly, her mouth tinted with vermilion, and her teeth white and perfectly beautiful. Her face was too long and thin, from which might be foretold an early decadence of beauty.”

She displayed great taste in dressing her hair, and wearing such fashions as concealed her defects and heightened the beauty of her person. Her sweetness of temper was such that as she advanced in womanhood she became the bond of union in the royal family. Her brothers in England loved her extremely, and she constantly corresponded with them ; many of her letters are still in existence, addressed to Charles II.

Louis XIV., who had manifested so much rudeness to her when she was a little unformed girl, now, it is said, secretly regretted that he had refused an alliance with her ; he placed the utmost confidence in her good sense, often consulting her on affairs which he could not confide to her husband, whose jealousy was frequently excited on this head ; but it was jealousy of his own consequence, as first prince of the blood, rather than of Henrietta's fidelity ; and it was, perhaps, from a desire of the Duchess of Orleans to retain her influence over the mind of her brother-in-law that led her too far into the vortex of dissipation. From her elegant taste sprang the carousals and tournaments which distinguished the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. She introduced fêtes champêtres, and the custom of promenading till two or three hours after midnight. At last the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, took alarm at the abandonment to pleasure and constant diversion, which seemed the sole cares

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of Louis XIV. and his sister-in-law, and, using her authority, she privately counselled her daughter-in-law to be more moderate in amusements. Henrietta obeyed, and a proper restraint was afterwards placed on the diversions, which, since her marriage, had solely occupied the royal family.

We give, from Madame de Motteville, a description of one of these magnificent carousals of Louis XIV., held in 1655. It may afford some hints to the noble Scottish Lord Eglington and his gallant friends, which may prove useful for their approaching tournament, purposed to be held this autumn at his castle in the north.

"In the following year the King, continuing to love Mademoiselle Mancini, sometimes more, sometimes less ardently, for the sake of diversion got up the celebrated *course de bague* (running at the ring), which had something akin in it to the ancient chivalry. He separated all the well-looking men of his court into three bands of eight chevaliers each. He himself headed the first; the Duke de Guise was chief of the second, and the Duke de Candalle of the third. The colours (*livrée*) worn by the King's band were scarlet and white, the second blue and white, and the third green and white. They all wore coats of gold and silver embroidery, fashioned after the Roman costume, with small helmets on their heads, crested with a profusion of feathers, each plume fastened by a brilliant aigrette. Their steeds were similarly accoutred, and, as well as their gallant riders, were all plentifully bedecked with ribbons. This course was run between the garden of the Palais Royal and the mansion in which the Queen of England then resided. The King attired himself for the occasion in the Palais Brion, and all mounted their horses in the garden, from which they afterwards rode forth to show themselves to the ladies, who occupied the balconies and windows of the Palais Royal. Each troop had its *maréchal-du-camp*, who marshalled them in order along so many different alleys of the garden, from which it was delightful to see them ride forth so equipped. The dazzling effect of their several parti-colours, the brilliant lustre of their coats, their goodly mien, together with the beauty of their horses,

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made one remember with lively pleasure of having read in the Roman authors, and particularly in the *Amadis*, something exceedingly similar.

"Preceding the King's troop came fourteen pages, clothed in silver tissue, trimmed with ribbons of scarlet and silver, bearing the shields and lances of the knights. After these marched six trumpeters; next came the King's first esquire, attired in like manner. He was followed by twelve of his Majesty's pages, well mounted, richly dressed, and all bedizened with feathers and ribbons, the two last of whom carried—one the King's lance and the other his shield, upon which, for a device, was figured a radiant sun, with this motto:—

*'Ne piu ne par.'*

"The *maréchal-du-camp* rode next, very splendidly attired, but, according to ordinary custom, he wore no mask. Then came the King, followed by the chevaliers, all masked and all superbly and gallantly dressed; but the King surpassed them equally by his goodly mien, grace, and address, as by his quality of sovereign and master.

"The blue and white troop followed that headed by the King, in the same order, which appeared agreeable to look upon, from the softness of the colours and the noble mien of the Duke de Guise, whose *romanesque* genius found fitting display in the tourney. He was followed by a led horse, which seemed destined for the service of some Abencerrage, or Zegri, being conducted by two moors, who made him follow the troop at a slow and pompous pace. The Duke's shield had for device a pile of faggots, whereon was a phoenix, and above a sun restoring him to life, with these words:—

*'Qu' importa que matin si resucitan.'*

"The Duke de Candalle came next, who was no less admired; for the green, gold, and silver shone with remarkable splendour among his troop; but beyond all else his fine figure, and his fair noble countenance, received the praises he merited. His shield had for device a club, with these words:—

*'Elle peut même me placer parmi les astres.'*

Again, speaking of the tournaments

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held at the Tuileries, in 1662, on occasion of the promotion, by King Louis, of sixty knights of the order *du Saint Esprit*, our entertaining writer says :—“ The preparations for the carousal, with which his Majesty was desirous of entertaining the two Queens, on the same imposing scale as that given by the late King on his marriage, long occupied the princes and noblemen who were nominated to figure in it. The Queen-mother, who had not witnessed the former carousal, got upon her account, nevertheless gave us an interesting description of all she had gathered from the courtiers of that day concerning it. I met with no one, however, on the present occasion, who was able to tell me whether the former, held at the Palais Royal, exceeded in magnificence this of which I was a spectator at the Tuileries. It was composed of five *quadrilles*, representing five nations: the Roman, Persian, Turkish, Indian, and American. The King commanded the first, *Monsieur* the second, *Monsieur le prince* the third, the Duc d'Anguien was commander of the fourth, and the Duc de Guise of the fifth company. I shall not dwell upon the order of their march, the richness of their attire, the numbers of their suite, the gallantry of their devices, and the lively contrast afforded by their parti-coloured habiliments. It might be tedious to say more by way of description of these magnificent scenes; I will merely add that the Comte de Sault, son of the Duc de Lesdiguiere, had the honour to carry off the prize in the *course de bague*, which feat was hailed by the applause of the spectators; and he had the honour to receive a diamond of considerable price from the hand of the Queen-mother, who was present in a pavilion erected for that occasion hard by the palace.”

Shortly after their marriage the Duke and Duchess rejoined the court of Louis XIV., then resident at Fontainebleau. The health of Henrietta had always been fragile, and her devotion to pleasure did not improve it. She became a mother before she attained her twentieth year, giving birth to a son, who received the royal title of Duke de Valois, but died in his infancy, to the great grief of his father; daughters of this marriage survived to maturity.

In the highest society in France a

species of frigid gallantry was at that period in vogue; all the romances and mediocre poetry of those days are more or less tinged with it, and so common had it become as to wholly take the place of simple politeness. To this cause alone, perhaps, must be principally attributed the *liaison* of Henrietta with the Count de Guiche. That young nobleman, equally remarkable for symmetry of person and elegance of mind, was one of the most distinguished gallants of that gay court. His deportment and language were modelled after those of the heroes of Scuderi and De la Calprenède;\* and at the period of the marriage of the royal pair, he stood high in the Duke of Orleans' favour.

The Duke presented him to his youthful bride, entreating her to receive him graciously, and to admit him within the circle of the favoured few constituting her most intimate society. The Count could not behold with indifference the many agreeable qualities united in the person of the Duchess: admiration was quickly succeeded by that deep devotion inspired by the daily contemplation of a princess, served through affection rather than duty; and that feeling in turn gave place to a more tender, yet less respectful sentiment. Mademoiselle de Montalais, one of the Duchess Henrietta's maids of honour, was not slow in penetrating that which affected so powerfully the mind of the young noble, and instead of attempting to dissuade him from, took a lively interest in his misplaced passion; she went even so far as to charge herself with placing before the eyes of the Duchess certain letters which he confided to her. Henrietta at first refused to read them; but, overcome by the entreaties of Montalais, she permitted her to answer them—shortly wrote replies with her own hand, and hurried away by an immoderate desire to test her powers of fascination, had the imprudence to grant the Count many private interviews. The Duke's suspicions being aroused, he begged the King to banish De Guiche

\* The Seigneur de la Calprenède,—less known at the present day by his frivolous, inflated, and voluminous romances, than by the following characteristic couplet of Boileau :—

“ Tout a l'humeur gasconne en auteur gascon  
Calprenède et Juba parlent du même ton.”

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from court; the latter immediately received a royal command to repair to Poland, and Mademoiselle de Montalais was dismissed. The foregoing facts are all that can be gathered from contemporary history regarding this intrigue (whether justly or not so designated), but every thing induces the belief that Henrietta had nothing more wherewith to reproach herself than great volatility and censurable inconsiderateness. A contemporary writer states, that the depth of the Count's attachment became known by the following romantic circumstance. He had had the picture of the Princess copied in miniature, constantly wearing it in a case of gold next his heart, and this chanced on one occasion to save his life in battle, by repelling a bullet which would otherwise have inflicted a fatal wound.

Thus passed the life of Henrietta of England in the midst of pleasure and gallantry till her twenty-fifth year, when she was induced by the King of France, her brother-in-law, to give him her assistance in a political undertaking, which involved the whole continent of Europe in war.

Louis XIV. having established despotic sovereignty in France, could not with satisfaction behold Holland verging so closely to an entire republic under the pensionary De Witt, but was unable to break up that form of government without the assistance of Charles II.; for Holland remained (before the destruction of her navy at Southwold Bay, by the Duke of York), mistress of the seas. As Henrietta constantly corresponded with Charles II., the King of France made choice of her to signify his wishes for an alliance with her brother, having for its object the annihilation of the Dutch naval power.

"A young princess, then," says Voltaire, "who was only twenty-five years of age, was the plenipotentiary fixed upon to put the finishing hand to this treaty. A visit Louis made to Dunkirk and Lisle served as a pretence for Madame's journey to England. The pomp and gran-

deur of the ancient kings of Asia seemed as nothing in comparison with the magnificence of this excursion. The King of France, while in progress to the coast, was always preceded by thirty thousand of his household troops, and on this occasion was accompanied by the queen, his consort, and the most beautiful ladies of their court, among whom Henrietta shone with a superior lustre, while she secretly enjoyed the glory and satisfaction of all this parade, wholly got up on her account. It was one continual festival from St. Germain to Lisle."

The husband of the Princess Henrietta gave his wife leave, at her request, to pass over to the opposite coast of England, in order that she might have the satisfaction of beholding once more her family.

Henrietta landed at Dover on the 15th of May, 1670, amidst rejoicings which seemed to renew in the minds of the English people the mad joy of the Restoration. She was received on the beach in the arms of her royal brothers, Charles and James. She remained a fortnight in England, every day being spent in fêtes and diversions; the scenes of these gaieties were chiefly confined to Tunbridge and Canterbury, for Henrietta did not approach the capital. This Princess has incurred great odium for bringing over in her train the beautiful Bretonne, Louise de Querouaille, who became the mistress of Charles II., and afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth; but there is no reason to suppose that the sister of the Monarch had any ill purpose in this introduction; she had long ceased to exist when the intimacy of her brother and Mademoiselle de Querouaille became matter of scandal. It is the cruel fate of royalty especially to suffer under the most hateful calumnies—for their oft-recurred-to memories even the grave has no repose.

Among the triumphal greetings which the Princess of England received from her brother's court, Waller, now an aged man, hailed her mature beauty in a similar spirit of panegyric to that which had celebrated her birth:—

"TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT  
AT DOVER.

"That sun of beauty did among us rise,  
England first saw the light of those fair eyes;  
When, though a babe, through guards you made your way—  
What fleet or army could an angel stay?"



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Thrice happy Britain, if she could retain  
Whom first she bred within her ambient main ;  
Our late burnt London, in apparel new,  
Shook off her ashes to have welcomed you.  
But we must see our glory snatched away,  
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea ;  
No wind can favour us, howe'er it blows,  
We must be wrecked, and our dear treasure lose :  
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell,  
Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell !”

The Duchess of Orleans little anticipated the destiny she left England to accomplish, not that we are by any means disposed to give implicit credence to the reports which declare that she was murdered. Whether she died a natural or a violent death, the great day of judgment can only discover; before we translate the circumstantial narrative of the sudden and dreadful termination of her existence, it will be necessary to bestow a few words upon her supposed murderer.

The Chevalier de Lorraine was a younger son of a junior branch of the illustrious house of Lorraine, whose sole possessions were the haughty spirit and restless propensity to turbulence which ever distinguished his family, but unaccompanied by the heroism that had so often shed glory on its illustrious name. Though gifted with the great beauty for which the descendants of Charlemagne were ever celebrated, the Chevalier de Lorraine being slenderly endowed with fortune, became a knight of Malta, and was soon after presented with a place in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He suddenly became a great favourite with his master, and being a proud, petulant boy, frequently treated the Duchess of Orleans with great *brusquerie*, from a feeling that she viewed him with less regard than did her husband. He certainly was the cause of a violent dissension between Henrietta of England and her lord, just before the progress to Dunkirk. The circumstance which exasperated the jealousy of the Duke of Orleans was his wife being intrusted with state secrets by the King, his brother, which were concealed from him, on account, probably, of his babbling propensity.

The great Turenne, who had the infirmity of for ever being in love with some court beauty or other, notwithstanding they regularly made a fool of him, was at this time, in his sixtieth year, enamoured

with a coquette belonging to the household of our Henrietta. This lady of the bedchamber, Madame de Coatquen, did not return the passion of the aged hero, but was violently in love with the Adonis of the Duke's court, the young Chevalier Lorraine. The coquette, however, listened to Turenne just sufficiently to extract from him such state secrets she might think worth bearing, and, among others, the renowned Marshal divulged to her the secret mission with which the Duchess of Orleans was intrusted to negotiate in England. Madame de Coatquen immediately whispered it to her young lover, and the Chevalier flew with the intelligence to his master, the Duke of Orleans, who bitterly reproached his wife and brother with having secrets kept from him, the second man in France. Highly incensed at his councils being thus betrayed, Louis XIV. traced the matter to the fountain-head, and, after this *brouillerie*, the Duke withdrew his wife from court to his country seat of Villeret-Coteret, while the King arrested the Chevalier de Lorraine, and sent him to prison at Pierre-Encise, and afterwards to the Chateau d'If. The King, meantime, baffled by the retreat of his brother with the English princess, sent his prime minister Colbert to the chateau of Villeret-Coteret, where the fits of passion into which the Duke of Orleans daily threw himself, greatly alarmed and disturbed his wife and all her ladies; the more so, because such vagaries were quite unusual to his careless, good-natured disposition. The wise Colbert soothed the Duke into better humour by explaining to him the political negotiation that Henrietta was required to open to her brother; whereupon the Duke of Orleans suffered his jealousy to abate, and joined the royal progress to Dunkirk. Such were the events that immediately preceded the visit of Henrietta to England.

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## *Memoir of Princess Henrietta Stuart.*

The Chevalier de Lorraine was let out of prison, but advised to amuse himself with travelling, as the Duchess did not approve, nor would the King suffer the airs he gave himself in the household of the Duke of Orleans. This young favourite, therefore, repaired to Rome, some time before Henrietta arrived in England.

The particulars of the death of Henrietta are circumstantially detailed by an eye-witness of her sufferings, the celebrated Madame de la Fayette, who never left her royal friend from the hour of her fatal attack till she had breathed her last. These are her words:—"On the 24th of June, eight days after the return of Madame, the Duchess, to England, she came with her husband, the Duke of Orleans, to St. Cloud. The first day she was there she complained of pains in her side and stomach, to which she was subject; nevertheless, as the weather was extremely hot, she would insist on bathing in the river. M. Gueslin, her first physician, did all he could to hinder it, but, despite of his remonstrances, she would bathe on the Friday; but on the Saturday found herself so unwell that she could not bathe. I arrived at St. Cloud on the Saturday at six in the evening; I found her in the garden; she told me that I saw her looking ill in the face, for that, indeed, she did not feel well; she supped as usual, and then promenaded by moonlight till midnight. The next day being Sunday, the 29th of June, she rose early, as did Monsieur, her husband, who bathed. She was a long time in her apartment after he had left it, but did me the honour, when going out of her chamber, to enter mine, to tell me how well she had passed the night.

"Shortly afterwards, I went up to her apartment, where she told me that she had of late been much vexed, and was out of temper; but the bad humour of which she spoke would have passed in other women for their happiest dispositions, for her natural sweetness of demeanour was so great, that she was incapable of the usual indications of sharpness or anger.

"As she was thus speaking, mass being announced, she went to hear it, and returning to her chamber, leant on me, saying with that air of goodness which peculiarly belonged to her, that she should banish her cross tempers if she could only

chat a little with me; but that if she were left to the persons who usually surrounded her, she could not answer for her patience. As the Duke of Orleans descended the stairs in order to prepare for his departure for Paris, whither he had resolved to return, he met Madame de Mekelbourg, and came up again with her. The Princess Henrietta left Bois Franc, with whom she had been speaking, and came to Madame de Mekelbourg; as she spoke to her Madame de Gamaches handed to the Princess, and likewise to me, a glass of succory water each; she had asked for it some time before. Madame de Gourdon, her lady in waiting, presented the glass to the Duchess of Orleans. Her highness drank its contents, but as she returned the glass with one hand, placed the other on her side, crying in a tone which marked how much she suffered—"Ah, what a spasm! I never felt such a one."

"Her face flushed all over as she said this; a moment afterwards her colour faded to a livid paleness that surprised us all; she continued her complaints, and affirmed that she could no longer support herself.

"We took her under the arms to lead her, but she could scarcely walk; her whole frame was fearfully contracted; they undressed her in an instant. I supported while they unlaced her; she moaned continually, and I noticed she had tears in her eyes, which much surprised me, for I knew she was the most patient person in the world.

"I said to her, whilst I kissed the arm I was supporting, that it seemed to me she suffered greatly; she replied that what she endured was inconceivable. She was put to bed, but her shrieks were more distressing than ever, as she threw herself from side to side, like one in the extremity of anguish. Her physician, M. Esprit, was summoned; he came, pronounced it the cholic, and ordered the usual remedies. Meantime her agonies increased; Madame, declaring that her malady was greater than they imagined, desired that a confessor might be sought.

"The Duke of Orleans came to her bed-side; she embraced him, saying with a sweetness that might have melted the hardest of hearts:—

"'Ah, Monsieur, you have not loved me this long while, but that was unjust, for I have ever loved you.'

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"The Duke appeared greatly moved, and so was every one in the apartment, whence we could hear nothing but the sobs of those who wept.

"All that I have mentioned took place in less than half an hour. Madame exclaimed perpetually that she felt terrible pains in the pit of the stomach. All of a sudden, she declared that the succory water she had drank must have been poisoned. They had perhaps mistaken one bottle for another, but that she was poisoned she certainly felt, and demanded that they would give her counter-poisons and antidotes.

"I stood near the Duke, in the *ruelle* (by the bed-side), and although I wholly acquitted him in my own mind of such a crime, yet the malignant curiosity appertaining to human nature, led me to observe him with attention; but the opinion of his wife neither agitated nor embarrassed him. He immediately observed that they ought to give the remainder of the succory water to a dog, and instantly to administer oil and counter-poisons in order to relieve Madame from so alarming a supposition. But when they came to search for the remains of the draught left by Madame at the bottom of the glass, her first woman of the bedchamber, Madame Desbordes, declared she had drank it, and as she had never left the Princess, it could not be poison, or it would have hurt her.\* Madame, nevertheless persisted in requiring oil and counter-poison, and they were administered one after the other. Sainte Foix, first valet-de-chambre to her husband, brought powder of vipers as an antidote; she said she would take it from his hand, because she entirely confided in him. They gave her finally many drugs upon this notion of poison; which were probably rather calculated to make her worse than to alleviate her malady. These potions caused her to vomit violently, but the nourishment she had taken that morning was all that the stomach rejected. The fatigue entailed by the administration of these remedies, and the excessive pain she suffered,

brought on a torpor, which seemed like repose; but she told us not to deceive ourselves, that her agonies had no cessation, though she had no longer strength to cry out.

"On the King's arrival, the sufferings of Madame had redoubled, occasioned perhaps by her having swallowed medications of contrary natures. It seemed as though the physicians became suddenly enlightened by the royal presence. His Majesty took them aside, to know what they thought; and they, who two hours before had answered for the life of their patient, and asserted that the coldness of the extremities was but symptomatic of the cholic, now began to declare the case hopeless, and said that the failing pulse was an indication of gangrene having commenced, and that the last rites of religion ought to be administered without delay.

"The Queen and the Countess of Soissons had come with the King; Madame de La Vallière\* and Madame de Montespan\* came together. While I was speaking to them, the Duke of Orleans called me to him, and in tears told me the declaration of the medical men. Surprised and deeply grieved, I replied, that the physicians seemed to have lost all skill and presence of mind; that the Duchess had, a quarter of an hour before her attack, been speaking to M. de Condom, *curé* of St. Cloud, and that now he had better be sent for, as I thought, for the spiritual benefit of the Princess, they could not make a better choice; meantime they found M. Feuillet, a canon, whose merit was well known.

"The King approached the bed of Madame. She told him he was about to lose the most devoted of his adherents. He said that he trusted she was not in so great danger, but that he was astonished at her firmness, and considered she appeared truly great. She replied, that he knew well that she had no fear of death.

"At last the King spoke of the Creator; he then returned to the spot where the physicians were, and found me in despair, that they had given the Duchess nothing that seemed like a proper remedy. The King spoke to them, and then returning to the bed of Madame, added, that he

\* Voltaire, among his proofs, instancing that the Princess was not poisoned, wrongly asserts that Madame de la Fayette drank the remnant left by her. That lady merely states that she took a glass of succory water, handed to her at the same time; another person having owned to drinking the remainder.

\* See these Portraits and Memoirs, May and July, 1835.

was no doctor, but had come to propose thirty different remedies to the physicians. They replied, that they could not yet be administered. Madame rejoined, that 'she supposed she must die according to form.'

"The King, seeing that to all appearance there was nothing to hope, bade her adieu in tears. She implored him not to weep, or he would destroy all her firmness, and added, that the first news he heard in the morning would be her death.

"The Marshal de Grammont now approached her bed; she told him that he was about to lose a good friend by her death, and added, that she believed herself poisoned by mistake.

"When the King retired, I was near her bed, and she said to me, 'Madame de Fayette, is not my nose drawn on one side?' My tears were my sole reply; for what she said to me was true, though I had not noticed it before. The hiccup now took her; she said to M. Esprit—'this is the hiccup of death.'

"She had already repeatedly asked how soon she should die; and though they replied as if death were yet distant, it was plain that she had no hope.

"She never once turned her thoughts towards life; no word of regret escaped her on the cruelty of the destiny which cut her off in the flower of her days; no supplications to the physicians for remedies, save when the violence of her mortal agony caused her to demand them. Her countenance was calm under the certainty of a death she believed produced by poison, the pangs of which were most cruel, displaying a courage and strength of mind unparalleled.

"M. Feuillet came as the King retired, and entered upon the duties of religion; he spoke to Madame with austerity, but found her in a frame of mind far from requiring it. She had some scruple regarding the efficacy of her former confessions, and entreated M. Feuillet to aid her in making a full confession. She made it, and whilst acknowledging her errors, formed great resolutions of leading a truly Christian life, if God raised her from that bed of death.

"I approached her bed after confession; M. Feuillet was still near her with a capuchin, her confessor in ordinary.

"This good father persisted in holding  
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forth discourses that fatigued the Duchess; she gazed at me with looks expressive of her thoughts, and then turning to the capuchin, said, with admirable sweetness, 'Let Feuillet finish, *mon père*, you shall speak in your turn.'

"At that moment Lord Montague, the English ambassador, arrived; as soon as she saw him she began to speak of the King, her brother, and of the anguish her death would occasion him. 'This she had often recurred to since the commencement of her malady; remarking that he was about to lose her he always said he loved best in the world. The ambassador asked her 'if she had been poisoned?' I do not know whether she said that she had been, but know well that she told him 'not to say any such thing to the King her brother, for he ought to be spared that grief; and above all, not to think of vengeance, for that the King of France was not in fault, and that the treaty ought not to be broken on account of her death.'

She said all this in her native tongue; but as the word "poison" is common to English as well as French language, her religious adviser, M. Feuillet, interrupted the conversation, observing that she must devote the remnant of her life to God, and not give her thoughts to any worldly regret.

"She received the eucharist; and meantime the Duke of Orleans having retired, asked whether she was to see her husband no more, whereupon he was sought for, and returning, embraced her in tears, and she then bade him a last adieu, and begged him to leave her.

"She now sank rapidly, and had every now and then stoppages of the heart. M. Brager, an excellent physician, arrived. At first he did not despair of her case, and wished her to be bled in the foot. 'If they would do it,' she replied, 'they had no time to lose, for my head is confused, and my stomach seems inflated.'

"The physicians were surprised at her firmness and her presence of mind; they bled her in the foot, but no blood came. She thought she should expire while her foot was in the warm water. M. Brager then offered to administer medicine, but she requested that the rite of extreme unction might be first performed.

"M. de Condom, the pious curé of St.

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Cloud, entered whilst this rite was being administered. He spoke to her of heaven with that eloquence and true spirit of devotion which ever distinguished his discourses; she entered into all he said with a zeal and quickness of apprehension that was wonderful, considering her state.

"As he spoke, her first woman of the bedchamber approached to offer some needful assistance, when the Duchess said to her in English (that M. de Condom might not understand her, preserving, even in extremity, her sense of courtesy), 'When I am dead, give to M. de Condom that emerald I have had set for him.'

"Soon after she felt a disposition to sleep, which was, in fact, the failing of animation; and on asking whether she might take a few moments' repose, they said she could, and that in the mean time they would pray to God for her.

"M. Feuillet remained at the head of the bed, but in a moment the Princess cried out to M. de Condom, that she felt herself about to expire; he approached, and gave her the crucifix, which she took and kissed with ardour. M. de Condom spoke earnestly and devoutly, and she answered him as collectedly as though she had been in perfect health, and then held the crucifix to her lips till life failed her. The last agony was but momentary; a few little convulsive movements alone hovered over her mouth, and she breathed her last sigh at half-past two in the morning—only nine hours after she had been first attacked with the fatal illness."

The death of the English Princess created an intense sensation in France, where she was greatly beloved; all conditions of people appear to have been struck with horror, not only at the suddenness of her loss, but at the horrid means by which it was believed to have been effected. Her funeral sermon drew from Massillon one of those noble bursts of eloquence, for which that great ecclesiastic was famous. The funeral oration for Madame was considered his masterpiece; and when he came to that passage where he exclaimed—"Oh, night of horror!" when the tidings suddenly burst upon us, without any preparation, "Madame is dying!—she is dead!" His audience interrupted him by their sighs and tears.

That faithful friend, Madame de la Fayette, who did not leave until all was over, and who has given so circumstantial an account of the last moments of the daughter of Charles I., did not forget her, long after the giddy court had ceased to think of the sad event, says, in one of her letters to Madame de Sevigné:—

"It is three years yesterday since I saw Madame die. I have re-read all her letters; my mind is full of her."

A work, entitled *Pièces Interressantes*, by M. de la Place, published at the latter end of the last century, offers some evidence which would put the matter of the murder of Henrietta beyond all doubt, if we could depend on the authenticity of the documents quoted; but though the author declares they are printed from the manuscripts of Colbert, prime minister to Louis XIV., he gives no satisfactory evidence how they came into his possession. We give them, however, as we find them. In the following document the great Colbert speaks, or is supposed to speak:—

"The public always suspected that Madame (Henrietta of England) was poisoned. The 30th of June, 1670, Madame was at St. Cloud in perfect health, she drank a glass of succory water, in an instant she felt sharp pains in her stomach, convulsions followed, and six hours afterwards she was dead. It is natural to suspect poison when death happens thus unexpectedly, and with such symptoms. But it is more than suspicion, it is a certain fact, though the proofs are known to but few."

Louis XIV., struck by this death, and by some circumstances that preceded it, had one Morel arrested, who held the office called controller of the mouth in the household of the Duke of Orleans, to whose inspection every thing for the sustenance of the Princess was subjected. This person was introduced secretly into the King's cabinet the night after the death of Madame; there were no persons present excepting two domestics, highly in the confidence of the King, and the officer of the *garde du corps*, who led in Morel.

"Look at me," said the King to Morel, "and heed well what you are about to say, and on your life let it be truth. But if you dare to lie, the scaffold is

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ready! I know that Madame died poisoned, but I would ascertain the particulars of the crime."

"Sire," replied Morel, without being in the least disconcerted, "your Majesty regards me justly as a villain! but, after your sacred word given that my life shall be safe, I should be a fool if I attempted to deceive you. Madame *was poisoned*. The Chevalier de Lorraine sent the poison from Rome to the Marquis d'Effiat, and he put it into the water which Madame drank."

"But my brother," rejoined the King, "did he know?"

"Monsieur?" said Morel; "Oh, no, we know him too well to confide any secret to him."

"That," said the King, drawing a deep breath, "relieves my mind." He then commanded Morel to depart.

"The boldness of the conspirators arose, from the ease with which they might have disgraced the royal family by accusing the Duke of Orleans as their abettor; the previous disagreements of that Prince with his wife, and his intimacy with the murderers, would have fixed any accusation they might have made with an indelible stain. The Marquis d'Effiat was the first equerry to the Duke, and as complete a villain as could exist; he was the intimate friend and correspondent of Lorraine, who, feeling that he should never be recalled to France while Henrietta of England lived, took the means, through the agency of Effiat, of thus destroying her.

"Whatever indignation the King might have felt at the presence of the Marquis d'Effiat and the Chevalier de Lorraine, he gave them no reason to suppose that he suspected their fatal secret, but treated Effiat as usual, and even recalled the Chevalier soon after, at his brother's importunity."

It is very improbable that Louis XIV. should suffer successful poisoners to re-

main in his brother's household, when, supposing he only cared for himself, he might be often subjected to their machinations; especially as he had incurred the enmity of Lorraine; but from some part of this narrative, which it was not needful to quote here, we suspect it to be one of those forgeries invented freely by the republican *savants*, just before the French revolution, for the purpose of bringing all royal persons into contempt with the common orders.

If the testimony of the medical men who attended Henrietta may be relied on, there were found, when her body was opened, abundant natural causes to account for her death; which they attributed to a large abscess on the liver. It will be remembered that she insisted on bathing, contrary to the caution of her physician; that she had walked hours by moonlight, besides crossing the sea twice in a fortnight, and spending more than a month in continual festivals. This excessive bodily exertion alone might in a very hot summer destroy a delicate young woman, suffering from a violent liver complaint, as quickly as spasms carry off human life in tropical climates.

In detailing the death-scene of the unfortunate daughter of Charles I., Madame de la Fayette makes no mention of the children of that Princess: two daughters, however, survived her. Maria Louise was married, in 1679, to Don Carlos II., King of Spain: she too, it is said, was poisoned, when she was about the age of her mother, by an eel pie; she died without issue. The second daughter of Henrietta married Amadeus the Great, Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia, and from her the present royal family of Sardinia are descended; likewise the unfortunate Duke of Bordeaux, and Mademoiselle his sister, who seem to unite in their unoffending persons the calamities of the royal houses of Stuart and Bourbon.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA STUART, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

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The lovely daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, is here represented in the bloom of early womanhood, just at the time of her marriage, when she was in her seventeenth year. The portrait has been engraved from the collection of the King of France, at Versailles, and is certainly, if we may judge by style and era, from the pencil of Mignard,\* court painter to Louis XIV. The Princess Henrietta is so completely attired in the full dress now fashionable, that if there was not in the figure the firmness and reality which the touch of a great master ever gives to his actual portraits, her resemblance might be taken for a model of present costume; the low dressed *chevelure* is completely in keeping with this idea. But how much more beautifully has the Stuart Princess arranged her fair tresses than any model hitherto offered to the public? The fine taste of many of our noble subscribers will, we are certain, readily adopt a mode of arranging the hair which harmonises so well with the present fashion, and which adapts the Vandyke style to long luxuriant hair. The front is arranged in waving curls, the long hair is braided and twisted in a knot, and the ends, curled, are brought

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\* Our engraver in France has lettered the portrait *Vandyke*, but there was a slight impediment in the way of its being from the hand of that celebrated artist; seeing that that admirable right hand had lost its cunning for more than twenty years, being quietly reposing in the dust of old St. Paul's Cathedral since the year 1611; and, as will be seen by our memoir, the English Princess was not born at the time of Vandyke's death. The bones of Vandyke were burnt in the fire of London.

near the face on each side, as continuous ringlets with the front curls, while a row of pearls is passed round the braided knot. She wears the row of throat pearls always seen on the beauties of the court of Louis XIV. Her robe is pale green brocade, open in the skirt, showing a white satin petticoat trimmed with gold lace; while the robe itself, trimmed with black lace, might be sent home by the *modiste* of some modern beauty for the next court ball, without swerving from the fashion of the present day. A *bouffon* tucker of white satin, trimmed with narrow white blonde, is held in full folds round the bosom, with brooches of coloured gems, pearls, and jet; and a chain of jewels is continued from the centre brooch to those on the shoulders, and large pearls are placed down the front of the pointed corsage, which terminates with a brooch of the jewellery above mentioned. The sleeves are made of green brocade, slashed with white satin; beneath they are surrounded with a chain of gems, pearls, and jet drops; then a white point lace ruffle, then a white satin puff, then a fall of jet drops with another white lace ruffle: the pointed corsage is trimmed round the waist with jet clusters and pearls, and the skirt of the robe is looped back on each side with a brooch of the like jewellery. She has jet bracelets tied with a knot of black ribbon; pale buff gloves which meet the lower ruffle; a tasselled pocket handkerchief; and she holds that potent female sceptre—a large Spanish fan.

## EXPECTATION.

“*Esperaba, desperada.*”

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

Mount, nimble squirrel, mount yon giant oak,  
Whose topmost branch—near neighbour to the sky—  
’Neath the light breeze sways trembling like a reed ;  
Up, turret-haunting stork ! swift dart on high,  
From church to citadel at one brave sweep—  
From tall clock tower to frowning donjon-keep.

Mount, antique eagle, from thine aërie mount,  
From yon primeval crag eternal winter snows ;  
And thou, that in thy lowly grass-wove couch,  
Songless the earli’st day-dawn never knows ;—  
Mount, sprightly lark, on quiv’ring pinions spring,  
To meet the first slant sunbeam glistering.

And now from yonder oak-bough’s topmost height,  
From yonder marble tower’s arrowy spires,  
From craggy mount, and thro’ day’s kindling light,  
That o’er the horizon’s marge the fog-wreath fires,  
Mark ye the wave of a warrior’s plume,  
And my well-beloved return ?

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## STANZAS.

I’d rather be a peasant maid,  
Than bear the baubles of the great,  
With all my young affections laid  
In ruin on thy altar—state !  
And move amid a glitt’ring crowd,  
Whose hearts are cold as they are proud.

For what, to me, are jewels bright,  
Or glozing lips, or bended knees ?  
The heart receiveth no delight  
From hollow, formal things, like these :  
I love affection’s gentle eye,  
There I can gaze untiringly.

Then leave me to my lowly lot,  
My morn of peace, my eve of joy ;  
The pleasures of the peasant’s cot  
Are Nature’s !—charms that never cloy—  
Delights that spring from truth and ease ;  
Earth knows no holier joys than these !

B. B.



## NEWS FROM BARCELONA.

A.D. 1697.

"Rumour is a pipe,  
Blown by surmises, \* \* \* conjectures."

SHAKESPEARE.

INTELLIGENCE of the surrender of Barcelona had been anxiously expected at the Court of Versailles, during the greater part of the month of August, 1697. The Duke de Vendôme, general-in-chief of the army in Spain, and Vice-admiral the Count d'Estrées, had forwarded despatches, dated the 16th of July, stating that Monsieur de Chemerault, already "booted and spurred," held himself in readiness to convey to his Majesty the glorious tidings of the taking of the town, which was hourly expected to capitulate. A month, however, had elapsed, and Monsieur de Chemerault had not made his appearance. The disappointment of Louis XIV. and his ministers became apparent, and their uneasiness not a little increased by a rumour, originated by certain malcontents in Paris, of the French troops having been beaten; and which report, as it gained ground, began also to be credited, until at length the news of the defeat, and consequent evacuation of the place, was as firmly believed as had been that of the expected victory. There was, however, one person at the Court of Versailles whose patience became still more sorely tried than even that of royalty, by this unaccountable delay—the heroine of our tale, a young and lovely *protégée* of Madame de Maintenon.

Mademoiselle de Vaucelay, the last descendant of a noble and ancient family, had been left an orphan at a tender age. On the death of her parents she had been adopted by the Marquise de Maintenon, who, after a suitable education, had placed her as maid of honour about the person of the young Duchesse du Maine,† the daughter-in-law of Louis XIV.

The deep, maternal affection evinced by the Marquise towards this child of her adoption, had often been descanted upon at Versailles, simply on account of its singularity, from the total absence of similitude in their respective dispositions; for the envenomed tongue of slander had never dared attack the rigid purity of that lady's unblemished reputation. No two characters could, in fact, have been more diametrically opposite. The one pious, sensible, remarkable for the serious gravity of her manners; the other a spoiled and wayward girl, lively, petulant, capricious, yet withal amiable in her very defects, and so entirely free from hypocrisy, that, unlike many of her young companions, she disdained seeking to ingratiate herself with her benefactress by the semblance of a piety she did not actually possess. Madame de Maintenon, at first attracted by the infantine graces and extreme beauty of the portionless orphan, became no less captivated by the artless gaiety, playful manners, and the affectionate disposition displayed towards all by whom she was noticed. With the Duchess of Maine also, whose character in most points closely resembled her own, she soon became an especial favourite, so that between the sprightly mistress and the laughter-loving maid of honour, the little Court of Sceaux presented a constant scene of gaiety and mirth. The austere gravity of the Marquise was often forced to unbind itself before the lively sallies of her little favourite, whose highest delight was to produce this effect; she would then dance about the room, clap her hands, and cry, "I have made god-mamma laugh," for thus she invariably styled the *incognita* wife of Louis XIV.

The impatience of our little heroine for the arrival of the despatches may be easily conceived, when it is understood that Monsieur Chemerault had been an-

\* See her Portrait and Memoir, Sept., 1835.

† See her Portrait and Memoir, Oct., 1835.

nounced as their bearer, and that Louise de Vaucelay, who had obtained permission to await his arrival at Versailles, was the affianced bride of Chemerault. This young officer had served for the last few years under the Duke de Vendôme. Although only brigadier at his entrance into Spain, he had conducted himself with so much bravery during the whole of the campaign, that he had been purposely selected by the Duke as the bearer of the despatches, and consequently one of the officers best entitled to promotion, and the favour of his Sovereign.

At length, at an early hour one morning towards the end of August, a post-chaise, carefully closed, and plentifully bespattered with mire, was seen driving at a furious rate along the avenue of Sceaux, leading to Versailles. In a few moments it entered the town by a street in which some pavours were about to commence their daily labour, and who, from the rapid progress of the vehicle, had barely time to escape being crushed beneath its lumbering wheels. A cry from one of the pavours, accompanied by an imprecation against the postilion, drew the attention of his companions to the circumstance of the early arrival of the post-chaise, and which in fact was an ordinary event at that time, when Versailles might have been styled the metropolis of France. The fact was, the fellow had been lying across the road, taking his morning nap, and not being sufficiently aroused to get out of the way in time, his leg had been slightly grazed by one of the wheels of the chaise. "I'd bet the best pint of wine I ever drank," grunted forth the man as he rubbed the injured member, "that that fellow would crush fifty people before he gets to his journey's end, were so many to be found in the streets."

"'Tis a courier, with despatches for the King," rejoined one of his comrades, whose eye had followed the carriage until it was out of sight.

"Then it's news from the army! A victory! A victory!" shouted a third; "for we hear of nothing now but the glory of the King's arms, towns taken, provinces conquered."

"Victory!" cried he of the wounded leg sullenly. "A fine victory for me truly, if the rascal had taken off my leg."

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"All your own fault, Philip," answered an old man, who had hitherto remained silent; "there you've been basking like a lazy Savoyard for the last hour, and was the driver to blame if your leg chanced to lie in his way? Come, come, man, don't grumble, there's fine news for the Court this morning. As for me, I never believed that Monsieur de Vendôme had been beaten."

"Don't talk of Monsieur de Vendôme to me, *père Martin*," returned Philip discontentedly; "will all his fine doings add a pound of beef to our soup, or lower the price of bread?"

"I can't say they will," returned Martin; "but the nation benefits by them; none can gainsay that, though *we* may not be the better off."

"True, Martin," observed another, "the nation benefits—for there's always an increase of work. His Majesty orders triumphal arches, and pictures, and statues,—to say nothing of the fireworks."

"In regard to the fireworks, I agree with you, Pierre," said Philip, limping away, "for we do see something of them; but as for all the rest"—and he shrugged his shoulders—"tell me," he continued, "will that restore a son to a poor widow? or a father to his children? And how many have been slaughtered in this last matter of Barcelona, where Monsieur de Vendôme has been fighting away these two months!"

"By the saints but you have it, Philip!" exclaimed three or four voices simultaneously.—"Barcelona is taken, for all they said of the Duke having been beaten; and that's a courier from Spain bringing the news to the King. Huzza! huzza! Barcelona is taken; let's have a glass to the health of Monsieur de Vendôme!"

And flinging their caps in the air, the sturdy politicians adjourned to the nearest wine shop, there to distribute news which originated entirely in their own fertile imaginations.

The post-chaise still rattled on at the same pace, until it reached the Hotel de Courtenvaux, where it was compelled to stop, for a concourse of persons, all equipped for the chase, was at that moment issuing from the gates. In vain did the postilion try to urge on his horses; the poor jaded animals, terrified

## News from Barcelona.

at the confusion and uproar caused by the barking and yelping of the hounds, the winding of huntsmen's horns, cracking of whips, and the clamorous vociferations of their driver, sought to back the vehicle with all their remaining strength. The appearance of the post-chaise was instantly hailed by a loud shout of laughter. It was one of those old-fashioned, cumbrous four-wheeled vehicles, hung close to the ground, and of such convenient dimensions that it might have served as a locomotive abode for either a gang of gipsies or a company of strolling comedians.

"Give place, my friends, to the Marquis of Carabas!" cried a young ministerial secretary.

"You have driven far, postilion, to judge by the quantity of mire you have picked up," said another.

"Whence come you?" cried a third.

"Why call the fellow out of his name?" rejoined a fourth; "don't you recognise Puss in boots?"

"Are you not ashamed, sirrah," inquired a dissipated looking noble, "to drag such a lumbering mass of filth after you?"

"Not more so than you might be, monseigneur, after one of your midnight pranks," quietly responded the driver.

This *apropos* witticism caused a laugh at the expense of the Marquis de Florville, one of the greatest *roués* of the day; and "Well answered, Puss!" resounded from all sides.

The postilion now growing impatient, began to brandish his whip. He perceived that the hunting party, ripe for fun, were in no hurry to make way for him.

"Ho! there, my masters!" cried he at length, "detain me longer at your peril; my orders are to reach the war-office before five o'clock, and if I am not punctual, I'll have Monsieur le Marquis de Barbézieux to settle his accounts with you."

The name of the secretary-at-war acted like magic upon the bystanders. The horses were drawn up, the dogs called in, to give room for the chaise to

speed," he continued, "he won't find Monsieur de Barbézieux; for he slept at Meudon last night, to be in readiness for this morning's chase."

"Tell us, friend, before you go," cried two or three courtiers, whose curiosity had been awakened by the name of the minister, and who more than suspected that the chaise contained the bearer of important despatches, though why it was so carefully closed they could not conjecture. "Tell us whence do you come?—what news do you bring? Eh? despatches from Flanders or from Spain?"

"You are too curious, my masters," cried the postilion, once more spurring on his horses at full speed; "if I come from Flanders, why I don't come from Spain, that's all, you know." In another instant the chaise was out of sight.

Here, however, imagination again supplied the vacuum in the minds of the hair-brained party.

"He is from Flanders," observed one.

"No," answered another, "for he would have come in the other direction."

"He is from Spain," rejoined a third.

"True," said another, "from Catalonia. Vendôme then has not been beaten?"

"No," again responded one of the former speakers, "and Barcelona has surrendered."

"'Twas Chemerault that was inside," observed a young count; "he has been expected this month past."

"Huzza! huzza! for the surrender of Barcelona! *Vive le Duc de Vendôme!*" vociferated a party of huntsmen who had overheard their master's surmises.

"Huzza! for the surrender of Barcelona! Long live the Duke de Vendôme!" re-echoed some fifty voices.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" eagerly inquired some of the inhabitants who had arisen from their beds, and were anxiously peering from behind their window shutters in their night gear. "What's all this clamour about? Is the King ill—or is Madame de Maintenon?"

"No such thing," cried several voices together. "Tis Monsieur de Chemerault arrived from Spain with news of the taking of Barcelona by the Duke de Vendôme!"

"Why did the fellow not say at once whither he was bound?" muttered a huntsman who now busied himself in clearing the way; "but with all his

This important intelligence, so authentically imparted, quickly circulated throughout Versailles; and an hour before the King's levee, it was reported at the palace that Monsieur de Chemerault had arrived at the war-office during the night, and had delivered his despatches to the minister. The tale once believed, became soon fraught with divers circumstantial particulars:—the narrators had had them from persons to whom Monsieur de Chemerault had related them. He had named the officers who had distinguished themselves, as well as those fallen or wounded. He had indicated on which side they had breached and entered the town—how the houses had been carried by storm, and in what disorder the Spanish general, Pimentel, had retired with his troops—that, in short, if the Duke de Vendôme's orders had borne him out to that effect, he would have had possession of the whole of Catalonia in a single campaign!

The post-chaise meantime continued its course without further interruption, until it arrived at the back entrance of the *hôtel de la Guerre*; where it was admitted into what was called the "*Cour des Cuisines*;" and where we must leave it for the present.

Mademoiselle de Vaucelay had been awakened that morning from a pleasing dream, in which her lover had appeared to her, decorated with the insignia of a *maréchal-de-camp* (adjutant-general); for to this rank had the King promised to elevate the officer who should be the first to bring him news of the taking of Barcelona.

The first word she heard upon opening her eyes, was "Barcelona," to which, starting up, she naturally responded, "Chemerault!"

"What, Marion!" she exclaimed to her attendant for the tenth time; "dost thou really mean to say that Monsieur de Chemerault has not been to inquire for me? thou must be mistaken, girl—go, see if he be not waiting;—and, Marion, say I shall be with him forthwith. I knew that Chemerault was come," she continued soliloquizing. "Oh! yes, I saw him—spoke to him—in my dream; he looked as handsome as ever; and though he fought like a lion—he is so brave!—he had not received

a single wound! Yet, could I have loved him the less, had he returned to me scarred, and his beauty gone! Oh! no, I would still have adored him, as deeply, as devotedly as ever. Well, Marion! is he waiting?—didst say I was coming?" Upon the negative of her attendant, Louise still queried with the same volubility: "Tell me, Marion, how did he look;—pale and weary after his journey? He travelled post, thou sayest? Oh! I have it now—he would not appear before me in his travelling dress—hasten! hasten, Marion!—this tiresome, never-ending toilet—that lappet falls too forward, girl; Chemerault likes to see my ear; he says I have a pretty one—besides, he it was who gave me these pearl ear-drops. Now my robe—quick—my blue one—Chemerault likes that best—hasten, girl—thy pace is that of a tortoise. Oh! this eternal toilet. Say, do I look pretty, Marion—my mirror, at least, is tolerably satisfied."

Had Louise de Vaucelay been left to her own inspirations, she would willingly have dispensed with the tedious duties of her toilet on that morning; but Marion had represented to her the indecorum of appearing in public without her pyramidal cap, with its long lappets of point lace, beneath which all high-born damsels then concealed their flowing tresses. Her slender waist must next be imprisoned in its stiffened bodice; her lace ruffles and ribbon sleeve trimmings must be so arranged as to give all the width at the elbow, instead of at the shoulder. And then she would not appear without her patches! Mademoiselle de Vaucelay, however, to whom the strict rules of etiquette gave but little concern, would still have resisted, had it not been for the idea suggested by the tire-woman, that Monsieur de Chemerault might not find her quite so pretty as she looked at his departure. This observation, therefore, determined her at once to submit to the ordeal. At length, the toilet ended, the impatient girl escaped from the hands of her waiting-woman, and rapidly descended the grand staircase, calling upon the name of Chemerault, whose voice she thought she had recognised.

"Has not Monsieur de Chemerault been inquiring for me?" she asked of the porter at the bottom of the stair-

case.—“You should not have denied me to him!”

“No person has inquired for you, mademoiselle,” answered the man. “I know that Monsieur de Chemerault arrived in the night, with news of the taking of Barcelona, but he has not been here.”

“He is gone to the bath,” returned Louise, “and will be here presently, or haply I may meet him.”

So saying, she descended to the great court-yard of the château, where an immense concourse of persons had assembled, to talk over the particulars of the siège. Mademoiselle de Vaucelay pursued her search, running from one group to another. As the word “Barcelona,” at each instant, caught her ear, she would stop and eagerly inquire—

“Where is Chemerault?—have you seen him?—I am in search of him!”

“Monsieur,” she said at length, pausing and addressing an old pensioner, who—to judge by the volubility with which he narrated various facts to his hearers—must have had an hour’s conference, at shortest, with the object of her search: “monsieur, will you have the kindness to tell me where Monsieur de Chemerault is at present?”

“With pleasure, mademoiselle,” replied this well-informed person: “Monsieur de Chemerault is at this moment in conference with Monseigneur le Marquis de Barbézieux, at the *hôtel de la Guerre*.”

Louise, having thanked him, bounded off anew in the direction of the minister’s hotel, and had not proceeded far ere she was met by one of the intendants of the royal household, who, surprised at seeing one of the Duchess of Maine’s maids-of-honour alone, in the court-yard, at that unseasonable hour of the morning, habited, too, in full court costume, exclaimed, as he looked down at her satin slippers—

“Mademoiselle would have done better to have taken a sedan-chair.”

But Louise was too much occupied to notice either him or his remark. The intendant shrugged his shoulders—

“An assignation, no doubt!” he exclaimed; “yet the silly little damsel might have taken a less public path.”

Mademoiselle de Vaucelay now had reached the *hôtel de la Guerre*. Making

her way through a group of idle lacquays, assembled in the hall, she ascended the flight of steps leading to the council-chamber; here, however, her progress was arrested by the door-keeper, to whose numerous questions Louise replied by the single word, “Chemerault!” The man repeated the word after her, wholly at a loss to divine her meaning, and puzzled to guess why the name of that officer should be advanced as a counter-order to the express commands he had received from the minister himself, before his departure for the chase at Meudon.

“I want to see Monsieur Chemerault,” said Louise, becoming more explicit; “let me see him forthwith. It is useless to deny him,” continued she; “for I know he is in conference with the minister.”

“Monsieur de Barbézieux is particularly occupied in his cabinet, mademoiselle,” bowed the domestic, obeying his master’s orders, “but—”

“I tell thee,” interrupted Louise, impatiently, “I care not for the minister—it is Chemerault I want, and Chemerault I must see! Go, say it is I—Louise de Vaucelay, who waits.”

“I am sorry, mademoiselle, but I dare not enter the minister’s cabinet under any pretence,” returned the man, respectfully.

“Thou art an ill-mannered knave!” angrily exclaimed the impatient girl; “I will enter, so detain me at thy peril! and I will, moreover, pray the King to dismiss thee from thy charge!”

“I am sorry, mademoiselle,” again reiterated the door-keeper, “but my orders are imperative. I protest, mademoiselle, that Monsieur de Chemerault is not with the minister.”

“Such protestations are false, and thou seekest to deceive me! Monsieur de Chemerault arrived in the night, and is even now in conference with the minister. Am I not rightly informed?”

“True, I hear that Monsieur de Chemerault arrived last night; but I again declare that he has not been here. As to Monsieur le Marquis, if you wish to speak with him, he can be seen at six o’clock, before he sits down to supper with the princes.”

“Monsieur de Barbézieux, indeed!” exclaimed Louise, indignantly; “as if

[THE COURT

I cared for Monsieur de Barbézieux, or any other minister on the face of the earth! 'Tis my own dear Chemerault I want, and will find, were he even in the King's chamber!"

"It is probable, mademoiselle," returned the door-keeper, catching at the words, and seeing a hope of ridding himself of the importunate visiter, "it is very probable, mademoiselle, that Monsieur de Chemerault may have gone to deliver his despatches to the King himself—he may now be at his Majesty's levee."

"Could you not have told me so at once?" cried Louise, running down the steps, and setting off once more in pursuit of her lover.

Wherever she went, her singular apparition at that early hour of the morning created surprise; but she, nevertheless, passed on without deigning to notice the titters and remarks of those whose curiosity had been attracted by her strange appearance.

She next directed her steps to the apartments where Madame de Maintenon was in the habit of consecrating a portion of her mornings to the spiritual instruction of some of the younger daughters of the nobility, who held situations about the princesses, and the orphan daughters of officers who had fallen in their country's service; and where, it was said, she made them fast, pray, and meditate under her own rigid and immediate inspection.

"Thou art welcome, child," said Madame de Maintenon, raising her black coif to embrace her *protégée*. "Come, sit thee here; thou art just in time to hear my discourse on the concomitant graces."

"Ah! my sweet godmamma," returned Louise, "here is question of a far more divine grace, since I crave yours. Come with me to the King?"

"To the King! And what would'st thou with the King, my pretty one?" inquired the Marquise, with unfeigned astonishment. "Say, Louise,—cannot I content thee as well as his Majesty? Hast thou a complaint to make—a favour to request?"

"I have no complaint against any person," returned Louise, "unless, indeed, it be against Chemerault, who arrived in the night, and has not been to

see me yet. But come, godmamma, I have no time to lose."

"My child, I cannot take thee to the King: his Majesty is indisposed. Besides, he is now engaged in the performance of his morning devotions: thou wilt see him in the evening."

"In the evening!" reiterated Louise, in a tone which showed she was not to be put off—"in the evening! as if I could wait an hour—a minute!"

"Know ye not, sweetest," asked Madame de Maintenon, "that it is displeasing to his Majesty to receive ladies before mass?"

"His Majesty's good taste and sense is too well known, madam," said Louise, "for it to be displeasing to him to receive *you* at any time; and, as to poor little Louise de Vaucelay, she must be a nonentity in his Majesty's eyes, not worth the trouble of being angry about."

"But, Louise, I am engaged at present; later, my child—"

"Not a minute later, godmamma; if you will not come, I must needs go alone, and that might be dangerous!" said she, holding up her finger, and looking archly beneath her benefactress's coif. "Chemerault might be jealous, and godmamma might be jealous," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper.

"But Louise, listen—"

"I can't listen, godmamma; so if you do not come, I'll cry my eyes out, and then,—and then I'll stab myself with your scissors! I must see Chemerault; he is at the levee. So go I am determined, were I to enter through the key-hole!"

In vain Madame de Maintenon pleaded one excuse after another, but all her arguments were combated by Louise, who laughed, wept, coaxed, and flattered by turns, until the old lady, whose kindness was no longer proof against the witcheries of her little favourite, at length gave way.

"Thou art a spoiled and wayward child, Louise," added the Marquise, as she prepared to conduct her to the King's apartment; "but, prithee, child, remember to be reasonable in presence of his Majesty."

Louis XIV. had by this time recovered from his indisposition; he had also concluded his devotions. His Majesty was surrounded by the great officers of state, who had assembled to offer their con-

gratulations upon the victory just obtained by the Duke de Vendôme; and here again Barcelona was the theme. Still, although Louis XIV. accepted these congratulations with the most courtly urbanity, an acute observer might have perceived that his Majesty was not wholly satisfied. What he had learnt from hearsay, he would have preferred hearing from Monsieur de Chemerault in person; but that officer still held himself invisible.

"Madame la Marquise de Maintenon!" announced the great usher at the private door by which that lady usually entered his Majesty's apartment: "Chemerault! where is Chemerault! my poor Chemerault!" cried Mademoiselle de Vaucelay, bounding into the royal chamber, and running wildly from one courtier to another, but without discovering the object of her search. "Good heavens! what can have become of him!" cried the disappointed girl at last, the tears rushing to her eyes. Then pausing before the arm-chair in which Louis XIV. was seated, and making a low courtesy:

"Sire!" she faltered—"where is Chemerault? has he been wounded in the siege?"

The King turned towards Madame de Maintenon, who stood at his side: there was at once surprise and inquiry in his glance.

"Sire!" said Madame de Maintenon, replying to the tacit question; "Sire, has your Majesty forgotten Mademoiselle de Vaucelay, with whose singing and dancing you were wont to be so pleased when she was a little girl? I have placed her with the Duchess of Maine; she has a favour to ask, which I pray your Majesty to grant—for I love the child."

"Sire!" resumed Louise, once more turning towards the Sovereign, her tears falling fast: "Sire! tell me—pray tell me where is Chemerault?"

"We may ask you the same question, mademoiselle," answered Louis kindly, "for we ourselves have not yet seen Monsieur de Chemerault, and are much displeased at his culpable neglect."

"Then Monsieur de Barbézieux's porter told me false!" returned Louise, "he said Chemerault had not been there, but that he was no doubt with your Majesty—the fellow is an impudent impostor, I pray you, sire, to have him chastised."

"We know not," pursued Louis XIV., "if Monsieur de Barbézieux has been more favoured than ourselves; yet it would appear that the communication were sufficiently pressing for us to have been made acquainted with the particulars otherwise than by hearsay; we shall, however, show both these persons that we are master, and know how we ought to be obeyed!"

There was something in the King's tone that made more than one of the nobles present fancy himself installed in the high office held by the Marquis de Barbézieux.

"Then, sire!" cried Louise, smiling through her tears, and snatching Madame de Maintenon's handkerchief in no very ceremonious manner to dry her eyes, for she had forgotten her own, as well as her gloves and fan—"Then, sire! as you are master—I conjure your Majesty to keep your promise."

"What promise, my child?" inquired Louis, who, as well as Madame de Maintenon, felt highly amused at the scene.

"Your Majesty said you would confer the rank of *maréchal-de-camp* upon the first person who would announce to you the taking of Barcelona—I claim your promise in favour of Chemerault; so pray name him at once, that I may be the first to congratulate him upon his promotion."

"The King never forgets his promises, my pretty damsel—so as we are to confer the title of *maréchal-de-camp* upon the person from whom we had the first intelligence, we will at once oblige you, and name our first chirurgien Fagon, who gave us the news while feeling our pulse—therefore——"

"Oh! no, no, sire!" screamed Louise, not that odious Fagon!"

The King laughed outright, and turned his eye towards Fagon, who stood at a short distance from his chair, and who seemed highly interested by the *naïve* scene thus enacted by the petted girl.

"Then what are we to do? how fulfil our promise?"

"Name Chemerault," replied Louise.

"But, suppose we should think it time enough to reward Monsieur de Chemerault after he has shown himself? he seems inclined to preserve his invisibility"

"Oh!" cried Louise, "this is a subterfuge, sire! and," she continued, half

petulantly, "is as much as to say the news came without Chemerault, that it travelled by itself through the air. I cannot conceive what doubts your Majesty can possibly have; but much, I fear, you would like to defraud him of his right, and name another in his place!" and here Louise began to sob.

"Sire! sire! do not vex her!" whispered Madame de Maintenon, "what she asks is just! I cannot bear to see her weep—my poor, pretty Louise!"

"Chemerault shall be named," rejoined Louis, in a low voice. "But who is this Chemerault? what is he to her? She appears to love him passionately!"

"Devotedly!" replied the Marquise; they are engaged, and I have promised myself the happiness, with your Majesty's consent, to unite them to each other."

"We consent with all our heart," returned the King, smiling graciously, and flattered by the deference to his opinion expressed by the Marquise; "you know, madam, that we approve of all you do." Then turning towards Louise, who scarcely knew whether to cry or to laugh, and alternately did both: "Mademoiselle de Vaucelay!" said the monarch, as he looked admiringly upon the lovely petitioner, "for the sake of your bright eyes, Monsieur de Chemerault shall receive from us the brevet of *maréchal-de-camp*; and as we make no doubt that he has performed prodigies of valour, we shall further reward him, by bestowing upon him this fair hand;" and as he took Louise's hand, added smilingly, "that is, if you will intrust the boon to our disposal. We, too, will look to your fortune, which shall be thirty thousand livres—in proof of the affection which Madame la Marquise evinces towards you!" and Louis bowed graciously to that lady, who thanked him with one of her sweetest smiles.

As to Louise, she uttered a shriek of delight, testifying at the same time her gratitude by throwing both arms round the neck of Madame de Maintenon, and then turning towards the King, seized his hand and kissed it repeatedly, and, we must add, with far more warmth than required by the rules of court etiquette. She then proceeded to the door with her protectress; but, there seeming to recollect herself, she ran back, and gracefully bending upon one knee, again

raised the royal hand respectfully to her lips. This unexpected action seemed to afford the highest gratification to Louis, who, bending forward, imprinted a paternal kiss upon her blushing cheek. She then curtsied and quitted the chamber.

Having accompanied Madame de Maintenon to the door of her apartment, Louise set out once more in pursuit of her truant lover. She returned to the *hôtel de la Guerre*, questioning all the domestics, and even proceeded to the very kitchens. She next searched all over the palace of Versailles, inquiring of every one, whatsoever their rank, whether they had seen Chemerault. Her lover's arrival was confirmed on all sides, yet, strange to say, though every body knew he had arrived, no person could say they had actually seen him. At length, harassed, disappointed, and not knowing what to think, she began to give herself up to a violent fit of jealousy. Whilst walking slowly to her own apartment (for it was now five o'clock, P.M.), her ear was attracted by the cracking of whips, together with the rumbling of wheels. She darted once more down the stairs in time to see a post-chaise arrive, and a gentleman jump out.

"Chemerault!" screamed Mademoiselle de Vaucelay. Alas! poor Louise! It was not Chemerault! It was Monsieur Lapparat, an artillery officer, one of the first engineers in France, and who had directed the movements of the siege, where he had even been wounded.

"Monsieur Lapparat, what have you done with Chemerault?" eagerly asked Louise, discovering her mistake, and trying, at the same time, to impede his entrance until he had satisfied her upon this all-important point. Monsieur Lapparat repeated the name of "Chemerault" with visible embarrassment, and lifting the slight form of Louise, and putting her on one side, he ran past her.

"Oh!" cried the poor girl, bursting into tears, "Chemerault has gone back to Catalonia without bidding me farewell!" and slowly and sadly did she seek her chamber, where, shutting herself up, she wept for two long hours.

Monsieur de Lapparat had proceeded at once to the King's apartment, where he was instantly admitted. Great, however, was his surprise at finding the King already in possession of the news, but



greater still was his astonishment on being informed that Chemerault had been the bearer of it; for he had travelled post from Montpellier, where he had left that officer confined to his bed with broken ribs and other severe contusions, caused by a fall from his horse. Chemerault had been despatched with the news, as announced previously by the Duke de Vendôme, and for sake of expedition had preferred travelling on horseback, when he met with this unfortunate accident on his entrance into Montpellier. This threw some light upon the invisibility of Monsieur de Chemerault, but how the news had reached Versailles before the arrival of Monsieur Lapparat, still remained a riddle.

The Marquis de Barbézieux had returned to his hotel after his day's chase at Meudon, where the tidings of the surrender of Barcelona had reached him; and highly was he pleased to find that his absence had not been even suspected by the King; for he found an invitation to join the royal supper party at nine o'clock, and which, to his infinite regret, he saw himself forced to accept. The minister had himself engaged the Princess, together with some other guests, all lovers of good cheer, to sup at his hotel; and it was with no little chagrin that he quitted them to join the dull party at his Sovereign's table.

Just as the marquis was preparing to quit his friends, he was informed by his *maitre d'hôtel*, that a courier had arrived that morning, bringing with him an enormous sturgeon, larger, he said, than any that had been seen on the King's table for several years. The Marquis instantly ordered it to be conveyed to the royal kitchen, and prepared for the "*petit souper*." Great was the astonishment of Louis the Fourteenth and his guests when they beheld the stupendous fish.

"Why, here is a sturgeon," said the King, "of the dimensions of a shark! Where was this monster taken?"

"Sire," answered the minister, "it arrived at my hotel in a post-chaise, and by courier extraordinary, this morning at an early hour. I presume it comes from the Mediterranean, but cannot guess by whom it was sent."

"It was sent by Chemerault!" cried Mademoiselle de Vaucelay, whose quick

eye had been attracted by something glittering attached to the gills of the fish, and who had bent over the table to examine it more closely.

"Sire! sire!" continued the lively girl, "behold, Chemerault has merited his brevet of *maréchal-de-camp*. It is his ring which he has attached to the gills of the sturgeon!" and she clapped her hands and danced upon her tabouret.

Louise de Vaucelay surmised correctly. There was indeed a ring engraved with the armorial bearings of the family of Chemerault, attached to the head of the prodigious monster, and which the *chef de cuisine*, supposing it a present from some foreign potentate, had carefully replaced after the sturgeon had been prepared for the royal table.

"The arrival of the sturgeon, then," said the King, "was coupled with the news of Barcelona, which it would now appear had its foundation in mere rumour!" Another wonder was still to come. Upon opening the fish a small mass of lead, carefully rolled up, was discovered, and which upon examination was found to contain the following words:—

"Barcelona capitulated on the 8th of August. Monsieur de Chemerault, the bearer of this news, is confined at Montpellier in consequence of a fall from his horse. He commends himself to the magnanimity of his Sovereign, and to the kindness of his friends."

"Now, sire," eagerly cried Louise, determined to take her lover's part to the last, "was I wrong in persisting that Chemerault had been the first to give your Majesty news of the surrender of Barcelona!"

The King laughed right heartily.

"Good news," said his Majesty, "cannot come from too many sources. We have named Monsieur de Chemerault *maréchal-de-camp*, but in justice we must also confer the same rank upon Monsieur Lapparat, who, we believe, is no stranger to that important conquest."

In less than six weeks after this memorable day, Monsieur de Chemerault, *maréchal-de-camp*, received from his Majesty King Louis the Fourteenth, in the royal chapel of Versailles, the fair hand of his beloved and deeply-attached Louise de Vaucelay.

L. V. F.—.

## THE POLISH EMIGRANT.

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I saw when Kosciusko fell,<sup>1</sup>  
And, as his corse's sentinel,  
I met, and fought almost alone,  
A host of foes, who fain would own  
The prize. At length, o'erpower'd and ta'en,<sup>1</sup>  
And nearly number'd with the slain—  
Tho' much, as rebel, I had dared—  
They bound me ; but my life was spared :  
And I, with wounds undress'd and raw,  
Condemn'd a dungeon's air to draw—  
('Twere mercy to have kill'd me, when  
I mingled in the strife of men).

Then, as I heal'd, the darksome mine  
Was next where I was doom'd to pine.  
One ling'ring pity yet they show'd,  
Whence greater torture doubly flow'd :  
They chose with me my wife should bide ;  
She clung all faithful by my side,  
And fed my children ; but the air,  
And cold, and want, and healthless fare,  
Their tender frames not long defied—  
The last of our dear offspring died.

We buried them ; their very clay  
Slept not beneath the light of day ;  
Our savage gaolers would not give  
Such boon, lest we might 'scape and live.  
And coffinless, without a shroud,  
In stifled grief my wife and I  
Bore each, to where the daily crowd  
Of slaves and task-men came not nigh ;  
That no rude foot might trample down  
The wasting flesh and whit'ning bone.

For this there dawn'd another day ;  
The Czar, for that time, lost his prey.  
E'en in earth's bowels—where around  
All crimes mock'd virtue—one was found,  
Who serv'd a tyrant he abhorr'd :  
We won his friendship and his sword.  
We hasten'd thro' the shades of night ;  
This friend attended us in flight,  
And liv'd to combat by my side  
Once more, for Poland's buried pride.

*The Polish Emigrant.*

Ah ! then full many a Russian head  
Proclaim'd the blow by vengeance sped ;  
Nations, whose flag for freedom waved,  
Saw us out-number'd, not out-braved.  
I wept o'er Warsaw's dying groan,  
The foe press'd round—I fled alone ;  
And many a bitter look I turn'd  
Upon each village, as it burn'd,  
Whose flames by night illum'd my path,  
While Cossacks wreak'd their demon-wrath.

But I escaped—I fancied then  
From all which bore the form of men,  
The partner of my joys and woes  
Was shelter'd, e'en from Russian foes.  
Alas ! my suff'rings could not show  
How far a Russian heart would go ;  
She follow'd me—the fiends pursued,  
And on the desert gladly view'd  
A thing so precious, to efface  
All I had wrought upon their race.

But spare a husband's lips to tell  
What sick'ning horrors there befell ;  
Suffice, Elgina's fate was her's—  
A doom scarce crime itself incurs—  
The wolves, more mild than human fangs,  
A period put to Nature's pangs.

At length, on England's happy shore,  
Behold the days of anguish o'er !  
Except, when looking on my scars—  
These tokens of my country's wars—  
My dying babes—my tortur'd wife,  
Come back with all the strength of life.

W. LEDGER.

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FROM *L'IDEE DE DIEU* OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

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Their taunts are worthless to the soul  
That hails a day which knows no cloud ;  
Onward for her the world may roll—  
She hears nor mingles with the crowd.  
Even as the drop of pearly spray,  
Which billows, broken on their way,  
Upon the echoing rock have driven,  
There in its virgin brightness thrown,  
Exhales its being pure and lone  
With incense and with light to heaven.

## THE RIVER EXCURSION.

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ONE July morning, when the heat promised to be extreme, and to preclude the possibility of movement without exhaustion, we were asked if we were disposed for a saunter—or, more properly, a float—on the river; not to be rowed by boatmen, but to be impelled by our friend alone, wherever fancy should lead; and to run all risks of grounding as the tide fell, from our slender knowledge of the channel. We agreed, and embarked in our little Cambrian bay upon water clear and bright as liquid emeralds, with no other companion than Ruby, the handsomest of spaniels, and the one who most enjoys an expedition. The scene was exquisite—a brimming tide, without a ripple, and the water so exquisitely transparent that the sand below, with all its productions—weeds, shells, fish—were perfectly visible and distinct. On each side the mountains, in their gorgeous robes of purple, lay in dreamy silence, faintly obscured by the gauzy mist of heat; whilst those in the furthest distance were wrapt in a shroud of cloud, blending earth and sky in mystery. The rough side of the great mountain lay softened in the hazy atmosphere, as if it sought to assimilate its rugged features to the calm and loveliness around. We floated by the numerous headlands, or under the rocky banks, which, on the opposite side, are so beautifully covered with luxuriant trees—the mountain ash especially lifting its light and graceful foliage from the stony fissures, and drooping over them with the weight of its splendid berries. Here and there a crab-apple, laden with fruit, recalling to one's imagination how exquisite it must have been, early in the season, in the profusion of bloom. As the tide sank, we touched the bottom at every stroke of the oar, and we were amused at the shoals of flat fish which shot away in all directions to the refuge of the sand; whilst now and then a salmon, like a silver arrow, darted after the flies. I never remember to have observed such a

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redundance of life as on this lovely day. Whether the peculiar warmth or state of the atmosphere was unusually suited to its development, I know not; but so it was. The still water, intensely green, teemed with the newly born. The medusæ were floating up in myriads; some like small transparent mushrooms, flapping their hollow sides to impel themselves forward; some were like four white cruciform specks, which, on inspection, were enclosed in a thin jelly, but, out of their element, those opaque spots were no longer visible. Then floated by long, brown, insect-looking creatures, flies of strange shapes, eels like threads of silver. It was now too late in the season for such an exhibition, but I remember, on a former occasion, being delighted by the sight of one of those lovely Barrow ducks—or St. George's ducks, as they are called here—swimming in one of the creeks, with a numerous brood of young ones following her. On she went in the smooth water, holding high her delicately tinted head, as if carefully scanning the approach of danger; her dazzling white plumage varied with those brilliant hues of chestnut and black, looking so pure in the sunlight; and the little babbling, puffy ducklings, revelling in the shallows, now pursuing a passing insect, now dipping in the stream, now startled and cackling, as a large gull sailed above them, or a salmon shot below them. It was evidently their first introduction into active life from the secluded creek where their careful mother had formed her nest; and it was charming to see the pride and consequential air of the matron; her anxious care, her stately bearing, in contrast with the thoughtless, *childish* deportment of her progeny, who gave themselves up to the novel delights of this their first excursion.

The sea-gulls were crowding on the sands, which were now left dry by the receding tide; and uttering their wild, plaintive cry, than which I know no sound

## The River Excursion.

that adds so much to the sweet soothing loneliness of our lovely river. As we were slowly wafted by the long dry tracks of golden sand, they scarcely disturbed themselves, but stood basking in the sun, or feeding on the shell-fish, which they scooped out, or raised themselves heavily and skimmed close to the water to another range, which, strewed with the white shells of the cockles, attracted their attention. Here and there a solitary heron stood in the shallows, the shadow of his thin gaunt form lengthened in the glassy water, the image of patience and perseverance; but if we approached too near, he reluctantly spread his grey wings, and flapping the air with a sound quite audible to our ears, he made for the wooded crags which skirt the shore. Now and then one or two of the ungainly, gross, obscure cormorants, cast a black shadow in the silver stream as he winged his way towards the sea-shore, and the black cattle, who had been waiting for the lowering of the waters, slowly waded from the main land to the long stretches of sand, there to be freed from the torment of the flies, which swarmed in the woods and low meadows. If we would not remain imbedded in these same sands for the rest of the day, it was high time to return; accordingly we pursued our homeward course, carefully watching the shallows of the channel, and giving warning when we were within a moment of grounding. Sometimes we seemed to be making our way along a mirror of quicksilver, so absolutely alive was it with myriads of tiny eels, no thicker than a thread or longer than a needle; and as I gazed with curious admiration on this wonderful awakening of life, I perceived floating quite on the surface a lovely little flat fish, about one inch and a half in length and breadth, and after a chase, in which we succeeded in capturing him with much trouble, it was pronounced a turbot in the earliest stage of turbothood. He was a perfect beauty. Transparent, delicate, glassy grey, the whole surface of his body and fins studded with seed pearl, his tail of pale clear sand colour, so unsubstantial it could be detected only by its slender, shadowy rays, his protuberant eyes like diamond sparks, restlessly turning half round as on a pivot, his tiny panting mouth, his evident astonishment at the new forms

around him, his rage when we deposited him in a glass tumbler, his ineffectual leaps to regain the briny element! Poor little fellow!—however “used to the melting mood” we were merciless, and conveyed him home. Here he was placed in a capacious basin, with the cleanest sand and the clearest salt water; and here he had room and verge enough, either for his rapid darts across or his endless circles; and here he would repose on his glittering couch, so cunningly ensconced therein that it often required a long and steady examination of it, inch by inch, before we could discern him, and then it was the sparkle of his diamond eyes that betrayed his lurking place. How to give him nourishment perplexed us not a little; at last we tried very minute shreds of raw meat fastened slightly to a hair or bristle, and to our delight he would, after apparently contemplating it with stoical indifference, dart on and swallow it with unerring aim. Some days he would eat two, three, or more slices, then for a day or two he would keep a rigid fast, though he might prey on some animalculæ invisible to us. And he grew and flourished, more though in portliness than length. He thickened manifestly, and he was like a chameleon in hue, for if the fresh sand varied in tint, so surely did the little Proteus change his livery, and the seed pearl became golden specks, like the shining particles of his habitation. It was a new thing to bring up a turbot as a pet, and I believe we all secretly looked forward with some anxiety to the time when he would expand into a mighty fish, fit for the table of a monarch or a lord mayor, though let it not be for a moment imagined that such an end for him was ever contemplated; and we began to think seriously of what dimensions should be his tub when he had reached to turbot’s estate. But, alas! the vanity of our speculations! I was occupied one luckless day by unpleasant intelligence, still I was not unmindful of my finny charge, and I intended to utter my usual request, “Bring me some salt water.” The substitution of one word produced most fatal consequences. I said, “Bring me some *fresh* water,” of course meaning *fresh*, in the sense of freshly drawn from the sea. Now, as I stood by the fish’s basin whilst I spoke, and had moreover daily given the direc-

[THE COURT

## *The River Excursion.*

tions for salt water, I cannot but think it was stupid not to understand my words according to their spirit; but let that pass,—the water brought was indeed fresh, too fresh, from the purest of mountain streams, but the most unfit for the sustenance of my poor pensioner. The next morning he lay stiff and lifeless on the yellow sand; his colour faded, his transparent substance dimmed, his diamond eyes diamonds no longer.

I stood aghast. I gazed on the change with almost a tear in my eye; then wrath arose in my bosom, and it vented itself in reproaches for the carelessness, the stupidity, the inattention which had led to such a catastrophe. It would have been some satisfaction to have uttered a volley of reproaches upon some guilty individual, but it is wonderful how a *case* for reproof slips through one's fingers; so much so, that I have often, on the discovery of some heinous misdemeanour, felt my indignation so expressive, that to preserve my dignity unruffled, and to administer the just medium of blame, I have waited till I was myself cooled down to the proper temperature; and by that time how the aspect of the affair has changed! The darkness has somehow or other dispersed, as one often sees in the horizon at sea, where it looks so leaden and lurid, that we hesitate in our purpose of going out till we shall see "what it comes to." So we sit down to some occupation, and when we look up again, behold the portentous vapours are dilated, and, though a misty grey remains, it is not worth considering; and in this particular instance I was even forced to a comparatively very feeble expression of my real feelings. I could say no more than that it was very negligent and very stupid not to know that the daily jug of water was to be drawn from the sea. I feared they might hit the blot, and urge that "fresh" being the term employed, fresh was brought, and agreed with the letter of the injunction. Now, as I could not have borne to have had the untimely end of my little friend brought home to myself, I had nothing to do but to mutter an anathema against the whole set of inhabitants of the lower regions, and feel as vexed and more out of sorts than at some deeper woe, which calls up greater powers of resistance.

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Oh! but it was a hot day!—and yet there was a sweet low breath coming now and then from the water that greeted our glowing cheeks pleasantly, and which tempted one to close one's eyes and enjoy it dreamingly; only that eyes could scarcely close upon such a scene as lay around us, like a picture in its stillness and colouring, but with the sweet conviction of reality. Slowly we approached our bay, where several sloops lay at anchor, or moored by ropes fastened from their bows to a projecting rock. In the centre of one of these ropes, which stretched about four or five feet above the water, and in extent I suppose forty or fifty feet, was fixed a blue spot of such intense and vivid brilliancy, that one and all descried it at once. We drew nearer, still it remained, when we discovered it to be a king-fisher. There he sat quite unconcerned, and happily for him no sailor's eye had marked him. He allowed us to float very near him, to land, and to watch him for many minutes before he spread those wings of sparkling blue and retreated to a low projecting crag, hung with wreaths and masses of sea-weed, in one of the fissures of which he perched, his own beautiful hues harmonising admirably with the warm, glowing ambery tints of the abundant Fuci. At last he was weary of his station, or perhaps his vanity was sufficiently sated with our admiration; so once more spreading his dazzling pinions, he flashed round the corner of the rock, bearing with him our fervent wishes that he might attract no more dangerous observation than ours, but reach his domicile in safety, there to rear creatures to vie with himself in brilliancy and beauty.

On another occasion long subsequent, a vision of a blue bird afforded us high delight. It was on an April day, in Switzerland, when the combination of a glorious sun and a soft spring air coming after a series of bad weather, appeared doubly charming, and tempted us to undertake our long-meditated expedition to the Château de Chillon. Many a look of desire had we cast at it as it lay, brought out so distinctly by the evening sunbeams, and appeared so come-at-able from the windows of our campagne; but the extreme severity of the weather, and the variable character of each succeeding day, had occasioned us to pass the winter without ever reaching it. Now, however,

## *The River-Excursion.*

all was attractive and sweet, so the bark in the bay, and the powers at hand, we embarked in one of the high peak-bowed boats which spread their graceful wings, now with the stateliness of the swan, and now with the capricious fluttering of the butterfly; but not a breeze blew to-day, and we made slow progress over the deep, blue waters towards the old fortress. It does not show well from the Genevan side, for the building is ugly, a long mass of unbroken wall with high roofs, but as we rounded it, it stretched into more importance, displaying an edifice of no inconsiderable size, and diversified with abundance of towers, tourelles, and angles, all tipped with the shining metallic pinnacles, which look more Turkish than European. As we were examining it with curiosity, a bird flew from one of the turrets towards a hole in the wall. It was a blue bird, or at least there was sufficient blue about it to flash brightly in the sun as it passed. Instantly we all remembered Lord Byron's bird, "the lovely bird with azure wings," that visited the cell of the poor prisoner. Imagine our pleasure, and how we rejoiced at

having preferred the passage of the lake to traversing the dusty road, for it was evident, and indeed the concierge told us, that the bird lived on the water side of the fortress, and was seldom visible from the land. From her, too, we learnt that Lord Byron descended several times into the dungeons of the château, where he would remain for hours meditating and composing, and there he must have seen the bird, who frequently perches on the loopholes as it watches for its prey. It is the *alcedo hispada*, or fishing martin, *le plus bel oiseau de l'Europe*, as I found in the *Conservateur Suisse*; but he owes to the imagination of the poet alone the attribute of song—

That said a thousand things,

And seem'd to say them all for me.

I suppose that others likewise may have hitherto conceived the bird "with azure wings" a mere creation of the poet's fancy: a note to these lines of the poem should therefore point out the faithfulness of his observation, and to the traveller the chance of beholding one of the identical race on the very walls of this most interesting fortress.

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## SONNET.

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I should be wrongly judg'd, did any deem  
That stretch'd upon this mossy couch, beneath  
The purple shadow of the fragrant heath,  
I were indeed as idle as I seem.  
My body resteth, but my mind doth teem  
With crowds of roving fancies; and the wreath  
Of woven flowers that decks the maiden's brow  
Is not more brightly or more varied wrought  
'Than is the glorious tissue of my thought.  
Spreading o'er heaven above and earth below,  
Pondering on Him from whom all good things flow,  
Scanning the lessons which his love hath taught;  
And gathering wisdom from those clouds on high  
Down to that busy bee that murmureth by.

## A SKETCH OF THIERS.

THIERS, the French minister, was not cradled on the knee of a duchess. Of obscure birth, without fortune, he early sought wealth and distinction. Failing at the bar, he chose the career of a man of letters: insatiable in his desires, as are all persons of lively imagination, more from necessity than conviction, he became a partisan of the Liberals—a follower of Danton and the *men de la Montagne*, and pushed to enthusiasm the calculating fanaticism of their doctrines. He owed the commencement of his reputation, unquestionably, to his own talent—that of his wealth to Lafitte. Nevertheless, were it not for the revolution of 1830, Thiers would at the present day be neither elector, deputy, nor minister—no, not even an academician; he would have grown grey in the esteem of a small literary coterie. Since this period, Thiers has changed his rôle—become an aristocrat, an upholder of privileges. His name will be for ever attached to the siege of Paris, to the laws against associations, courts of assize, public journals, to all, in short, which enchains liberty, paralyses the press, demoralises the nation, and brings to degradation the pure and generous revolution of July. Thiers is like to those instruments which bend but never break; whose elastic qualities enable both ends to meet, and regain their form, straight as the arrow—so supple are they; renegade in principle and in friendship, he is the pliant and serviceable agent of loyalty, equal and good *à tout*.

Thus, when a man without character or virtue, with a literary rather than a moral education, pushed on by the tide of fortune, attains the height of power, the unexpected elevation dazzles and bewilders him. Alone upon the summit he has reached—uncertain where to lean, having neither self-consideration nor connexion, anxious to forget his plebeian origin, yet finding it impossible to become the noble and great seigneur, he succumbs, he prostrates principle and feeling at the shrine of power; nothing is too servile, or too humiliating, to prove

his adoration. Persons of this class are like those self-predestinated, who form a compact with the devil—they bear his finger-mark, and dare they break one link of their chain, or vacillate one step, the infernal master to whom they have yielded their body, and sold their soul, exclaims, “Thou art mine!”

Thiers has neither countenance, form, nor elegance; in his gait he reminds you of the *gamin*, in his chat of the gossip; his nasal pronunciation hurts the ear; short in stature, his shoulder scarcely reaches the marble of the tribune, which nearly hides him from the view of his auditors. Added to these physical defects, no one believes in him, not even himself; his distrust alike of friends and foes, his proverbial profligacy, destroy all moral illusion which may otherwise exist in listening to his speeches. With every thing against him, this little being takes his place in the tribune, establishes himself there with such inimitable ease, and succeeds, without any other sentiment, in fascinating your attention, and making you a willing listener from the sole influence of his irresistible wit. He does not attract you, like Dupin, with short and brilliant pauses, or with the grave style peculiar to Odillon Barrot, or the keen sarcasm of Mauguin, or the flowing eloquence of Sauzet, or yet the deep and energetic reasoning of Guizot. Thiers has an attraction different from all these, a talent peculiar to himself alone—call it, if you will, a chattering; but, so lively, light, brilliant, voluble is it, so abounding in traits of history, clever reflections, and admirable anecdote, all of which he rolls, unrolls, varies with an incomparable dexterity of language. Before you can imagine he has finished clothing one idea, another is born; thought springs into expression so swiftly from that little head! Nature, ever compassionate in her compensations, has gifted this witty dwarf with the vast lungs of a giant, and concentrated all the powers of manhood in the frail organs of his larynx.

His wit flies like the wing of the humming-bird; you feel the wound,



## A Sketch of Thiers.

without knowing from whence came the dart. If a theory present two sides, one false, the other true, Thiers will group, mingle, and play them with such agility, that you have not time to catch the sophistry. Whether the whimsical mixture of his ideas, his tones, the incoherent propositions he advances, be an effort of art or not, it is hard to say; but of all orators, he is the most easy to refute, when you read his speeches, the most difficult when you listen to them. Of all our political *roués*, Thiers is the most amusing, of our sophists and the most acute; he is the most subtle and unseizable of our jugglers. Thiers is, in truth, the *Bosso of the rostrum*. When he draws your attention by adopting the injured man of worth, and laments over the perversity of opinion, he plays the victim to admiration. Alike he soothes, he flatters; but, while he caresses, the little traitor has you firmly in his gripe. Two-thirds of his life being unblest by the gifts of fortune, he gorges himself to-day with all the avidity and egoism of a famished man, loving the possession of power, not for what power is in itself, but for the *substantial* good it procures. Guizot enjoys power with pride, Thiers with sensuality. Rather a man of letters than of office, and more of an artist than either, he will more eagerly seek possession of an Etruscan vase, than follow up the great cause of liberty; a sceptic from indifference in morality, religion, politics, literature, almost in every thing, the value and beauty of truth is lost upon him. Confide to him, if you will, the affairs

of war, the navy, diplomacy, but beware of giving Thiers power over the finance; hundreds of millions will pass like water through his hands. To a great facility in spending money, he adds a peculiar manner of rendering his acts unlike all the rest of the world. He wittily terms *his mode*—"The art of grouping figures." A rapid traveller in the way of ideas, he meditates without effort, and speaks without fatigue. What others seek by severe study and length of time, comes at his bidding with all their grace and triumph. Have you ever chanced to observe, when on board a steam-boat, gliding through the waves, how the banks on either side are reflected in the still side current? You see picturesque villages, churches with their light spires, verdant meadows, thickly-covered hills, fluttering sails of distant shipping, browsing cattle in the valley, clouds and men. Thus doth Thiers, a parliamentary mirror, reflect the passions of others—himself *insensible*. He weeps, but no tear trembles in his eye. The sword pierces his breast, but no blood flows from the wound. All is acting! but what first-rate comedy—what an actor! Such nature, such suppleness, such happy imitation, such a sparkling, fascinating style, such graceful ease! We know his aim is to deceive, but how admirably he succeeds in deception; how well he plays his part. Conscious of the delusion, we yield to the irresistible seduction, and linger to hear error flow from his lips, rather than gather truth divine from the less-gifted lips of others.

Paris, June 17, 1839.

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## PENSEE FROM LAMARTINE.

TO A BROTHER POET.

— We sing to solace thoughts that burn within!  
When to the sea the brooks their waters pour,  
What reck they that their voice is heard no more?  
What is it that the winds to waves have driven,  
The eagle's cry that scales the crystal heaven?  
Or to the bird, when, risen from rocky shores,  
In sunbeams far above the cloud he soars,  
He hears the surge no more? that 'neath him lies  
The abyss of blue which is to us the skies?

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH  
PRIVATE TUTOR.

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CHAPTER I.

IN the last reflected light of an autumnal evening, as it partially gleamed over the ancient abbey of R——, and as its ivy-clad walls and dilapidated cloisters grew momentarily more gloomy and monastic, the forms of two young men appeared at an opening in an elevated part of the ruin. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and gazed intently in a particular direction. Both in the bloom and strength of manhood, the difference in their ages gave no warrant for the remarkable degree of respect evinced by the junior towards his companion.

"This way I beheld them pass," said the elder, pointing to a pathway beneath, flanked on one side by the abbey, and on the other by a thick shrubbery; "his arm encircling her waist, and his right hand grasping one of hers, while he murmured in her ear the accents of impassioned eloquence, and she inclined her head with the grace of a swan, as *he* would say, to listen with dulcet affability to the catalogue of her perfections; and there," slightly changing the level of his finger, "there his attentions exceeded the limits of gentlemanlike civility, and his lips were pressed ardently upon hers, and—and—" he paused.

"If that were all," the younger took occasion to observe, "it could not be of much consequence with one in her station."

"And there," resumed the former, noticing the remark but by a gesture of impatience and a glance of hasty rebuke, while he caught his brother's arm, and directed him to a sort of semicircular recess, formed by a sudden sweep in the trees,— "there they exchanged their tokens of affection—repeated their vows of constancy; there—" and he stamped his foot in the indignant outburst of mortified vanity, "there our hero fell into the attitude of a devoted

and imploring lover, and knelt before her."

"Very pretty, truly," again interrupted the other, rather surprised at his brother's earnestness; "he deserves a severe reproof for such impropriety; but, after all, between you and me, we ourselves have been, perhaps, too often delinquents according to the same fashion."

"Fool!" he retorted, "listen to me, and see whether you will any longer have the hardihood to offer an apology. Imagine him on his knees before his idol, holding one hand in both of his, her head modestly averted, in order that the ear might more conveniently drink the precious syllables, while he poured out the following words:—'God! can you doubt me? Fear me no longer; treat me with the confidence I deserve, when I here solemnly swear that I never have, nor ever will conceive a thought of your betrayal; that, notwithstanding the adventitious superiority of birth and fortune, I hold you as my equal—my equal in all the attributes which exalt, my superior in all the qualities which humanise our species. As such I devote myself to your service; as such, with your own consent obtained, you are my future bride.'"

His companion started.

"What thinks my William, now, of his apology in behalf of the elevated notions of our honourable kinsman. Eh?" and he leered with insolent triumph into the face of the person he addressed.

"I meant not, Henry," replied the other, respectfully, "to offer any apology; I am as solicitous for the honour of the family as yourself, and I freely acknowledge my folly, now that I find my preconceptions of the case entirely confuted."

"And think you not our father should be made acquainted with the affair?" inquired Henry, but in a manner which

## *Some Passages in the Life of*

seemed intended to convey a formal compliment of condescension, rather than a wish to have his own opinion regulated by the dissent or agreement of his brother.

"Most certainly, and immediately," was the obsequious answer.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Henry, with a mixture of spleen and pleasure, "this is what has come of his Brutuses and his Catos, his fine sentiments and his patriotic principles. The freshness of the new-mown hay, and the sweet breath of the cow, which he has so long enjoyed in the society of his mistress, I suppose, make him to be the patriarch of a breed of farmers."

"Or," added William, falling in with his brother's humour, "perhaps he is anxious to emulate the famous Czar, Peter, and, judging his Catherine's endowments would be an ornament to a throne, wishes to ennoble her by marriage, and place her above the caprices of fortune."

"He should wait, though," returned the other, with a malicious sneer, "until he has thrones or fortunes to offer; at present, I fear his juvenile ambition would produce and entail little more than splendid beggary. But we shall see what our father will say to it."

The brow of the younger fell, and no reply followed. The gall of the last observation rankled in his bosom; for he, too, was under the ban of juniority, and he was punished by the weapons of his own malignity. They turned without another word, and descending the broken stone steps, left the abbey to its solitude and gloom.

### CHAPTER II.

Charles O'Brien was the youngest of four children, three sons and one daughter. His father was a gentleman of ancient family, and in easy, though not to say affluent, circumstances; with a mind which, influenced by hereditary pride, and a desire of transmitting his ancestral honours to posterity, would have the bulk of his substance revert to his eldest son, as the family's representative, to the prejudice of the rest of his offspring. Their education and outfit were consequently nearly all to be expected by the younger members towards assisting them in the completion of their

fortune; and Charles, the hero of our present tale, had the least to hope, and the most to fear. Mr. O'Brien had been always a rigid disciplinarian. Unfortunately his domestic tactics were not always regulated by the dictates of prudence and judgment, nor were his managements or reproofs at all times the result of merit or delinquency. Formed with a frowardness of disposition, which naturally led him to resist restraint, and aided by a shrewdness of penetration and remark, which enabled him to detect favouritism and injustice, we may well suppose that Charles was prone to rebel against the exercise of adventitious privileges by those with whom time had been a step or two before him. Sprightliness of humour, and a generous disinterestedness of affection, endeared him to his mother through the days of his boyhood. Charles was his mother's idol. This partiality, however, which, in other circumstances, might have been pernicious, seemed but to act as a counterpoise to the harshness and oppression with which he was treated by his father and elder brothers. While yet a boy, he beheld as chief mourner the grave close above all which was once his mother. Then as he grew up, his aversion to all control, and buoyant obstinacy of disposition, together with a versatility amounting almost to fickleness, were left to develop themselves amidst the generally ill-timed severities of his father, and the assumed authority which birth-right permitted to his elder brothers. With all the frank gaiety, chivalrous ardour, and lively sensibilities of the Irish character, he cherished also its darker attributes of concentrated feeling and lion-like revenge. The results of an erroneous education and mismanagement on such a disposition were as might be expected. He bore persecution with the sullen determination of a martyr; but his endurance was not submission, nor his patience resignation. He frequently listened to scoff, censure, and insult, without reply;

"But in his silence there was much to rue;  
And his one blow left little work for two."

His tranquillity was the stillness of the mastiff, which long suffers the petty annoyance of mischievous cruelty, until, with a fierce growl and sudden bound, he seizes on the throat of his tormentor, and strangles him at a single effort. He

was as remarkable for his idleness and inflexibility on the one hand, as for his wit and intelligence on the other; and although priority of birth, carried in its supposed rights to the extent it was in Mr. O'Brien's family, might make some minor distinctions amongst its other members, yet there existed between them a bond of union in the sameness of capacity and pursuits, which genius had denied to the more gifted Charles. Envy and admiration conspired to cement their joint strength against him; until dissimilarities of taste and differences of opinion had ripened into an unawed and inveterate hostility. Nature, notwithstanding, had not left him altogether desolate in the home of his father. Caroline, the youngest next to himself, owing, perhaps, to a near identity of years as well as disposition, had not forgot the affection of a sister. Caroline was the favourite of Charles, and, by a strange inconsistency often found among the oddities of life, was likewise the favourite of all. The amiableness of her temper, unmingled with the indomitable pride of her young brother, the agreeableness of her wit, unembittered by his biting sarcasm, and the kindness of her attentions, unattended by his smile of haughty independence, probably combined to afford her this mark of universal regard. She was the signal-word of compromise between mutual foes, the bridge of communication between the outpost and the fortress. To her Charles unbosomed his griefs; in her sought and found sympathy for his sorrows. With her he culled the beauties of the choicest authors, and discovered, if not her brilliancy of thought and clearness of comprehension, at least her relish and delight equal to his own. With her he roamed the fields. For her he plucked the hawthorn and wild rose; the violet, cowslip, primrose, and honeysuckle, were wreathed for her. For her he had gathered the wild strawberries of summer and the blackberries of autumn, in the days of his youth; and to her he devoted those hours which were redeemed from his more boisterous and masculine amusements. Before her his boyish soul unveiled itself, and, contrary to the stale and frivolous charge reiterated against the softer sex, Caroline, without forfeiting the goodwill or esteem of any, neither did discredit to his preference nor betrayed his confidence.

But there are other and dearer ties than those of sisterhood. Time flew round; and youth began to feel those aspirations which some presume to be a participation of heaven, and others judge to be no more than the grovelling impulses of our carnal nature.

Catherine O'Connor was the daughter of one of that class known in Ireland under the denomination of "strong farmers." Her father resided on the estate of Mr. O'Brien, and Charles's popular affability of habits and manner made him, as a matter of course, thoroughly acquainted with the family. The beauty and superiority of Catherine were too remarkable to escape his observation, and he soon grew deeply sensible of the attractions of the young and lovely girl. He frequently met her as she hurried along to the hedge-school of the neighbouring village; and, entering into discourse, walked with her to her destination. As they grew up, these childish gallantries insensibly ripened into a strong and mutual attachment. Their hearts had learned to beat in sympathy with each other's tastes, feelings, and desires. Her matured judgment and delicate refinement, confirmed and increased the impression which her beauty had first created. The racing in the meadow, and the walk to school, gradually expanded themselves into the sweet and solitary rambles through the grove and by the torrent. Together they now explored the same page, in the delightful fellowship of study, and interchange of sentiment. Passion took place of fraternal affection. Caroline was Charles's friend; but Catherine was his idol. Caroline was still the companion and comfort of home; but Catherine was the pleasure of his sight, and the spirit of his solitude. At the period when the narrative commences, she was just turned sixteen—a little more than a year behind the age of Charles. Her stature was about the middle size, but symmetried as by the chisel's edge, and exhibiting a roundness of limb and fulness of figure, amounting to voluptuousness. Her hair, long, brown, and silken, was generally allowed to flow in luxuriant ringlets down her shoulders, of which it formed the only covering. Her features were small and handsome; while her mild blue eyes flashed; and her smiling lips laughed forth kindness and affection. But there was a some-

thing in her aspect which counteracted the expression of tranquillity; a pensive firmness, which might at times be construed into stern—that something, which imparts what is called an interest to the human face, but is nothing, save the external development of suppressed or slumbering passion—the softness of a rich and southern landscape, which may yet be visited by the storm—the monthly rose, which droops not even beneath the severity of winter. Romance was the leading characteristic of her nature; enthusiasm and devotion lent their aid; and, from the combination of these three, arose that charm which surrounded all her actions, and propelled and supported her through all the trials of her after life.

It was in one of their customary rambles that the discourse and declaration took place, which had been witnessed by Charles's eldest brother, who was accidentally at the abbey on the evening in question. His attentions had been noticed for some time, but they were thought no more than one of those gallantries pronounced trifling, when any female beneath a certain class is their object. The unequivocal evidence, however, thus afforded, of ultimate honourable proposals, at once gave the alarm to hereditary pride. Malice was glad of an occasion on which to pour forth its hoard of venom; and the prospect of ruining Charles for ever, in the estimation of his father, made every chance of compromise or concealment utterly hopeless.

#### CHAPTER III.

"I will repair to my father immediately, and let him know the whole," said Henry, as the door opened to his knock, on the return of the two brothers from the abbey. He kept his word. The next hour was spent by him in the closet of Mr. O'Brien. A hasty summons was then dispatched to Charles, who was in his room. He foreboded its purport, for he had already met, and repelled with withering contempt the reproaches of his brothers. He knew what he had to expect.

Charles stood undismayed in the presence of his father. Mr. O'Brien was alone. Slowly raising his head from the arm, which had supported it in the attitude of meditation, while his white and curling hair fell back, leaving the lofty

forehead bare nearly to the crown, he regarded his son for a brief interval in stern silence—like Manlius on that child who had fought and conquered for the honour of Rome.

"Sir!" said he at length, his voice trembling with the angry emotions which he in vain endeavoured to suppress. "Doubtless you know the reason you are here; you understand the cause which has forced me to summon you hither as a culprit?"

"I am unconscious of having committed any offence which could merit punishment or require apology," replied Charles, calmly.

"Insolent, presumptuous puppy!" exclaimed his father, in a burst of uncontrollable rage, stung almost to delirium by the cool intrepidity and apparent nonchalance with which his question was parried, and losing at once the calmness with which he had predetermined to carry out his proceedings—"have you not disgraced me—brought a foul stigma on an ancient family—formed mean and contemptible connexions? Have you not had your daily sports, and your nightly meeting with your leman, who laughed with you, as you sneered at that parental authority and protection, which would save you from infamy, and keep you in the path of respectability and honour? You would bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. From your infancy you were stubborn and self-willed—perverse in every thing—and here, at last, is the consummation. You have been a disobedient son, an obstinate rebel; you would be a parricide." He paused, breathless and exhausted.

"Father!" said the young man, solemnly, "I have always treated you with the respect due from a child to its parent. I have submitted to your severest chastisement without a murmur. I have listened to your advice with deference and attention. I have endeavoured, since nature and years gave me power to reflect, to appreciate the true value of your precepts, and to practise the substance of them; but, sir, remember, you never enforced the necessity of restraining the fervent feelings of the heart. You never inculcated, as an obligation, the necessity of making myself callous to the yearnings of each kindlier natural impulse. You taught me to distinguish merit and to prize virtue; but never instructed me to

despise them in the humble. You led me to conclude that, whether in rich or poor, well or lowly born, in king or in beggar, vice and meanness were to be execrated, and excellence acknowledged and rewarded. Forgive me, then, if—receiving your expressed principles in the sincerity of their meaning, and adopting them in their most extended application—I attached the ideas of worth and perfection to my estimation of the object, which, narrowed as I have been in my situation, shut out from an enlarged intercourse with society, I found to possess the noblest feelings of human nature, the sublime qualities of heart and mind, which are independent of birth and fortune, more than any of those by whom I have been surrounded. Forgive me if, in the generous ardour of unpractised youth, I have conversed with her—confided in her—loved her. Forgive me if I have concealed from you this circumstance, until the designing and interested interference of others has made you acquainted with it. Believe me, I delayed the discovery until increase of years should have prevented the affair from being ridiculed as the effect of boyhood and inexperience, until doubt of the depth and reality of my young passion should cease to be an obstacle to your approbation and blessing.”

“It is not yet too late,” interrupted the old man with impatience, yet seeming somewhat softened by the pleading of his offspring; “pursue no longer the butterfly of your childhood, renounce your romantic folly, and secure the forgiveness which you ask.”

“Father,” resumed Charles, in the same tone, “it would be but an act of deception, meriting still more your resentment and reproof than my past reserve, were I not to declare that I trust the butterfly of my childhood, as you have been pleased to phrase it, may continue to delight my manhood, and console my age;—my love is as unchangeable as it is pure.”

“Silence!” shouted his enraged parent, “and begone! Yet stay, and hear your sentence. Since you have adopted and obstinately adhered to your own contracted and selfish views—since you have refused to listen to the warnings of parental authority—your curse be on your own head! And as the ambition of the high and noble prompt them to reach

the heights of power and distinction, so you shall be sunk to a level with the meanness of your thoughts. Henceforth you are the underling of your father’s household, the drudge and finger-post of its members, the scoff and butt of those who know how to respect their family, their parent, and themselves. Begone, sir!”

The heaving chest and changing countenance of Charles O’Brien, testified the fierce emotions of wordless indignation with which the language of taunt and ignominy whirled through his brain; but like the unfortunate Monmouth, when submission to his unrelenting uncle made but the assurance of his fate more poignant, he recovered his composure with a strong effort, bowed low, and retired from the apartment.

Another scene yet awaited him without. There stood his brother Henry, who had been listening with evident satisfaction to the proceedings inside; and as Charles passed him, with a sneer of pleasure he pronounced the words, “this is meanness punished.” They were uttered in a low tone, and perhaps hardly intended to meet the ear of Charles. They were, however, heard. It was an unlucky moment. The restraint under which respect had placed him in the presence of his father, while reproach, and disinheritor, and scorn, were being heaped upon him, had made him irritable almost to madness. This new and unexpected insult banished all remaining self-possession. He turned round, and looked upon the insulter with the calmness of desperate resolve.

“Coward and minion!” he said, “you, at least, shall not experience me vanquished.” Then, quickly raising his arm, his brother received a blow which laid him at his length along the floor.

Charles retired to his chamber, but neither his words nor blow were forgotten. Henceforth the demon of revenge alone reigned paramount in the breast of the eldest branch of the O’Briens; open hostility, however, was not his forte; he was an irreconcilable, but an insidious foe.

“Drudge and finger-post!” murmured Charles, as he shut himself within his room; “persecution had nothing so bitter as this. It shall, however, be seen whether independence of principle cannot make its way, without being obliged

to bear the frowns of prejudice and injustice. If the world cannot afford me a home, the grave can yield me a shelter; and insult, at least, shall not dare to show its gorgon front, when I am not trammelled by the ties of blood and parentage. My determination is already made; but Catherine must be apprised of my intention." He sat down and wrote a note, which he delivered to one of the domestics devoted to himself, with orders to convey it as soon as possible to its destination; and, having done this, retired to court repose.

#### CHAPTER IV.

On the following evening two persons, of a character very different from those hitherto brought under the reader's notice, crossed the low stile which led into the grounds of the abbey, and strolled leisurely along until they arrived at the recess before mentioned, where they halted. Their heavy unbound brogues, grey worsted stockings, corduroy breeches, and broad-brimmed straw hats, announced them 'of the peasantry of Erin. Their coats were slung over their left arms, their knee-bands loose, while their shirts, confined in the collars by small pieces of ribbon drawn through the button-holes, gave to view the embrowned throats and brawny chests of the wearers. Their brogues were covered with dust, and they bore all the marks of heat and travel. Each wiped with one of the skirts of his frieze coat the profuse perspiration from his brow and face, as he took his seat on the shaded grass, and bared his head to the refreshing breeze which crept among the foliage. Both presented the promise of vigour and agility; but the taller and more slender figure, youthful countenance, and sprightly manners of the one, presented an agreeable contrast to the shorter and more corpulent frame, wrinkled forehead, and severe gravity of his companion.

"Why then, Shamus," said he of the harsher visage, untying the ribband of his shirt-collar for the freer benefit of the air, "we've come a long road to-day, and if it wor'nt for the sake o' the good ould cause, it's in my bed I ought to be, instead of planning how to settle accounts wid that rascal of an agint, bad luck to him!"

"An'sure, so you can," suggested the

other with some concern, "I'll manage that business."

"You! a-cush-la," returned the elder, "you manage that business!—a likely story, indeed—no, he'd melt you with his plauause and his prayers. He must have a strong head, and a steady hand, that does that chap's business—but you have a heart as soft as moonlight. To-be-sure, my own was the same once," he added, in a melancholy tone, while he took up his hat and dashed it again upon the ground, as if with an effort to vanquish the yearnings which he found interfering with his sterner purpose; "but I've to dale wid a great many troubles o' my own, and I've seen a power more—and I have gorsoons and colleens myself anich," turning with a look of tenderness to his associate, "and I couldn't see the crathurs, wid their poor mother, wid hardly a screed to their backs, sent adrift upon the wide world for the matter of a handful of rent, that the bit o' ground wasn't able to pay either." He brushed his arm across his eyes as he spoke.

"By Jabus!" exclaimed Shamus Flinn, starting to his feet, and making a half-bound into the air, as his fancy became inflamed with the picture of suffering which the other had displayed, "by Jabus, Jave him to me, an' if I don't give him the christening of the O'Connors, my blood for a dudeen" (short pipe).

"Asy, asy now," said the elder, who had re-assumed his aspect of unbending severity, yet half smiling at the fiery impetuosity of Shamus, "may-be you wouldn't be so bowld at the time of action."

"Thry me!" was Flinn's impatient rejoinder.

"The hour will come when I will—but I'll be by to see you do your duty. Are all the boys summonsed?"

"Aye, mummings and all." Then bursting into a sudden fit of laughter, the droll and gratified expression of his physiognomy contrasting oddly, and almost startlingly, with the serious and tiger-like ferocity of the previous moment. "Faith, thin, I'll tell you a good joke," said he. "As I was going my rounds this mornin' taking the ordhers to the boys, who should come up behind me on the road but a party of dragoons; and says the sergeaunt, riding up by me like a gentle-

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man, wid the use of a servant, 'Good morrow, friend,' siz he. 'Good morrow, kindly, sir,' siz I, taking off my hat, 'long may yer honour wear his Majesty's wardrobe,' siz I, 'and now I'm your man for any thing.' 'By my sowl,' siz he, thryin to laugh, 'you're a dröll boy.' 'I beg yer honour's pardon, sir,' siz I, 'if I make bowld to wish you joy, and I hope you'll tell the King,' siz I, 'that I have a great zeal for his sarvice.' 'Ha, ha, ha,' siz he, 'what's your name?' 'Shamus,' siz I. 'Well, Shamus,' siz he, 'the King sent us out to search for arms in the houses of the rebels, and if you could give us some information where we are likely to find them, I'll tell the King what an honest boy you are, and may-be he'd make you a present of a coat like mine.' 'More luck to yer honour,' siz I, 'to be sure I'm a stranger in these parts; but there's a man lives about a mile from this, where I'll show you,' siz I, 'who, they say, is gineral of the disthricht an' the parts adjacent, and they say he has a power of arms concealed in his haggart amongst the stacks.' 'Thank you, friend,' siz he, 'mighty polite; but I hope the King will protect me,' siz I, 'for they're bitther agin me already, and call me a heretic for my loyalty.' 'O never fear,' siz he, 'only show us the place, and you'll be rewarded.' 'So wid that, I gave their horses the laste taste o' hunting, more than they'd been used to, the spalpeens; an brought 'em into Dan Hoyle's, the Palatine, where they had the stacks about the ground while you'd be peeling a pitatie (potato). While they were busy I slipped away unknownst, and getting to the top o' the mountain, 'Halloo! sergeant,' siz I, the sergeant came out from among the stacks, and when he saw me, and as he'd found no arms, began to think I had put the come-hether on him (tricked him). 'Ha! you rebel!' siz he, shaking his fist, 'I'll make an example of you, damn you.' 'Whoo! sergeant,' siz I, 'put your fist in your pocket,' siz I, 'an' take care of the King's wardrobe, not to dirty it wid the straw,' siz I; 'an' don't forget to recommind me to the King for my zeal in his Majesty's sarvice.' And then throwing up my hat, and giving three cheers for the O'Connors, I left the sergeant and his party to their diversion."

The old man smiled as Shamus continued.

cluded his narrative, and for a moment seemed to meditate delightedly on the witty adroitness of his domestic; then recurring instantly to the theme nearest to his thoughts—

"When is he to come the road?" he inquired.

The other understood the question.

"Ten o'clock, or thereabouts," he replied, "for he's dining out at a friend of his, and he'll be comin' home purty harty."

"We'll be beforehand a little wid him," muttered the elder, through his clenched teeth; "an' if he ever see the light of another sun"—the rustle of a tread near them caused him to break the sentence abruptly.

"What's that?" said he, lowering his voice, while his hand groped instinctively within his bosom.

"May-be it 'ud be a message from the boys," whispered Shamus.

"No, but we're watched," returned the other, pointing to the tall shadow of some person, which, beneath the now broad moon, was protruded beyond the wooded angle of the recess where they sat. The next instant a man turned the angle, and advanced towards them.

"Stand!" cried both at once, starting up, and presenting each a pistol, but he still continued to come forward.

"Stand!" again growled the old man, as the clicking of the pistol-cock grated on the ear. "Stand! or by the blessed Virgin, you shall drink your own blood."

The intruder had now come within a few paces, and as if to court danger, or through an unaccountable disregard of death, uttered not a syllable. There was a pause; for they were reluctant to give the alarm by firing. Both stood with their weapons levelled, and their heads bent forward to examine who the person might be; but the flickering shadows of the foliage made recognition impossible.

"Stand!" was once more repeated in a deep tone, and the foot firmly set, announced at the same time the resolution of the speaker, and that there was not a moment to be lost.

"My friends!" at length said a calm and intrepid voice, "are you about to condemn a comrade without trial?"

The words produced an electric change in the parties addressed, for their weapons were instantly lowered with a gesture of surprise and pleasure.



## *Some Passages in the Life of*

"Thunder-an-ouns!" exclaimed Shamus Flinn, springing forward, and catching the stranger in his arms, "sure it's no one but Mr. Charles himself!"

"Ah! O'Connor," said Charles, shaking the father of Catherine warmly by the hand, "I little dreamed of meeting you to-night in this solitude."

"Faix an' it isn't here I'd be either, only for the badness o' the times—and I'm not here now to make love, like some young gentlemen, to their neighbour's daughters;" for he fully understood the position in which Charles stood towards Catherine, but relied implicitly upon his honour. "By the same token, I can't say I'm over glad that you're here now; but as you are—you must be wid us, for it won't do to have any friends about us that arn't entirely our own. I know you of owld though, Mr. Charles, and if you arn't to be trusted, their's no faith in man. But I had like to have your life to answer for; why didn't you spake out at once?"

"Thought was busy. I hardly noticed you, and was a little astonished when I perceived your attitude of defensive preparation."

"Then you might have been shot wid-out knowin' it," said Shamus; "which, of coorse, people in love take for a sort of comfort."

Before Charles could reply, groups of men began to appear from the shrubbery on all sides, and he immediately found himself surrounded by an armed body of white-feet. The two sons of O'Connor were among the number. These came forward and saluted Charles, whose unexpected presence, however, seemed to startle them considerably.

"I see ye're to time, boys," said old O'Connor; "are the mummies come?"

Two or three in female apparel, intended for immediate and particular service, presented themselves.

"We'll have no spics, howsomdever," remonstrated one among the group.

"Who's the fellow that dares offer that insult to the gentleman?" said O'Connor, sternly. "Does any one of ye's take me for a fool, and think I wouldn't be more careful than any o'mad-haun (half-crazy person) amongst ye?" He waited a moment for reply, but all was silent. Then turning to Charles with a smile, "Now, may-be, Mr. Charles would be afther dhrinkin success to

the cause," he added, with a knowing wink; "or if he wishes to come along wid us, he'll see some sport."

A glass was filled from a jar carried by one of the O'Connors.

"Here's success to ye, boys, and prosperity in every thing lawful," said Charles, as he took the glass of whisky, and put it to his lips. "And now, you'll have no objection to let me know in what ye want me to accompany you."

"Swear him first," exclaimed several voices.

"No, boys," answered O'Connor; "Mr. Charles is fit to be trusted—ye'll take my word for it."

"No word of dissent followed; and O'Connor briefly told the business they were upon, with all the aggravated details of suffering, caused by a bitter and unrelenting agent. He contemplated calmly the tale of horror which they were about to realize. When it was finished—

"Boys," said he, "will ye allow a friend to offer a little advice in this matter?"

"By all means," answered O'Connor, speaking in the name of the rest.

"A cruel agent has turned upon the world, an unprotected widow and children—and ye think he deserves death."

"We do, of coorse," was the reply.

"Are ye aware of the danger ye encounter—of all the calamities which ye will create for yourselves by the accomplishment of your enterprise? He has oppressed the widow—he has robbed the orphan—well. Ye will have your revenge for the present, and he will be justly punished. What then? Ye render yourselves amenable to the law."

"We defy the law."

"So ye may, but cannot escape it. And will it comfort ye in your last moments to be conscious that you leave a helpless wife and family to the mercy of such a monster; for who will stand and protect them when ye are gone?"

"He is afraid to be one of us," said a voice. "He wants to give information," said another.

"No," continued Charles in an indignant tone, "if ye insist on your design, contrary to the dictates of reason and your own interests, I will go with you, and be present, and thus make myself liable to punishment in common with you all, though I will take no part in

what you do. Ye have my advice, and now we'll put it to the vote. Let him who will support my opinion, come here—and him who is determined otherwise, remain beside O'Connor. Now we shall see who sacrifices himself to the law, and his family to the cruelty of strangers."

A pause ensued; but one by one dropped from the group and ranged themselves beside Charles, until the O'Connors were left in a considerable minority. This result was received with very different indications by either party. One side showed by their looks how glad they were to be released from their engagements, while with the others a sullen gloom testified the reluctance with which they abandoned their chosen purpose. Among the latter were the O'Connors, who, admitting the justness of Charles's reasoning, and feeling no resentment towards him, would yet have preferred running any risk to the escape of the man against whom their vengeance was directed. Shamus Flinn, as careless in forgiveness as in peril, comforted himself for the loss of the fun, as he called it, by a frequent application to the whisky jars, of which he had become the bearer.

"Thank you, my friends!" said young O'Brien triumphantly, on seeing the success of his experiment, "we have won the day. Now allow me to add one word more. Go to your homes, and drink confusion to the agent and all belonging to him, and leave the rest to God."

"He says thrue enough, boys," remarked O'Connor, struggling between a sensation of pleasure and chagrin; "though it's a pity to let the wicked be unrewarded; but we're safer if we let him alone. Howsomever, we'll have a dhrop before we go, and part like brothers."

The glass was filled, and went round. Then Charles, giving his hand to each in succession, bid him good night.

"By my sowl," said O'Connor, when all had departed save those of his own household, "I dunna where the devil you learned all the talk, that makes every body as tender as children. I believe you're honest, any way, and I think you may be right."

"It is in the sincerity of my heart I speak," returned Charles.

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"I'm sure of it; if it wor'nt the case, it isn't home I'd be going now wid my hands clane of the blood of the oppressor. God bless you!" he added, embracing the young man with affection. His sons and Shamus then offered their farewell caress (for in Ireland a farewell is almost always a caress), and Charles was left alone in the gloom of the abbey.

"Thank Providence!" he ejaculated, "I have been instrumental in effecting one good object before I take leave of the place of my nativity. I have given space for repentance to a wretch condemned, and I have saved many from an ignominious and untimely end."

But his solitude was not doomed to be long uninterrupted. A stealthy and hurried step broke upon the silence of the night, and Catherine O'Connor clung to the arm of her youthful lover. They embraced. A certain embarrassment seemed to affect both, but Charles was too full for utterance, and Catherine wondered why he did not begin the conversation. At length she spoke.

"I received a note from you late last night; there was a mystery in its contents which I cannot fathom—what meant you by it?"

"You have come according to appointment," was Charles's evasive reply.

"I have—but answer my question."

"For the last time."

"How?—The last time! Nay, jest not with me, Charles," she remonstrated, trembling with emotion; "we will have a walk—the moon is so bright, and the evening so mild and calm."

"Mild, calm!" repeated Charles, "they seem not so to me—every thing appears to fling itself in ruin across my path as by the fury of the tempest; but the lightning is within—"

"There is madness in your words—speak—explain—I would share your sorrows—I know you see me this evening to make some disclosure; then delay it not."

♦ The young man looked earnestly in her face. "I have quarrelled with my father," he then said; "you are the cause—the innocent cause—and—we meet no more."

"I know it all—you are driven from your father's roof; and you would sacrifice me to regain his favour—I am content."

"Not so," answered Charles quickly,

*Some Passages in the Life of an Irish Private Tutor.*

"I have been insulted—too deeply for remedy. I go to seek my own fortune. I do not cease to love you, nor ever will I sacrifice you—but we must part—tomorrow I shall be seen no more as the drudge of my father's household."

"To-morrow?" inquired Catherine, incredulously, "why come to so sudden a resolution? For my sake—for Heaven's sake be not rash. Is there no escape? And if you go, what are your prospects? Where is your subsistence?"

"God will not forsake the persecuted," he replied; "besides, I have had a good education. I will become a private tutor, and who knows what application and perseverance may realise for me."

"I will follow you," she said, in an earnest abrupt tone, while she clasped her hands above her head, and her eyes lightened with the enthusiasm of wild emotion. "I will follow you. Crowds shall not afford you a covert, nor study a retirement. On the barren and lonely heath, and in the populous city, I will cross your path. I will watch your wanderings—think not to deceive me. By your winter fire-side, and in the halls of gay society, where beauty and wealth shall conspire to dazzle you into the betrayal of your early affections—I will be your spectre. In the summer arbour, where you make your noon-tide retreat, or perhaps endeavour to forget in the arms of another the love of Catherine—I will be your genius, for good or for evil. Aye, winter may pile its snows upon my path, and chill my shivering frame; summer may rob my lips of the refreshing spring, and consume my spirit with fatigue and thirst; the sea may heave its raging billows to divide us; the thunder may forge its flaming messenger, and launch it with the voice of terror;—but in every season—through the tempest—on the ocean, I will be near you. So far as woman can, I will be your guide and guard. Dangers will surround you, for you have enemies, and

will have—must have, many more. But—but—I will show you my fidelity—you shall not be forsaken, nor suffer alone."

"Talk not so wildly," interrupted Charles, distressed and bewildered at her manner; "hear the words of reason."

"They are those which I speak," she answered, vehemently, "thanks to your instructions, I want not language to express my thoughts. You have read, and I have listened—that is over now—but, remember!" she added, dropping on her knees upon the green sward before his feet, and pointing her finger significantly towards the heavens, "remember, the stars which smiled upon our vows, shall never—never—I tell you, look propitiously on a pledge given to a rival. No! no!" she continued, passionately dashing away the hand with which he attempted to raise her. "My daily and nightly prayers shall be offered up for your safety and happiness. If true, your constancy shall be my worship. If false—no, not my Charles, but his paramour—shall be the object of my terrible revenge." She started suddenly from the earth, and ere Charles could detain her, waved her arm, and precipitately retreated.

"Strange, enthusiastic, and lovely girl!" exclaimed he bitterly, "am I then condemned to forfeit your companionship at the capricious menaces of vanity and malice? What can be the purport of your words? Once more will I see you, and endeavour to recall you to coolness and wisdom. I need not intrude myself upon the domestic circle at this hour. It will look strange; they will be occupied with carousal, and Catherine will recognise my voice even in a whisper, and grant me another interview without letting the family into the secret." And Charles immediately departed from the spot to fulfil his intention.

*(To be continued.)*

ON READING SOME VERSES BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON,  
ENTITLED "THE CHILD OF EARTH."

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It was a child of earth, who breath'd that prayer,  
As earth's short season trod the circle round,  
Still to inhabit in this world of care,  
And find its joys her limit and her bound :  
But 'twas a heavenly spirit that I heard,  
With thankful heart and yet with high desires,  
Who joys, unknown but promised, still preferr'd,  
Whose bosom burn'd with brighter, purer fires,—  
And thus she spoke, "I would my race were run;  
Yet not my will, oh, God! but thine be done."

I heard her in the lovely time of spring,  
When she walk'd gaily midst the opening flowers,  
Marking the small bird plume his glossy wing,  
And smiling like the sun amidst the show'rs.  
O'er her bright face there reign'd a sweet content;  
And yet a something in her speaking eyes  
Show'd that her thoughts were not in this world pent,  
But held communion with the distant skies;  
For thus she spoke, "I would my race were run;  
Yet not my will, oh, God! but thine be done."

I saw her in the laughing summer's prime,  
The hair unloosed and playing in the breeze,  
Lying beneath a perfume breathing lime,  
And listening to the music of the bees.  
Her brow was languid, but she look'd around,  
Admiring all the fair creation's face;  
Yet seem'd it that her ears received a sound,  
Breathed from a brighter and more glorious place;  
For still she said, "I would my race were run;  
Yet not my will, oh, God! but thine be done."

Again I saw her, when the autumn glowed  
With all its mellow fruit and golden grain,  
And sweet the hymn of her thanksgiving flow'd,  
As she beheld the glory of the plain.  
Yet whilst she bid the wealth of nature hail,  
She thought of heaven, where nobler riches dwell;  
She felt that every good of earth may fail,  
And her soul yearn'd to bid them all farewell.  
Yet still she said, "I would my race were run;  
But not my will, oh, God! but thine be done."

I saw her next, when winter ruled the earth,  
When all without was chill and overcast,  
And, by the blazing hearth, the voice of mirth  
Sought loudly to outlive the tempest's blast.

### *On Reading Verses, &c.*

The ringing harp, the dance, the silver song,  
Now echoed merrily. Yet saw I there  
How soberly she moved amid the throng,  
And, whilst resign'd in earthly scenes to share,  
Still breath'd the wish, "I would my race were run;  
Yet not my will, oh, God! but thine be done."

I saw her once again, in after days :  
Her eyes were dim, her sunny hair was grey ;  
Her ear turn'd listless from the voice of praise,  
Beauty and youth and grace were pass'd away.  
Her friends were gone, and she was left alone ;  
Her wealth was gone, for her the world had nought ;  
Yet did the heavenly spirit keep its tone,  
Only with deeper resignation fraught ;  
And still she said, "I would my race were run ;  
Yet not my will, oh, God! but thine be done."

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### STANZAS AFTER THE MANNER OF THE POETS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

#### TO MY LADY LOVE.

Beside the clear and gliding river,  
Where lightly silver aspens quiver,  
And the faint young moonbeams shiver,  
Meet me, oh! meet me there.

Put by the dread that aught will harm thee,  
What could molest thee, what alarm thee?  
Thou hast a threefold shield to arm thee,  
Young, innocent, and fair.

Tread then the lonely wood-path fearless,  
Heed not, tho' evening clouds be cheerless,  
But safe in thy perfection peerless,  
Pursue thy silent way.

The soft green leaves will stoop to shade thee,  
The dewy flowers rise to braid thee,  
So, when they've perfum'd and array'd thee,  
Tell them thou may'st not stay.

Whisper, thou speed'st to him who loveth thee,  
Whose worship unto pity moveth thee,  
And who by this fond trysting proveth thee  
As true as thou art bright.

And when I see thee, love, advancing,  
The moonbeams on thy white brow dancing,  
Thou'lt seem a dame in old romancing,  
And I, thy loyal knight.

## ZAKAIA; THE DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

AN EPISODE OF THE VICEROYALTY OF MEHEMET ALI.

شَدَّ قُرُونِ الْبَهَائِمِ  
بِالْحَبَالِ \* وَبِالنَّضَائِدِ  
قُلُوبَ الرِّجَالِ \*

"Master the horns of beasts with cords, and the hearts of men by benefits."—*Tales of the Sheikh El Modhy, translated from the Arabic, by J. J. Marcel.*

[A TURKISH article in the Cairo Journal, of April 25th, 1839, gives an account of the recent expedition of the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, to Nigritia, undertaken ostensibly for the purpose of assuring himself in person of the truth of reports transmitted by his agents, of the newly-discovered gold mines, situate in the very heart of Africa. This article, of which an abridged translation is given, forms of itself a highly interesting narrative of, perhaps, the most remarkable "royal progress" on record, as well as an instructive and appropriate introduction to the following romantic episode, "The Daughter of the Desert," appertaining to a former expedition, undertaken by his (reputed) son, Ismael Ibrahim Pacha, among the African tribes. The contributor to the Cairo Journal is manifestly friendly to, and probably interested in, the political schemes of the wily potentate, who, at seventy-one years of age, performed this journey of five months and four days, extending from the 24th to the 12th degree of north latitude, beyond the sources of the "blue" (and the "white" Nile, passing over deserts and cataracts, and constantly sharing personal danger with the meanest of his suite. At any time these circumstances must have excited an interest all but universal; but the pervading events in the east, give to them, if possible, a tenfold degree of importance. The details will be found of equal interest for the politician, the geographer, and for

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the private student of those elements which regulate the course, and indicate the causes of the great changes to which all states and empires are subject. "For the authenticity of the accounts given," remarks an English journal, "every possible guarantee is afforded. Scientific persons of every class were engaged to accompany the Pacha; and even a historian, or 'editor,' was provided 'to collect the observations made.'" It is a most remarkable document, and all who are interested in the subject must peruse the whole. They will find in Mehemet Ali a spirit adapted to all circumstances, a mind embracing all details, whether they relate to the minutiae of internal regulation, or the exercise of sovereign power. He prepares the way for the construction of railroads even in that district, proclaims toleration, and provides for the building of churches for the resident Christians; and orders, on a personal appeal to him and examination of the merits of the case, the restoration of deposed sovereigns to their thrones! To Egypt, "Nigritia" is declared to be a new America; an ocean has been passed, but it is one of sand, and not of water; and the mind of the ambitious Pacha teems with projects as vast as Spain was agitated with when the discoveries of Columbus threw a lustre on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.]

It is well known, says the Turkish writer, that since his Highness the Vice-

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roy (to whom God grant long life) has filled his eminent post, the welfare of his people has been his constant object, and that, much as he has been hindered by affairs of greater importance, he has not the less endeavoured to introduce useful innovations into his country.

Lately his beneficent disposition led him to bestow all his attention on the condition of his subjects of Nigritia, and he formed the project of visiting his southern provinces in person, that he might introduce there agriculture and civilization.

Before undertaking this journey, his Highness the Viceroy, having learned from geographical accounts that Nigritia furnished several articles of commerce, such as skins, gums, elephants' teeth, and auriferous dust, sent mineralogists to Fasangor, to ascertain the existence of gold mines; who, after having visited the country, confirmed the truth of the previous accounts.

The possibility of working these mines, and of rendering them serviceable, being once established, his Highness the Viceroy appointed Colonel Hagreddin Bey inspector-general of the mines; charging him above all, to facilitate the journey from Egypt to Nigritia by opening passages through the rocks which form the numerous cataracts of the Nile: an undertaking which, from its extreme difficulty, was so much the more necessary to ensure travellers against dangers which too often proved fatal to their lives. This work was to be executed by beginning at the cataract of Assouder, so as to give a free passage to one *dahabie* (boat), and passing over successively to those that followed when reascending the river.

After the settlement of certain necessary preliminaries, preparatory to ascending the Nile, his Highness the Viceroy commenced his journey on the 29th of Rejeb from his capital: having in his suite Jacoub Bey, with nine other superior officers of the staff; Lieutenant-colonel Arif Effendi, with his three aides-de-camp, Gastani Bey (his first physician), &c., and with them Monsieur the Chevalier Tossizza, consul-general of his Majesty the King of Greece, as well as several other persons, who were desirous of being at his Highness's court.

The steam-boat had remained off the village called Alif, in the province of Djizeh, having run aground in the shal-

low, and 1000 men had in vain endeavoured to extricate it. His Highness generously rewarded these brave men, and having dismissed them, sent to the arsenal of Bowlay (by means of the telegraph) an order to forward the necessary assistance to the steam-boat, and embarked in the *candjes*. On the first of Chaban, the Viceroy arrived at Minie, where he lodged at his palace. In this city Selim Pacha, governor-general of Upper Egypt, had the honour to present his respects to his Highness. After two days' stay at Minie, the Viceroy was informed that the steam-boat was once more afloat, and that it was already at Sakrit el Moussa (the fountain of Moses). On leaving Minie his Highness arrived at Esue on the Thursday, and departing thence on Saturday, reached Assouder on the 9th of Chaban.

At this last station his Highness saw the *dahabies* destined for the White River pass in defile, and ordered that they should proceed to Cartoum. No time was lost in ascertaining that the steam-boat could not surmount the cataracts, and Rustem Bey was charged to make it wait opposite Assouan, while his Highness pursued his journey in the *dahabies*.

On the 13th, 15th, and 16th of Chaban, the Viceroy arrived successively at Kerkissou, Nady, Halfa, and Abehe; on the 17th he passed the cataracts of Semene and Kessendje, and as it was expedient that he should set an example of courage, he passed the dangerous cataract of Ambigué in his bark, at half-past ten in the morning.

In consequence of the delay of the *dahabies* of his suite, his Highness had passed the night without food or shelter. Finding this delay increase, he suspected that some misfortune had happened, and resolved to turn and ascertain in person how matters stood. He found that one of the *dahabies* was ascending by the passage through the rocks. His Highness, to avoid a collision, tried another passage, but the ropes which towed his *dahabie* having broken, that vessel, for want of wind (the wind having fallen about the same time), was driven from one side to the other, and struck upon the rocks. A few seconds would have sufficed to sink the *dahabie*, in consequence of the water it had shipped, and the sailors uttered loud cries on seeing the situation in which his Highness was

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placed; but he with one bound sprang upon an isolated rock, in the middle of the waves. The dahabie having unfurled its sails, endeavoured to approach him; when unfortunately its rudder was carried away by the violence of the current. One of the reis of the cataracts plunged in, and swimming, regardless of the certain peril, seized the rudder, and brought it back to the bark, when it was replaced. By this act of devotion the dahabie was at length able to rejoin his Highness, who having re-embarked, encouraged the sailors to extricate themselves from their difficult position by rowing, and cried out, "*Keman, keman, ya chebah*," ("Again! again! my brave fellows.") Shortly afterwards his Highness ordered his Khavegi Bachi to unfurl the sail, telling him that the wind was about to rise, and that they ought to proceed by a pass situated in the west. These orders were punctually executed, and thus safety was effected. Rustem Bey, notwithstanding the rapid currents, had also the felicity to pass with his two dahabies; and on the 20th and 21st, in spite of all obstacles and dangers, the cataracts of Timon Beni Akuchi and Dal were ascended. On the 22nd, all the necessary measures and precautions having been taken, the cataract of Chajar was passed, the dahabies being towed along by ropes. The current being violent, his Highness considering they would not be able to effect their purpose without the assistance of sails, ordered the Khavegi Bachi to unfurl them. At first they were insufficient, and the dahabie was driven rapidly back, while many of the crew, becoming terrified, began to fly to the rocks for safety, and testified great anxiety on account of his Highness. He, however, said to them, "Be calm, act not as before; trust yourselves to my guidance, and all will go well." He directed the sailors, and encouraged them by the words "*Keman, keman*," until by dint of rowing, and the assistance of the sails, they succeeded (thank God!) in extricating themselves from this second danger. His Highness never left his dahabie during these perilous moments.

On the 23d of Chaban they passed the cataract of Hakden. Thus was his Highness the viceroy, who, by his benefits, seems to be the true source of the Nile, while munificently rewarding the sailors, the first man to pass with dahabies, and

at night, cataracts, which, from the earliest periods to our own time, no mortal has dared even to touch, much less even to pass. We must also do justice to our sailors in this affair, who, both with oars and sails, displayed all necessary tact, and gave evident proofs that they deserve to be numbered with the bravest and most skilful mariners in the world.

His Highness at length arrived at Dongolah; set out again on the 26th, and on the 27th arrived at Ambiboughi; and in order to avoid a circuitous passage, caused by an elbow of the river at this place, resolved to travel by land to Cartoum, ordering the dahabies to rejoin him at that place in reascending the Nile. In the desert some trees were found petrified by a long course of years. By exerting himself, the Viceroy reached Gebel Rougam on the 3d of Ramadan, towards day-break. Mohammed Medin, younger brother of the Sultan of Darfour, had the honour of presenting himself to his Highness.

Two years before, when flying the violent acts of his brother Mahommed, he asked for and obtained a hospitable reception in the states of the Viceroy, on the news of whose journey he had come from the Cordofan to Cartoum, whence he had made it his duty to proceed to Rougam to meet his Highness. The Viceroy received him with his usual kindness, and, travelling in company, they arrived by the Nile at Cartoum, on the 6th of Ramadan. His Highness having desired to hear Mahommed Medin's vicissitudes from his own mouth, the latter made the following speech:—

"Your Highness, my brother the King of Darfour, to secure his dominions, has strayed a hundred days' journey from the bounds of justice. At first he began by killing one of his relatives, my uncle, and having burnt his crops, divided his property among his kindred. These proceedings alarmed me; I fled, and came into your Highness' states at the Cordofan, when I met with the same generous hospitality which was formerly shown to another of my uncles, who enjoys it at this moment. Your Highness, with tears in my eyes I implore your vengeance."

This young man can read and write, and is capable of being educated. The states of the King of Darfour border on the Cordofan, and his Highness, in order to facilitate commercial relations, had



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sent to this savage monarch valuable presents by Ahmet Bey Giddani, who was accompanied by ten of his servants, and ten other persons in the service of the Egyptian government. Among these presents there was a magnifying mirror, in which, after the King of Darfour had contemplated himself, he sent Ahmet Bey Giddani, with all his suite, to prison, and out of the twenty-one persons eighteen perished; the bey, and two of his servants, being the only survivors. Such an affront is highly distressing to the friends of Egypt; but his Highness, holding, as a principle, that "every thing has its time and its end," addressing himself to Mahommed Medin, said:—

"I will make you Sultan of Darfour in place of your brother; I will give you the *takil*, embroidered with gold (a kind of regal cap in this country), and the gilt *sabre*."

Such was the decision of his Highness with respect to Mahommed Emin (query, Medin?), who thanked the Viceroy for this great kindness, and after having obtained leave, set out for the Cordofan, very well satisfied, praying Heaven to grant long and happy days to his Highness.

A few years ago Cartoum was a small place, consisting of five or six hamlets, but the ex-governor of the Sennaar, Kouschid Pacha, who had observed the excellent air of the country, built there a palace and a mosque, planted vineyards and gardens, and attracted thither a population. Cartoum now reckons from four hundred to five hundred houses, with hospitals and *casernes*, and travellers find there delicious fruit for the climate, such as figs, grapes, and pomegranates.

During an interval occurring in the passage between Ambelouk and Cartoum, the court of his Highness having been occupied, they killed gazelles and birds, which were presented to the Viceroy, and received by him with his usual courtesy. Thus, in the pleasures of the chase, the fatigues and privations of the journey were easily forgotten.

The Viceroy stayed fifteen days at Roseres, and giraffes were hunted. His Highness tasted the flesh of this animal, and it was agreed that the flavour was the same as that of veal.

They finally arrived at the Gebel de Fasoglou, twenty-one days' journey from Cartoum, and on the morning of the 28th,

the emerald-coloured tents of his Highness were pitched; and without any loss of time, the construction of an hospital, a *caserne*, and a magazine for provisions was commenced.

The inhabitants of Nigritia are Musulmans of the sect Malitu, but the slaves are of no religion. They are divided into Beledi (inhabitants of towns), Bedavi (inhabitants of the plain), and Gabeli (inhabitants of mountains). They are generally in a state of simple nature, wild and wandering. Those who have no *meriss* or *bulbul* (the beverage *bouza*), eat the bark of trees. Nevertheless, they are fat and robust. A piece of stinking skin covers them in front. Life, that precious gift of Heaven, is passed by them in ignorance; their thoughts tend to nought but the sale of their fellow creatures. They pay no attention whatever to agriculture; and those who have a sorry bed formed by some pieces of wood (which is called *ducarii*), or can afford to drink *bouza*, are envied by their fellows, who come at night to rob them; the inhabitants of the interior committing outrages on those who dwell on the borders of the Nile.

At the Cordofan, in compliance with ancient usage, many negroes are enslaved, one by another. His Highness the Viceroy issued a severe order, in pursuance of which all were set at liberty, and the choice was left them of settling on the borders of the Nile, or of returning to their own country without impediment.

Engineers were sent to visit the gold mines as far as Houri Deheb, opposite Fasankor, near the banks of the Nile. According to their report, they found that the gold of those places is not inferior to that of the higher parts.

On the 17th day of Zilead, and the eighth of his stay at Fasankor, his Highness the Viceroy set out by the shortest way, and found himself at his journey's end in five hours. His tent was pitched immediately, and orders were issued, that as at this place a palace, *casernes*, houses, bazaars, magazines, vineyards and gardens were forming, and the whole was being surrounded with walls, to erect a new city, under the name Mehemet Ali, every one should be allowed to establish himself there freely. This city was to be built in such a manner as to be unequalled by any other in Nigritia.

The mountains and valleys of Nigritia  
[THE COURT

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abound in all kinds of curious animals. There are birds with four wings, and others of every shade of colour. Vegetation offers the vine and wild fig-tree, from the branches of which the birds, with their varied and melodious warbling, cheer and entertain the traveller. Vegetation is surprisingly abundant and prolific; a single grain of seed generally multiplies from fifty to sixty fold. The doura and cotton grow with extraordinary rapidity, and the plant of the latter, exceeding the weight of a man, astonishes connoisseurs; for in Egypt, notwithstanding the care bestowed on the cultivation of this shrub, it is far from thriving as in Nigritia, where it is evident that the plantation will produce an excellent result.

Notwithstanding so many gifts of nature, strange to say, these people have, from the creation of our father Adam, remained in a state of inaction. This misfortune is owing to the circumstance, that no person has ever thought of them; but such is now no longer the case, for by this very misfortune they have attracted the especial attention of his Highness, who has hastened to their assistance as the prophet Elijah, and has consoled and delighted a people who have for ages vegetated in the shadow of death. The ulemas and the sheiks prostrated themselves before him, expressing by words and gestures their need of his assistance, and he assisted them. All were, by the order of his Highness, clothed in raiments of honour, and he addressed them thus:—

“All the civilized nations of the earth were originally in the state in which you are at present. They had the happiness to meet those chosen men, beloved of Heaven, who marked out for them the paths of civilization and prosperity. May Heaven have selected me as the instrument of your welfare, and may I draw you from this wretched condition! I hope, at the same time, that you will on your part exert yourselves to leave it. You have a fine country, of immense extent, swarming with inhabitants, your forests are filled with animals, nay, your country is the finest in Africa, one of the *five* quarters of the world, and the advantages of abundance and commerce are in your reach. Egypt, which is but 360 miles long, and 240 broad, is every where renowned for the plenteousness of its harvests, but that plenteousness can only be obtained by labour. Nigritia, without

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speaking of the shores of the White and Blue Rivers, has the isle of Senmaar, which is of itself ten times larger than Egypt. Men cannot thrive without labour.” On saying these words, his Highness did all he could to make them understand that fundamental maxim.

The Viceroy then explained to them, in a manner suitable to their capacity, the utility of agriculture and commerce. They agreed in their answers that they were in a state of absolute ignorance, and expressed a desire of seeing Egypt.

“Seeing is one thing, and understanding is another,” replied his Highness; “but if you will send your children to Egypt, I will feed them, clothe them, have them instructed in the schools I have founded, and when they are grown up, and their education is finished, my greatest satisfaction will be to return them to your arms.” All the sheiks promised to send their children, and the sheik of the isle said, “Your Highness, I have no children, but I will send you my brother’s son.”

On the 18th of Zilead, after having given orders for his return, and forwarded his effects to Berber, his Highness, surrounded by his excellency Ahmet Pacha, the ulemas, and the sheiks of the country, who renewed their assurances of submission, and evinced their regret at his departure, took his leave with inexpressible kindness and affability.

There are at Cartoum many Christians of various sects, who have shown a desire of worshipping God together in one place. His Highness at once granted them a firman for the foundation of a church. The commodities of Nigritia being current in Egypt, his Highness has ordered an iron-way. The engineer, M. Lambert, declared that the iron of the country was more than sufficient for the undertaking. The engineer was commissioned to examine into the possibility of making a canal from the Nile to the Cordofan.

His Highness considers the region of the Nile to be a very fine country, but thinks that Nigritia will, in a hundred years, appear like a new America. The beauty of the country is wonderful: the air is so pure and favourable, that his Highness the Viceroy, who is seventy-one years of age, appeared to have become as young as twenty-five.

His Highness quitted Cartoum on the

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1st of Zilhegge. In crossing to the cataracts, the dahabie struck and shipped water. The Viceroy joked and laughed at the alarm of his travelling companion, M. le Chevalier Tossizza. The barks were repaired, and on the 10th they arrived at Abou Hamet. From this place it was desired to cross the desert on dromedaries; and his Highness distinguished himself in this mode of travel-

ling, invariably leaving his suite very much in the rear. On the 20th they reached Koroses. The last cataracts were crossed in barks.

Throughout Upper Egypt his Highness gave administrative orders; and after a journey of five months and four days, arrived safely at Cairo, to the great delight and satisfaction of every body.

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"To such a degree has Africa been forgotten, that scarcely are the routes leading to her ruins known. The timid adventurer from the North alone places his gazelle-like foot upon these tombs. He seeks not men there among, for he finds not brethren, but demeans himself respectfully among the falling monuments."—ISMAEL PACHA'S ALLOCUTION TO THE DESERT CHIEFS.

Old to the memory of man, Africa is yet new to science. During three centuries it was circumnavigated, but in consequence of the discovery of Vasco de Gama, its intermediate regions wholly escaped exploration; and to this day the land of Isis shrouds manifold mysteries: for the great peninsula has few rivers traversing its hitherto interminable and impervious valleys which are not rendered innavigable by sand banks, bars, and cataracts. The artificial Mediterraneans of the Pharaohs are overwhelmed by shoals; time has but done justice to their puerile magnificence. Rivers,—those mighty portals of continents, at which the industry of various nations of the world seeks for admittance, to penetrate and instal itself from embouchure to source amid the lands adjacent—roll not their currents towards the centre of those uncultured immensities. Her lakes sleep in dreary and sluggish isolation; the brazen heaven, and its sun of flame, reigns paramount and alone. Whatever the sword of the Egyptian Viceroy may accomplish for the tribes habiting the shores of the Red Sea, the project is, at least, immense, though commenced on pitiful proportions, and its completion may be probably of indefinite date. Whatever might have been the dream of the Egyptian Bonaparte, the philosopher may well smile at it; for nature, by thus hemming in those dead plains, those coasts unfurrowed by gulf or stream—problematical series of calcareous strata lying between the Indian and Atlantic oceans—we are well nigh tempted to believe it as the intent of Heaven itself to pale out Africa from civilization.

In 1820, when the brave young son.

of the great Mehemet Ali ascended the shores of the Nile, for the purpose of repressing the hordes of robbers from whose spoliations the caravans and commerce of Egypt had for a long while back suffered severely, I accompanied the expedition. We scoured the entire course of the river; and those masses of Mogrebin foot soldiers, and that brilliant Arab cavalry, gay with all the splendour of arms and costume peculiar to the Mussulman warrior, presented indeed a magnificent *coup d'œil*. Their discipline, moreover, was truly admirable. If the pageant were less showy than that of a court, it was more than that of an ordinary army. Ismael, surrounded by superb Mamlukes, caused justice to march at the heels of conquest, and appeared seriously preoccupied with a mission of civilization. The desert saw great deeds achieved. At times, amongst the crumbling fragments of antique Egypt, a few paces from the Nile, whose welcome waters wafted *djermes* laden with provisions to the very brink of the cataracts, thickly shaded by accacia trees, the Pacha spread his large silken tents, spacious enough to contain thousands, carpeted with brilliant tapestries, supported by galleries of gold-headed lances tufted with the insignial horsetails. The indolent dromedaries, with their heavy culverins, knelt, resting among the rose-granite sphinges. The eternal pyramids were decked with military groups; and the sun, sinking in the west upon that sea of yellow sand, rose the next morning upon scenes which might induced one to have given unscrupulous credence to the recitals of Arab tale-tellers; and the marvellous fiction of *The*

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*Thousand and One Nights.* Doubtless there are, around the great-winged globes, deep sculptured and crumbling on the fronts of the temples of Isis, amid those solitudes, hieroglyphics it will be long sought to decipher—records of extinct ages and dynasties passed into oblivion for ever—but they will not impart to the learned, proud of spelling without comprehending their import, a thousandth part of the delight which I experienced in daily perusing as it rolled rapidly before my eyes that page of modern history of such absorbing interest and striking originality.

It was not without an obstinate resistance, and fearful effusion of blood, that Ismael preluded the extermination of brigandage in these countries. Faithful to their traditional bravery, these desert warriors to musketry or cannon merely opposed sabre or lance, sling or arrow; and the carbine, aimed at two hundred paces off, appeared to them an act of sacrilegious cowardice that handled fire-arms at a distance from fear of coping hand to hand with steel. They perished by thousands, rather than deign to borrow such progress in the art of war from their enemies. The bridle of discipline is the element of progression; and this these scattered tribes lack. At intervals, across the burning tracts, excellent lands are met with which these marauding people might submit to cultivate—picturesque oases, whose sites are unindicated upon the map, paradises of a few acres in the midst of that immense desolation; but their tribes prefer adventurous excursions to a domestic life, the deadly yataghan to the fecundising ploughshare, the exciting episodes of pillage to peaceful patriarchal habits. It required nothing less than the potent will of Mehemet Ali, seconded by the irresistible bravery of Ismael, to make these races, nurtured from generation to generation in contempt of danger, lay down the lance.

Ismael, to a courage which cost him no effort, for it was his birthright, super-added deeds worthy to rank with the noble examples bequeathed by antiquity.

Malek Zibarra, one of the Caghiaian chiefs, in particular, opposed the Pacha with obstinacy worthy of a valiant warrior. Despite the superiority of strategy developed by Ismael's selectar, the fly-

ing artillery of the Abadees, whose numerous dromedaries served to vomit far and wide the flames of death, and the numerical force of the Bedouins, who, armed with long carbines, struck down whole lines of his followers, whose thick buffalo-hide shields afforded but scanty protection, Malek Zibarra kept his ground during ten entire days upon the left bank of the Nile; Ismael himself was compelled to quit his tent, and, baring his glittering scimitar to the sun-ray, he spurred his charger through the waves, and by his presence reanimated the discouraged Mamlukes. Clamorous cries thereupon arose, and the Caghiaian, exhausted by the struggle, apprehended that the exterminating angel was about to wave his fiery sword among their ranks; they were broken by panic, and, after inconceivable efforts to rally them, Malek Zibarra, disheartened, sought like the rest his safety in flight. His fortress, the key of the country, remained in the hands of Ismael.

It was evening, the first during the moon of Rabi-él-âoul, and sulphurous vapours ascended in thick wreaths from the western horizon to the firmament. At the opposite point, huge columns of smoke, isolated in the fast-darkening plain, were partially gilded against a blotted-out sky: they indicated that the vanquished had left nothing behind him save blazing ruin and desolation. The Pacha, followed by the selectar and his topidji-bachi, rode through the ranks. Here and there, beside the dromedaries, docilely kneeling on the sand with their partially opened caissons, groups of Bedouins and Mamlukes crowded round their wounded comrades. The breadth of the Nile,—dotted at this place with islets, upon which might be descried, amidst the date trees which ornamented them, the ruins of Christian monasteries, formerly rearing their masses solemn and imposing upon their sub-basements of dark granite, now peopled by the ostrich and the gazelle,—presented a most animated spectacle of barks, amply illuminated, and momentarily passing one another, occupied in the transportation from the abandoned shore to the invaded strand of the tents, camels, and artillery. Sentinels were stationed as precautionary, against a night surprise, so familiar to those hordes of the interior who, after having

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fled during daylight before superior strength, depend for retaliation solely upon the favouring confederacy of darkness. Every thing around insensibly relapsed into silence; the hot vapours of an amber-coloured atmosphere ceased by degrees to trace a large segment upon the extreme limits of the dim perspective, and died out like an unrequited hearth-fire.

An all-powerful voluptuousness pervades each organ of sense during these nights passed in the desert, when through the steamy dew its sands irradiate the stars twinkling faintly: and to this silent contemplation I yielded myself up, whilst inhaling from my reed *chibouque* the fragrant tobacco of Laodicea. The calmness savours of tenfold more deliciousness when succeeding to the emotions of which the battle-plain has lately been rife; the repose is fuller, the solitude more profound. Sensation, long restrained, is energetically reanimated, and becomes accessible to an infinity of detail. It was not, therefore, without lively interest that I beheld, at three paces from the gigantic tamarind tree under whose branches I had seated myself, a shadowy form attired in white raiment, erect itself from behind the margin of a stone cistern. From the light footstep, which scarce crushed the sand beneath its tread, from its trepidation, from the gentle respiration of its breath, from the outline which was defined, slight, and flexible against the obscurity of the adjacent shadows, I easily recognised the presence of a youthful female. Ismael, however, had not brought his harem; not a single woman was to be found throughout our camp. It was doubtless some poor orphan of the Cagharian tribe left behind in the rapid retreat of her countrymen. The dark colour of my vestments, my squatting position (for I had seated myself with crossed legs in the Turkish manner), and the protection of the tamarind, hid me from her sight. Leaning against the trunk of the tree, she gazed long and earnestly at the groups of soldiers sleeping in circles by their bivouac fires, the Mamluke passing to and fro with his carbine gleaming in their struggling beams, the topidji-bachi making his round to assure himself of the vigilance of the sentinels throughout the circumference of the hastily-formed

camp. I should have reproached myself had I given cause of terror to the timid girl, or by shouting have pointed her out as a mark for that remorseless soldiery. But how came she there, and with what design? Under the circumstances this vision was invested with an interest bordering on the marvellous. At length when the camp became almost wholly enveloped in darkness, a few scattered and smouldering watch-fires serving but at best to mark the distance of the sun from the fixed stars, the girl arose, ran at her utmost speed, sprang upon the back of a dromedary which hastily raised up its neck, and unbending its knees, caused the little copper bells ornamenting the harness to ring a sharp peal, and I beheld, in a stupor of astonishment, passing with inconceivable swiftness before the whole line of fires the vigorous animal with its fragile burthen speeding onward like the wind.

A score of musket shots, fired in quick succession, aroused the camp. They believed themselves set upon by surprise, and it required all Ismael's sang-froid on this occasion to maintain the authority of his generalship among the terrified Mamlukes. Bedouins were dispatched upon the track of the fugitives, and the precipitous gallop of their Arab steeds was lost in distance like the flapping of the wings of a flight of sea eagles.

Silence, however, was soon restored to the startled encampment; the fires were rekindled, and the environs rigidly searched. Under the superintendence of an *alai-tchouch* a brigade of Mamlukes visited the innermost rocks of the dismantled fortress Malek Zibarja had no longer been able to defend. Whilst following this brigade, I discovered upon the edge of the before-mentioned cistern a papooch of the smallest possible dimensions, made by a highly ingenious interlacement of reeds, tinged with divers shades, and woven with all that exquisite delicacy for which the Cagharians are celebrated in their specimens of basket work. The plaiters of Europe weave nothing more flexible. A foot soldier, after scrutinizing over my shoulder the quaint characters formed by the disposition of divers colours upon this foot covering (the form of which resembled that of a slipper worn during the middle ages, with the exception of the

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extravagantly curled toe of the latter), seemed struck with astonishment, and entreated me to follow him without further delay to Ismael's tent. This tent occupied the central point of a semicircle of pavilions, which appertained to the principal officers of the Pacha's suite. The cannoners were stationed along the front of this two-winged façade, with their pieces constantly pointed and manned; the Mamlukes forming the Pacha's guard, opened their ranks to allow our approach to his Highness. The tapestry was raised, and, pillowed by rich cushions, spread upon magnificent Persian carpets, by the light of a crystal lamp, Ismael, listless and fatigued, received our profound salutations. Two black slaves upon their knees held a large tray before him; the selictar on his left, the *topidji-bachi* on his right hand. The cares of the morrow might have been easily deciphered on that ample forehead.

He paid, notwithstanding, lively attention to the foot-soldier's discourse, when the latter declared upon the Koran, that the fugitive whose temerity had just given cause of such wide-spread alarm, must necessarily be the lovely Zakaia, the only daughter of Malek Zibarra. The soldier produced, in proof of his assertion, the parti-coloured characters of the papooch that I had picked up near the cistern; and on a sign from Ismael, the selictar hurriedly quitted the tent.

The foot-soldier continued to speak, most adroitly expatiating in his hyperbolical language, upon the beauty of this youthful virgin, daughter of the Chief of the Caghaians by an European woman, carried off during an attack made upon an English caravan. He dwelt, with an intention, the cruelty of which was by no means equivocal, upon the despair Malek Zibarra would not fail to experience from the certainty of his daughter's captivity; he boasted of the brilliant vivacity of the girl's eyes, her talent in narrating old legends, the marvellous length of her tresses, and that renown for virtue, which had obtained for her among all her companions the surname of Zakaia, an epithet signifying *the wise*. Ismael's eyes sparkled more than once, a smile of satisfaction relaxed his gloomy

countenance, and I perceived, with an indefinable mixture of dread and resentment, that after so long a campaign, during which the Egyptian had not been followed by his harem, that the conqueror might readily, without being over scrupulous, abuse the privileges of victory.

The foot-soldier dwelt especially upon the varied talents of Zakaia, the instruction she had received from her mother in divers useful European arts, her address in handling weapons, the tender love she bore her father, which had doubtless led her that evening to the place of combat, notwithstanding the terrible repute which, like a messenger of alarm, preceded the Pacha through the desert. "Perhaps, indeed," added he, "it was her intention to assassinate his Highness."

This man—a deserter from the country in which we were encamped, and attached to an intrepid band of guides that were dispatched, from time to time, in detachments on exploring parties to guard the flanks of the army from unexpected attack—sought to secure to himself the Pacha's protection against the hatred of the Mamlukes, indignant at beholding a traitor among their ranks. I readily comprehended his aim, on hearing him indulge in such a lengthened relation.

At length a distant noise, followed by tumultuous shouts, tore this wretched driveller from his insinuating recitals; Ismael from his equivocal smile, and my own mind from a train of mournful reflections. A drama of absorbing interest was about to be enacted before me. The tapestry of the tent, raised by the carbine of a Mamluke, disclosed to us—by the light of some score of torches, tossed aloft by the soldiers—the selictar, beside a chafing horse, receiving from the arms of a colossal black slave a half-naked female, besmeared with blood, with hair dishevelled, and hands lashed behind her with thongs.

As soon as the young girl's feet touched the sand, she advanced with a proud step, her head erect, having freed her brow by a hasty shake from the raven hair which veiled her features, her eyes flashing fire, and an expression of savage scorn upon her lip.

The soldier had not lied; she was beauteous beyond his powers of eulogy; and now especially so, from the aspect of such concentrated wrath in so fragile a

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form, such haughtiness of demeanour in so perilous a position. A triple necklace of white pearls, trembling round her neck, contrasted with the glowing carnation her skin had caught from the climate; and one might trace, in the character of her half-veiled limbs, the type of a race of northern origin, ever somewhat slightly degenerated by intermixture with African blood. Her muslin vestments—torn to shreds, and thrown into utter disorder by efforts made in a hopeless struggle, soiled with bloody stains—revealed to observation her exquisitely-formed bust, slightly tapering legs, and small feet, whose toes had been torn by the flints. Her long tresses were matted by profuse perspiration upon her bosom; and the young lioness stamped impetuously, whilst making vain efforts to free her hands, firmly fastened behind her by leathern thongs, crossing both wrists. Her eyes darted fire on all around, and she seemed ready to tear her captors with her teeth.

The black slave, who had seized Zakia, kneeling before Ismael, laid a steel yataghan at the Pacha's feet, the blade yet dripping gore, exclaiming—

"Master, behold the weapon which has already given death to three of our race."

A burst of mingled rage and laughter escaped from Zakia. "True, I am thy captive, Ismael," she passionately exclaimed, "and my sad fate decrees that I should rest so during life. Yes, I know the atrocious customs of thy nation,—of those whose armies first render desert the fertile valleys by the sea-shore, that they may the easier lay waste our burning solitudes. Oh! what a noble spoil for a warrior is the carrying off of a poor young girl! Well, son of Mehemet Ali, wherefore dost thou pause? I am in thy hands; the blood of three of thy people stains mine; it is a remorseless enemy thou hast in thy power. Be ruthless as she is. My companions, moreover—my sisters, friends—bear equally in their bosoms as fierce a wrath, as sharp a steel. Each, all will follow my example. And thou, who liest dreaming within the folds of thy tent, when the war-signal invites the bloodthirsty to the conquest of the battlefield—when the birds of carnage flap their wings above the *mêlée*—murder me, dishonour me, for thou hast the power; but I forewarn thee, thy armies will be wasted as they advance—every

victory decimates them. Thou shalt see their ranks thin under conquest, and wilt soon retrace thy steps, alone, a trembling fugitive, under the shades of night; and, during the day, hidden among the rushes of the Nile,—to tell thy father, amidst his harem of wanton slaves, of the resolution of the free women of Abyssinia."

Ismael listened to the young girl with a cold smile upon his lip; and the black slave, having bared from its scabbard the huge glittering blade of a curved scimitar, eagerly consulted the Pacha's glance.

"Whence comes it, daughter of Malek Zibarra," at last Ismael replied, "that thy father remits into such feeble hands so foolish an enterprise? Is it the usage of these countries that men should basely commit the vocation of the midnight assassin to their women, when they themselves have fled during the light of day? And could it be through affection for thee that he has abandoned thee amongst the fortifications he knew no longer how to defend?"

"Victory is in the hands of the Almighty alone," replied the young girl, as she sought to repress a tear; "at times he proves the faith of the pure, and intoxicates the hearts of the victorious with a delusive joy, which but lulls them the more supinely upon the brink of the precipice. The success of the unjust lasts but for a day. Heaven's justice is all-patient, for it has both time and eternity. My father knows nothing of this womanish enterprise, at which, perhaps, he would laugh, as thou hast; and I wield the steel which struck thy slaves by the direction of Him alone who has created me intelligent and free. Ismael, tarry yet awhile ere thou rejoice. It is only after the tomb has closed upon his remains, that one can say of a prince of this world, that 'fortune never deserted his arms.'"

"And deemest thou, young girl, that the Almighty takes part with robbers? Tell me, where is it written in His law that impunity is held out to assassins? Speak! where has he apportioned to the hordes of Africa the remaining portion of the world? and believest thou that the innocent blood spilt so frequently in these deserts has not cried to Him for vengeance?"

"I know not, Ismael, how the differ-

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est nations will be hereafter weighed in his justice; but he has given to us these sands, these oases, and our portion in the fertilizing mud of the Nile—that suffices us. We travel not afar to open for ourselves a pathway through the snows of Europe, in order to heap around our hearths the luxuries that corrupt. Why do the Europeans, for whom thou art wielding the bared scimitar, violate this soil, over which their footsteps glow with a mingled passion of avarice and tyranny? Is it the sacred hospitality of the poor traveller that they claim, by traversing our countries in large bodies, formed into armed caravans? Owes not the stranger equally to us submission or tribute, as in Egypt, if he seek security and protection in the desert?"

"It is written, young maiden—'as thou shalt do, so shall it be done unto thee.' If thy brethren neglect the arts which civilize, if they are steeped in the idleness which engenders monsters, you will be held up to the contempt of the whole earth; for this soil will not yield the fruits which are unasked of it, and hence thou livest necessarily at the charge of other nations. You encamp upon your sands like bandits upon the highways. By what right do you separate the world into two parts? Are you not a nation amongst other nations? Leave the road then free. Would you rather be enemies than brothers? Choose. Heaven commits to intelligence the avenging steel, to chastise even to extermination the hordes which are an insult to human nature."

"Heaven judges not more favourably for thee than for us, Pacha; and if for the crimes of my race there is atonement to be made upon their heads, born poor and naked, in so miserable a country, it will doubtless have a treasure of wrath to shower upon those who, born in palaces, are decked with gold and gems, only the more securely to shed blood. To thee, accursed Pacha, 'tis a pastime; to us a necessity. Say, which is the most criminal, Malek Zibarra or Ismael Pacha?"

"Child," returned Ismael, with constrained violence, "confound not bravery with brigandage; the disinterested courage which elevates, with the theft which dishonours; the deeds of the valiant soldier, with the rapacity of the

robber. I come not to destroy those who court not destruction. If my mind has conceived a bloody necessity, if I appear among you, scimitar in hand, I am ready to break it in the scabbard the very moment thy race will loyally consent to the establishment of treaties now become indispensable. What boots me this useless gold, this luxury which thou regardest with such envy? Am I come to barter peril for peril, and blood for blood? No! My Mamlukes have largely drained my mighty coffers. With the gold of Cairo they have remunerated those of your hordes, who have already supplied provisions and supplies necessary to penetrate as far as Dougola and to Sennaar. The severest discipline has reigned in my army. I have punished with my own hands those amongst my soldiery who have dared disobey my commands. Where are the tributes that I have levied, the slaves with which I have swelled my retinue, the deeds of iniquity which by tradition have passed from lip to lip, even to your ears? I have more enriched your race by my expedition than it would have been by the plunder of a thousand caravans; and if, along my route, the dead bodies of my followers have strewn the ensanguined bases of the obelisks—well! they sleep the death of the brave, for all lie with their faces toward heaven, not one has fallen upon his face, with a poniard between his shoulders."

"Yet, O Ismael! is there nought necessary save the open hand and intrepidity upon the brow? Who has confided to thee the mission of changing our manners, to put your calculations in the place of our laws, to elevate your voice above that of our forefathers? Believest thou that self-established violence that makes it necessary to respect the lance and the ball, because they are effective to slay, conjoined to thy wishes, will form a cement of adamant, against which the rage of revolt and the poisoned weapon of the slave will fall alike blunted for ever? My mother oft repeated to me the name of Napoleon,—relating to me his triumphs and his fall. His eagle soared a lofty flight, but has now dropped below the horizon. He planted his tricoloured flag far and wide;—to-day it no where floats in the breeze of heaven."

Ismael started, and then remained



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for some time absorbed in melancholy reverie. As the formidable black slave, armed with his long scimitar, rolled his eyes by turns from the young maiden to his master, I trembled, lest, from the intrepidity imprinted upon her countenance, the audacious Zakaia might weary the forbearance of Ismael, and render me witness to one of those frequent decollations so frequent in Egypt. I had approached the Pacha with the design of opposing some words deprecatory to the vivacity of so passionate an address. I despaired, however, after beholding the ferocious glances of the selictar and the Mamlukes, to find among the bystanders a single soul either to share my terror or second my sympathy.

"I am indeed unfortunate," said Ismael to me, at length breaking silence, and availing himself of the English language whilst thus speaking aside: "I was born for Europe—here I am not comprehended. The projects of my father will expire with his son. Among your nations governments are controlled by the intelligence of the people; here it is the contrary: the chiefs advance, the masses retrograde. The passion of the warrior is not my master-passion, and yet each day constrains me to arm my hand with a weapon. It is the most ungrateful of all means, one of which I am loath to avail myself. The daylight of civilization has not yet dawned upon Africa. I am weary of thinking upon the subject. These savages believe me a madman: there yawns a gulf between them and me. If I fall midway in my career, no other will tread in my steps. I am well convinced that intelligence can only be comprehended by intelligence, that the steel envenoms and fertilizes not: to conquer is but of little avail—it is to render the object of conquest durable. This young girl has spoken truth; but reproach is no counsellor, and her invectives have not told me what I ought to deny. Upon that I muse."

Thereupon ensued an embarrassing silence—a silence as deep as it was mournful, which reigned for several minutes. All remained motionless, grouped in positions than which a painter could not have better chosen. The daughter of Malek Zibarra alone

affected indifference, and mocked the hideous slave with an insolent smile, who devoured her momentarily with looks, in which an imperturbable expression of ferocity was imprinted. Had the Pacha but have given the slightest sign, we should have been bespattered with her blood, and the trunkless head dashed above the carbines.

"Unfasten the cords," said Ismael, "and take away that scimitar."

Two slaves hastened to obey; and the gigantic African, disconcerted, violently clashed the blade into the zebra-skin scabbard.

Ismael picked up the yataghan placed at his feet.

"Take this weapon once more, young maiden, and keep it for thy defence."

Then leaning upon my arm, and that of the selictar, he raised himself and threw a glance upon all around, accompanied by an imperious gesture.

All present in turn made obeisance, and disappeared behind the gorgeous tapestries of the tent.

Zakaia, dumb with surprise, gathered with blended shame and joy her arms across her naked bosom, grasping between her hands the poniard of which she had become repossessed, and yielding visibly to the ascendant Ismael then exercised. He next pointed out to me two large sandal-wood coffers, incrustured with arabesques in mother-o'-pearl, standing in an obscure corner of the tent. I raised their silver handles, and suddenly offered to the curious gaze of the high-spirited Zakaia, magnificent tissues heavily brodered in gold, Indian cachemires, cotton stuffs of finest texture, and silks of Persia, whose colours and brilliancy would have caused many an European virtue to have capitulated. The young girl turned her eyes from them as with secret mistrust; but by the malicious curve her lips wore, I conjectured that though this species of seduction might not have wholly prevailed, it had, at least, disarmed her of all terror.

"These are yours," said he to her; "and if you wish for a second poniard, I will give you mine."

Then turning towards us, he raised the tapestry, and we followed him into the open air.

"Zakaia is under the hospitality of  
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my tent," said he to the selictar; "to your care I confide her; guard her well. Tell your soldiers, that if there be any one among their ranks, the weight of whose head embarrasses him, he has only to avail himself of my absence, and at my return the chief of the black slaves shall ease him of it."

After delivering this hasty hint, he threw himself across a horse, made me a sign to follow him, and galloping swiftly through the darkness, we speedily gained the chain of out-posts.

Upon this occasion I had an opportunity of judging of the extent of Ismael's intelligence, and readily comprehended what a powerful progress that Prince, seconded by his father's indomitable will, might be able to effect in favour of civilization upon the soil of Egypt, in spite of the hindrance attempted by the dominant powers of the Ottoman Porte: an immense undertaking; for here, as in Europe, notwithstanding the vigorous resources of passive obedience, the prejudices of superstition, hallowed by the authority of the Koran, proscribed at every step its onward march.

We reached, in a very short time, the furthestmost guard, whose numerous lines were posted in great strength along the bank of the Nile. The utmost activity prevailed among those troops that had not taken part in the previous day's battle. The tribes who had hitherto remained neutral, descended the course of the river by means of slightly constructed rafts, laden with provisions, in a shop-like order under awnings suspended by strong unbarked poles. In a few hours the Pacha, who rarely left even minor details to the absolute discretion of inferior officers, had presided over a liberal payment for provisions, and some few other episodes of discipline. Abrupt or affable, patient or resolute, severe or familiar, by turns, Ismael assured himself of, and occupied himself with, every thing. An inhabitant of the territory of Clendi, had had his dwelling burned to the ground; Ismael indemnified him. An Ababdee, suspected of playing the spy, was interrogated, convicted, and put to death. Some prisoners were to be dispatched towards Cairo under a strong escort, and immediately an *estafette* was dispatched before them, to instruct Me-

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hemet Ali in each new project entertained by the head of our expedition.

From this point Ismael, preceded by a band of slaves provided with torches, repaired to the fortress wherein Malek Zibarra has so long arrested our progress. It was accessible from the plain by a flight of stairs hewn in the rock, and was throughout a structure of the rudest character, whose situation alone constituted its strength. It commanded by its height both banks of the Nile. A bridge, formed of heavy girders, was thrown sufficiently far across the stream to reach several isolated masses of granite, disposed very nearly in a semicircle. The interval of these rocks, alternately narrow and of great width, served both for dams and arches, permitting the escape of a cataract whose torrents boiled and struggled through them with showers of foam; this bridge had been burned. An exact idea of the fortress might be formed, by figuring to oneself six enclosures of massive walls, raised one above the other in huge steps, surmounted by a tower and platform, whence every movement of an enemy might be surveyed. Between each wall, pierced with embrasures, through which arrows might be discharged under shelter, a covered way ran round. It had been defended foot to foot with terrible slaughter, and many bodies, mangled by case-shot, struck down by a bullet, or cleft by the sabre, drenched with gore the narrow stone drains traversing the ramparts, from east to west, in a diametrical course. It was by this entrance from the desert that the feeble remnant of Malek Zibarra escaped extermination.

The outworks of the fortification, colossal rather than regular, betrayed the infancy of military defence. The basement chambers, sloping with flattened roofs, resembled the sombre architecture borrowed from Egyptian traditions; but when we had penetrated, by the aid of resinous torches, into the black bowels of the pile, a dazzling spectacle struck upon our sight of costly treasures scattered over the granite floors. Vaults were heaped entire with gold dust, elephant's tusks, ostrich feathers, grains of carthemy, rhinoceros' horns, and sandalwood. We found, piled up, pell mell, one upon another, burst, crushed, and

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bulging with their own weight, coffers filled with costly tissues, pillaged, doubtless, by armed bands from the caravans. To traverse these magazines of confused riches, it was necessary momentarily to mount and descend short flights of narrow steps, squeeze ourselves between the bales, or create a space by main force. My spurs tore the rich silks, and we crushed pearls beneath our feet.

Ismael coldly surveyed these riches. He gave instructions to certain individuals of his suite; then, preceded by a torch-bearer, we re-descended the steps which led landward. Therefrom a stranger eye could not have formed an idea of the desert's limits. The heavens, studded with stars, now stooped cloudless to the horizon: by the light alone of the fires blazing in the centre of the camp, I perceived, near Ismael's tent, the splendid cavalry of the Arabs deployed in far-stretching lines. Nothing could be more picturesque than this movement, in the silence of night, or more majestic than that dark fortress, with its battlements in the sky, and its basement in the Nile; nought more solemn than the Nile itself—here clear and tranquil, offering its mirror to the tamarind-trees upon its banks—there a few paces further down, turbid and roaring, and dashing its scattered foam against the circular rock-parapet of the stronghold.

Upon our goodly coursers, in the twinkling of an eye we regained our camp; the troops presented arms, opening their files in a double hedge, which Ismael traversed on foot. He stopped to chat with the common soldiers, affecting to countenance their rude military repartees; skilful, however, to discover errors of discipline, and prodigal of hard words towards their superior officers, when detected. Ismael thus parodied Napoleon: under the same circumstances, the like instinct is ever developed unintentionally by mankind.

We re-entered the tent, and the troops remained under arms.

### CHAPTER III.

Before raising the tapestry, which formed a sort of vestibule to the interior of the pavilion, the Pacha addressed a word to the young Caghia girl, who, doubtless, comprehended how entirely her condition was changed, for she com-

manded us to attend her. Ismael, in complying with the mandate, was unable to repress a smile.

On being ushered into the presence of the daughter of Malek Zibarra, we found her seated in the oriental manner upon Ismael's divan; and in her attitude, at once graceful and dignified, one might discern all the ingenuousness of a child unconscious of the danger of coquetry.

A shawl of white and crimson stripes was rolled as a turban round her head, the twisted ends falling upon her knees. Her scarlet *dolman*, edged with white Thibet fur, floated above a vest of satin crossed over her heaving bosom by a Cachemire scarf, in which glittered the gemmed handle of a yataghan: her legs were imprisoned in large trousers of a pale blue tissue, and red brodequins, too large for the delicate proportions of her feet, completed this singularly imposing toilet. One might have mistaken her for a youthful Mamluke about to be initiated into the harem mysteries—about to make his choice from the beauties of a seraglio, and for the first time to sow jealousy in the bosom of the odalisks Circassians.

Ismael seized me by the arm: "You, Europeans," said he, in a low tone, pointing his finger expressively towards me, "have, and you must allow it, singular modes of thinking with regard to us. You believe that the grosser passions pre-occupy our lives; that we lust for blood in fight, pillage after victory, and unbridled pleasure during peace; and yet, nevertheless, in our torrid clime, have we preserved in our manners more, perhaps, of a chivalric spirit than is found even in the very heart of your frigid civilization. I have learned the infamous details of those duel-like feuds which have so recently desolated the nations of the north. The cause was great, but the deeds of many men involved in it appeared little. In such matters, we propose to ourselves less and do more. Brandy, pillage, and complaisant women being necessary to your brutal soldiery—war must ever be for you a period of crisis and disorder. It is not for such despicable objects that I have taken up arms. I am neither soldier nor robber, by free will; and my habits are opposed to those wretched pleasures, too dearly paid for when genuine, if they enascu-

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## *Zakaia, the Daughter of the Desert.*

late the soul, and ever deceitful if obtained by force. I love my own will better than that of any woman living. Their beauty reaches not the aim I have purposed to accomplish, and the passing moment merits not that I should sacrifice to it the future, which remains to me. We must look beyond to-day; it is the succeeding hour which pays the price of that just elapsed.

The moment was not opportune to urge objections against the Pacha in favour of Europe. I remained silent.

"Daughter of Malek Zibarra," said he, after a pause, to Zakaia,—“go, seek again thy sire: I do not restrain thee. I know what it is for a father to wear an anxious heart; I can comprehend his fears and superstition. Have I not felt upon my cheek the tear of Mehemet Ali? when he gave utterance to the word ‘Adieu!’ and yet I am a man. Malek Zibarra is, doubtless, praying in dust and ashes: restore him, therefore, once more to peace and happiness! Let him learn that a virgin may leave even a camp of Mamelukes unsullied. That I am not a barbarian—that the precepts of the Koran are equally for me as for all. I know the bravery of Malek Zibarra, but deplore his abuse. There is a more legitimate field for its display than expending it in ravaging the desert. I offer him my hand. My heart bleeds to widen these solitudes, already so immense. Cheerfully would I people, rather than depopulate them. In this world there is ample space for all the children of heaven, and hospitality should have its festivals throughout our large zone. Let us renew, if he will, the almost forgotten traditions; let us cement, by peace, a monument which shall bear two names. Egypt has been accursed of Heaven ever since she incurred its hate. Where are her canals? The sand has choked their sluices. Where are her temples? The sand has undermined their basements. Where are her countless multitudes? The sand-shower raised by the *khamsein* has strewn the desert with her tribes. Humanity has deserted the plains in which it was its duty to resist destruction, not to aid it. During the watches of the night, in your rare oases, exist vestiges of the ancient splendour which formed the glory of this climate. Are not wonders told of the festivals to which the whole world was attracted? All have sprung from a land

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whereon the torpor of death now reigns supreme around. To-day the timid adventurer of the north comes only to place his gazelle-like foot upon the sepulchres. He seeks not man, for in him he finds not a brother. He invades the falling monuments with respect; his lips only re-echo their past history; he comes for fragments which he disputes with the jackal and the panther. These noble ruins are the lairs of monsters; and Africa has so far fallen into oblivion, that scarcely is the route to them known. You must tread the furrow dug by the caravan or perish; still more necessary is the military array; and the merchant, the traveller, and the artist have become soldiers. If the undertaking of Amrou were dared afresh, if the Mediterranean again opened a granite channel to the sea of the Pharaohs, your tribes would be soon extinct,—oriental Africa would cease to exist. Intelligence must be the ally of courage; war ought to be the auxiliary, and not the enemy of peace. Let those hands which are strong be united in cordiality! Placed between two worlds, you are naturally their arbitrators, the neutral ground the caravansera. Your country is fitted for the depôt of all nations, the magazine of the world; their arts, their riches, are at your command. Ponder well! You cannot baulk the universe of these benefits, and you might become the dispensers of them: imitate us. Civilization is encamped at Cairo, where my father has naturalised it, and it marches with my tents. I am aware that it cannot be thrust by main force upon a nation, and it is with regret I behold so many arms misused in the infliction of punishment, of which it would be more worthy humanity to make a better usage. Human industry has laboriously chased sterility to the Polar snows, and, by an accusing contrast, fecundity has disappeared from the south. The Nile, however, flows ever in its bed, prompt to circulate life along its course; its potent slime asks but for the seed to be scattered over its surface. Heaven, at the appointed time, will again permit Egypt to take her place among the nations. The sun is always in our zenith: yet it is not his fiery beam which scorcheth and withers, but the lazy courage that wields the weapon of the murderer, which strikes man instead of interrogating the soil; and which, for a life of momentary con-

## *Zakia, the Daughter of the Desert.*

tingencies, exposes even the cradled infant to the wrath of the rest of mankind. Depart, young maiden! thy ears have drunk the words of sincerity—thy voice may effect much hereafter. The shepherd of Israel struck down Goliath with the sling—he was a child like thee. Thou hast a greater and a better task to execute. Go! Thy father will listen to thee!"

During the conclusion of this touching allocution, uttered in a most impressive tone, the posture of the young girl suddenly changed. Her legs were uncrossed, her foot sought the ground with a firm step, her body was thrown forwards—the fingers of both hands spread upon her knees, and her lustrous black eyes, immovable through surprise and enthusiasm—all announced that the voice of Ismael had penetrated to her soul like the light of a revelation. Then dropped the mocking mask of romanticism wherewith she had covered her features, lest it might be said they had betrayed her fears. She made a vain effort to stammer forth a few words of respect and gratitude; but her perturbation could not make itself intelligible—she slid to the ground, knelt, and carried the ermine of the Egyptian caftan to her lips. Ismael made a signal by clapping his hands. The tapestry, raised by two negroes, showed us the caparisoned zebra (the invariable leader of every caravan), heading a file of tall dromedaries. At the voice of an old Nubian *cornac*, or groom, the dromedaries bent their knees by turns; they were laden successively with costly ornaments, white stuffs, and

brilliant variegated carpets. Immediately they felt the burden had become sufficiently heavy, the intelligent animals rose up, causing the small silver bells suspended from their necks to tinkle sharply; negro children carrying tambourines and brazen cymbals, leaped lightly upon the croups with an affected disregard to equilibrium,—whilst mounted upon small horses of a noble breed, wide chested, nervous-hammed, and free-going Nubian horsemen sat like statues of bronze, in white tunics and cotton turbans, pressing their toes, widely opened by sandals, upon the elastic stirrup-cord, and daunting, at times, with the polished steel heads of their lances held perpendicularly, the eye of a refractory dromedary attempting to break the line.

The presence of the Nubian among Ismael's cavalry requires a word of explanation—it was a tactic borrowed from Bonaparte. It had not been forgotten that that skilful general had incorporated in the ranks of his regular army, those temporary allies which successively helped him to victory, and the regiments of France caused the imperial eagle to flit from battle-field to battle-field, over the countries thus abandoned by coalition. The conquered, thereby, became auxiliaries, and conquest an added arm. It was the phenomenon of the snow-ball, which precipitates an avalanche to the foot of the Alps—and the secret alike of the glories and reverses of Napoleon.

The Egyptian, however, had an advantage of his Gallic predecessor—for the hordes of Africa *kept their oaths*.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

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### EPITAPH, FROM THE FRENCH OF ROUSSEAU.

Here lies Sir Anthony, lead, cased in lead,  
Who wrote a book no mortal ever read;  
His death, he boasted he should long survive,  
Alas! the poor man died, *while yet alive*.

T. W.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GUGLIELMO TELL.

"*Le Theatre est la litterature en action.*"—MAD. DE STAEL.

THE judgment of all Europe has already and definitively recognised the opera of "William Tell" as the masterpiece of modern dramatic music. Rossini, quitting the beaten track of his style, has composed a kind of music in which may be found the resolution of the grand problem of the fusion of the three musical schools of Germany, France, and Italy, blending together their well-known discriminating characteristics—the scientific, meditative harmony of the Germans, the grammatical precision of the French, and the elegant inspiring melody of the Italians.

These different musical beauties may be said to be in "William Tell," as the rays which in their passage through the prism of the several schools, exhibited the different musical colours, but which, thus fused and blended by Rossini, have combined to the production of *light*, which, musically interpreted, would be best translated by the term *beauty*. And truly, from all the varied beauties which he has studied, either in the ancient classics or in the moderns, Rossini has succeeded in forming a perfect whole, a unity, a beau ideal.

Amid the applauses of all Europe, however, it is more than possible that there may be found some whose miserable lot it is, not to be able to comprehend and appreciate this beauty; and for them, all that is left us is, to pity the material deafness of their ears, or the still worse dulness of their intellect. It is quite evident, with respect to masterpieces, such as "William Tell," if a person has the misfortune not to feel admiration, or rather not to be thrown into ecstasies, that he knows nothing about it, and can only be compared to the poor man whose eyes were much diseased, and who, instead of bewailing the defectiveness of his own sight, complained that the sun gave too much light; to whom, however, Metastasio replied in a strophe which we have had frequent occasion to quote—

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"Se la pupilla inferma  
Non puo fissarsi al sole,  
Colpa del sol non è."

We learn, from the public journals, that on the 29th of June, Rossini arrived at Naples, and that the day after he set off for the *Villa Barbaja*, near the celebrated grotto of Pusilippo, renowned for its different historical and monumental recollections, among the number of which is the tomb of Virgil. It is said, that at this poetical spot, on this land of intellectual light and of music, our great master is composing for the theatre of *San Carlo* an opera, whose title is to be *Giovanni di Monferrato*, and the libretto of which is written by Ghirarducci. We are unacquainted with the poetic powers of this writer, but we hope his libretto will prove better than that of Rossini's other operas, including "William Tell," which presents a magnificent subject, worthy of sublime poetry. M. Scribe, who wrote the original French, produced some remarkable situations, and that is all. Several translations have been made into Italian, but we are not acquainted with the names of the authors, except that of Signor Brighenti. The translation in use at Her Majesty's Theatre is not by Sig. Brighenti, to whom we give the preference, although the one adopted is not bad, and contains some very tolerable verses.

To proceed with order, however, we will give the reader a brief analysis of the opera. And first, the mind of the public is led by the overture to comprehend the whole action about to be developed before their eyes, and to follow it through all its phases, and are fully prepared to enjoy the triumph of the regenerator of his country, "William Tell." Never did overture more completely realise the idea of Gluck, according to whom it should be a *prolegomenon*, comprehending a synopsis of the entire poem; never, we say, was this idea of Gluck better carried into execution,

## Guglielmo Tell.

than in the overture to "William Tell." You understand at once that the scene is in Switzerland; you almost see it, such is the truly philosophical spirit with which the use of the varied instruments is directed. At one time falls upon the ear the *Rans des Vaches*, at another the echo of the mountains, the roar of the torrent, the song of birds, and every thing connected with the idea of a pastoral life.

But, alas! the symphony changes: plaintive and agitated strains lead you to anticipate melancholy events. The music suggests the idea of a heavy misfortune, a crime. But shortly, by a bold and original instrumentation, the approaching occurrence of another event is intimated: you hear the tread of battalion after battalion; and then the battle-march, which leads to the charge thousands of men fighting for their country, is resolved into a march of triumph—*Gessler* is killed; *William Tell* is victorious; Switzerland is free. This analysis, brief as it is, of an overture so replete with modulation, transition, contrast, and majesty, will suffice to give an idea at once of the action itself, and of the entire opera, either in reference to the action or to the music. But, in accordance with our promise, we proceed with the details. After a repetition of the overture, which is played with great brilliancy and force, the scene opens in a village near Altorf, in Switzerland; a chorus sings with much spirit the praises of the sky, and the land of the Switzers. But the thought of the enslaved condition of his country fills *William Tell* with gloom and melancholy, while a fisherman addresses a song of love to Edwige and Jemmy—

"Gentil come la rosa  
D'un bel mattin nascente,  
Potrai d'un ciel fremente  
Placar, ben mio, l'orror."

This very naïve little song is given by Sig. Tati in excellent style. Then shouts are heard and cries of joy. The aged *Melchul* (Morelli), father of *Arnold* (Rubini), the secret lover of Matilda, who is sister to the Governor (*Gessler*), arrives, and every one immediately does homage—*al saggio tra i pastori*. He comes to celebrate the nuptials of the shepherds, and he cannot conceal his

desire to see his son *Arnold* married. A chorus of extraordinary beauty, in which *Lahlache*, both as actor and singer, eclipses all the others, finishes this wonderful piece of composition. *Arnold* then remains alone, meditating upon his father's desire for his marriage, and exclaims—

"Giammai!

Perehe a me stesso  
Tacer non posso  
In qual fatale oggetto  
Son rapiti i miei sensi?  
O tu, di *Gessler* suora, eppur sì  
umana,  
O mia Matilda, io t'amo.  
Io t'adoro, e l'onor mio,  
Per te il dover, l'Elvezia, il padre  
obblío."

This dream of love for the sister of the tyrant of his country is interrupted by *William Tell*, who, in a duo, justly celebrated for the beauty of both its music and its words, proposes to him to effect the deliverance of his country from foreign yoke. The love of his country is a powerful principle in the breast of each, but on one side the love of *Matilda* is equally strong; and in the contrast thus presented, Rossini has succeeded in producing and developing musical beauties altogether unique, of which the most striking passage is on the words—

"Matilda a me diletta," &c.

After follows the ceremony of the espousals, and the prayer of the chorus is given with wonderful effect. Then enters *Leuthold*, who has only preserved the honour of his daughter by slaying one of *Gessler*'s soldiers, and is now seeking safety from the ruffians who are closely pursuing him. No one dares so far commit himself as to offer assistance. *William Tell* alone is bold enough to take a boat and pull him over to the other side of the water. The other Switzers, however, put up prayers to Heaven for the safety of the fugitive and his conductor.

*Rodolpho*, one of *Gessler*'s officers, arrives with a band of soldiers, and demands to know who has aided *Leuthold* in his escape.

"Rod. Ah! tremate; il reo svelate!"  
MEL. Sciagurato! questo suolo  
Non è suol di traditor!  
Rod. Quel ribaldo circondate  
E sia tratto al mio signor."

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The hopes, the prayers, the execrations of the Switzers, form a magnificent contrast, which with imposing effect concludes the first act. Most superb is the adagio of the finale, and truly classic the instrumentation of the *stretto*.

The second act opens at Brunner, a village at the foot of the mountains of Rutli, near the lake of the four cantons. Night begins to close in; *Gessler's* huntsmen have had a successful chase, sing in merry strains, and retire. *Matilda* seizes an opportunity of withdrawing from the party, and, when alone, pours forth the unfortunate love she cherishes for *Arnold*. *Persiani* here displays all the force of her powers in the aria—

"Selve opache, deserta brughiera," &c.

*Arnold* hears this avowal of her sentiments, and a reciprocal declaration of love is made to form an enchanting duo. But the joys of love are of short duration. *Matilda* exclaims—

"Alcun vien. Separiamci !

ARN. Cielo ! Guglielmo ! Valter !

Parti, ah ! parti !"

[*Matilda exit.*

Then occurs the famous trio of the conspirators, in which we learn that the father of *Arnold* has been slain by the command of *Gessler*. The son vows to avenge his father, and to deliver Switzerland. Our own private conviction points to this passage, as one of inimitable sublimity; and the universal judgment of the musical world confirms our opinion. We listened also with deep delight to that beautiful adagio—

"Troncar suoi di," &c.

The second act concludes with the meeting of the emissaries of the three cantons of Untervalde, Switz, and Uri, who bind themselves by oaths to effect the deliverance of Switzerland; in the course of which, *Giuriam*, *Giuriamo*, is remarkable as poetry, and extraordinarily beautiful as music.

The third act opens with a duo between *Matilda* and *Arnold*, in which the latter frankly declares his hatred to *Gessler*, and the impossibility of his becoming the husband of the tyrant's sister. In this duo, nearly all of which devolves upon her, *Persiani* executes a cadence full of extraordinary difficulties. The second scene transports us to a square in Altorf, in which is raised a pole bear-

ing a cap, before which the people are to bow, in evidence of their respect and submission to *Gessler*. The tyrant's soldiers bend before it, and sing to their master's praise. *William Tell* and his son refuse to bow. The soldiers utter threats of punishment, both for this and for his assisting *Lenthold* to escape. *Gessler* burns for vengeance upon both him and his child.

"GESS. Rispondi,  
E questo il figlio tuo ?

GUGL. Il solo.

GESS. Ebben, salvarlo vuoi ?

GUGL. Salvarlo ! Qual è il suo fallo mai ?

GESS. L'esserti figlio,  
Il tuo parlar, l'incauto orgoglio tuo.

GUGL. Me solo, io sol t'offesi :  
Me solo punir dei !"

A terrible trial awaits him—

"GESS. Del suo perdono or tu l'arbitro sei.  
Siccome abile arciero  
Ti tiene ognun de' tuoi.  
Sul capo di tuo figlio  
Pongasi questo pomo, e d'un tuo  
dardo  
Involarglielo dei sotto il mio sguardo !"

*William* is compelled to submit; the apple is on the head of the child; the father draws the fatal bow; his hand is guided by Heaven; the apple is struck; the child is saved! The joy of the Switzers is at its height; but at the moment of *William's* embracing his son, an arrow drops from his cloak—

"GESS. Quel dardo, a che ?

GUGL. Per te, se egli era estinto !"

After that, *Gessler* orders that both father and son be massacred. But as even his sister remonstrated against this cruelty, and the people begin to rise, the tyrant orders his prisoners to be conveyed to the other side of the lake. In the passage a storm occurs, and *William Tell* embraces the opportunity of a moment of confusion, when his assistance was required to save the boat, to seize his bow, and bury an arrow in the heart of *Gessler*. *Matilda* finds in the arms of her husband *Arnold*, consolation for the loss of her brother; and a short struggle between *William* with the Switzers and the soldiers of *Gessler*, ensures the freedom of their country.

Such is the plot of the opera, the music of which, we must repeat, is sublime in the whole force of the word; admi-



nable for its dramatic effect, full of local colouring, philosophical in the appropriate originality of its varied rhythm, most masterly in its instrumentation; it is complete in every thing essential to a masterpiece of dramatic music, ancient or modern.

Previously to concluding this article, however, we will present our readers with some remarks that occurred at Paris in a conversation upon the performance of this opera, in the theatre of that city, together with some reflections upon the genius of Rossini.

It was a magnificent night in May, the stars shone with unwonted splendour. At a little distance were heard the sounds of a delightful concert, and these, united with the enlivening society of Sig. C——, a celebrated musician and poet, to whose conversation it was ever an enjoyment to listen, seemed to restore his companion, for the time, ill as he was, to health and vigour. They were naturally led to the subject of music, and touched upon the various prodigies attributed by the ancients to that art. These combine so much of the curious and interesting, that we shall probably connect them together and include them in some future number of our magazine. In the course of our conversation, our ears were delighted by the performance of some of the most classic pieces of Rossini, the effect and enjoyment of which were greatly enhanced by the peaceful stillness of surrounding night. We inquired of our companion what he thought of the genius of Rossini. Turning quickly upon us his large black eyes, which glistened visibly through the dark at the mention of Rossini's name, the poet expressed himself, nearly as we can recollect, in the following manner.

"To know the genius of Rossini, it is necessary to be acquainted with Italy; and the mind will be better prepared to judge correctly of that classic land, when it has learned to appreciate the works of its great composers. To find an individual who combines in himself the habits and character of an entire nation, is very difficult; but once found, he must be honoured as a genius. The relation, however, between an individual and a people is more or less intimate according to the difference of

intelligence. A mind, for instance, devoted to Art, can easily attain the end; for Art being essentially synthetic, includes in one formula all that gives life and movement to a nation; and a statue, a monument, a poem, a production in music—these are the means it employs to express its sublime inspirations.

"Of all the arts which, since the commencement of the world, have fired the genius of man, music is the most universal in its effects, manifests itself with greatest power, is the most commanding, the most fascinating; it is the natural language of the human heart, when the passions impel it beyond the ordinary limit of its accustomed habits. The composer is less *individual* than the sculptor, who is too often absorbed in the contemplation of form, and less regardful of the public than of his own particular taste. The musician expresses all the passions, in all their degrees, investing them with universality, so that each person detects therein his very own soul; but joy, grief, love, despair, have not the same musical form in every country. The difference in the mode of expressing these sentiments enables us, for example, to distinguish between Italy and Germany.

"Go to the Italian theatre on the occasion of an opera of Rossini, and you may at once, and without quitting Paris, learn the character of my countrymen. Your excited imagination will quickly be transported beyond the Alps, there to meet with a joyous and sometimes reckless people; there you will pass through laughing fields into splendid towns and magnificent saloons. On the other hand, if you go into Italy, you every where find the music of our great master, revealing itself in the physiognomy of the people, in the fine arts, and even in the sciences.

"Walk in the streets at night, and your ears will be enchanted by sweetest voices issuing from the casements near you, or echoing through the air from a neighbouring quarter of the town. It is, perhaps, the outburst of a spontaneous concert by young men or young maidens, inspired by the moonlit sky. The people sing as they pass along the public walks, or through the squares; and amateurs of the highest rank will suddenly rush into their houses and fly to their piano, in order to fix a musical thought or

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## *Guglielmo Tell.*

phrase that has occurred in the course of their walk, and thus they compose sweet airs, the remembrance of which continues in their sleep, and procures them dreams of delight.

"Vocal music is more cultivated than instrumental. The Italians prefer developing their voice in song, to contending with the minute difficulties connected with the art of playing on the flute or violin. For them, the voice is the easiest and most natural utterance of passion. The very peasants resort to song to enliven their weary labours under the heat of the scorching sun; and, if any play on an instrument, others sing to it. Harmony is not dominant with us, or with the Germans, but secondary, melody occupying the first place.

"Rossini created a music which expresses the character of Italy, which responds to all her wants, and paints all her pleasures.

"Pesaro, a beautiful little town in the Papal states, gave birth to this illustrious composer, who was born on the 18th of January, 1791. The first impressions we receive on entering life exercise an influence which powerfully modifies our organism, and the artist feels its effects more acutely than any. The objects which first impressed themselves upon the mind of Rossini, in his infancy, must have contributed much to develop his genius. His native place is on the gulf of Venice, surrounded on one side by fertile hills, on the other by the azure waters of the Adriatic; the air is filled with balmy fragrance; and the tints of the sky blend in sweetest harmony with those of the sea. Not far from hence is the spot that gave birth to Raphael. In these parts nature is well adapted to form the character of an artist. Music and painting are felt in all their hues and forms.

"Rossini, in fact, from his earliest years appeared inspired by the aspect of his country, and subsequently he displayed powers that were truly prodigious. It is related of him, that at the age of ten, he directed an orchestra; and at sixteen, having composed his "*Tancredi*," all Italy resounded with his name. Who could then have measured a career commenced so early, and in so brilliant a manner? His master himself, Mattei, the celebrated professor at the Lyceum

at Bologna, when he heard Rossini's first opera, was so astonished at the imagination it discovered, that he thought his pupil must have exhausted his resources in his first attempt. He exclaimed on the occasion—"Ma non farà piu niente!" Experience, however, proved the contrary; Rossini found in his art, or rather in the depths of his heart, inexhaustible sources of inspiration; he even exceeded the limits assigned to the science by all the greatest masters that had preceded him.

"Cimarosa and Paisiello delighted to hover round an idea, continually adding new embellishments. Rossini did not adopt this course, but preferred multiplying his images, passing from one to the other with the greatest rapidity; he poured forth his effusions with indefatigable ardour, never once stopping to take breath; he allowed no time for reflection; the most vivid emotions followed each other in the most rapid succession; and the end of the performance found the heart of the auditor oppressed almost to bursting by the intensity and variety of feelings excited, lost—drowned in a sea of delight.

"Rossini was born at an epoch of movement and novelty. All Europe was stirred and agitated from one end to the other, first by the ideas of the French revolution, and afterwards by the arms of Napoleon.

"The human mind seemed to have received a new and sudden development; an extraordinary increase of energy was displayed by the intellectual faculties, for which unwonted and most powerful means of impulsion were found. The spirit of activity, which animated equally cities and armies, extended also to education, to the sciences, and the fine arts. All seemed to undergo a reform, a complete regeneration. It was expected that the impressions produced by a book, a statue, a musical production, should be powerful and rapid, as if the principle of life were augmented, and the world were advancing towards a condition hitherto unknown. It was requisite for the artist to move with this whirlwind of things and ideas, to participate in this species of universal delirium.

"Rossini, however, while yielding to the spirit of the epoch, remained faithful to the character of his country. It is true, that his songs were of a different stamp

from those of Cimarosa and Paësiello, but the Italian genius is equally evident in the one and in the other. This was no longer the time for the *dolce far niente*, which possessed such charms for my countrymen, who were complete strangers to the ideas, by which in other parts social order had been wholly subverted. I do not mean to say, that the new music was imbued with the grand, warlike sentiment belonging to the time, although it was noisy in its execution. It still contained the expression of grief, pleasure, and indifference; it was adapted for love and gaiety; but when attempting the comic, its smile ceased to be *naïve* and joyous as formerly. One felt that something sad and serious had thrown a cloud of gloom over the public mind; and to be convinced of this, it was only necessary to witness the performance of "Tancredi" or "L'Italiana in Algieri." Our great composer wrote these works at the commencement of his career, when his imagination was filled with new ideas, sparkled with youth and genius, yet at all times clearly belonged to an Italian school. In his "Tancredi," he is not without a certain degree of timidity, and his conceptions breathe a species of virgin purity; such also are the forms employed by Cimarosa and Paësiello—long, sententious phrases, which, however, make but a short-lived impression upon the attention they attract, or the soul they captivate. It was not till a later period, in "*La Gazza Ladra*," and in the "*Barbiere*," that our composer displayed the boldness of style which now constitutes one of the most striking features of his music.

"His grandest effects are always produced by melody, and it is in this especially, that he shows his Italian genius. In his productions, harmony is but the frame in which he sets his ideas; it is as the ground-work of a picture; it is as the azure sky above the head of a young married pair; it prepares the soul, and disposes it to listen with feeling to the strains of delightful music. And the more fully to enjoy it in one of the immense theatres in Italy, partially lighted, so as to render the stage more distinct, and to concentrate the attention of the spectators, the soul yields to its influence, and suffers itself to be completely wrapped and absorbed. This dramatic effect is in

general aided by the ingenious arrangement of the decorations. But Rossini needs not these assistances; he may disdain them; he might even dispense with skilful singers and good musicians, with a favourably-formed theatre and a well-written drama; the power of his genius veils in many instances the defects of bad execution.

"A single spark of his fire suffices to set the hearts of all on flame; all immediately comprehend the artist. The internal voice mingles with his notes, and hence his airs are readily engraven on the memory. On quitting the theatre, every one is heard repeating them, and shortly the very walls of the streets resound with them from the mouths of the astonished multitude; notes that find an echo in every heart, have little need of the aid of a *libretto*. In fact, Rossini has almost always chosen pieces which have but little charm in reading; but they serve to give an impulse to his imagination, which, having this scope, pours forth unrestrainedly and at once both feelings and music with which to awaken them in others.

"It is true that sometimes his dramatic situations are not suitably expressed by his music, but this is not of frequent occurrence, and then perhaps only because a disposition to be gay, diverted his thoughts from the sorrows and griefs of a person long since dead. On this ground he has been charged with want of sensibility, and accused of trifling with the public, and making a mock of human nature. No one, however, who has listened to many of his operas could deny that generally the effect of his music is to excite and fire the heart; and that what has given rise to this reproach forms but a rare exception. Such mockery accords not with Italian manners; a fact, of which he is perfectly aware.

"After the death of Cimarosa and Paësiello, two composers of distinguished merit, named Mayer and Paër, endeavoured to inspire the Italians with a taste for a new kind of music, borrowed from the Germans. But at that period nothing could be more opposed to the tendencies and habits of the Italians, than what came from Germany. Without denying the very great merit of these two artists, the souls of the

## Guglielmo Tell.

Italians were insensible to inspirations which they considered of too abstract a nature, as well as to a mode of expression by which their form was enveloped in so dense a cloud of harmony. Mozart himself, at first, excited but little admiration in Italy; on the contrary, his music was even called *barbarous*. They could not, they said, comprehend why the MAESTRO TEDESCO had framed for himself so many difficulties in his art, for the mere sake of overcoming them. Now, however, they regard music with the enlightened view of extending social civilisation, and the improvement of mankind at large. The fusion of the different schools of music has begun; and the same may be said of the other sciences. The fraternisation of mankind is in progress, the work of civilisation will have its accomplishment! But let me return to my principal subject.

Rossini was not inferior to others, when he wished to make a display of science. Arrived at Paris, a city in which, as in London, intellectual light is more abundant, he perceived the necessity of imparting to his music more of sublimity and universality. He, therefore, applied himself to perfecting his *Moïse*: he produced his "Guglielmo Tell," two works which involve the grand Political Idea—which breathe of heaven and earth. In them he has exerted all his powers; the music is not of that light kind which is called expressive; they are two great poems, written in the language of angels.

"Listening to these strains, man becomes aggrandised, ennobled; feels as if present at the celebration of some profound mystery; and religion, country, are mysteries which the beau ideal invests with all its splendour. The music of "William Tell" is pure and beautiful as a Grecian statue; its forms are classic and noble as the poetry of Homer. To dilate upon Rossini's operas, composed at Paris, after having spoken of "William Tell," would be useless: all the world has seen them, pronounced judgment on them, admired them. But the following catalogue of operas, written in Italy, will enable us to form a conception of the vastness of this great composer's imagination.

"1. *Demetrio e Polibio* is, chronologically,

the first of Rossini's works, and is said to have been written in the spring of 1809, but its representation did not take place till 1812, at Rome.

2. "*La Cambiale di Matrimonio*," opera in one act, written at Venice, 1810.
3. "*L'Equivoco Stravagante*," written at Bologna, 1811.
4. "*L'Inganno Felice*," Venice, 1812.
5. "*Ciro in Babilonia*," an oratorio written at Tarrare, for the Lent of 1812.
6. "*La Scala di Teta*," Venice, 1812.
7. "*La Pietra del Paragone*," Milan, 1812.
8. "*L'occasione Favilladro*," in one act (a farce), Venice, 1812.
9. "*Il Figlio per Azzardo*," in one act, Venice, 1813.
10. "*Tancredi*," opera seria, the first of the kind written by Rossini, Venice, 1813.
11. "*L'Italiana in Algeri*," Venice, 1813.
12. "*Aureliano in Palmira*," Milan, 1814.
13. "*Il Turco in Italia*," Milan, 1814.
14. "*Sigismonde*," Venice, 1814.
15. "*Elisabetta*," Naples, 1815.
16. "*Torvaldo e Dorliska*," Rome, 1816.
17. "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," Rome, 1816.
18. "*La Gazzetta*," Naples, 1816.
19. "*L'Otello*," Naples, 1816.
20. "*La Cenerentola*," Rome, 1817.
21. "*La Gazza Ladra*," Milan, 1817.
22. "*Armida*," sung by Madlle. Colbrand, afterwards Madame Rossini, Naples, 1817.
23. "*Adelaide di Bologna*," Rome, 1818.
24. "*Adina ossia Il Califo di Bagdad*," Rossini sent this opera to Lisbon, where it was performed in 1818.
25. "*Mosè in Egitto*," Naples, 1818.
26. "*Ricciardo e Zoraida*," Naples, 1818.
27. "*Ermione*," Naples, 1819.
28. "*Eduardo e Christina*," Venice, 1819.
29. "*La Donna del Lago*," Naples, 1819.
30. "*Bianca e Faliero*," Milan, 1820.
31. "*Maometto Secondo*," Naples, 1820.
32. "*Matilda di Shabran*," Rome, 1821.
33. "*Zelmira*," Naples, 1822.
34. "*Semiramide*," Venice, 1823.

"Rossini has composed several cantatas. 1. "*Il Pianto d'Armonia*," performed at the Lyceum, Bologna, 1808. 2. "*Didone Abandonata*," 1811. 3. "*Egle*," written at Milan, 1814, for the Princess Belgioso. 4. "*Jeti e Peleo*," 1816, written on the occasion of the marriage of the Duchess de Berri, and sung at the Theatre del Tondo, Naples. 5. "*La Libertà, La Riconoscenza*," 1821. 6. "*Il Vero Ommaggio*," 1823.

"What a list! But the great composer

## *Guglielmo Tell.*

has, in the vigour of his age, ceased to write. It is not known what is the real cause which has deprived us of his sublime creations. Let us, however, hope this great genius will abandon his silence, to embellish with his notes some beautiful drama, whose subject shall be the regeneration of Italy, or the fraternisation of Germany and Italy, two nations intended by the Creator to be linked together in bonds of love. Such a subject would be well worthy of the great swan of Italy. These are subjects to dignify the mission of the artist, and exhibit art pure from its noble source—in

heaven. Yes, Art expressed in music is the language of heaven, to console, ennobles, fraternise the universe !”

In raptured silence did we listen to the poet C——, while with such vivacity he thus poured forth his sentiments on music. Suddenly a ray of the rising sun fell upon his brow. We had unconsciously spent the whole night listening to music and the poet's thoughts. The birds began their songs ; all objects resumed their colours : the stars, the sun, darkness, light—all declared that

“ L'UNIVERSE ENTIER EST MUSIQUE !”

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### THE CALL TO ARMS.

ARM, arm ! their spears, on the mountain's height,  
Are glittering in the sun ;  
Their banners unfurled to the morning light,  
And the downward march begun.  
Arm, arm ! their trumpet's echoing blast  
Floats fiercely on the wind—  
The glen is reached—the defile past—  
Fresh myriads throng behind—  
Arm, arm ! or soon the swift invader's tread  
Will crush the living, desecrate the dead.

Ye sons of a long unsullied race,  
Whom glorious memories crown,  
Rise ! ere the darkness of shame efface  
The light of your old renown.  
Rise ! for the stormy fight arrayed,  
With the flash of sword and spear,  
Rise ! ere red ruin's grasp is laid  
On all ye hold most dear,  
Ere fell destruction through our valley roams,  
And death and torture revel in our homes.

On, on, they come ! and a deepening sound  
Is borne on the rising breeze,  
Like the rush of waves o'er a pebbly ground,  
When a tempest wakes the seas.  
Arm, brothers, arm ! to a noble cause,  
Our vows this day are given ;  
No thought of fear, no lingering pause,  
No prayer—except to heaven,  
But on ! nor crave a loftier destiny,  
To die for freedom, or to live—the free ?

T. W.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE DIFFICULTY OF FORMING A CORRECT JUDGMENT ON PAINTING,

*Demonstrated from the Theory of the Art,*

BY PROFESSOR CARLO FEPOLI, OF THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, BOLOGNA, ROME, &c;

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.—EXHIBITION OF OLD PICTURES.

"In artibus nihil præmittendum quominus ea  
quæ nature postulat consequamur."

CIC. DE LEGIBUS. Lib. 1.

I WAS one day remarking that the celebrated Baldinucci, who wrote with so much sense and force on the subject of the Fine Arts, being asked his opinion of the value of the judgment formed by the many *amateurs* who visit exhibitions, replied, with Quintilian, "*Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti voluptatem.*"

"Do not quote Latin authors," interrupted Lady S—, "we wish for your own sentiments upon the art, and upon the difficulty of forming a correct opinion respecting paintings at the exhibitions; so do not overwhelm us with Latin authors; we will, however, permit you to cite a few, but then we shall require you to give us your own observations detailed and clear, and supported by theory."

Thus spoke the elegant and accomplished Lady S—. All who are acquainted with her ladyship will know that it is impossible not to obey her. I complied, therefore, immediately; and should I not succeed to the full extent of my wishes, in the expression of my ideas, Latin authors aside, I shall say to her ladyship, with the poet—

"*Sempre ha valore degli amici 'l dono.*"

Painting addresses itself to the sense of sight; every one who has eyes, thinks himself qualified to form a judgment on the subject; and from this cause we not unfrequently hear opinions directly the reverse of the truth, extravagant and foolish.

It is therefore my intention to explain in what consists the difficulty of correctly judging of pictures, and to show what information is requisite to qualify us for forming an accurate opinion.

MAGAZINE.]

In determining the merit of a painting, all should not rely solely upon their own taste, their own peculiar manner of considering a picture, and the first impressions which, in accordance with that manner, a work produces on their mind. Opinions founded upon this basis only are perpetually liable to error. To render our observations just, persuasive, and profitable, they should be supported by a scientific exposition of the excellences which give merit to a work, or of the faults which detract from its worth. For this purpose it is not sufficient to possess a superficial knowledge of the several parts of which the art, as a whole, consists; we must also be well acquainted with whatever constitutes the principal beauty of each distinctly, their relation to each other, and the effect produced with them by the artist in the combinations inherent in the subject represented.

The principal elements of a picture are, invention, composition, design, colouring, expression; to which are added, chiaroscuro, lineal and aerial perspective, drapery, costume, and many other necessary considerations. Hence, when we desire to give a correct opinion of a painting, each of these parts should be examined with attention. Beginning with the first, invention—that is, the idea which the artist has conceived of the fact he represents—we must consider whether, in his conception of the subject, the painter has selected the best point of the action; if, in connexion with the action itself, he has introduced all that was possible of the rarest and most beautiful of incidents and circum-

stances by which it could be accompanied. And since the painter ought not to rest satisfied with presenting to the spectator merely one moment of the action, but should, to his utmost, reveal to him its causes and its consequences, it is necessary to reflect whether by the ideas he has conceived and expressed, this object is attained.

A picture consists of one principal, and several accessory actions. The principal is that suggested by the history or fable; the accessory are those created by the imagination of the artist, and which might accompany the fact to be depicted. The principal action is sometimes restricted and meagre; we must, therefore, examine whether, in enriching it with accessories, which afford him ampler scope for the display of his imagination, the painter has adhered to the rules of truth and similitude, by inventing such only as correspond with the principal fact, and with it constitute a whole. That is to say, every accessory idea should accord with the principal fact, and should convey some signification which may reasonably belong to it, and by which its beauty may be sustained, and its character—whether noble or ignoble, melancholy or gay—may be preserved. Not only the figures, therefore, with their peculiar characteristics, resulting from the diversity of their native climates—whence arises a grand distinction between nation and nation, and which distinctive feature the movements and expressions of the figures should contribute to maintain—but also, whatever is introduced to represent that diversity, should be calculated to mark it even more forcibly than it is by nature; and nothing should be admitted that is not compatible with its particular character. Ceremonies, attire, arms, architecture, furniture, landscape, plants, animals—in short, every thing included in the picture, should correspond exactly with the principal action, and with the time and place of its occurrence, by which means to invest it with the highest possible degree of truth.

It is requisite also to observe the season and spot in which the scene transpired, that we may be able to judge whether, by depicting the country in the nakedness of winter, or clothed in foliage, by covering his figures with thick

or light attire, the artist has maintained consistency. There is another point to which our attention should be directed: whether the painter has enhanced the beauty of the invention by the introduction of all the variety in the sex, age, and character of his personages that the subject admitted, without encumbering his picture with those figures, brought in merely for the purpose of filling up, and which signify nothing, and might equally well belong to any other representation; the object of the one is the explicit portrayal of the ideas of the artist, while the other only tends to make the subject sterile and cold.

Again, we should examine whether the invention possesses one other excellence, that of conveying by a few figures a full knowledge of the fact. Economy in the figures was one of the principal rules of the ancient painters. It must, however, be regulated by the subject, and not carried to excess, so as to render the number of figures insufficient to convey a correct notion of the fact represented. This economy may, nay, ought to be observed even in the description of a battle, but not to such a degree as to give the appearance not of a battle, but of merely a partial skirmish among a few soldiers.

Having subjected the invention to this examination, which should determine its merit, according to the accurate or careless application of the rules, and the greater or less felicity in the conceptions, the scrutiny must next be directed to the composition, or distribution of these conceptions, in order to ascertain if the artist has arranged them in those parts of his picture, where they most contribute to the production of that harmonious unity which gives to the spectator a distinct comprehension of the meaning of the painting.

The composition, particularly in pieces requiring many figures, should not be so crowded as to give the figures the appearance of impeding one another, nor so dispersed as to destroy their necessary connexion. It should be connected, but not confused; simple without barrenness, and regulated by the laws of lineal perspective, the artist's compass, without which his compositions could never be correctly arranged. Lineal perspective is his guide in the just gra-

[THE COURT

dation of the spaces and of objects, the order of which should produce a good distribution of chiaroscuro; for upon this depends the more or less powerful effect of the composition.

Having made our observations upon these primary rules, whatever is most interesting should be separately examined. The principal action should occupy the most conspicuous part of the picture, that it may immediately arrest the attention; and as the eye is first directed to the centre of the picture, that should be the situation of the principal subject. It is true, that from the circumstances which must necessarily be introduced with the fact, or from the form of the place in which it occurred, this rule cannot invariably be followed. In this case, the painter must render all the other parts subservient to the predominancy of the principal action, so that the eye shall not be compelled to wander in search of it, but shall instantly be attracted to it, whatever place it may occupy; and to this end a more brilliant colouring and greater mass of light powerfully contribute.

In general, the principal subject is placed in the second line of the picture, to leave space in the first for the other figures or groups which surround it, and help to render it more conspicuous, and give to the composition a concave form, so that the picture seems more spacious. This rule is not, however, positively indispensable; on the contrary, even when the principal figure is located in the first line, effect and extent may still be given to the painting, if the figures or groups situated behind are well distributed, not terminating the scene in one line only, and having themselves a correct gradation.

The critic should next observe if all the other laws of composition have been duly applied.

As in the invention the artist ought to employ only those figures that are most adapted to the action, so in the composition he should with care select for them the most appropriate places: nearest to the principal figure should be those most immediately connected with it; the others should be gradually distanced according to their different degrees of interest.

In subjects of numerous figures the judicious artist will collect them into few

and comprehensive groups; ~~for, by~~ making them many and small, and in consequence having numerous and small masses of light, the effect would become meagre; this, therefore, is another part of the composition which the examiner should submit to analysis. Nor may his observations terminate here; they must be continued to discover whether the composition is so equalised, that one part of the picture may not appear heavier than another. This equilibrium is obtained not merely by the distribution of the figures, but by the buildings, landscape, and the other accessories of the representation. Due proportion must be maintained between the field of the picture and the figures, that they may not be so diminutive as to leave too great a void, nor so large that they appear with difficulty comprehended in the picture.

The contrast, or contraposition, must then come under examination. This consists in giving variety to the disposition of the groups, as well as figures, and of every other object, whether in their locality upon the field, their attitudes, or points of sight; bearing in mind that each figure should be contrasted in itself; for example, when the right arm projects the right leg should recede; and if the left leg is advanced, the left arm should be placed backward. The head should turn towards the higher shoulder; the extremities should not encounter each other in horizontal or perpendicular lines; and when the upper part of one hand is seen, if possible, the inside of the other ought to be discovered. The composer should remember that the group is formed of several figures in uneven numbers, such as three, five, &c. This is asserted by the severest masters of the art. But without going into too rigid rules, the painter must be careful to have the superior part of his group the smaller, that it may be of a pyramidal form, and have all possible roundness; thus it will present a good chiaroscuro, the front receiving the strongest light, one side remaining in mezzotinto, the other in shade. This contributes to the formation of relief. Agostino Caracci taught that the central figure in the circumference of the group should have the most beautiful, that of which most was seen, and should receive the greatest



mass of light; that the group should also have a contrast of position, and the movements and points of sight of each figure should be varied according to the rules of contrast applied to a single figure; that when a picture contains many groups, the numbers should be uneven, and contrasted among each other, and the repetition in one group of the least thing expressed in another should be avoided; the inventor in seeking variety, especially in the movements, must carefully guard against falling into affectation or mannerism; the movements should be composed with simplicity, and in strict conformity with the character represented.

Having thus examined, with reference to this second element of the art, the next to which the attention may be directed is expression, the soul of painting, and the grand end to which the painter should aspire, not only to gratify the eye of the spectator, but to interest his heart; it comprehends the chief difficulty of the heart, for upon it depends the portrayal of the internal feelings of the soul.

The passions are divided into two classes, the tender and soft, and the strong and violent. To depict each in such a manner as to convey to the spectator a due impression, it is necessary to study their external characteristics, not in the face alone, that index to the heart, but also in the whole body, in order to preserve that unity without which true beauty is unattainable, and the desired effect not to be produced.

The tender passions relax the muscles, and this relaxation, greater or less according to the intensity of the passion, should be general in the whole person. It would therefore be an extreme incongruity, that a figure, expressing in the face love, compassion, pleasure, or any of the tender affections which relax the muscles, should have those of the other parts of the body tense and irritated. So with the strong passions, such as anger, grief, hatred, fear, and the like, which excite and stiffen the muscles; to have some parts expressing these passions, and others relaxed and soft, would be most inconsistent. It is, nevertheless, true, that the tender passions, under some circumstances, when in excess, assume for the moment the

character of the strong, and therefore to be portrayed at that instant require the vigour by which those passions are characterised. For instance, compassion is a tender passion, yet if the mind is suddenly surprised by the sight of some appalling occurrence, the first impression, which powerfully agitates the mind, carries in it the nature of the strong passion. This is the case in instances of sudden love and the like. These first impressions are but of short duration, and the passions shortly return to their natural character.

The artist may sometimes have occasion to express in one figure, and at the same instant, two different passions; this is called a mixed passion, and is a still greater difficulty, which may easily drive him into the extravagant or unmeaning. To illustrate a mixed passion, we will suppose a man, at the moment he is on some account overwhelmed with grief, unexpectedly to find a beloved son, whom he had lost all hope of ever again seeing; or a woman, to whom in the midst of delight some fatal intelligence is communicated; or any similar example. In this case, the passion that first seizes the person represented must be the most forcibly delineated; and the second only slightly indicated, as diminishing the violence of the first. For if it be attempted to give equal force of expression to each, besides the absence of verisimilitude, since one cannot actually cry and laugh in the same moment, nor suffer in equal violence two contrary passions, it would be impossible to know which existed anteriorly to the other; and this is absolutely necessary to be understood. It would hence be an extravagance to paint a figure, the eyes of which indicated bitter weeping, with a smiling mouth; for when one passion succeeds an opposite, its first effect is to calm the contrary one, and therefore to weaken the indications of its existence, in consequence of which the eyes could not continue to weep abundantly, when the smile appeared upon the lips. To show, therefore, which was the first passion, it must be characterised with more intensity than the second; but this intensity must not exist in the same degree as if the contrary passion had not supervened to diminish it.

Again, subjects not unfrequently occur in which more than two co-existent passions must be depicted, as it is not impossible to be influenced at the same time by anger, grief, fear, jealousy, shame, vanity, and avarice. To accomplish this, in my opinion the most formidable difficulty of the art, demands all the power of a highly philosophic mind, and the closest study of nature. Considerable skill is also necessary to delineate the passions in strict consonance with the character to which they belong, remembering that the hero does not give way to violent anger like the ruffian, nor shed tears like the coward; the philosopher suffers grief and bears joy with more moderation than the weak-minded or effeminate man.

The examination of the disposition of the person he represents is also an important study to the artist, in order to enable him constantly to express it in the countenance, in whatever action the person may be engaged; for a man may be compelled to act against his natural disposition, but he does not therefore change his physiognomy, which still retains its peculiar expression, though he is performing an act contrary to his character; if a man, naturally fierce and inhuman, is obliged to do an act of pity, the entire action will participate in the fierceness of his disposition. Thus a coward will be recognised as such, notwithstanding assumption of an air of courage; and a brave man yielding to superior force, will never exhibit the appearance of timorous pusillanimity.

Having studied the diversities of natural disposition, he must not suffer to escape his observation the varying conformations of the body that indicate the different moral qualities. As a sequel to this, the painter should examine the physical form of the magnanimous, choleric, courageous, timid, effeminate, presumptuous, strong, feeble, humble, proud, ignorant, and all those who are by nature swayed by a certain passion, or influenced by a particular temperament, and should consider what structure, what movements are best calculated to portray their natural character. It is, nevertheless, true, that in some the internal does not correspond with the external, and appearances are therefore said to deceive. Alexander

the Great, though a man of noble thoughts and valorous mind, was not in his person so munificently favoured by nature. The mother of Darius, when his prisoner, mistaking some other for the King, threw herself upon her knees before Hephestion. The Emperor Domitian, externally polished and modest, was addicted to every species of vice. In spite of these contradictory appearances, the painter, applying the resources of the art, and using all his power of penetration, must render apparent the internal disposition, without losing the expression of the countenance. There are some who have a very decided expression, such as that of Socrates was said to be; in others there is a mixed expression of various passions, as in the face of a certain King mentioned in Plutarch, in whose countenance might be distinctly seen mirth and mildness, gravity and sternness.

It is both delightful and surprising to recognise in the physiognomy of any one that which we have read or heard respecting his actions in life. Titus Livius relates of the two renowned captains, Scipio and Hannibal, that when, in the presence of their armies, they met to parley, each being known to the other only by the fame of his valour and achievements, before commencing to speak, they looked upon each other in astonishment and alarm, for each discovered in the person of his adversary the indications of his wonderful prowess.

The painter should endeavour to produce the same effect upon the mind by his painting, as does living nature, and then he will have carried the art to perfection. Socrates, who practised sculpture with considerable success, recommended his friend, Parrhasius, the painter, to give all possible expression to his figures, and to reveal in the external form the sentiments of the mind. And Philostratus the younger, in the proemium to his figures, exhorts all professors of painting to acquire a thorough knowledge of human nature, that they may be qualified to express vividly the characteristics of the habits and passions even of those who are still.

Death may also vary in its expression according to the diversity of the subject, and the causes from which it has resulted. Petrarch said of Laura—*morte bella*

*parea nel suo bel viso.* Death, however, is not beautiful in the countenance of him whose disposition in life was malignant, or who expired in extreme torture, or in the ravings of despair.

In painting animals, which also have their passions, the artist has scope for the display of all his talent. Gentleness, anger, grief, fierceness, fear, fright, pride, magnanimity, should all be discovered in them consistently with the several natures; and more or less strongly delineated, according to the different causes acting upon their minds.

Nor is expression restricted to men and animals; it belongs equally to inanimate objects. The clothes of a figure that is walking or in motion, must form contrasted folds and movements, in proportion to the motion of the figure itself, the action of which they will thus more forcibly represent.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat, with Leonardo da Vinci, that the boughs of a tree, inclined all in one direction, and collected into a mass, represent the blowing of the wind: the ears of corn bending towards the ground, convey the idea of their being laden with a rich burden, and the contrary is signified by their standing quite upright. Luxuriant grass, and flowers tinted with beautiful hues, indicate the fertility of the soil whereon they grow: from faint colours, and an appearance of feebleness in the herbs and plants, we infer that the ground is too sterile to afford them sufficient nourishment.

The expression is much affected also by the correspondence of the colouring with the character of the person, or passion to be depicted; and the chiaroscuro is important to the cheerful, or sombre aspect of the subject. Every thing, in short, ought to teem with expression, and the greater the artist's success in this department of the art, the greater will be his manifestation of talent, and higher the excellence of his works.

To be able to judge with all possible certainty, the critic must next direct his attention to the design, and this requires much observation, knowledge, and a certain degree of science.

Four things are essential to design: symmetry, which embraces the proportions of the figure in general, and of the several parts; anatomy, particularly oste-

ology and myology; uniformity of the character; and elegance of outline.

In judging of the three elements of the art already mentioned, good sense and philosophy will, perhaps, be sufficient; but to form a correct opinion on design demands information, only to be acquired by practical study, pursued with diligence and constancy. A perfect knowledge of the just proportions of the human body in all the variety proceeding from diversity of character, is absolutely essential. How various, and yet how beautifully symmetrical in their proportions are the Apollo Belvidere, Antinous, Hercules, Farnese, Zeno, and Venus de Medici, which are recognised as the grand models of design. It is indispensable to be thoroughly acquainted with the skeleton, the articulation and form of the bones which compose it, and of their less or greater prominence of the joints, according to the different actions and attitudes of the figure. The form of the muscles, the particular functions of each, and their exact locality must also be understood. The muscles are divided into *body* or *lobe* and *extremities*; the first of these is called the head, the beginning, origin, or fixed point, or point of support; the other is nearest the termination, point of insertion, or moveable point. The lobes, which consist of fleshy fibres, swell, and shorten, when moving those to which they are attached by means of tendinous extremities: the opposite muscles, that is, those which remain inactive, are relaxed and soft. The possession of this knowledge will insure to the artist success in giving movement and life to his figures. He must also be aware that in some violent motion the flexors and extensors *acting simultaneously*, render the parts rigid and immoveable.

In addition to osteology and myology, the designer will derive considerable advantage from a knowledge of the external veins, which, in some characters, and under certain physical changes, are more evident; such as the frontal, temporal, and jugular, of the neck and head; the mammary and hypogastric of the trunk; the cephalic, median, basilic, and cubital, of the arm; the *salvateila* and cephalic, of the hand; the femoral, tibial, popliteal, of the leg; and the saphena of the foot.

Nor is an acquaintance with the struc-

ture of the human body alone sufficient for the artist; he should also possess a knowledge of the principal animals, especially those with short hair, that whenever he may have occasion to represent them, his pictures may be correct.

The science of anatomy is as essential to the artist for the accuracy of his design, as is logic to the orator in the arrangement of a discourse. He must, at the same time, guard against excess, in order to avoid an error equally reprehensible with the want of truth in his delineations, that of giving to his figures the appearance of being without skin, which has frequently occurred, from a desire to display his anatomical knowledge. This is an extravagance into which many imitators of Michael Angelo have fallen.

I have mentioned several statues as models of perfect proportion; these (to which may be added the Laocoon, Torzo Belvidere, the Gladiator Fighting, which was in the Villa Borghese) are excellent standards for every other department of design, and show how much a knowledge of anatomy may be serviceable. Passing from this to uniformity of character, I must observe, that to preserve a due connexion in the whole, it must be scrupulously maintained throughout the entire body. Thus in painting a robust man, no part of the muscles or sinews should fail in conveying an idea of robustness; the same regard to character must be paid in the delineation of weakness, or slowness, and the different ages, so that every member may portray the particular character, nor be such as might equally belong to any other.

With unity of character must be connected elegance of outline; this consists in the apparent ease of the various lines which describe the forms of the objects, which forms should possess all that is most beautiful and pleasing, consistently with the character and age of the figure to be represented. Even in painting a dead body, all must be carefully avoided that would conduce to give an appearance of weight and harshness; to accomplish this, there should be no repetition of form, no right angles, or right and parallel lines; the extreme as well as internal outlines must be described with simplicity, having, at the same time, all the variety consistent with diversity of character, and the different passions; or, as I before remarked, angles and

lines perfectly straight produce a harshness, and forms too large make the objects heavy and awkward.

Concave lines ought not to be opposed to concave, nor convex to convex, but where the outline of one part makes an inward curve that of an opposite should curve outwardly; and the ellipsis contributes more than the circle to the preservation of elegance. Curved lines are preferable, but varied and perceptible in proportion to the character and expression to be given. In muscular forms the strength of the muscles and sinews will, perhaps, produce some lines tending to the straight; and a more fleshy form will incline to rotundity; but we never see them completely straight, or perfectly round.

It is not in respect to the human body alone that elegance of design is to be observed, it must be maintained in the accessories, and whatever is comprehended in the picture, by the selection of those forms only that exhibit most beauty, and by all possible variety of lines, constant care being given to the correctness of the perspective. In a body in relief, geometrically, the eye sees only that point upon which the central ray falls, and all beyond coming to the eye only by the intersection of the visual rays, is indistinct: to represent the objects, therefore, such as they seem to the eye, and at the same time such as they actually are, it is necessary to resort to perspective, which fixes the rules of just gradation with alteration of form or character.

With this knowledge of design, which only considerable progress in the practical study of it will enable to understand, the spectator may venture to pass his judgment; but less informed, he can neither discover the beauties nor detect the errors, since defect would arise from the least deviation of a single principal line from its proper termination, although that termination might be lost from the roundness of the body.

It is not so difficult, it will be said, to judge of the colouring, and to some it will seem sufficient that the colours be lively and brilliant. The flesh have more or less of light and shade, according to the greater or less slowness of the figure; the different draperies show their several qualities; in short, that the picture be made to stand out well to the eye. "*Multa vident pictores in umbris,*

*et in eminentia quæ nos non videmus,"* says Cicero; but in light, shade, and every thing else, painters must ever have present to the mind the grand principle necessary to their works—*harmony*. A number of discordant voices may produce a noise, but that is not *music*. A number of discordant colours may make confusion, but that is not *painting*. The Chinese are an illustration of the truth of this.

Doubtless the great excellence of colouring consists in the perfect imitation of the colours of natural objects; but how difficult it is to give all the variety of tones in the different objects, and to paint the fine tint of each shade, corresponding to the colour of the part upon which the light falls, so that the complexion, whether delicate or coarse, pallid or ruddy, may be recognised in the parts in shadow; and that the same skin may not seem to cover all, the blood not appear equally in each, nor the same degree of coldness or vigour be exhibited in each object.

These differences must be observed also in drapery: thus, the puce-white, the yellow-white, and the pearl-white, must each have their peculiar shading. A bright red, or rose, must not be the same as red-lead or lake; and thus with the colours of every other object.

This shading, particularly of round bodies, have infinite gradations, darkening insensibly from the principal point of light to that of their greatest depth.

The difficulties of colouring augment, when many objects are placed in vicinity to each other. Attention must then be paid to distribute the colours in such a manner as to secure harmony; and so that, according to the strength of the light upon them, the quality of their superficies, and their mutual distance, each colour may receive, by reflection, its due degree of the tint of the other; the eye will thus find that pleasing harmony which is so delightful, and the excellence and charms of which are still further enhanced by an effective chiaroscuro; for upon that depends the relief and brilliancy of the picture. To produce, therefore, the desired effect, careful consideration is necessary in the arrangement of the lights and shades, since the beauty of chiaroscuro does not result from mere profusion of black and white.

To produce a good effect of chiaroscuro, the artist must observe the place in which the action is represented, and the kind of light falling upon it, whether it proceed from the sun, a fire, or the air. Upon the nature of the place will depend the general arrangement of the picture, and by the quality of the light will be regulated the force and precision of the lights and shades, care being taken to introduce in it such judicious masses, and with such effective reverberations as shall best conduce to make the picture stand out well.

The masses of light and shade must vary in strength and gradation; and that one may form a relief to the other, they should be contrasted and proportioned. Nor ought all the light to be on one part of the picture, and the shadow on the other.

We must not suffer ourselves to be dazzled by a certain impetuous effect of chiaroscuro, such as is obtained by sudden transition from strong light to deep shadow, without any intermediate mass of mezzotinto. These violent contrasts arrest the eye of the spectator, but soon weary and disgust it. The light and shade should blend by means of a half tint. Thus the eye will repose with pleasure upon the picture, and the chiaroscuro be more graceful.

To obtain effect in chiaroscuro the nature of the colour must not be changed, as would result from reflecting white upon a dark cloth, or throwing shadows of black upon white; still it is necessary to adapt the quality of the colours to the effect desired, by placing cloth of bright colours adjacent to dark masses. It might here be inquired of me, how this is to be obtained in a figure attired all in white, or in a dark colour. I reply, first, that I am speaking of a composition comprising several figures, which may be clothed in various colours: in this case the light-coloured vestments must be adapted to those which are placed in that part whence the light proceeds, and figures in dark drapery must be distributed where dark masses are required; and the chiaroscuro of a composition should be formed by the locality of the groups, not separately in every figure.

I look at a painting composed of a single figure, clothed in only one colour, either dark or light: this must be re-

lieved by the accessories, and the adaptation of the ground, which should give the contrast requisite to make the figure stand out. Proceeding in this manner, without any alteration in the nature of the colour, all desirable effect and force will be obtained.

A picture should have but one principal light, and that should fall upon the chief object of the action, that the eye of the spectator may be instantly attracted to it. The light should be thrown upon the centre of the group, on one side of which it must soften into mezzotinto, on the other into shade; observing that the half-tint must become more decided as it approaches its termination, or the outlines of the group and the shade must terminate in mezzotinto: in this manner the group will be thrown into relief. These remarks will apply to a single figure.

Outlines should not be made in the pure colour of the object which they describe, but mixed with that of the adjacent objects, that they may be soft, blended, and free from every kind of harshness.

The chiaroscuro must be regulated by this kind of light; but if the story to be depicted is illuminated by the sun, the masses, whether of light or shade, should be broad and strong; if the light is rendered less brilliant by some thin cloud, the colours and shadows will be softer, and have between them a more extent of mezzotinto: in an artificial light the lights must be strong, the shades dark and indistinct. In an enclosed space the chiaroscuro is stronger, and the gradations more marked. The reason of this is, that in an open place the great mass of air illuminated by the sun invests all objects, enfeebling their shadows, and, in consequence, the absence of powerful contrast diminishes the brightness of the light. As the light of the sun falls equally upon all objects, either distant or near to us, the gradation is slower, caused only by the numerous aerial particles intervening between our eyes and the things we look at. In an enclosed place, where the sun shines through a window, or similar opening with collected rays, only that portion of air is directly illuminated upon which the rays fall, and all beyond that receives light only by reflection. The objects, then, which are not

illuminated by the direct rays of the sun have more rapid gradations in proportion to their distance, both in consequence of the aerial particles, as before observed, and because they are in a fainter light derived from the primitive.

I must add, that when the illuminating object is larger than that illuminated, the shadow cast by the latter becomes, as it increases in length, narrower towards its extremity; but when the size of the object illuminated exceeds the luminous object, the shadow dilates towards its termination.

That is a convenient height for the light which throws upon the ground a shadow equal in length to the height of the body which produces the shadow.

As distance diminishes objects, and the air intervening between them and the eye of the spectator renders them less discernible in proportion to their distance, according to the quantity of interposing air must the chiaroscuro be weakened, and the parts of the objects themselves confused; their forms must, therefore, be less decided as the distance increases, until at last they are lost in the air itself.

The chiaroscuro must be adapted to the nature of the fact: if it is of a cheerful character, the chiaroscuro must correspond by its lively and brilliant tone; and in a melancholy or pathetic subject, it should be more subdued. If the action of the latter nature is to be represented in open air, the desired subdued effect of chiaroscuro may be produced by concealing the sun behind clouds, and distributing the objects so that they form many dark masses; a side light will contribute much to this.

When in a picture there are beautiful inventions of light and reverberation, the lights and shades well distributed and balanced, the chiaroscuro well adapted to the representation, reflections playing at convenient times and places, and in the entire work a well-ordered optical gradation, the result will be a concord and harmony at once surprising and delightful.

All this must be considered by those who examine a picture for the purpose of passing a judgment upon its merit, and by uniting discrimination and information he will certainly be able to give an accurate and profitable decision. His observations must also extend to the

method of folding the drapery with which the figures are clothed. First, then, let him examine if it is well placed upon them, so as to cover without concealing the form; if it corresponds to the movements of the parts, if the folds are broad, and curved to the principal parts of the body without cutting them with transverse or too deep lines, particularly where the great masses of light fall; if the folds are most gathered together where the motions or attitude of the figure confine them, and widest where they are free.

The scientific judge will not permit to escape his notice the grace which ought to reign in all the elements of the art which I have enumerated, adducing such reasons for his favourable or unfavourable opinion, as shall unequivocally establish his capability for the task he undertakes, in judging of a painting, and prove the rashness of those who, unqualified by the necessary information, make a similar attempt. And this knowledge on the subject is still more indispensable when a comparative judgment is to be formed on several works, to one or more than one of which a prize is to be awarded according to their relative merit; or where they are to be divided amongst several proprietors, and it is requisite to equalise the shares.

All having undergone equal and individual examination, and the comparison being instituted between the degrees of beauty exhibited in the different elements of the art, principally with regard to the primary and most interesting, the result will be an equitable decision, which will allot to each its due rank, and secure the judge from offending that justice to which every one should adhere in all his transactions.

These general observations upon the difficulty of forming a correct judgment upon pictures we trust will be found intelligible, and not altogether without interest. We now proceed to consider some magnificent specimens of ancient paintings, exhibited in the British Institutions.

No. 1.—An Altar-piece, the upper part of which represents the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus, with two Angels playing on musical instruments. In the lower part are seen Louis King of France, St. Joseph, St. Francis, and St. Augustine, presenting to the Virgin

Mary a youth in a kneeling posture, in the Spanish costume. From the collection of Count Bolza, of Dresden. Guercino. Proprietor, Sir T. Baring, Bart.

Every one moderately acquainted with the fine arts is aware that BARBERI, surnamed GUERCINO, because he squinted, at first took for his model the style of M. A. Caravaggio, a style at once bold and beautiful, but dangerous for imitators; then he inclined to the broad, open style of Guido Ireni; and subsequently formed a style of his own, from which G. Gennari studied, and in the progress of time produced admirable pictures, which for their beauty might be taken for those of Guercino, by the side of which they range in the Gallery of Bologna and Cento. But all the three styles of Guercino are remarkable for their decision in the arrangement of chiaroscuro, by which a most powerful effect is produced. Not to mention its eminent qualities, whether in the distribution of the gigantic figures, or in the composition altogether of this *Altar-piece*, this picture alone would suffice as the most magnificent specimen of the power of grand chiaroscuro.

Honour, then, to Sir Thomas Baring, who has provided for students of painting this model of magnificent chiaroscuro. Such a model is, indeed, necessary to many modern artists, who, for want of pictorial information, make all their pictures with an equal and feeble light, without relief, without boldness.

Nos. 2 and 5.—From the History of Joseph, painted for Pier Francesco Borgherini, and bought from his descendants by the present proprietor. Francesco Ubertini (called Bacchiacca, pupil with Raphael of Pietro Perugino). Proprietor, Rev. J. Sandford.

When we see the paintings of Pietro Perugino and Francesco Francia placed together in the gallery of Bologna, and read the lives of these two masters to whom the art is so indebted, we can but admire the power of the human mind, which, by perseverance alone, realised such success. It is very interesting to see the resemblance between the schools of P. Perugino, at Perugia, and of Francesco Francia, at Bologna; and there is much matter of reflection for the observer of the progress of the fine arts, in beholding not only the different pupils who issue from them with all their varieties of style, but also the near approach of some



of them to the excellence of RAPHAEL. Such, for example, are TIMOTEO VITO, INNOCENZO DA IMOLA, pupils of FRANCIA; UBERTINI, a pupil of P. PERUGINO, who, however, retains a little of his master's dryness of style. But what elegance there is in the simplicity of his figures, in the outlines of the whole invention, and in the transparency of the varying colours. He who can appreciate the real and historical worth of the two Raphael-like pictures from the History of Joseph, by F. Ubertini, must admit that in them the Rev. J. Sandford possesses a valuable treasure.

No. 3.—*The Abbé Scaglia*; VANDYKE. Proprietor, Sir T. Baring, Bart. A portrait is certainly but the secondary glory of the artist: he attains his highest excellence in historic painting, that is in composition. But when portraits are painted like this of the Abbé Scaglia, by Vandyke, they become truly gems of the first price. The figure is entire: it stands on one foot, which the other crosses, and it rests against a pedestal; thus the clerical robe of black silk presents a most beautiful arrangement of folds, the execution of which is incomparable. But if the whole person is pictorially well composed and executed to perfection, we know not how sufficiently to express our admiration of the design and painting of the hands, the lively colouring of the head, and the speaking face! All modern artists who are condemned to run their career in the poor art of portrait painting, (since all imagine that thus they shall obtain immortality!) should see how much poetry Vandyke could infuse into a work of simple imitation. This portrait is, in its kind, a *chef d'œuvre* of the art.

No. 24.—Portrait of a Lady, in the character of Erminia, putting on the armour of Clorinda.

"Meanwhile Erminia had her robes unbound,

That, to her feet descending, swept the ground.

Now in her vest, the lovely damsel shin'd  
With charms superior to the female kind.  
In stubborn steel her tender limbs she  
dress'd,

The massey helm her golden ringlets  
press'd:

Thus, clad in arms, she darts a radiant  
light

With all the dire magnificence of sight;  
N—AUGUST, 1839.

Love present laugh'd, as when he view'd  
of old

The female weeds Alcides' bulk unfold."

HOOZE's Tasso, Book 6.

Vandyke. Proprietor, J. S. Harford, Esq.

There are some things in this picture well worthy of remark; but we must be permitted to observe, that the attempt to represent in a portrait an almost ideal character is most difficult, and seldom attended with complete success. Is the idea, which Tasso desired to depict in his most beautiful poetry of the sixth book, sufficiently classically poetised by Vandyke in this painting? We dare to doubt it; and for this reason principally, the head of the lady from whom the portrait is taken, was not adapted to an Erminia; and when the *idea motrice*, the symbolic idea, fails, the inspiration also fails, and therefore there is a want of all light to true pictorial beauty. The Abbé Scaglia, a man of talent, with a highly expressive countenance, was required to represent only the Abbé Scaglia, and Vandyke made a perfect portrait. But the lady whose portrait he took could never be "*La bella Erminia fra le ombrose piante*," described in the lines of Tasso, and therefore he made, perhaps, neither a perfect portrait, nor a perfect histrionic picture.

No. 100.—A Spanish Nobleman. Vandyke. Proprietor, W. R. Cartwright, Esq., M.P. Whatever is deficient in the poetic idea, which ought always to discover itself even in portraits, is amply compensated by the finished and free execution of so great a master as Vandyke, and it is certainly apparent in the portrait of A SPANISH NOBLEMAN, as well as in No. 90, MAN'S PORTRAIT.

No. 113.—Portrait of the Marchesa Ricciardi di Volterra, as a sybil, painted for the Niccolini Family; Salvator Rosa. Proprietor, Rev. J. Sandford. The same error into which Vandyke fell in his desire to idealise the lady into an Erminia, led Salvator Rosa to make a sybil of his love. Salvatore, or Salvatoreille (as he was called), saw, perhaps, with the eyes of a lover, his Marchesa Ricciardi, and thought to make her apotheosis under the form of a sybil, or perhaps of poetry. But whoever looks at this feminine figure, in spite of the crown of laurel, could never believe that she had any spark of divine inspiration, nor would he, as in the Cave of Cuma,



exclaim, "Deus, ecce Deus!" If he had painted the Marchesa modestly attired, as best became her countenance, he would, perhaps, have succeeded in making a suitable portrait. In his wish, however, thus to idolise his mistress, he attempted in this picture to present to beholders both the sybil and a beautiful portrait of the Marchesa; and neither, perhaps, did he completely accomplish. He thus showed that even in men of satiric talent, who perceive and reprobate absurdity in others, love is blind.

No. 115.—A Portrait of Himself, by Salvator Rosa. Proprietor, Rev. J. Sandford. The physiognomy of all the characters of the heart and mind of this musician, painter, and poet, is well represented by him in this portrait of himself. The high colouring, the beautiful distribution of the shades, the lively touch of the pencil, seem, however, to surpass the portrait. It appeared to us as if the poet, not by his fictitious sybil, but by the depth of his own heart, had been compelled to exclaim, *Deus est in nobis*.

No. 112.—Portrait of Himself, by Andrea del Sarto. Proprietor, Rev. J. Sandford. It is extremely delightful to see portraits of the most celebrated artists, painted by themselves, and we have highly admired this of ANDREA DEL SARTO as a specimen of his style, which occupies so eminent a rank in painting, and which, in this portrait, presents to the eyes of our mind so splendid a page of the history of the art.

No. 145.—Les deux petites Marquises. Watteau. Proprietor J. H. Monroe, Esq. It is not under the same aspect that we contemplated with delight and admiration the two *petites mignonnes* painted with such sweetness and grace, that you would not say the picture was done, but breathed. The transparency of the colour, the freshness of every thing in this picture, makes us compare the two

*petites marquises* to two half-blown roses, still moist with the dew of morning.

No. 147.—Portrait of Himself, by Augustino Caracci. All the reflections we have made upon portraits of painters painted by themselves, apply with undiminished force to this of Caracci. It would be superfluous to speak of the merit of this painter, who was teacher of the theory of the art in the celebrated school of Ludovico Caracci, and at the same time an engraver, and, indeed, a practitioner in every branch of the art. His portrait of himself presents an ample and convincing answer to those who contend that he is deficient in force of colouring. We should dilate largely here upon this portrait, as well as upon the school of Caracci in general, did we not intend to return to the subject in a future article. But we cannot refrain from observing, that while contemplating the portrait of Caracci, it seemed so full of life, that we were almost involuntarily impelled to repeat his famous sonnet, which he composed in praise of NICOLÒ DEL OBATE, whom he called NICCOLINO. In this sonnet he has applied all the grand principles of painting to the different Italian schools, discriminating the peculiarities of each. It will, therefore, form a most appropriate conclusion to our observations on the former part of this article, especially as Giampier Zanotti said that every student of painting ought to learn it by heart.

Chi farsi un buon Pittor cerca e desia,  
Il disegno di Roma abbia alla mano,  
La mossa coll'ombrar Veneziano,  
E il degno colorir di Lombardia.  
Di Michel Angiol la terribil via,  
Il vero natural di Tiziano,  
Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,  
E di Raffael la giusta simmetria.  
Del Tibaldi il decoro, e il fondamento,  
Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,  
E un po' di grazia del Parmigianino:  
Ma senza tanti studj, e tanto stento,  
Si ponga solo l'opre ad imitare,  
Che qui lascioci il nostro NICCOLINO.

## Monthly Critic.

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*Diary of the Times of George IV.*  
Second Series. Vols. 3 & 4. Edited  
by JOHN GALT, Esq. Colburn.

THE remaining portion of the *Diary of the Times of George IV.*, (a review of vols. 1 & 2 appeared in this Magazine for March, 1838,) is now before the public, bearing on its title-page the respected name of the lamented Galt, as its editor. The work, which is only slightly connected by a diary, is, in fact, a miscellaneous collection of letters, from various persons belonging to the household of the Princess of Wales. The present series appears to have been collected or purchased since the publication of the first, by Mr. Colburn; it partly fills up the hiatuses of the former series, and goes over the same ground in point of chronology, if that word can be applied to a work which perpetually goes backwards and forwards, up and down the stream of time, from 1810 to 1821; a want of arrangement which offers some proof of the genuineness of the letters, since arrangement is a far more difficult matter with unadulterated correspondences than with those written for the nonce. There has been a re-echoing of the *vacarme diabolique* bruited by the radical portion of the public press, which heralded the publication of the former series; this has been chiefly the work of party scribblers, old enough to have taken part in the political uproars raised by the advent of Caroline, the unfortunate Queen of George IV., to the English shores, in 1820. To the anathemas they have fulminated against any and every person reading his *Diary*, Mr. Burchell's exclamation, "Fudge!" is the only answer needed. They never issue a newspaper but portions of which are a hundredfold more unfit to be read than those parts of the *Diary* by them most stigmatised. Galt, in the preface, has shown himself a sagacious critic, by the following brief remark, conveying the real character of the present series—

It has been asserted that the work betrays and traduces Queen Caroline. This accusation is entirely unfounded. [MAGAZINE.]

sation is decidedly false. The character of that unfortunate princess has, for the *first time*, been drawn with truth in these pages; she is neither eulogised beyond her deserts, as some have essayed to do, nor condemned with the injustice shown her by others.

Again :—

A future generation will, however, give to the *Diary* an impartial award; and it will undoubtedly remain a standard work for historians to refer to, as "notes" to future memoirs of the time of which it treats.

The real fault of the publication is the issue of many private particulars and remarks on persons who have nothing to do with the historical portion, and are by no means swept forward inevitably in the current of the royal correspondence; still, as there is not a shadow of impropriety of description, though individuals may be annoyed, society is not injured. The very dates of the *on dits* render them almost wholly innocuous, for few persons under thirty can guess what they are about, or to whom they relate. Without a key the private scandals are inexplicable beyond the precincts of the present, or the surviving *habitués* of the two last British Courts.

The whole of the 3rd volume, (the 1st of the present series,) and half of the 4th, emanated from the same sources as the two first volumes. Lady Charlotte Bury's letters and actions are not now prominent features in the correspondence. The diarist in these volumes assumes the character of an unmarried lady of rank; strong probability, however, seems to point at one of the Lady Charlottes belonging to the unfortunate Caroline. The collection is altogether an olio, the materials of which must have been jointly contributed by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, or her sister, Lady Charlotte Bury, and Sir William Gell; without the agency of these persons the letters could never have seen the light at this period of the present century. Sir William Gell's correspondence is always sneering, and in many instances ill-natured, but at the same time important in an historical

point of view. These letters raise the veil hitherto kept over the light in which the Princess Charlotte regarded her mother's career on the continent, and the way in which the unfortunate and bewildered mother received the news of the extinction of her last hope in her daughter's death.

NOVEMBER 7TH.—I had the pleasure of receiving a brief, but very welcome letter from the Princess Charlotte, in which she says, "The only person now remaining with my mother, and who, I trust, will take courage and continue with her, is Dr. Holland, who, I believe, from every thing I have heard of him, is a most respectable and respected character. I have it not in my power at present to repay any services shown the Princess of Wales; but if I ever have, those who remain steadfast to her shall not be forgotten by me; though I fear sensible people like him never depend much on any promises from any one, still less from a royal person; so I refrain from making professions of gratitude, but I do not feel them the less towards all these who show her kindness.

I have not heard from my mother for a long time. If you can give me any intelligence of her, I should be much obliged to you to do so. I am daily expecting to be confined, so you may imagine I am not very comfortable. If ever you think of me, dear —, do not imagine that I *am only a princess*, but remember me, with Leopold's kind compliments, as your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE, Pss. of S. Coburg.

ANOTHER FROM HER ROYAL HIGHNESS TO THE SAME.

Dated Warwick-house.

My dear Miss Mercer brought me word of your return to —, dear —, and I write to ask you to be so kind as to do me the favour of coming to see me any day this week, from one till five, when you will be sure to find me at home in my own sitting-room. I wish very much to have the pleasure of seeing you again, and I also wish you to look at, and give me your opinion of, a portrait Hayter has been painting of me. It is reckoned like; but I do not feel flattered by it. Do not think me vain, and suppose I expect to be represented as a perfect beauty, because I am a princess; but the fault I find with this picture is, that there is no *sentiment* in the expression,—it is quite a piece of still life, and rather cross-looking. I dare say I did look tired; for oh! it is very tiresome to sit for one's portrait. However, I ought to make allowances for the artist

if he has failed, for I know I was a very bad sitter.

So pretty B. B.— is married to Lord W. B.—. I hope she will be happy, and I hear much good said of her husband. I could have wished her a richer one; but it is frequently not the best matches that turn out the happiest. Talking of matches, I hear I am to be married to the Prince of Orange; it is more than I know myself. If you see my mother, please to tell her so, with my love. Have the goodness to send me word what day you can call on me, and believe me,

Yours, most truly,

(Signed) CHARLOTTE.

The portrait her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte mentions in the above letter, is certainly the most faithful likeness ever taken of her; but the princess was not a very good judge of the fine arts, nor indeed of the merit of a portrait as such, to judge by the specimens which she had hanging up in her apartments, and which she admired. I remember once observing a picture which I thought was intended to represent the Duke of D—, and upon my asking Miss K— whose portrait it was, that lady replied, with courtier-like prudence, that it was the picture of the Pretender. There was a comical aptness in the expression she made use of, to the real person whom, I believe, the picture represented, at which I could scarcely restrain smiling. Perhaps it was the portrait of a pretender in more senses than one.

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER FROM HER ROYAL HIGHNESS TO THE SAME.

Thank you, dear —, for having permitted me to peruse my mother's letter to you, though, indeed, its contents have made me feel very uncomfortable. I wish with all my heart things could be altered, or, at least, that she could be persuaded to feel more at peace, and, above all, more confidence in those who really have her interests at heart. If I could see you, I would tell you *why* I do not write to her; but I do not think it quite prudent to write all I feel upon this, to me, very painful circumstance.

I trust Dr. — will remain in the princess's service, and am also led to hope that Lady C. C— may join my mother again. I should feel much relieved by knowing that she had some English attendants with her in a foreign country. I think some of the others might have remained with her; but I am told they were all compelled, from circumstances in their own private affairs, to return to England. I think she would do well to secure Miss M— as a tém-

[THE COURT

porary attendant. She is trustworthy, I believe; but you know my mother is not easily pleased.

I cannot help thinking it was unlucky she ever left England; yet I can fully enter into the motives she had for so doing, or rather the *feelings* which prompted her to seek change of scene.

I have said too much on this subject, dear —; pray forgive me for having prosed so long. Thank you for your inquiries after my health. I am not so well as I ought to be, for indeed I have *every thing* to make me both perfectly well and perfectly happy; and these lesser evils sink before my greater blessings, and I hope to grow stronger as the warm weather advances. The prince desires me to say *something* kind from him to you; what shall that something be? I am no very ready scholar, so I will leave it to you to compose a pretty speech for him. All I can assure you of, and that with great sincerity, is, that my cara sposo and myself are very truly yours,

(Signed) C., P. S. C.

This letter is a pleasing proof of Princess Charlotte's affection for her mother, and affords ample grounds for believing that, had they mutually been spared, each would have derived comfort and protection from the other. In a very remarkable letter (though a brief one) given in the body of the Diary, Princess Charlotte laments her *inability* at that time to serve her mother; and there can be little doubt that, had she ever obtained the power to shield and succour the Princess of Wales, the will would not have been wanting. From all I ever heard or saw of Princess Charlotte's character, I can affirm that that which she proposed to do, she would have surmounted a world of difficulties to have performed; and I am certain that the passive conduct she displayed towards her mother only proceeded from a feeling of inability to take any useful or effective steps in her cause. There was both wisdom and propriety in the princess's conduct during the whole of that most painful epoch, when she was placed in such a situation as not to be able to defend one of her parents, without blaming or appearing to reprobate the other. It is well known to several persons, however, what were her royal highness's real feelings on the subject, and to which individual her heart inclined; there is no doubt she leant with fond partiality towards her mother, and that the chief reason of her having appeared so passive for many years, was that she had only waited a fit opportunity for supporting the Princess of Wales, and advocating her cause judiciously.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Dated Friday, Claremont.

MY DEAR —,—Having so very lately troubled you with a letter, I will not be guilty of indiscretion in plaguing you with another long one so soon. This is only a few lines, to hope you will be able to do us the favour and pleasure of coming to us next Thursday, and, should you not find it *too dull*, perhaps you would prolong your stay till Saturday. Our dinner hour being seven o'clock, and our rule that of everybody's following their own habits as to hours, and doing that which is most agreeable and comfortable to themselves, in order to make them feel as much at home as possible, it is not *à façon de parler* to say that this is liberty hall, and that we are only too happy to dispense with form and ceremony.

I heard from my mother a few days ago; she had reached Geneva, and was much pleased with her reception there. I hope she will derive much benefit from her tour, *mais je ne sais*; at all events, change of air must do her health good. It would require more than novelty of place and society, I fear, to do her spirits service. However, I hope time and Providence may yet have much happiness in store for her.

Adieu, my dear —,—and believe me yours, most sincerely and affectionately,

(Signed) C., P. S. C.

The great simplicity and unaffected style of the foregoing letters render them exceedingly interesting, as being the production of a royal personage. And they are a true index of the princess's mind, which was, like them, true, natural, and kind. But her royal highness mistook, when she promised her correspondent should find no form or ceremony at Claremont, for it was far otherwise, whatever the princess might have wished on that point. There was another person, whose will was paramount to hers, and who considered, and perhaps with justice, that it was not advisable to dispense with all observance of etiquette, and the circle was by no means without form and stiffness. It was remarked by persons who were present, that the prince never quitted the princess for a single moment when she was in company, and her royal highness seldom, if ever, saw anybody alone after her marriage; her husband was always present, and the chief favourite of the Princess Charlotte, Miss M. E——, who was accustomed formerly to go straight to her royal highness's private apartment, was always subsequently shown into the public reception rooms, and made to await there the announcement that *Their* royal highnesses were ready to receive her.

The journalist was at this time evidently in Scotland, for the under-current of the work is filled up with Caledonian scandals, and *on dits* regarding lord advocate Jeffreys, of the Edinburgh Review, Sir Walter Scott, &c.

She proceeds, after mentioning the death of the Princess Charlotte :

DECEMBER 9TH.—A lapse occurs in my journal, which has been occasioned by a severe illness, from which I have scarcely yet recovered ; and now I have no memorandum to make, except the melancholy intelligence of poor Princess Charlotte's death, which gave me unfeigned sorrow of an individual and selfish nature, as well as regret for the irreparable loss her country has sustained in the death of that kind-hearted princess. Every nation has appeared to sympathise with Britain, and to dread that this national calamity is the forerunner of many future woes. There is now no object of great interest to the English people, no one great rallying point, round which all parties are ready to join, and willing to make their opinions unite in concord. A greater public calamity could not have occurred to us ; nor could it have happened at a more unfortunate moment. The instant I heard the sad news, I thought of the poor Princess of Wales, and felt grieved from my heart at this blow to her every chance of happiness and support. It was more as the future queen's mother that she had a strong claim on the English people, than from her own position ; and her daughter would, I feel convinced, have supported her to the uttermost ; for not only would the good motive of affection for the Princess of Wales have actuated her in doing so, but certainly also the Prince Regent had rendered himself an object of dislike to his daughter, and she would, from the haughty nature of her disposition, have felt satisfaction in upholding the person whom he persecuted and disliked. The Princess of Wales may well now feel careless of life ; and her conduct, poor woman ! as far as this world is concerned, will not further influence her fate ; for be it circumspect or the reverse, she is of no consequence. She has no *bribe* to offer ; and there are few who would undertake to wage war in her cause against her husband, who is all-powerful. I feel certain she will now become quite reckless in her behaviour, and I almost dread some tragical end for this unfortunate princess.

I wrote to her, and offered her royal highness the assurance of my sincere sympathy in this her greatest affliction. When sorrow visits our fellow-beings—even those most obnoxious to us, or the most guilty

—the treachery, or unkindness, or neglect of their fellow-creatures should be stayed. The vengeance of man must give way to that of the Almighty, and the mean revenge of human beings sinks into contempt when such judgments are sent from on high.

I have used the word judgments, which I repent of ; for no one has any right to decide what are judgments and what are not. And after all, let all that the world has accused the Princess of Wales of be true, this affliction may not be intended to chastise her ; so I retract the sense in which I made use of the word.

Letters reach me every day, filled with nothing but accounts of, and lamentations about, this melancholy event. To-day I received an answer from the Princess of Wales. I am certain it was written with the deepest feeling, knowing, as I do, the meaning of her expressions. Others might have written more, and felt less, than she did in writing the following note :—

“ Villa Caprile,

“ the 3rd of December, 1817.

“ I have not only to lament an ever-beloved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England ! But she is only gone before ———

“ I have her not *lost*—and I now trust we shall soon meet in a much better world than the present one.

“ For ever your truly sincere friend,  
“ C. P.”

DECEMBER 10TH.—I received the following strange reply to-day from the Princess of Wales :—

“ Thank you a thousand times, my dear ———, your kind inquiries after my health, which has suffered as little as I could expect from my late misfortune. I cannot at dis moment inform you where I shall go to ; my plan depends on letters from England, about dat vile money, who do always annoy me. As to my household, I hear people are meddling wid it, and saying it is improper. In de first place, what would they have me do ? All de fine English folk leave me. I not send dem not behave as civil as I could like. No matter—I wud have had patience wid them, but dey choose to go, so I not prevent them ; but I must have some one to attend me, and I make my choice of some very agreeable persons, in every way fit to be my attendants ; though de jealous English beggars, such as Miss ———, and one or two more of our acquaintance, dear, wud have liked to have had de situation which La Comtesse Oldi now fills,

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to her and my great satisfaction. Her brother also is a very intelligent and gentlemanlike person. They are of a decayed nobleman's family, much better born and bred than William B——. But I know people are very ill-natured, and choose to abuse me for the choice I have made in my household. No matter, I not care—from henceforth I will do just as I please, that I will. Since de English neither give me de great honour of being a *Princesse de Galle*, I will be Caroline—a happy merry soul; but, *simpement*, what do you tink, my dear ——? just before I and Lady —— parted, I hope never to meet again, I gave her a very pretty cast of an antique. I should have been proud of it in my room. Well, a day or two after she broke it, *purposely* I know, and had de impudence to come and say to me, 'Oh! ma'am, dat figure your royal highness bought for a bronze is only plaster;' to which I reply, 'I knew that, Lady ——, very well, when I gave it to you. Dat is so like de English people; dey always ask, when one make them a *souvenir*, how much is cost? how much is worth? You are a true English, my dear Lady ——, there can be no mistake.'

"She laughed, but I saw she looked ashamed of herself. I cannot say I regret any one of my old household. I have been disappointed in dem all, and am much happier now I have no longer *des espions* about me, such as Lady A. H., watching me into every place where it is possible for a human being to set foot. I must conclude, my dear ——, wishing you well, and remain, ever your sincere friend,

"C. P."

"P.S.—When you have any amusing news from England, I should like to hear it, if you will favour me wid some."

Truly, did I not know the Princess of Wales, I should be tempted to believe this letter was a *forgery*. It is such a strange manner of writing, immediately after her poor daughter's decease; which (not to mention the affection I believe she entertained for the Princess Charlotte as her child) selfish interest must have made her know was the greatest loss she can have sustained, and one she never can recover. Others, not acquainted with the princess, on reading the foregoing letter, would judge her as an unfeeling and light-minded person. But I know that often, when she affects the greatest jocularly and indifference to affliction, her heart is not the less sore; and it is only a wish to forget her misery that makes her talk and write in such a strain as the foregoing. It is impossible not to laugh at her encomiums on her present household, and her observations on her former one. Yet at the same

time I feel almost regret for her total blindness to her impending ruin, and her infatuation she has taken in such respectable people as the foreigners she has now in her service. But it would be more than useless for me to incur her displeasure by attempting to give her any advice. So God keep her, and preserves her from coming to any fearful end! is all that her best friends can say.

Another letter from some blank Lady —— from Milan.

Since writing the preceding part of this letter, I have seen the Princess of Wales. To my infinite surprise, her royal highness wrote, and desired me to wait upon her yesterday, which I did accordingly, and found her looking very well, but dressed in the *oddest mourning* I ever saw; a white gown, with bright lilac ribbons in a black crape cap! She was gracious in her manner to me, and spoke friendly of Lady ——, which I was glad to hear, as by all accounts she was much displeased with her for leaving her service. But if she was angry, her wrath is at an end. I have often observed with admiration that the princess never *retains* any revenge or unkind feelings long, even towards those who most deeply wrong her. She soon forgives what she considers slights or treachery towards her: which is a noble trait, and a rare one, and which ought always to be mentioned to her honour. She invited me to dinner to-day; and when I have been, I will tell you *all* I have seen, feeling certain you will not betray me.

I dined accordingly last evening with her royal highness. The *Comtesse Oldi* sat at table, but her brother *did not*. The princess talked sensibly, and cautiously I should say, and appeared in very calm spirits. I watched the attendants closely, and could not discover any want of proper respect in their manners, &c., towards her. Perhaps they were on their guard before a stranger; but certainly, as far as I could see, they were as well-behaved as possible. The *Comtesse Oldi* seems a stupid silent woman. Her appearance is not particular in any way. The princess's apartments are comfortable, and altogether I was agreeably disappointed; for I own, from all I had heard, I expected to find things very different from what I did. The princess avoided speaking of England or the English people, and only once alluded to the Princess Charlotte's death, by pointing to the *lilac* bows of her gown, and saying, "What an ugly thing mourning is!" I could scarcely help laughing, and asking whether that colour was considered as such. But I thought it best not to make any *impertinent* remarks; and my visit passed off pleasantly, and

quietly, but certainly not so amusingly as I have generally found the time to do in her royal highness's society. I hope the respectable appearance of her house and mode of life is uniformly such as I witnessed; and I am tempted to believe shameful and ill-natured lies are invented against her. Yet, I will own, I can scarcely think she is always satisfied to lead so monotonous a life as it would appear she does. She showed me her villa, and appeared proud of its beauty and comfort, which is certainly very great. The only circumstance which took from my pleasure in this dinner, was the fear that all the decorum I witnessed might not be habitual, but only put on for the occasion.

We arrived at the conclusion, on reading the preceding volumes, that neither the partizans nor the revilers of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, were near the just appreciation of her case, but that her transitions from deep feeling to levity, from noble conduct to absurdity, from good-nature to a species of monkeyish malignancy, not to mention errors of an unhappier nature, were all indications of a veering and bewildered brain. In many places through these latter volumes the diarist speaks out plainly, and calls her insane. In the following curious letter of recommendation, the mischievous mood was prevalent.

"Dear —, the bearer of this epistle is Monsieur R—, a fiddle-player, or a pipe-player,—I don't know what you would call him in English—no matter; he was recommended to me by a cousin of mine, whom I wish had been in de Red Sea when he sent dis man to my retreat here, which I would like to keep unmolested from tiresome people. But I find dat impossible; so I must submit like a martyr on de steak, to being annoyed all my life long, and live in hopes of a reward for my patience and my virtue in anoder world, which cannot be worse than de present. Monsieur R— teased me to present him to you; so I beg to waste your anger upon him, and not on me. His appearance will make you laugh till you die—that, at least, he has the power to do; *au reste*, he is the dullest man God ever did born, and I recommend you to have nothing to do wid him; he is a grand bore."

"Why do you not come to Como? I vould make you welcome at my anchorite's dinner every day, if you vould eat my humble fare. Neither de Comtesse Oldi nor myself are epicures; and very often we cook our own dinner! What vould de English people say if dey heard dat! Oh fie! Princess of Wales, The old begune

Queen Charlotte is on her last legs, I hear. *Mais ça ne me fait ni froid ni chaud* now; there was a time when such intelligence might have gladdened me; but now noting in the world do I care for, save to pass de time as quickly as I can: and death may hurry on as fast as he pleases—I am ready to die. But I weary you, my dear —! *ayez de l'indulgence pour moi* and my grumbling, and believe dat

"I am ever yours,

"C. P."

Here is a passage wherein the diarist mentions herself; if she was really so ancient in 1819, one would think it were vain now to look for her on the face of the earth, in 1839.

LONDON, JUNE 17th, 1819.—A long lapse in my Diary; but it matters little, for I have nothing to record of interest during the last few months. I find myself now once more immersed in the gaieties of a London season, in which I had thought I never should again participate. But my young orphan niece, a girl of great beauty, and not less amiable than beautiful, and very dear to me, is the object which induces me to seek such scenes. At first a few of my old acquaintances were amazed when they discerned my altered and aged face in the gay crowds; but now their wonder is at an end, and I pass unobserved, like the rest of the old and the *passeees* that nightly haunt the scenes of mirth in the metropolis. There is no accounting for the fact; yet I must say, the old stagers, who have, without intermission, gone on living in constant dissipation, look less aged than those who have been absent for some years, on their return to the world. Not one of my cotemporaries appears to be half so old as I am; yet many of them have suffered sad and strange vicissitudes, and lost many friends, even like myself. Nevertheless, their countenances do not betray so much anguish as mine does. There is Lady St. Leger and Mrs. Hillesborough, and a hundred other ladies past forty, but I will not say how many years, who look as if they might be my daughters; their well-rouged cheeks are so smooth, their curls so raven, and their teeth so white. I will not look worse than they; I have a great mind to begin again wearing rouge, and get a new "front," and grow young; yet I shrink from assuming youth, now it is gone. I cannot buy a young heart, and fling away the old, worn-out, wearied one that beats feebly within my aged breast, and is such a faithful warder over the memory of the bright days of my real youth. Ah, no! fictitious youth is a clumsy piece of acting; I will not play the part. My pretty Sophy's partners will not admire her the less, because her chaperon looks old; so be it, then.



Again she mentions herself in the succeeding year.

September 1st, 1820. — Since I last wrote my Diary, many strange and unlooked-for events of a public nature have occurred, and my own private existence has also been replete with matter of painful excitement, on which I have not the courage to dwell; there are passages in life of which we would gladly efface every trace.

The public event which has most interested me personally, and also, I believe, excited the greatest emotion in the hearts of the British people, is the untimely and cruel fate of the Queen. All her friends had long dreaded that she would place herself in jeopardy by the folly of her conduct, and their fears proved but too well founded. Her Majesty was displeased with me, owing to the misrepresentations of a mischievous busybody, and we had had no intercourse for some time previous to her return to England. But I ventured, through the medium of a trusty person, to send the princess the following advice, namely, to discharge all her foreign attendants, male and female, and to return without further delay to England. Greatly to my surprise, she followed my counsel, and on the 6th of June last she reached London.

She received a last letter from the unhappy queen a few days before her death; it is, perhaps, the most interesting in the collection.

LETTER FROM QUEEN CAROLINE TO THE SAME, IN REPLY TO ONE ADDRESSED TO HER MAJESTY, CONGRATULATING HER ON THE GLORIOUS TERMINATION OF HER TRIAL.

I assure you, my dear —, no one's congratulations have been more welcome to me than yours. I do indeed feel thankful at having put my enemies to confusion, and received the justice my conduct and character deserved. Mais hélas, it comes too late, dear —. Her who would have rejoiced with me at her mother's triumph is lost to me; but she is in a much better world than the present, and we shall meet soon I trust, for to tell you the truth I cannot expect much comfort nowhere so long as I shall live. No one, in fact, cares for me; and this business has been more cared for as a political affair, than as the cause of a poor forlorn woman. Mais n'importe! I ought to be grateful; and I reflect on these proceedings with astonishment—car ils sont vraiment merveilleux. That I should have been saved out of the Philistines' hands is truly a miracle, considering the power of my enemies and their chiefs, for nothing was left undone that could be done to destroy my

character for evermore. I could tell you something—ah! mein Gott! some day I will—but I cannot write them. I feel very unwell, fatigued, and weary; I wonder my head is not quite bewildered with all I have suffered—and it is not over yet with me. That cruel personage will never let me have peace so long as I stay in this country; his rancune is boundless against me.

I was sure you would rejoice at my glory, dear —; no one has been more true to me than yourself at all times, and you have not wasted your interest on an ingrate. I assure you.

Poor Joan of Arc has really proved herself true to the name I used to give her pour me moquer d'elle. She has staid with me through it all, and God he knows that was no small trial. Poor soul! I hope he will reward her for her courage.

Many people call on me now who never did before. The — is one of those who has made me l'amende honorable. I will not quarrel with their respect, though it is shown me rather late in the day, and when they cannot well help it.

I could prose for an hour to you, dear —, but will spare your patience, and my own eyes and head, which are both aching.

So adieu, and believe me

Truly and affectionately yours,

CAROLINE.

By Joan of Arc she means Lady Anne Hamilton, whose inestimable fidelity deserved some other reward than the sneering and impertinent manner mentioned in this collection of letters.

Even if the literary world are divided regarding the propriety of publishing this correspondence, that part of the collection written by the Princess Charlotte is estimable, and so far indicative of an excellent disposition, that they cast additional glory round the memory of that right royal lady, and justify the love her country bore her. If only for the sake of this interesting portion, the Diary deserves to be read with attention.

Of the entertainment this publication affords, there can be but one opinion,—certainly very great. We have examined it wholly in an historical point of view, confining our attention to such passages on the authenticity of which we think no doubt can be thrown; but whether the Princess Charlotte would have preferred an English duke (still a bachelor) to Prince Leopold, must be left to the decision of those who moved in the courtly circles of those times, and whose remem-



prance serves them upon that questionable point. The evident hatred of the diarist to Prince Leopold has certainly influenced her opinion thereon.

Those persons conversant with the minor details appertaining to the Court of the Regency will be deeply interested in the latter brace of volumes, rife as they are with scandals regarding grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts of the present court. The particulars of Lady Caroline Lamb will be read with avidity, though she belongs to biography, and not to gossip.

A portrait of Caroline of Brunswick, when she was a young and pretty girl, illustrates the volumes. We should say it was too young for her, as Princess of Wales, if persons, who remember her when she arrived, did not vouch for the likeness.

Mr. Galt's portion of the volumes is of a very different nature from the foregoing, and is easily distinguished by difference of style. It commences with sketches of the public characters of the nineteenth century, and proceeds through some essays on the Annals of the Regency and reign of George IV., which are written in the style of newspaper postscripts, and are about as diverting. As to the characters, the dry humour of Galt is apparent in them, and they consequently possess merit; the worst written is the character of Coleridge; the best, the portrait of the Duke of Wellington. It was unwise of Galt to attack Coleridge, being himself one of those matter-of-fact men who could not comprehend a poet; and if he had been personally acquainted with Virgil, or Dante, or Tasso, *hoc genus omne*, he would have understood them as little.

There is much in the middle of the second volume (present series) which deserves respect and attention, but with the many, it will be about as much regarded where it is placed, as the lighting of a pair of sober-minded mould candles would be after a glare and combustion of sky rockets, blue lights, and Roman candles.

Such are the characteristics of these volumes. The present public will be diverted with them, and historical biographers will doubtless, in due time, carefully bount the corn from the chaff, and garner it up for use.

*The Last Man, a Poem.* By EDWARD WALLACE.

WANT of skill in structure and definite object, appears the chief bar to the success of this poem, which is decidedly elegant in language, and certainly faultless in morals. It was imprudent to adopt the title of a well-known poem, by Thomas Campbell, for such a step naturally creates a prejudice against his work, nor is the advantage of the title, supposing it had never been appropriated, commensurate with the sacrifice thus entailed; for this latter *Last Man* contains scarcely a passage which bears any unison with its appellation.

Mr. Wallace's composition is written in well-modelled Spenserian verse; and where it falls on the description of natural objects, produces pleasing and sometimes highly poetic imagery. From the merit of the following verse, we opine that our author would succeed better in the highly polished sonnet, than in any other species of poetic composition;—

Gay butterfly! fit emblem of the soul,  
Who in the rocky chrysalis art bound,  
When the dark clouds in wintry masses  
roll;  
But when the heat of summer warms  
the ground,  
And to the cuckoo the green woods  
resound,  
Freed from the hard and rugged shell,  
which long  
Had held thee from the frost that lay  
around,  
Thou, stretching 'neath the sun thy  
pinions strong,  
Dost ply thy wavering dance to the swift  
martlet's song.

*The Idler in Italy.* By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. In 2 Vols. Second Edition. Colburn.

THIS book proves that Lady Blessington's strongest hold in literature is narration, illustrative of real scenes and events. This her journal of Italian life affords very amusing reading, and the composition greatly increases in ability as it proceeds, the second volume being superior to the first, and the latter part of the second volume exceeding in merit its commencement.

Her ladyship's portrait of the present Queen Regent of Spain, in her girlhood, will be noticed with peculiar interest. The

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following passages were written before the marriage of Christine of Naples with Ferdinand VII. That princess has now become gross in person, and although in the very prime of womanhood, all the graces of her youth are obscured, probably through the continued indulgence of a hereditary love of eating, which is at once the grave of personal beauty, and mental brilliancy.

The following description of Queen Christine and her parents have led to this observation.

The Princess Christine \* is in her seventeenth year, and is exceedingly pretty. Slight, and well-formed, with a countenance in which *finesse* and *esprit* are delineated, even as a grisette she would challenge admiration. Her features are small, and neatly finished; her eyes expressive, her teeth beautiful, and her smile full of fascination. Her complexion is of a pale, clear olive, which, if less brilliant than the fresh roses and lilies of the cheeks of our English ladies, is not without its charm. In short, the Princess Christine is a very attractive person, and must, without the prestige attached to the adventitious aid of royal birth, be universally considered a charming young woman. Having passed and re-passed the carriage in which she sat last evening several times, I had good opportunities of examining her; and I must pronounce her to be worthy the admiration she excites in the combustible hearts of her countrymen, who view her less as a grand princess, than as a very bewitching woman.

The carriages that encounter the royal cortège draw up while they pass. The gentlemen take off their hats, and the ladies bow. Their salutations are graciously acknowledged by all the royal family, but peculiarly so by the Princess Christine, whose delicate lips expand into a sweet smile, displaying teeth like pearls, and whose bow is full of grace.

Never was female sovereign placed in a situation more imperatively commanding the sympathy of her own sex than this queen; and had she been reared with the abstemiousness and self-denial of a Catherine of Arragon or an Isabella of Castile, the name of Christine might have been inscribed as brightly on the pages of history. Her original nature seems to have been good, and that she was endowed with the high courage needful for her difficult position is certain, by an anecdote given by our authoress:—

6th.—A visit from ———, who fills a high office at court. He told us that the lightning yesterday morning struck the bed in which the Princess Christine was reposing; and that two of her ladies who were in the apartment concluded that her royal highness was killed, so violent was the report of the crash, and of the falling to pieces of the bed. The princess, without the least symptom of dismay, sprang from the fallen mattresses, before her ladies could afford her any assistance; and while they trembled at the danger to which she had been exposed, she bantered them on their pusillanimity. The courage, of which this incident furnishes an example, is said to be remarkable in one so young and delicately formed. I hope it may never be put to any worse proofs.

Another passage occurs which does not meet with our approval; the historical blunder ought to have been repaired in the present edition; it looks remarkably awkward, when an historical mistake is the subject of derision.

I was told an amusing anecdote to-day, *a-propos* of the Countess of Albany.

"Who is this lady, about whom people show such an interest?" asked a female compatriot of mine, of an acquaintance of the same sex, and also of the same country.

"Why, is it possible that you do not know? Well, for my part, I thought every one was aware that the Countess of Albany, as they call her, is the widow of King Charles I., and the lady with whom the celebrated Ariosto the poet was so long and so desperately enamoured."

It was thus that the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, and widow of the exiled James Stuart, was described by a lady who professed to believe that every one knew all about her!

Various are the stories related of the brutality and *grossierete* of James Stuart—this unworthy scion of an unhappy house, whose conduct to his wife was so abominable, as to compel her to seek the seclusion of a monastery to escape his society. The attachment of Alfieri to this lady continued to his death; and so great was her influence over him, that the *sauvagerie* of his manners, so much complained of by others, was seldom, if ever, visible in her presence.

James Stuart was the father-in-law of Alfieri's mistress, not her husband. Still less than this accidental error do we like the sentiment of the passage.

Charles Edward was certainly not brutal in his brilliant youth, as his courtesy and humanity to the wounded prisoners who fell into his hands after his three

\* At present Queen Regent of Spain.  
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victories at Prestonpans, Carlisle, and Falkirk, will prove : but even if the tales of the woman who injured him had been true, a wife is far better employed in reforming the brutality of a husband than the savageness of another man.

We will turn to a worthier passage.

Lady Blessington's sketch of the castle of Bracciano, the scene of one of the earliest tragedies written in our language, is extremely well drawn.

*April.*—Returned yesterday from the chateau de Bracciano, which the duc and duchesse of that name were so obliging as to lend us for a week. Our party was a very agreeable one, consisting of our own large family, Sir William Gell, Colonel D'Este, and Mr. Terrick Hamilton. The chateau is, I am told, the most perfect specimen of a feudal castle left in Italy, and is truly magnificent. Placed on a lofty eminence, it commands a boundless prospect on both sides : on one is seen the beautiful lake, with the fine woods that surround its shores ; and on the other, the picturesque town of Bracciano. The ascent to the castle is so steep, that carriages can only with great difficulty be drawn up it ; but this steepness gives a more imposing effect to the building. The gothic towers, formed of black lava, stand boldly out in strong relief against the blue sky that surrounds them ; and the whole place forms just such a picture as the pen of a Radcliffe delighted to trace. Nor would the lives of some of its former owners furnish an uninteresting subject for one of those dark romances, the perusal of which so often blanched my cheek with fear in the days of my early youth : for here dwelt the bold and lawless Orsino, duc de Bracciano, the lover, and afterwards the husband of Victoria Accoromboni, whose romantic life and tragical death form so striking an episode in the history of Tuscany.

The castle contains some fine suites of rooms, and the principal ones still retain many of the vestiges of their former splendour. The tapestry and hangings are said to bear date from the time of the Orsini, and the grim shadowy figures in the first, and the barbaric splendour of the second, accord well with the solemn grandeur of this noble pile. The principal apartments overlook the lake, whose blue and broad expanse, bounded on three sides by woods, has a fine effect. Many old portraits, as well as other pictures, nearly coeval with the building, decorate the walls ; and massive chairs and sofas, on which the originals of the portraits may have sat, are still arranged beneath them.

During the day we amused ourselves in exploring the castle, pacing the battlements,

and rambling by the side of the lake, which supplied us with some delicious fish ; and in the evenings we sat round a blazing wood fire, and told ghost stories. To render them more terrific, we extinguished the candles ; and as we listened to, or related, every fearful tale which memory or imagination could furnish, and saw the scowling faces of the tapestry and pictures lighted up by the fitful blaze of the fire, the whole scene resembled one of those of which we sometimes read descriptions, but rarely have an opportunity of seeing. At intervals I could almost fancy that the grim face of the murdered Peretti, the first husband of Victoria Accoromboni, scowled from the wall ; and, as the light fell on a female countenance, it seemed as if that ill-fated heroine glanced pensively down on the strangers who sat within her halls.

A ghost story loses half its terrors, unless told in a feudal castle like this, with every object around appealing to the imagination with irresistible power. Sir William Gell, whose nerves are weakened by the disease under which he has so long laboured, became so much alarmed, that he declared he had not courage to face the gloomy and faded grandeur of his vast sleeping-room alone, and positively had his servant to sleep on a couch in his room ; while I dreamt of the supernatural horrors of which we had prated, and awoke more than once to see my night-lamp throwing its flickering light on the frowning countenances, that seemed to menace me from the walls of my large and lofty apartment. The present possessors of the chateau de Bracciano are much and deservedly beloved by their dependants and neighbours here, to whom they dispense, with a liberal hand, many of the comforts of life.

The name of the tragedy to which we allude is *Victoria Corombona*, by Webster. Lady Blessington must certainly have been located on the scene of that wild tale, so full of Shakspearian poesy.

An anecdote regarding the tower where the body of the Duke of Bourbon\* was deposited, is exceedingly curious :—

We drove to Gaeta, which is about four miles from the inn, in order to see the small fortress, in a tower of which, it is asserted, the unburied corpse of the Constable de Bourbon still remains. We could not obtain permission to enter the fortress ; consequently did *not* view, through a window of the tower, what our guide declares may be seen—the shrunken and shapeless mass, covered with tattered garments, that was once the bold and ambitious constable.

\* See Memoir of Louise de Savoy, mother of Francis I. in this magazine, for February, 1838.

We could multiply extracts replete with entertainment, but are restrained by the remembrance that the public are already acquainted with this most amusing tour.

The *Idler* in Italy must be one of the standard works of this century, and will doubtless pass through many editions, but it still needs careful revision.

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*Castle Martyn; or, a Tale of Old Ireland.*  
2 vols.

THIS tale is wildly reckless of all the conventional laws of propriety, without an observance of which no literary composition can conscientiously be recommended to that part of the public by whose fiat generally all works of fiction rise or fall. How can we advise any lady to peruse a story so replete with moral horror as that of Eleanor White, or with the atrocities depicted in the adventures of Jane? Much indeed must be amended before the author's novels can be welcomed on the reading-table of a person of good taste; it is the more pitiable, because he does not lack ability, and fortunately for himself is being most apparent in the scenes of domestic life, where his pen is at once harmless and lively; but whenever he ventures upon the delineation of what is coarse, unseemly, and forbidden, his talent as a skilful writer at once leaves him. Some writers show most talent when pursuing vicious scenes; he is not afflicted with that perversity, and therefore more likely to be cured of his errors. During the development of the contrasted characters of the three young ladies, in the commencement and progress of the work, many agreeable scenes and delineations occur. The death of Jane is full of deep pathos, and the robber scene, in the loathsome story of Eleanor White, shows glimpses of power in the terrific style. But we make it a law to quote from no composition which verges from the unalterable laws of decorum. This novel seems put forth as a trial, and so viewing it, we recommend the author, if he wishes for future success, to heed the advice of unprejudiced strangers. He intends, it seems, to prelude his next work with a similar introduction to the present; we would earnestly recommend him to let it alone. That introduction is dull and forced, and greatly inferior to the best portions of his story, and why, more—  
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over, should he preface his novel with abuse and depreciation of successful authors. If Bulwer, Marryat, and Lord Normanby's novels have faults, he is not their reviewer, but their rival, and therefore critical notices thus ushered in are odiously out of place. Far better would he have been employed in mending the vital disorders of his own publication. In regard to the more mechanical structure of the work, he branches into too many episodes, and is addicted to digressions, which look by their initials like private anecdotes and scandals; which latter, however intelligible they may prove in Ireland, are perfect enigmas in England. He would do well to abstain wholly from politics; he is too violently prejudiced not to disgust the general reader, who cares little for Irish differences of opinion, and far too honest and candid in admitting wrong where it is undeniably flagrant, to do himself the least good with his own party as a partisan. Politics of the present day are ever a heavy drag on fiction. If our Irishman will heed the advice of those who will be pleased to do justice to his merits when they are cleansed from the offensive and reckless defects that now obscure them, we shall be able to give very different notices upon his forthcoming works.

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*Desultory Thoughts and Reflections.* By  
the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.—  
Longman.

WHENEVER individuals have occupied a prominent place in the public eye, the rules by which it may be supposed they have steered their course naturally become objects of public curiosity. From such causes probably emanated the publication of the maxims of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield; and, *longe intervallo*, of the present little string of aphorisms by Lady Blessington. Some of these latter "sententious brevities" are decidedly not original, being drawn from Rochefoucault and other pithy writers; but a fair portion strikes us as either being so, or at least placed in a new light. Witness the following excellent one, which ought to be acted upon at all literary reunions:—

POLITENESS.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit  
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and talents cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

But, after all, what "new thing" is there under the sun, of thought, or act; and philosophical pandects are amongst the oldest motes that have danced in his beams. Lady Blessington's short sentences, however, are remarkably well put together, and really contain far more matter than "words, words, words."

**PRAISE.**

Praise is the only gift for which people are really grateful.

**GRIEF.**

Grief lengthens our nights, but shortens our days.

**OSTENTATION.**

To appear rich we become poor.

**FEAR.**

He who fears not, is to be feared.

**MALICE.**

Malice is the spur of wit, good nature the bridle.

**ERRORS.**

They who weep over errors, were not formed for crimes.

**RESPECT.**

We are never so jealous of the respect of others, as when we have forfeited our own.

**INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.**

The infirmities of genius are often mistaken for its privileges.

We conclude with her admirable definition of an egotistical bore, only one of a species "whose name is legion:"—

**BORES.**

People who talk of themselves, when you are thinking only of yourself.

*The Miser's Daughter, a Comedy; and Miscellaneous Poems.* By JOHN PURCHAS, a Rugboean. Whittaker.

PERUSAL of this volume will at once excite surprise and grief, surprise at the genius which occasionally gleams in its pages, and grief that a boy of seventeen, certainly possessing uncommon powers, should be restrained by no friendly hand from publishing till those powers were matured and strengthened by manly judgment and experienced propriety.

Publication is peculiarly injurious to the human character in early life: rarely do the minds of boy poets produce fruits meriting the garner which keep. Chatterton's wonderful imitations and Pope's stiff imitative pastorals are the only productions of youths of seventeen which

keep possession of libraries, and both owe their places solely to their powers of imitation. This is unavoidably the case in early life, for the faculties of imitation, which have been so sedulously cultivated during the progress of education, are still too predominant; nor can a composition prove excellent till ripened intellect has gathered those stores of observation on human life and character which are called originality. It is nearly impossible for a very young man to write a good poem, for he must either be imitative to a fatiguing degree, or, like our present author, rush on forbidden ground in search of novelty—bring home crude or disgusting ideas, of which we find an injurious preponderance in his two last poems, entitled "The Dream of Life," and "The Bride of Death." We willingly own that these poems, though rapidly and carelessly written, are occasionally adorned with detached passages of beauty, but we will not quote any thing from any work which in any way sins against propriety in description.

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*Life of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby.* By CAROLINE A. HALSTED.

THE fair authoress of this Memoir of Margaret Beaufort, is one of those worthy labourers in the rich harvest of biographical history to whom our present literature is so much indebted. She has dug deeply, not only into printed history, but into the more valuable mines of original letters and manuscripts, in order to throw light on the character and life of a Princess, to whom pertains the high feminine honour of being the leader of civilization; after the interval of barbarism that intervened in our English domestic history, from the learned and splendid court of Edward III., through the usurpation of Henry IV., to that of Richard III. Dark and dismal was that hideous period of contention, and dim would it have continued if the virtuous mind of a gentle Princess, learned beyond the usual acquirements of her sex, even in these literate days, had not shed its benign light through the stormy period of her son's reign.

To the example of Margaret Beaufort we owe that England has to boast of a Lady Jane Grey, a Margaret Roper, and a Catherine Parr, and many a lady bright

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with mental gifts, who united learning with feminine graces and shone during the next century: for till the viciousness of the reign of Charles II. and the Dutch denseness of a succeeding court or two scorned and derided female education, ignorance and frivolity were *not* considered attractive in women by Englishmen.

The readers of general history now and then acquire a faint idea that to the mother of Henry VII. the learning and civilization of the sixteenth century was somewhat indebted; but it is owing to the accomplished daughter of the late gallant Admiral Halsted that the precious influence of this wise and good woman over a land agonized by internal strife, has been placed before her country in its proper light. Not only is this biography peculiarly illustrative of the worth and value of the female character, but its authoress has cleared up by her research many of the dark spaces that occur in general history, during the maturing of the plots that were to dethrone Richard III. Those who have been perplexed with this period will be exceedingly pleased with the passage (at page 121) which, by means of a scarce document, accounts for the locality of the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet at the time when these proceedings were going on.

There is another circumstance of which, we think, our authoress is probably not aware. Buckingham (to whom she is too favourable) was husband to the sister of Queen Elizabeth Woodville. Certainly, Richard III. had no idea of marrying his niece till after the death of his son. Would he have given that boy, for whose advancement he had sacrificed his very soul, rivals in a family who would have contested the succession in their mother's right? After premising these objections, we willingly avow that no one ought to give Caroline Halsted more praise than ourselves, for the intense research she must have used to obtain the following personal particulars of Margaret after the accession of her son; great, indeed, is the merit of these easily-read and pleasant pages, but those only who are fellow-labourers in the same field can tell how many folios and documents must be consulted and compared, before any information regarding the domestic life of celebrated females in the middle ages can be worked out.

At a very early period after his Henry VII., influenced by this feeling, and tenacious of all power which appeared to emanate from the family of his persecutors, applied to Pope Innocent VIII. to confirm, by an edict, the validity of his alleged title to the empire of Britain, in virtue of his descent from the ancient princes of the land. This being admitted by the See of Rome, and his claims, arising from popular election and right of conquest, recognised by divers acts of Parliament, he caused preparations to be made for crowning the young queen with great pomp in Westminster Abbey towards the close of 1487; his dread of being considered but nominally a king, and of the Lancastrian pretensions appearing secondary to those of York, having decided him in submitting to that sacred form, singly and in his own person, before his marriage with King Edward's heiress could give a colour to his accession being the result of that alliance.

The precarious health of the Queen, and the birth of his infant heir, followed by Simnel's insurrection, had delayed her coronation longer than had been designed by her royal consort, which created some discontent in the public mind; it was therefore preceded and accompanied by marks of popular favour, which contributed to render the ceremony singularly striking and impressive.

On the arrival of their Majesties in the vicinity of the metropolis, King Henry made a public entry into the city, where the pageants prepared on the occasion were of so costly and magnificent a description, that Elizabeth of York, with the Countess of Richmond and other ladies of elevated rank, were privately placed to behold the scene in a house near St. Mary's hospital, Bishopsgate. The following morning the King and Queen attended mass in St. Stephen's chapel, after which, we are informed by Leland, that "her Majesty kept her estate" in the parliament chamber, the Countess of Richmond and Derby sitting on her right hand.

The unanimity and affection which subsisted between the King's mother and his gentle consort, is a very leading feature in the Lady Margaret's career. She supported the young Queen on all public occasions, and appears by the interest she exhibited in matters of importance, to have considered her as a very daughter. During the imposing ceremony of coronation, it is stated that "the Kings grace and my lady his Moderstood on a goodlye stage welllatyzed," erected between the pulpit and the high altar, from whence they viewed the interesting spectacle; and at the banquet which followed in Westminster Hall, the feast being limited to those who formed part of the procession, Henry VII., with his illustrious parent, again viewed the scene

from a window on the left side of the building, out of which was made a stage well latticed and "richly besene with clothes of arras, that they might prively at ther pleasur see that noble feste and service." The faithful friend of the youthful Queen, the noble Earl of Derby, was nominated to a more active part in the ceremonial, being appointed one of the commissioners for the execution of High Steward of England on the day of the coronation, an office he had previously filled on a similar occasion, though with far less display: to the king fornow, "attired in a riche gowne furred with sables, a marvellous riche cheyne of gold many fowldes abowte his neke, he rode before her majestie the Queen, the trapper of his courser being right curiously wrought with the needle." In no portion of her remarkable life, does the Countess of Richmond appear to greater advantage than at this period; the most exalted female in the land, next to the reigning Queen, she yet acted as though she were the most lowly; consulted by her royal son on all matters of real importance, she nevertheless kept herself aloof from all obvious interference, and was so unostentatious in her demeanour, so open and upright in her dealings, that it is difficult to reconcile such extreme humility with the pride of birth in which from infancy she had been nurtured. Under the most severe dispensations of Providence, she had remained calm and unmoved. She never felt herself forsaken while she had religion for her shield and support; but her fortitude in adversity was not greater than her moderation in prosperity; and she so constantly accustomed herself to witness the sufferings of the poor and the afflicted, that gratitude for mercies vouchsafed to herself and the object of her strongest earthly affection, preserved her from ever being unduly elated by the smiles of fortune.

Stowe says, "it would fill a volume to recount her good deeds;" and biographer and confessor narrates such a series of benevolent actions, as fully to sanction the eulogium passed on her by Camden, who states "that the merits of the famous Margaret the Countess of Richmond and Derby, exceeds the highest commendation that can be given. She was indeed a singular instance of genuine goodness and pure devotion, in an age remarkable for blind and superstitious bigotry. Performing daily and with the most ardent zeal, all the religious offices appointed by the church of Rome, practising the severity of its discipline with a rigour that gave even an ascetic cast to her piety, she nevertheless, with that gladsome spirit which seems to have shed such a charm over her domestic life, abandoned not the amusements of the Court, though she scrupulously avoided all participation in its cabals and intrigues.

From the period of her son's marriage, the Countess of Richmond added dignity, by her presence, to his feasts, and gave confidence and support to his meek and retiring consort, at all the pageants which are recorded as having been celebrated during his reign. Thus, it is mentioned that she accompanied her Majesty in state by water from Greenwich, when invited by the Mayor and civic authorities to witness a nautical fete given by them, the Friday previous to her coronation, where, amongst other pageants, "well and curiously devised, to give her highness sport and pleasure, was a barge containing a dragon spouting flames of fire into the Thames." At an entertainment given by the King at Windsor, on St. George's-day, the Lady Margaret and her royal daughter-in-law were present, each being habited in a gown of the order of the Garter. At the Christmas festivities at Shene, in 1489, the Queen was attended by the Countess of Richmond and Derby, and in the November of 1490 the King's Mother was still with her Majesty, continuing her usual attentions preparatory to the birth of her infant daughter, which took place on the 29th of that month.

The little princess was named "Margaret," after her august grandmother, a name destined to be of singular import in the regal annals of this kingdom; as from the Lady Margaret of Lancaster are descended all the kings of England who have wielded the sceptre since the accession of her son Henry VII.; and by the union of this royal infant, her namesake, at the age of fourteen with James IV., King of Scotland, are descended all subsequent monarchs of that realm. This latter became also the ancestress of the first and every succeeding sovereign of Great Britain, when, on the death of her niece Queen Elizabeth, of immortal memory, the two crowns were united in the same personage, and that title adopted by King James I., her grandson. At the christening of the royal infant, which was performed with great ceremony, the Countess of Richmond and Derby stood sponsor, and presented her royal godchild with a chest of silver gilt filled with gold, borne by her maternal brother the Lord Welles.

The biography strengthens in historical interest as it proceeds; the authoress illuminates by her research the dark period of the Perkin insurrections, and the share taken in them by the Stanley family. This portion of the work is excellent: it carefully traces the progress of Henry VII. to visit his mother, after he had put to death her husband's beloved brother, Sir William Stanley; but that strange scene that took place on the



leads of Lathom-house, has escaped her. We mean, where Lord Stanley's fool invited him to revenge his brother, by pushing Henry VII. from the roof, saying, significantly, these three words—

“Tom, remember Will!”

At which Henry VII., conscience stricken, retreated in double-quick time from the leads of the mansion to his mother's presence. Bishop Kennet's historical papers are our warrant for this curious anecdote.

One letter by Margaret Beaufort, we must add to our extracts; its familiar character makes it exceedingly valuable.

“MY LORD CHAMBERLAIN,

“I thank you heartily that ye list so soon remember me with my gloves, the which were right good, save they were too much for my hand. I think the ladies in that parts be great ladies all, and according to their great estate they have great personages. As for news here I am sure ye shall have more surety than I can send you. Blessed be God, the King, the Queen, and all our sweet children be in good health. The Queen hath been a little crased, but now she is well, God be thanked. Her sickness is so good as I would but I trust hastily it shall, with God's grace,\* whom I pray give you good speed in your great matters, and bring you well and soon home.

“Written at Sheen, the 25th day of April,

“M. RYCHEMOND.

“To my Lord the Queen's Chamberlain.”

It is proper to mention, in conclusion, that this Memoir obtained the Gresham prize, and that it is most appropriately illustrated with a well-engraved portrait of Margaret, by Fox, a fac-simile from the celebrated original, at St. John's College, Cambridge. We have always taken great delight in the study of historical phrenology, and we call the attention of those who are likewise interested in that pursuit to notice the benevolence of Margaret Beaufort, as developed in this portrait.

*The Forester : A Tale of 1688.* By MARY LOUISA BOYLE. In 3 vols. Longman and Co.

A CHARMING style in narrative, a thorough knowledge of historical characters, at a

\* The import seems that the Queen had been ill, but the Countess hoped would soon be quite restored.

period intentionally obscured by party-perversity, are the leading excellences of this romance of 1688. We never met with a work whose promise more decidedly indicated future perfection, than the present. The fair author is completely mistress of her own language; her plot is bold and original, and by no means capable of being anticipated by the reader. Her knowledge of history is of no common order; she is among the few who have had patience to search for facts, in refutation of Burnet's slanders on Marie de Modena, the beautiful consort of the exiled James II.; and she has, in consequence, placed the character of that calumniated queen, that model of wifely truth and fidelity, in its true light.

Those who have been misled by the wilful falsehoods of general historians, should see how exactly Mrs. Thomson's historical view of the character of James II.'s calumniated queen agrees with that of the authoress of the present tale. Both works were published simultaneously, and the opinions of each are prompted by the examination of documents, whose still small voices are alone listened to upon such matters in this century, intolerant of aught but fact; or, if it approve fiction, that fiction must at least have a groundwork of truth.

The escape of the queen from Whitehall with the prince, is a scene which presents a fair specimen of the volume:—

At length she heard the sound of oars immediately beneath the window, and steps upon the landing-place of the river. The possible flight of their majesties now struck her, and unable any longer to support the doubt and suspense under which she was suffering, Mary Savile hastily quitted her apartment, and descended the great staircase. No one was there, yet she proceeded eagerly along the principal gallery which led to the royal apartments, and through an entrance she perceived that lights were still burning there, although the hour at which the king and queen usually retired, had long passed. Proceeding through the ante-chamber, where she startled a page, (who, on recognising Mistress Savile, allowed her to pass without interruption,) she perceived that the door of the royal closet was partially open, and pushing it aside, scarcely knowing what she did, Mary entered the apartment.

But the occupants of that room were too much engrossed, too much absorbed to perceive her intrusion, for some moments. Near the window stood a man whom she



had never before seen. He was evidently a foreigner, and though his appearance was far from prepossessing, as far as comeliness of form or feature were concerned, yet his air was polished, and there was something in his deportment which, to a practised eye, would have stamped him a courtier of the school of Louis XIV. He was of low stature, with hair of a reddish hue, forming altogether a strong contrast to a fine looking young man, who stood beside, and occasionally addressed him in a low tone, with some signs of impatience.

But the eyes of Mary Savile did not rest long upon the strangers, for at the farther end of the apartment she beheld a group which quickly rivetted her whole attention.

James II. was there, and his countenance plainly depicted the passing conflict within, while with one arm supporting the queen, he endeavoured to instil into her mind that fortitude and consolation of which the unhappy monarch himself stood so greatly in need. At some little distance Mistress Dudley was engaged in low but earnest conversation with an attendant, who held in her arms the infant Prince of Wales, and behind them was one other woman. There were many witnesses to the parting of the royal pair, but so absorbed were they by the overwhelming influence of their own feelings, that they seemed unconscious of the presence of any one.

The queen, habited in disguise, was clinging fondly to her husband, with her face buried upon his shoulder. They were both silent; but at length Mary of Modena spoke in a faint and broken voice. "Let the prince go," she murmured, "but do not force me from your side,—James—my husband, do not, in pity, claim the fulfilment of my promise."

The king bent tenderly over her, and uttered a few words in a low but apparently impressive tone.

There was another pause, and then she slowly raised her head; and those who loved her, never forgot the look she wore. Mary of Modena wept no longer, and though her cheek was colourless, and her lips compressed, there was an expression of high resolve, of that enduring determination with which the heart of woman frequently invests her timid spirit in the hour of trial and danger. She spoke, too, and her sweet voice was distinctly audible, and as she spoke, those large dark eyes were fixed upon her husband, as if in fearful anticipation of the moment when they would behold him no longer.

"I will, my lord," she said, "I will! There may be danger in tarrying longer; and I have your word—your royal word. Remember, sire, that promise was the price of my consent."

"You need not urge me, Mary," he re-

plied; "when you are gone I shall have no treasure left in England—but see, the Count de Lauzun grows impatient, and Mistress Dudley has long since informed us that the boat awaits you. Farewell, my beloved!" Once more he pressed her fondly to his heart; once more he bade her go in peace, and blessed her in terms that few within that chamber heard unmoved.

"And our child," exclaimed the queen, "will you not bless him also? See, James, he sleeps—while our hearts are well-nigh breaking. Alas! alas! he sleeps at the moment which deprives him of his birth-right and his country, and stamps him an exile and an outcast."

She took the royal child from the arms of the attendant, and placed him within those of his father. The infant woke with a cry of fear, but even in that tender age, nature had taught him to recognise the features of those who loved him well. The cry was hushed in an instant, the little arms stretched forward towards the beings who, bending forward, gazed together upon the unconscious child, while round the small full lips there played a smile, such as angels wear in heaven; the smile that settles upon the features of earliest infancy; the loan of perfect innocence, too soon reclaimed!

The eyes of both parents were fixed upon their mutual treasure, then raising them at the same moment, they met, in one fervent glance of deep affection. The mother's countenance had borrowed an expression of hope from that of her child; and although the smile was far, far different, it was sweet and beautiful, and it cheered the heart of him on whom it was bestowed. The king pressed his lips to the small transparent forehead which was never destined to wear the crown of his forefather's; and who can say but in that very instant, deep and lasting remorse took possession of his mind, who had lost a kingdom for the child he loved?

It was a cold wintry night, in the year's last month, when the queen, with her scanty retinue descended the private stairs of the palace, and paused upon the landing place at the river,—the same spot where she had often stood previous to embarkation in the royal barge, habited, as became her station, with every sign of pomp and splendour, when those who filled the crowded boats with which the Thames was covered had been wont to dispute the honour of a passing smile, when the martial strains of the royal band were only interrupted by the enthusiastic acclamations of the populace: now she stood there at night, in secret and in disguise; her retinue, with one exception, composed of strangers and menials. The only sound that now broke the stillness, was that of the rushing current of raw damp air round every corner of the passages

which led to the river. There stood the Queen of England—that young, beautiful, and delicate being—exposed to the midnight air of a northern December, with the sleet driving heavily upon her form, trembling from cold, terror, and excitement. The boat was at length hailed, they entered, and the splash of the oars falling back into the water seemed to the ear of the royal fugitive like the farewell which was too deep within her heart to reach her lips. Graciously acknowledging the tender care which the young Frenchman bestowed upon his infant charge as it lay nestled in warmth and security beneath the folds of his ample cloak, the queen relapsed into a profound silence, and her companions, both from respect and caution, followed her example.

Mary of Modena looked upon the city she had left with mingled feelings of regret. For some time, at least, she had been happy there; it was the home of her husband, the country of her king, the birth-place of her child—and now she was quitting it probably for ever!—and the being she loved best was still there, still exposed to danger and indignity, which she was not allowed to share. How fervent were the prayers that rose to heaven in that moment of sorrow and uncertainty.

It could be scarcely said that Mary of Modena wept, for the tear was long in gathering, and it stood ere it overflowed the eye, and trickled slowly down the pallid cheek, causing the distant lights of the city to dance before her sight. Looking long and wistfully towards London, the queen gazed with double interest on that wing of the palace where the king's apartments lay. A solitary lamp was there, and while yet burning, it showed like a beacon; but when the boat had gained the opposite shore, and Mary of Modena stood within the precincts of Lambeth, she turned once more to look in the same direction, all was dark—dark as the fortunes of the unhappy monarch! Leaning on the arm of the Count, and entreating St. Victoire to walk by her side, the queen hurried forward towards the spot where a hired coach had been appointed to meet them. But when they arrived at the place that had been named, no vehicle was there. Fortunately, very few of the inhabitants had so far braved the inclemency of the weather as to be abroad at that late hour; otherwise the appearance of so many persons assembled together, might have created suspicion. They took shelter beneath the walls of the church, and, by forming a circle round the queen, endeavoured to guard her as much as possible from the increasing fury of the wind; while every casual sound that struck her ear, seemed to Mary of Modena like the bay of the approaching blood-hounds.

De Lauzun was at length unable to con-

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ceal his uneasiness,—for he could not hide from himself or others, that their situation was one of peculiar difficulty and danger. The queen would not hear of her protector quitting her side for an instant; and indeed his imperfect knowledge of the English language, by exciting remark, might entail suspicion. St. Victoire was still less conversant with it than himself, and the two women, who stood trembling at their own shadows, were not to be trusted in a case which required the utmost presence of mind. Jane Dudley stepped boldly forward, and volunteered to seek a carriage to convey the fugitives to the spot where the relay had been appointed. The queen hesitated at the idea of the danger she might incur, but De Lauzun accepted the proposal with pleasure and surprise, and the lady, drawing her hooded mantle more closely round her, walked deliberately forward to prosecute her search.

Mary of Modena watched her turning the corner of the street, with no calm feelings. It seemed to the unfortunate queen as if every thing connected with her became a mark for misfortune, and following Jane Dudley in idea through the dark streets of an unfrequented suburb, she shuddered to think of what might befall her. But her own absorbing griefs were indeed sufficient to occupy her mind at that moment, and as weary in frame as in spirit, Mary of Modena leaned against the wall; she was only roused from the indulgence of profound reflection, by the howling of the wind or the increasing rain; which, in spite of the thick dress she wore, and the solicitude of her companions, penetrated her garments, and chilled the blood in her veins.

Why was it that in that moment of gloom and desolation, the home of her earliest years suddenly started up, in vivid beauty before the eye of remembrance? There it stood, beneath its own azure canopy, bathed in glorious sunshine, and rich in all the warm and glowing colours, which nature, with the partiality of the fond parent and patriarch of old, has bestowed on her favourite Italy! She beheld it all—she could distinguish the proud chain of mountains which form a fit boundary for such a picture; she could watch the lilac hue of evening stealing over the landscape, with its promise of a goodly morrow; she could see the moon climbing the heights of that boundless sky, which seems indeed a true emblem of the heaven, by whose name we fondly call the airy space! She could even hear the music of her native tongue in accents worthy of the scene which her imagination had raised—for they seemed like those of her mother's voice, calling on her by such fond and endearing epithets as are all unknown in the language she had since acquired, and the Italian's heart yearned

towards her own distant land—that country whose aspect is beauty, whose language is melody, and whose breath is perfume!

But leaving the queen and her protector to deliberate on the best and safest measures to be taken, we will follow the steps of Jane Dudley. That lady was endowed with an intrepid spirit, but it must be confessed that she was not entirely devoid of fear, as she traversed the dark streets of a suburb, with the intricacies of which she was wholly unacquainted. Neither did she know how or where to find the conveyance required; but trusting to her own skill and energy, Jane hurried forward, and found herself, by degrees, in a more frequented part of Lambeth. Now, startled by the sound of loud and angry voices, she paused, and, with a beating heart, concealed herself under the shadow of some jutting wall, until the disputants had passed—now, hastily turning the corner of a street, she found herself assailed by a reveller, staggering from the scene of dissipation to the home he could scarcely find; pushing him aside with all the strength she could command, Jane Dudley shuddered as she heard the man fall heavily on the pavement, crying out loudly that he was murdered! Dreading lest that cry should attract others to the spot, she hurried on, and after experiencing no slight degree of terror and anxiety, perceived a common hackney coach at the end of a small alley. Collecting all her energy, she ran forward, and addressing the driver, who was occupied in abusing a man sufficiently sober to try and beat him down in the price of his fare.

"I will give you that, and more," cried Jane earnestly, more earnestly than she had intended, "if you will take me where I wish!"—and with an imprudence that was unworthy of her, she held out some money to the man.

He eyed her with some curiosity. "You seem in a vast hurry, my mistress," he said; "but I'll not quarrel with you for that, for my horses will go as fast as any other pair in Lambeth, or London either. Let them hear but the crack of my whip, and they'll be off as quick as old James there before the Dutchman. But where are we to go, my pretty mistress?" he inquired, assisting her at the same time into the coach. She did not know how to answer. "Draw up, she said, hesitatingly, "under the wall opposite the church."

"Under all the church walls in Lambeth?" asked the man, with a grin of satisfaction at his own wit.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you the name of the church, for I am a stranger here," she said, "but I will call to you, when we come near."

"And suppose we never do get near your church, mistress," said the man, whose

temper apparently had been ruffled by his recent altercation. "Why the old fellow there, for all he did not know where he was, could tell me where he wished to be: if you can give no better directions, you had better just step out again, and I'll try and find somebody that knows where they are going."

"Pray do not say so," exclaimed Jane Dudley, in a tone of entreaty;—"I think I can describe the church now: it is not far from the river, nearly opposite—I mean, there is a wall runs round it, and streets both ways."

"That would do for fifty of them, if there are so many. So, mistress, you had better find some one else, who may know more about churches than I do."

Jane Dudley was perplexed: she did not dare offer him more money, and believed her only resource was in supplication. "Pray, pray, do not refuse me!" she said, "my family are waiting for me there—we are leaving our home by night, because we are hardly pressed—for rent, and if they stay till morning, we shall perhaps be seized upon, with all that we possess: they are waiting for me now, and I have walked alone, and am wearied and alarmed."

Her words perhaps recalled some similar incident in his own life, for they produced the desired effect. The man made no further demur, but drove off at a fierce rate, and without much difficulty found the spot in question. When he perceived the party, he appeared somewhat dismayed at the number he was expected to carry, but De Lauzun without hesitation promised him a sum of money that silenced all his scruples in an instant. The queen directed her companions to enter the coach, while she lingered a moment to express her thanks, and bid Mistress Dudley farewell.

The two heroines of the romance are named in this scene. Jane Dudley is a very evil disposed person, whose steps, we are sorry to say, we follow with more interest than the perfections of Mary Savile, the latter being (a defect common to all attempts at portraying human perfection) exceedingly inane and wearisome, a remark which brings us to the principal failing of the tale: too large a part of it is cast in dialogue, where the author possesses limited colloquial powers, or, what is more probable, has never bestowed a thought on the unalterable laws which imperatively govern dialogue, when adopted in fiction. Let us look into life, and remember that if our friends and families were to indulge in long speeches, which, if printed, would occupy a page or two, or more, who could listen to them

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long enough to make reply? The laws of life and ordinary society must govern romance, or it will not afford pleasure. If conversation be not lively and rapid, it should never occur in the pages of fiction, but the information it is intended to convey should be given in narrative. We would recommend to our fair authoress, for the future, earnestly to study dramatic composition before she adopts the use of it in so large a portion of a tale. There is, however, so much intrinsic worth in this work, so much that commands the admiration and respect of the reader, that notwithstanding a single defect, arising from inexperience in authorship, a doubt cannot exist of the Forester proving a favourite in the approaching season of retirement at country seats and bathing places, when three elegantly written volumes will be found a pleasant resource to those lately engaged in the whirl of fashion; and to their attention we now commend it.

*The Tragedy of Count Alarcos.* By the Author of "Vivian Grey." Colburn.

OUR anticipations are seldom vivid when taking in hand a drama merely destined for the reading table. So often have we been disappointed by the abortive attempts of authors—known and unknown—to write tragedy, that we did not expect what we found in the perusal of *Count Alarcos*.

Our horticulturists declare that a small wood strawberry contains as much flavour as they diffuse over the pulpy substance of one of the new sorts of growth, whose monstrous size is considered so mighty an achievement by modern art. Whether this be true in the vegetable world we will not decide, but an analogy will hold good in poetry; for the literary production of closely concentrated thought and earnest study, though small in size, is far more racy and valuable than many volumes, written as carelessly and rapidly as loquacious persons speak; in truth, the reason that a good tragedy is so rare in the present day, is the tame verbosity of modern pens. Language has, in the nineteenth century, been cultivated by rules and exercises, which makes fluency in verse and prose a mere mechanical operation; but a large portion of such compositions (like the flavour-matter of

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the strawberry) contains a very small matter of genius wherewith to inspire a huge mass of printed words.

Three centuries ago the very intensity of study requisite to find a sufficient number of expressive English words, wherewith to embody the vivid ideality of the dramatic poets who adorned that era of our literature, was favourable to the concentration of their genius into the brief compass of plays, small indeed in bulk, but glowing with immortal vitality.

There is no occasion here to diverge from the direct purpose of the author, and examine this composition as a poem or as a story, or any thing but what it is—a colloquial drama.

The plot, taken from an old Spanish ballad, is, that Count Alarcos, a near relative to the King of Castille, married a lady whom he loves, and who is the mother of his three children. The Princess Solisa, heiress to the throne, falls in love with him, and the King offers him her hand and the kingdom, if he can claim them as a disengaged man. The Count goes to a castle in a distant province, and informs his innocent wife that she must die. The Countess begs leave that she may nourish her infant son once more before she is killed, and then submits heroically to her assassination. The ruggedness of this outline is, in the original, adorned with a thousand *native* beauties of the olden time, and is full of curious traits pertaining to the middle ages. Mr. D'Israeli has shown great judgment in what he has selected and what he has retained of this ballad, as in the intermediate matter he has added to the original plot.

He has made the Count and Solisa precontracted, but parted by the machinations of the queen-mother; he has made the Count's love for the princess to revive with great force after his return with his wife to Burgos, while the incentive to murder in the less excusable motive in the old ballad is unmixed ambition. The Princess, though a demon when her passion for her former betrothed is ruling her, is feminine and attractive when not thus agitated. The part of the Moor, Oran, would be, we think, more effective in the scenic action than during perusal, for the critic discovers too many violent transitions of accident in the adventure of this person, more

than could have occurred in the time to which the tragedy is properly limited. If acted, this play would need alteration in the earlier scenes, wherein Oran first appears; if nature is consulted, he should have previously been domesticated with Count Alarcos, for his introduction to him is rather a weak part of the play; but at the conclusion Oran is a very grand tragic agent. The Count's disposition is developed with great spirit in the following passage :—

*Alar.* My Florimonde,  
I took thee from a fair and pleasant home  
In a soft land, where, like the air they live in,  
Men's hearts are mild. This proud and  
fierce Castille

Resembles not thy gentle Aquitaine,  
More than the eagle may a dove, and yet  
It is my country. Danger in its bounds  
Weighs more than foreign safety. But  
why speak  
Of what exists not?

*Coun.* And I hope may never!

*Alar.* And if it come, what then? This  
chance shall find me

Not unprepared.

*Coun.* But why should there be danger?  
And why should'st thou, the foremost prince  
of Spain,

Fear or make foes? Thou standest in no  
light

Would fall on other shoulders; thou hast  
no height

To climb, and nought to gain. Thou art  
complete;

The King alone above thee, and thy friend?

*Alar.* So I would deem. I did not speak  
of fear.

*Coun.* Of danger?

*Alar.* That's delight, when it may lead  
To mighty ends. Ah, Florimonde! thou  
art too pure;

Unsoiled in the rough and miry paths  
Of this same trampling world; unskilled  
in heats

Of fierce and emulous spirits. There's a  
rapture

In the strife of factions, that a woman's soul  
Can never reach. Men smiled on me to-day  
Would gladly dig my grave; and yet I  
smiled,

And gave them coin as ready as their own,  
And not less base.

*Coun.* And can there be such men,  
And can'st thou live with them!

*Alar.* Ay! and they saw  
Me ride this morning in my state again;  
The people cried "Alarcos and Castille!"  
The shout will dull their feasts.

*Coun.* There was a time  
Thou didst look back, as on a turbulent  
dream

On this same life.

*Alar.* I was an exile then.

This stirring Burgos has revived my vein.  
Yea, as I glanced from off the Citadel  
This very morn, and at my feet outspread  
Its amphitheatre of solemn towers  
And groves of golden pinnacles, and marked  
Turrets of friends and foes; or traced the  
range,

Spread since my exile, of our city's walls  
Washed by the swift Arlanzon: all around  
The flash of lances, blaze of banners, rush  
Of hurrying horsemen, and the haughty  
blast

Of the soul-stirring trumpet,—I renounced  
My old philosophy, and gazed as gazes  
The falcon on his quarry!

*Coun.* Jesu grant  
The lure will bear no harm!

The merit of this drama, as we said,  
lies rather in the colloquial spirit of the  
lighter scenes, than in the headlong  
rush of tragic passion. We instance the  
scene between Solisa and her page,  
where the devoted feelings of the  
Princess to her lover are blended with the  
childish troubles of her messenger.

It appears to us that the object of the  
acknowledgment in the confessional,  
by Count Alarcos, of his wife's murder  
before he has committed it, is an experi-  
ment to try whether the church will grant  
him absolution after the deed is done;  
this is an action so completely in the  
spirit of the middle ages, and effective on  
the stage, that the conception deserves  
great praise; but we think the Count's  
motive is not brought out sufficiently.

The way to the catastrophe is ably pre-  
pared by the following lines; they deserve  
the admiration which will be given for  
their abstract merit, as well as for  
the tragic use to which they are applied;  
and it is one of the grand secrets of  
tragic composition to seize some magni-  
ficent natural occurrence, and apply it  
briefly and boldly to heighten the effect  
of the scene; both dramatic and poetic  
beauty is heightened by such incident;  
without it the conclusion would have been  
violent and forced, with it the drama  
ends without violating possibility of cir-  
cumstance.

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*The Life Book of a Labourer.* By a  
WOKKING CLERGYMAN.

WE find a pleasant union of lively essay  
and imaginative writing in our clerical  
labourer, which makes him a very agree-  
able companion, if we happen to find his

book on a boudoir table in an idle summer afternoon, when waiting for a ride or for the return of a friend. Those who love that species of light reading, which is at the same time sensible and instructive, and yet demur at purchasing novels, will find this volume a good addition to the shelves of a morning room. Our Clergyman is a high conservative, an old fashioned admirer of good old times, exceedingly enthusiastic regarding the domestic virtues of the grand-father-court, and casting an affectionate eye still further backward to the cavalier times, "when loyalty no harm was." How can a clerical antiquary do otherwise? Well, we like to see consistency, and an *esprit du corps* in every profession as well as our author, so we will begin our specimens from the clerical part of the work.

Yes; the rector was right. In union of sentiment and identity of object, lies the strength of every profession, whether civil or military.

Those who take any interest in observing the tactics of the anti-church party, or in watching the progress of the current of calumny, will not fail to remark how invariably the assailants of the church have selected as the objects of their bitterest hostility the character and functions of the bishops.

To a thoughtful mind this points a very weighty moral. *In the humiliation of her bishops is involved the degradation of the church.*

The bishops represent the clergy in the Upper House. Under the most favourable auspices the church is but imperfectly represented in the legislature. In fact, in the Lower House, with the exception of the six members for the Universities, the church has no direct representation at all. The presence therefore of the prelates in the House of Lords, is the only check which the church possesses against the avowal of opinions and the progress of measures fatal to her existence. Her enemies are aware of this. They would therefore willingly "relieve the bishops of their parliamentary duties." In other words, they would gladly expel the bishops from the Upper House, and thus leave the church at the mercy of the democratic spirit which runs riot in the Lower. This effected, no small progress would have been made towards realising their long fondly cherished project—that of detaching the church from the guardianship and protection of the state—in other words, of dissolving the union between them.

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Let an anecdote point a moral.

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He still lives—governing with unflinching firmness, a most important diocese, and raised to the bench in the first instance by the force of talent—of whom, when presiding over a see of large extent but limited value, the following trait is recorded. Among his brothers the bishop had one to whom he was deeply and peculiarly attached. This gentleman was on the point of marriage: and the chancellorship of the diocese—then held by a very aged and infirm individual—was hourly expected to fall within his lordship's disposal, to be conferred, as was supposed, upon his brother. Rumour at least was rife through the little cathedral city to that effect: and as the rumour was never contradicted, it obtained very general credence. Just about this period, when "every body felt perfectly certain" that the succession to the chancellorship by the bishop's brother, was a settled matter," the diocesan sought an interview with the father of the lady.

"I have felt it my duty to call on you," said the prelate, "to disabuse your mind of any impression which the current rumour may have left upon it—namely, that I destine the chancellorship for my brother. You have probably been told that such is my intention?"

"I have, my lord," said the lady's father, "heard a statement to that effect more than once: and knowing your lordship's attachment to your brother, I did conceive such an event to be by no means improbable."

"It has possibly had some influence in inducing you to consent to your daughter's marriage, and more particularly in permitting it to take place immediately?"

"I cannot deny, my lord, imitating your lordship's candour—that that statement has had some weight with me. Every prudent father in my circumstances is bound to take into anxious consideration whatever may promote or disturb an affectionate child's happiness."

"True: and the presumption that such would be your sentiments has prompted this interview. Now listen to me. The dignity in question may never be at my disposal. But if it is, my brother will not have it. His welfare is very dear to me: and you will believe me, when I say that it is from no want of affection towards him that I come to this conclusion. A more conscientious clergyman, a more active parish priest, and a more amiable man cannot readily be found. But for that post I require an individual of great experience—conversant with business—versed in ecclesiastical law—of considerable force of intellect, and firmness of character. My regard for my brother's interests fades before my anxiety for the welfare of the diocese. I repeat it therefore—and it is right, sir,

that *you* especially should know it from my own lips—that chancellor of this diocese; by my appointment, my brother *never* will be.”

What an awful instance of “*Nepotism*” was here!

A somewhat similar fact, more generally known, beautifully illustrates the character of the late munificent Bishop Barrington.

“James”—said the Bishop, after he had been much amused by one of the lively sallies of a youthful relative, for his lordship, one of the most devoted, was also one of the most cheerful of Christians—“that repartee would have told well in Westminster Hall. There, a readiness at reply is invaluable. Your future prospects, I believe, are connected with the bar?”

“No, my lord, with the church.”

“The church! Indeed! Is that your own choice?”

“Why, no, my lord”—and the young man’s gaiety seemed to leave him—“I cannot say that it is. In truth—in fact—that is, I do not conceive that I am altogether the *material* out of which a staid parish priest can be formed. But I defer to the better judgment of my family.”

“They have their reasons?”

“Strong reasons, my lord;” said the young man with deepening gravity.

“What are they?”

“The certainty of my belonging to an honourable profession and the probability of my having in it a competent provision.”

“Provision! where—how—from what source?”

“I have the honour to be closely connected with your lordship; and with your extensive patronage, and the friendly interest with which you have ever regarded me, my family do not believe you will allow me to starve upon the pittance of a mere curacy.”

“True: there is something in that,” said the prelate, musingly, “I had not considered that point; but others have, it appears, and perhaps prudently. James,” said he, again addressing his young companion; “what grade of living is expected from me?”

“Why, my lord, as your relative and godson, I could hardly imagine you would offer me a benefice under five hundred per annum.”

“Would that content you?”

“Amplly, my lord.”

“Name the matter to me again this day week.”

The subject was not forgotten. The Bishop himself resumed it on the day appointed, with the remark—“I have acted upon our conversation in the best manner I was able. God forbid that the fact of my being a bishop should directly or indirectly

cause any man to enter the church save from heartfelt and spiritual convictions! Here is a deed which secures to you for life out of my *private and hereditary property*, an income of five hundred per annum. But, mark the condition, *that at no future period*, neither during your life, nor after my decease,—*you take upon yourself HOLY OATHS*. Do you understand me?”

“I do, my lord, and thankfully and joyfully accept the condition.”

How very like “*Nepotism*” is all this?

Another charge brought against the bishops is their wealth.

Those who make this a matter of reproach are bound to consider—first, the prodigal munificence with which the few affluently endowed prelates strain the means at their disposal for the public good—and next the infinitely greater benefit accruing to the public from the allotment of masses of property to men whose education, pursuits, and office dispose them to benevolence, rather than to others.

In the debate in the House of Lords, on the spoliation of the see of Durham, the assertion was made and confirmed by every speaker who rose on either side the House, that the late Bishop Barrington had given away to objects of benevolence, no less a sum than *two hundred thousand pounds*: and that his successor, Bishop Van Mildert, in noble imitation of such an example, had applied between six and seven thousand per annum of the revenues of the see to the same objects. Now let us suppose that those revenues had been swept away during the reign of the Eighth Harry—and had gone to gorge the Russells, or any other parasites of the monarch’s court. Is any one weak enough to imagine that the people of Durham could, during the last half-century, have derived three hundred thousand pounds from them, as they have done, either for the purposes of religious instruction, public benevolence, or individual charity. The sum of three hundred thousand pounds is named because it is established by evidence that the bishops of the diocese have, within fifty years, freely given that amount. But (as was well remarked by one speaker,) the benefit of these gifts is increased, perhaps multiplied two or three fold to the public, by the influence of their example. Men like doctors Barrington and Van Mildert are blessings to their neighbourhood, not merely as benefactors but as models of benevolence. A million, instead of three hundred thousand pounds, would scarcely cover the benefit which the people of Durham have derived from the rich endowments and *still richer hearts* of their bishops during the last half century. Now—to repeat the question—had that endowment passed to the house of



Woburn, would the people of Durham have derived the same advantage from him, either in direct or in imitative benefactions?

Let the Duke of Bedford's splendid augmentation of ten or twenty pounds a-year to the vicarage of Brent Tor, let his liberality to other livings, of which he is impropiator, answer the question, and determine the amount of benefit.

Our clergyman possesses no little dry humour, of which the capital sketches of the Rough Clergyman, and the Fastidious Parish, are good instances. The papers which approximate nearer to romance, are of a lower character. The Alchemist Clergyman, though interesting, does not assimilate with the times in which it is cast by at least a hundred years.

We greatly prefer the sketches from professional life we find in this volume to any other. The Deserted Prophetess is a valuable paper; it displays a truth which is seldom indeed defined; it conveys a strong lesson to those who fancy scriptural knowledge and christian conduct are indivisible. We extract a part of it relative to the poor-laws, because it gives a just tribute to one of our senate, whose firmness and benevolence pleaded the cause of those who could not speak for themselves, and if not successful in repealing laws peculiarly liable to abuse awoke a strong counteracting principle throughout the land, calculated to heal many wounds inflicted by cruel experimentalists in legislation.

The close of Mr. Walter's life must be hallowed by the blessings of his country, for millions think of him as the author of this book expresses himself:—

The line of argument adopted by the humane Mr. Walter, in his place in the House, during the debates on the poor-law, it has been the fashion to decry. To the truth of many of his statements touching the starving nature of the diet, I rejoice at being able to bear my feeble testimony. Nor will I shrink from animadverting on the flippancy and arrogance with which the Assistant Commissioners treated many a parochial clergyman who ventured to entertain a doubt as to the beneficial working of the measure. *Their intention was obvious enough!* But what real good can ever result from degrading the parochial clergy in the eyes of the parishioners—lowering their influence—and crippling their exertions! Harsh as the enactment is, it is now the law of the land; and as such must be obeyed. But the exertions

to expose its injustice and mitigate its rigour, made by Mr. Walter when member for Berkshire, reflect on him lasting honour. They were in admirable keeping with his benevolent disposition: to which those who live in his neighbourhood are no strangers. The meed of praise which his contemporaries refused him, their successors will unhesitatingly accord: and a *HIGHER TRIBUNAL* confirm.

Another feature in this little work which we view with approval, is the spirit which leads the author to collect tracts, and analyse the labours of Christian benefactors of the human race of a different creed from his own. His visit to the birth-place of Robert Hall is of this nature. And more especially do we admire his essay on the illustrious Selina Lady Huntingdon; he gives an eloquent tribute to a virtuous sufferer, the descendant of that great lady, which we will not withhold before we bid him farewell.

But at all events there is one of his house who recalls both in feature, form, and character her distinguished ancestress. To an authentic and very agreeable portrait extant of the celebrated Countess when in the bloom of youth, the present LADY FLORA HASTINGS bears a marked resemblance. The finely developed brow—the calm yet *courageous* eye—the thin lip and expression of firm resolve about the mouth may be clearly traced both in the portrait and in the living resemblance. Is their not also some further similitude? Fixedness of principle and decision of character—promptness in adopting a certain line of conduct and unalterable resolution in abiding by it—a noble and stern defiance of calumny—a *high and sustaining sense of self-respect*—these we gather from countless paragraphs in Lady Huntingdon's private letters to have been very prominent features in her character; and have not all these been evinced by her intrepid descendant, who has recently attracted so much of the admiration and sympathy of the British nation?

May a higher and a holier resemblance yet await her!

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*The Life of the Duke of Wellington.*  
*compiled from his Grace's Despatches.*  
By GEORGE SOANE. Churton.

NEITHER the favour nor the popularity of the great Duke seems to decline with his countrymen, as the stream of time flows on, if we may judge by their eagerness to obtain memorials of his actions. The work in hand is the third or fourth Life of Wellington published during the present season. It is comprised in little



portable volumes, compiled by a professional author from the Duke's own dispatches; the intermediate parts being filled up with links from Napier, and the dispatches of the French generals. The lives, or rather campaigns of Wellington, written by his fellow-soldiers, must be considered more as evidence of various witnesses than memoirs or lives of the hero, and will, one day, form materials for a true historical biography; but we deprecate the term "Life" as applied to any of them.

Mr. George Soane has performed his difficult task, as far as we can judge from the first volume, with considerable skill. As in all the other lives, for some strange reason, the adventures of the Duke in India are by far the most entertaining: we do not know any of Wellington's battles wherein his soldierlike character, appears more brilliantly than in a forgotten conflict on Hindostanee ground, called the battle of Argaum; and could the great soldier be questioned, he would probably say that the following exploit was among his dearest recollections:—

The enemy's line extended above five miles, their infantry and guns being in their left of their centre, with a body of cavalry on their flank. On their right was Scindiah's army, consisting of one very heavy body of horse, and beyond that again was a mass of Pindarries and other light troops. In their rear was the village of Argaum, and in their front a plain, which was broken and intersected by many water-courses.

About half a mile from the enemy's centre stood Sersooly, in front of which it was intended to form the line of the Anglo-Indian army. For this purpose the right column of infantry, composed of the general's own division, marched upon that village, but before the leading platoon could wheel and take ground to the right, the enemy opened all their guns upon it, and two battalions of Sepoys, with the infantry picquets, broke, and sought shelter behind the houses. Fortunately the general was near the spot, under a tree, giving orders to the brigadiers. He immediately stepped out in front, hoping by his presence to restore their confidence; but finding this example ineffectual, he mounted his horse, and instead of upbraiding them for their cowardice, rallied them under cover of the village, and leading them round the other side of it, formed them on the very spot he originally intended them to occupy. The remainder of the column followed, and prolonged the line to the right.

This was a masterpiece of generalship, and evinced a profound knowledge of human nature, which could only have existed in the mind of genius. It was attended, too, with this advantage: the enemy continued to direct their guns for some time on the spot where they first saw the column, so that the general had time to take up his position, and he formed the army in two lines, the infantry being in the first, supported on the rear of the right by his own cavalry, and on the left by the Mogul and Mysore horse. During these movements two strong batteries had been planted on either side of the village, when, all being completed, the infantry marched forward in the greatest order, with their guns placed in the intervals. From these a rapid fire was kept up till the advancing line came within musket shot of the enemy; the former then charged, and, after a short and ineffectual resistance, drove their antagonists from the field. The only part that fairly stood their ground was a body of about one thousand men, called the Pharsee Risaulah, or Persian battalion, who, throwing aside their matchlocks, advanced, like the Highlanders of hold, with sword and buckler, and flung themselves with fury on the 74th and 78th regiments. The musket and the bayonet prevailed, and this gallant body was almost entirely destroyed.

There is more of personal biography belonging to the present work than to any of its competitors that we have examined; here is a sketch of Wellington, as a youthful member of the Irish Parliament, which will be interesting to the present generation. It is likewise curious to observe that France trained her future conqueror in one of her military schools.

Arthur Wellesley, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, on the 1st of May 1769. At an early age he was sent to Eton, from which, at the close of the American war, he was transferred to the military school at Angiers, then under the superintendence of the celebrated Pignerol. How he passed his time here is not known, except as it may be inferred from results. Fond as the French are, in general, of memoir-writing, not one of his school-fellows has given us a single anecdote of their illustrious companion, and yet it seems scarcely possible that such a mind could have passed through the routine of a school without evincing some tokens of that superiority which was afterwards to surprise all Europe.

However this may be, we find him an ensign in the March of 1787; a lieutenant in the December of the same year; and in the June 1791, a captain in the 18th regiment of Light Dragoons. But even at this early period his attention seems to have been

turned to politics; for, in the previous year, he was returned to the Irish Parliament for Trim, in the county of Meath, a borough under the patronage of his brother, the Earl of Mornington. He is described by a contemporary, then much distinguished at the bar, as being ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his own age and station. His address, says the same unfavourable observer, was unpolished; he occasionally spoke in Parliament, but not successfully, and never on important subjects, evincing no promise of that ability to which he afterwards attained. This may be so, yet on such occasions it is always much safer to doubt the discrimination of the judge, than to believe that the early efforts of genius not only failed to give any token of future excellence, but even fell below the common standard.

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*History of British Birds.* By W. YARRELL, F.L.S., &c. Van Voorst.

THE thirteenth number of Mr. Yarrell's valuable *British Birds* leads the links of the feathered chain of creation from the Starling through the Chough and Raven, to the Hooded Crow. The dissection of the organ of voice in these loquacious creatures, and the illustrating wood-cuts, will afford important information to the scientific student. The embellishments are, as usual, first-rate; these, the Raven, the Chough, and the Carrion Crow, are instances of the exact resemblance of the cuts to their original.

Our review of the *History of British Reptiles* is delayed for the present, the second number not yet having come to hand; and we are unwilling to give a dislocated account of a publication, which evidently deserves the minutest consideration.

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*A Popular Treatise on the Stomach.* By Dr. S. PERRINGTON, M. D. P. With Wood Engravings.

IN a literary point of view this little pamphlet has claims to notice, being written in a style so lively and perspicuous, that no one can help reading it through when once they have taken it in hand.

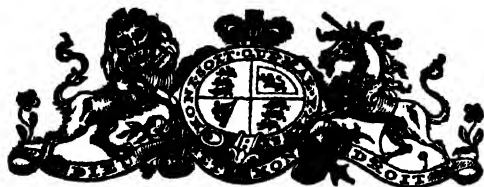
It contains some highly pertinent observations on the important subject of digestion. The following remarks on the fashionable remedies of alkalis appear to us too valuable to be withheld, at a season when effervescing draughts are more than usual enticing, and people swallow vast quantities without knowing they lead to diabetes and other dreadful complaints:—

But the intelligent reader will see at a glance, that such a practice is both unscientific and mischievous. For, in the first place, the *gastric juice itself is acid*; and by perpetually giving alkali, it must of course be neutralised and rendered inert. In the next place, alkalis are very irritating to the stomach when given in excess. Whoever recollects the effect of the alkali in soap, when accidentally applied to the eyes, or the rough excoriated hands of washerwomen, will be easily convinced of this fact. And lastly, alkalis impoverish the blood, cause emaciation, and lead to very distressing maladies.

A substitute for these dangerous drugs Dr. Perrington seems to have endeavoured to effect by working out the suggestions of Dr. Holland.

These observations contain much truth, and the comments on the use of calomel are undeniable. In conclusion, Dr. Perrington says—

I must add one apology for myself. I feel that, as a member of the medical profession, I am liable to some obloquy for keeping secret the mode of preparing a medicine, whose use I affirm to be so widely beneficial. I think, however, that if I merely replied, that I choose to exercise my right to the sole enjoyment of my own industry, in spite of any conventional custom whatever, that all well-judging persons will consider me amply justified. But I have another reason. The manufacture of the *Tonic Aperient* requires so much chemical and pharmaceutical skill and delicacy of manipulation, that if it were prepared by ordinary chemists, it must of necessity either be exceedingly *bad*, or exorbitantly *dear*. But prepared as it is in large quantities, under my own daily superintendence, it is offered to the public at an extremely moderate price, and of quality that cannot be cavilled at.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

**June 28.**—The Queen granted audiences to the Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne, and afterwards received visits from the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester.

**29.**—Her Majesty honoured the Italian Opera with her presence. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

**Sunday, 30.**—Her Majesty and her august mother, H. R. H. the Queen-Dowager, and H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. M. Grenville, from St. Mark, chap. ix. and part of the 5th verse. The lessons were read by the Rev. Mr. Dakins, the prayers by the Rev. Dr. Vivian, and the communion service was read by the Rev. Dr. Vivian and the Rev. Mr. Dakins. H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princess Augusta, and Mary of Cambridge, visited the Queen. The Royal Duchess and the Princess also visited H. R. R. the Duchess of Kent.

**July 1.**—After granting audiences to Viscount Melbourne and Lord Holland, the Queen rode out on horseback, and in the evening dined with H. M. the Queen-Dowager, at Marlborough House. The Princess Leiningen accompanied the Queen. The party at Marlborough House to meet Her Majesty consisted of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, their Serene Highnesses the Princesses of Hohenlohe and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Earl Howe, Earl and Countess Denbigh, Viscount and Viscountess Barrington, the Hon. Miss Hope Johnstone, the Hon. Miss Boyle, the Hon. Mr. Ashley, the Hon. Captain Curzon, and the Rev. J. Ryle Wood. H. M. the Queen-Dowager had afterwards an evening party; the company consisted principally of the ladies and gentlemen of the household of their Majesties and of the Royal Family.

**2.**—Viscount Melbourne had audience with Her Majesty. The Queen rode out on horseback, and in the evening honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

**3.**—After granting audience to Viscount Melbourne, Her Majesty rode out on horseback, and in the evening had a dinner party.

**4.**—After granting audience to Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill, the Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace.

**5.**—Visc. Melbourne had audience of the Queen.

**6.**—Her Majesty granted audience to Viscount Melbourne, and afterwards received a visit from H. M. the Queen-Dowager attended by the Dowager Lady of Bedingfield.

**Sunday, 7.**—H. M. the Queen-Dowager attended divine service in the morning, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Duchess and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and the Princess Hohenlohe, visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park.

**8.**—The Queen granted audience to the Duke of Argyll and Viscount Melbourne.

**9.**—Viscount Melbourne had audience of her Majesty.

**10.**—Her Majesty granted audience to Viscount Melbourne, and in the afternoon took an airing in an open carriage and four.

**11.**—The Queen held a Court in the afternoon, at the New Palace.

A deputation of Peers, in court dress, arrived at two o'clock from the House of Lords. Their lordships were ushered into the presence of the Queen, in the throne-room. Her Majesty received the address on the throne.

The deputation advanced to the foot of the throne, when the Lord Chancellor read the address from the House of Lords. Her Majesty returned a most gracious answer, and the deputation retired.

Her Majesty gave audience to Lord John Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Viscount Melbourne.

**12.**—Her Majesty received a visit from the Duchess of Gloucester, and granted audience to Viscount Melbourne.

**13.**—The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audience of Her Majesty.

The Queen visited the Queen Dowager,  
[THE COURT

her Majesty afterwards took an airing in an open carriage and four, and in the evening honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

Sunday, 14.—Her Majesty attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The Duke of Sussex visited her Majesty.

15.—The Queen granted Viscount Melbourne and the Judge-Advocate-General audience, and in the afternoon took an airing in the parks in a carriage and four. In the evening Her Majesty honoured Covent-Garden theatre with her presence.

16.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty rode out on horseback, attended as usual. Her Majesty the Queen-Dowager, accompanied by the Princess Hohenlohe, visited the Queen and the Duchess of Kent at Buckingham Palace. In the evening Her Majesty honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

17.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty rode out on horseback, attended by her suite, during the afternoon. A state portrait of the Queen, just finished by Mr. Cousins, R.A., was submitted to Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent by Mr. Moon.

18.—Her Majesty held a Court at Buckingham Palace. Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audiences of her Majesty. The Princess Sophia Matilda visited the Queen and the Duchess of Kent at Buckingham Palace.

19.—The Queen gave audience to Viscount Melbourne. Her Majesty had a dinner party; and afterwards also an evening party, for which the state rooms were opened; and in the Throne-room Her Majesty's quadrille band, led by Weippert, attended, and performed during the night two entire new sets of waltzes, and the Royal Vocal and *Guillaume Tell* quadrilles. Refreshments were served in the Picture-gallery.

20.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences. The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, during the afternoon took an airing in an open carriage and four. In the evening Her Majesty honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence. During the early part of the week the Queen was slightly indisposed with a cold; but is, we are happy to state, entirely recovered. Sir J. Clark has been in attendance on Her Majesty.

Sunday, 21.—Her Majesty and her august Mother, in the afternoon, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

22.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty, attended by the Countess of Burlington, took an airing during the afternoon in an open carriage and four.

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23.—The Earl of Albemarle and Viscount Melbourne had audiences. The Queen, attended by the Marchioness of Normandy and the Hon. Miss Paget, took an airing during the afternoon in an open barouche and four. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and suite, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

24.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. The Queen honoured the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, in the afternoon, with her company at a grand fete, given by their Graces at Wimbledon.

25.—The Princess Augusta visited the Queen. The Duchess of Braganza was presented to Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, by Viscount Palmerston.

26.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace. The Duchess of Northumberland had an audience. The Queen had a dinner party, at which was present, Her Majesty the Queen-Dowager, Her Imperial Majesty the Duchess of Braganza, their R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Duke of Sussex, and numerous other illustrious and noble guests. Her Majesty had afterwards an evening party.

27.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. The Queen, accompanied by H.I.M. the Duchess of Braganza and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

Sunday, 28.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service during the morning in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Duchess of Braganza visited the Queen in the afternoon, and afterwards dined with Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. A small party was present to meet Her Imperial Majesty.

29.—The Queen held a Court in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace. H.I.M. the Duchess of Braganza had an audience to take leave. H.I.M., accompanied by the Princess Maria Amelia, afterwards went to the apartments of the Duchess of Kent, in the Palace, and took leave of H.R.H.

RIDES, DRIVES, AND THEATRES.

H.S.H. Princess Theresa, of Hohenlohe, July 2<sup>o</sup>

H.S.H. Princess of Leiningen, July 2<sup>o</sup>, 3, 10, 12<sup>o</sup>.

H.S.H. Prince of Leiningen, 12<sup>o</sup>.

Duchess of Sutherland, July 15<sup>o</sup>.

Countess of Burlington, July 1, 2<sup>o</sup>, 10, 12, 12<sup>o</sup>, 15, 15<sup>o</sup>, 16, 16<sup>o</sup>.

Earl of Uxbridge, July 1, 15<sup>o</sup>.

Viscountess Forbes, July 1, 2<sup>o</sup>.

Lord Gardner, July 3, 12<sup>o</sup>, 15<sup>o</sup>, 16, 16<sup>o</sup>, 17.

Lord Byron, July 3, 16.

Lord Lilford, July 3, 17.

Hon. Miss Cavendish, July 1, 3.

Hon. Miss Cooks, July 2<sup>o</sup>, 3.

Hon. Colonel Cavendish, July 1, 2<sup>o</sup>, 3, 10, 12, 12<sup>o</sup>, 15<sup>o</sup>, 16, 16<sup>o</sup>, 17.

Hon. C. A. Murray, July 1, 12<sup>o</sup>, 16, 16<sup>o</sup>.

## Queen's Gazette.

Hon. W. Cowper, July 1, 2\*.  
 Hon. Miss Paget, July 12\*.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, July 15\*, 17.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, July 1, 3, 12\*, 15\*,  
 16, 16\*, 17.  
 Sir G. Quentin, July 1.  
 Baroness Lehzen, July 1, 3, 16, 17.  
 Miss Quentin, July 1, 3, 16, 17.  
 Mr. Rich, July 1.  
**GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.**  
 H. B. H. Duchess of Kent, July 19.  
 H. R. H. Duchess of Cambridge, July 19.  
 H. R. H. Duke of Cambridge, July 19.  
 H. R. H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge,  
 July 19.

H. R. H. Duchess of Gloucester, July 19.  
 H. S. H. Princess Theresa of Hohenlohe,  
 July 10.  
 Duke of Argyll, July 19, 29.  
 Duchess of Richmond, July 25.  
 Marquis of Abercorn, July 19.  
 Marchioness of Abercorn, July 19.  
 Marquis of Douglas, July 19.  
 Marquis of Westminster, June 28.  
 Marchioness of Westminster, June 28.  
 Marchioness of Normanby, June 28,  
 July 23\*.  
 Marquis of Conyngham, July 12.  
 Earl of Albemarle, July 17.  
 Earl of Wilton, July 19.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 776.—*Grand Dinner or Evening Dress.*—Dress of pink, *poux de soie*, shot with white *glacé de blanc*. Corsage *à pointe*, the front in three pieces, and ornamented with a *Berthe en guipure* (see plate). This species of tucker goes round the back of the corsage, and forms the *cœur* in front (see plate). Short sleeves, plain at the shoulder, and cut *à la Venetienne*, with the exception that the lower corner is rounded off instead of being pointed, and that it does not quite cover the elbow (see plate); it is trimmed with a narrow blonde, and has a bow in front. The skirt of the dress is very full, and ornamented with two deep flounces *en guipure*, headed by a *passementerie* or gimp trimming; the lower flounce goes round the dress, the upper one is brought high in a festoon at the left side, and finishes by a small bow of ribbon (see plate). Cap of blonde, with long lappets depending from the back, with a plain flat head piece, and a full puffing at each ear, in the midst of which is a small circle of flowers. Hair in bands, gold necklace, black net mittens, white satin shoes: from a ring on the little finger of the right hand depends a gold chain, with an eye-glass or smelling-bottle attached to it. The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

No. 777.—*Walking or Carriage Costume.*—Dress of grey or drab gros de Naples, ornamented with two very deep flounces: the lower one the deepest. Corsage half-high *en cœur*, with a flat collar *en guipure*, attached in front with a large brooch; long cloak mantelet of organdi, lined with pale pink taffetas, and trimmed entirely round with very deep white lace. It may be tied in front with a pink silk cord and tassels (see plate). Hat of paille de riz, trimmed with pink, and ornamented at the left side with a full plume of ostrich feathers; underneath the front is a garniture of full-blown roses. The hair is in bands, as far as the temples, the ends braided, and falling low at each side of the face (see plate). A gold *feronnière* crosses the brow and encircles the head. White kid gloves, black varnished shoes.

The second figure gives the back of the dress, and shows how very much thrown up the point of the bonnet is, as well as the exceeding smallness of the crown, particularly at the top (see plate). The dress is rather different, being made without flounces; and the mantelet has, what we consider, a very ugly addition; namely, a kind of square hood at back, trimmed all round with gimp, and finished at each corner by a tassel.

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## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

*Paris, July 28, 1839.*  
 I can give you but few *nouveautés* this  
 222

time, *chers amies*, for our belles of the  
*haut-ton* are all absent; some gone to  
 [THE COURT

the waters, others ruralizing, and the remainder gone to perform their duties of "châtelaines" to their numerous visitors. Their departure is always followed by that of lady "fashion," who, you know, loves not the *bourgeoisie*, and thinks her inventions would be thrown away upon any but her own favourite votaries. Thus she goes to sleep, or hides herself, or perchance wings her way to other lands, until the return of her worshippers in October or November, leaving us, whose duty chains us to a gouty husband's chair, to manage as well as we may during her absence. Say—shall I begin by giving you some *ensembles de toilettes*?

"Yes, do so," I fancy I hear you say, "as you have nothing better to offer us."

*Allons donc*—a toilet for every hour of the day!

Morning *négligé*.—A blouse of *mous-seline de laine*, or printed cambric muslin; the *dessin* must be an all-over pattern, *à la Perse*, in brilliant colours, upon a very light grey, or a sort of a nankeen colour ground. The blouse must be made loose like a wrapping gown, a piece put in at the top of the neck, the remainder full; it may, or not, be taken in by a cordelière and tassels at the waist; the sleeves are full to the wrists, finished by *poignets* (wrist-bands), and the dress fastened down the front with bows of itself. Habit-shirt, with small plaited cambric frills round the throat, and a *jabot* (frill) appearing down the front as far as the waist. Cambric small plaited ruffles to match. A simple morning cap of clear cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes. Black net half-handed gloves; silk or velvet embroidered slippers—green the most fashionable colour.

Morning walking dress. Redingotte of gros de Naples, or poux de soie (*glacé*) shot silk. It may be purple shot with green, *groseille* shot with black, or any other mixture not too glaring. The corsage must be made *à châte*, with lappels turning back in front, and falling collar, stiffened. Sleeve plain at the shoulder, and full the remainder of the way down, with a *bouillon* trimming put on where the fulness begins. A *bouillon* likewise goes down the entire front of the dress, and it may be continued round the bottom. The habit shirt or collarette consists of a fall of rich, deep, old-fashioned

lace, laying over the collar, and over the lappets in front, and becoming gradually narrower towards the front. Round the neck a Saint Esprit, suspended to a small silk or hair chain. The shawl worn with this dress may be almost of any description, but I would prefer a white China crape of a large size, embroidered at each corner in white floss silk, or a black one embroidered in coloured silks: these shawls are made with fringes. A shawl of *taffetas glacé* might certainly be worn, but if it be of the same colour as the redingotte it will look heavy, and of different colours will be too showy to be elegant. Capotte of black lace. The front very shallow and *evasee*, the crown by no means high. These capottes are made of black tulle, and at every drawing is a fall of black lace, tolerably full, and deep enough to reach to the next drawing; these falls of lace being rather full, prevent the capotte from being transparent. A full bunch of mixed flowers (sweet-peas, pinks, or field flowers) is placed as low as possible at the left side, and an entire wreath of the same, or of small roses, goes under the front of the capotte. Cambric embroidered ruffles, cream-colour kid gloves, brodequins of hanneton colour peau Anglaise; shot-silk parasol, exceedingly small, and made with a spring to turn it aside with pleasure; cambric pocket handkerchief with a running border (Greek or Egyptian), done in chain stitch, the initials done in the same way, the cottons used for this purpose are either red, blue, or lilac: smelling bottle and fan.

Visiting or carriage costume. Dress of poux de soie *à fond chiné*, the ground in two shades of the same colour, or in two shades which blend well together with a light bright green, a light blue, or a brilliant pink dessin running (*d'ramages*) over the whole. The corsage half high, to cross in front, or of any of the forms which I described fully in my letter of last month. Two flounces at the bottom of the dress, cut out at the edge in *dents de coup*, or two *bouillons*, or three double tucks, cut on the cross way; long sleeves, plain on the shoulder, full to below the elbow, the remainder tight, falling collar *à la duchesse*, of *guipure*, ruffles of the same. Hat of *paille de ris*, trimmed with white *crêpe lisse*, à

## . Fashions.

*demi-toile* of English point; a plume of ostrich or marabout feathers, or a bouquet of Provence roses, placed low at the left side. Shawl of black silk trimmed with deep lace, and lined with rose or amber silk; embroidered cambric handkerchief, trimmed with deep lace; silk stockings, shoes of varnished leather; black net gloves.

This dress of *pour de soie* may be replaced by a rich mousseline de laine, or a coloured muslin, such as I described in my last letter.

Another:—Redingotte of clear *organdi*, trimmed down the fronts and round the bottom with two *bouillons*, in which a coloured ribbon may be inserted. Large shawl of *taffetas glacé*, lilac shot with white, pink shot with blue, or pea green, or lemon colour equally shot with white, lined with white, and trimmed with white lace or *guipure*, a full quarter of a yard in depth. Ceinture tied in front. Simple dinner dress:—low dress of clear *organdi* (book muslin), embroidered all over in little sprigs, or stars; or leaves, in chain stitch, with blue and white, or lilac and white, or green and white cotton. One or two flounces festooned at the edges with the same; trimming on the corsage to match, forming a kind of revers or tucker at back; and descending to a point at the waist in front; diminishing in width and fulness at the same time. Short sleeves in two *sabots*, with a festooned trimming (to match that on the corsage) between the *sabots* and at the bottom. Long sash tied in front, of the colour with which the dress is worked. Long black net mittens, silk stockings, black satin shoes. Hair in long ringlets in front, and in *rouleaux à la duchesse* at back, or lace cap, trimmed with ribbons to match the dress.

The above toilet would be of a less simple description as follows:—

The *organdi* dress worked in stars, and done in coral colour *chenille*, the flounces done to match, and begun at the waist and continued round the dress, forming a front *en tablier*. *Berthe* or tucker *en guipure*, short sleeves à double *sabot*, ornamented with bows of ribbon, ceinture tied in front, coral ornaments, and red geraniums in the hair.

A costume *d'intérieur*, may be of white or coloured muslin, or of a light colour *mousseline de laine*; corsage half high to

cross in front, with a small open collar, embroidered and trimmed with lace, falling over; the skirt may be ornamented with two flounces or three tucks. Small silk apron, either *broché* or *glacé* (shot), of rather a dark shade; a flounce all round, and a second, according to fancy, at the bottom. The length of the apron, flounces and all, should scarcely exceed half a yard; the lower corners are rounded, and the aprons seldom contain more than a single breadth of silk; very small pockets on the outside, ceinture à *points*.

If a silk dress is preferred for the *toilette d'intérieur*, a *fichue pelerine* made in the following manner will enliven it. It is formed of a half square of muslin, the point goes beneath the ceinture in front, and the *fichue* fastens at back. It is sloped out at the neck so as to fit exactly, and forms the *cœur* (heart) in front; it is only three quarters high, a narrow lace goes round the top, and a trimming of lace all round the outside, deep and full on the shoulders, and narrower and plainer as it descends towards the waist at front and back. This very pretty *fichue* has much the appearance of a *canezou*: the lace trimming may be replaced by a frilling, festooned at the edge (in mitres or scollops), and done in red or blue cotton.

In these toilets I have only mentioned black lace capottes, and hats of *paille de riz*: do not suppose by that that these are the only hats worn. Capotes of white, pink, and straw colour crape are equally fashionable, as well as hats of white, pink, *paille*, and blue *pour de soie*; the latter are trimmed with *crêpe lisse*. Flowers both in and underneath the bonnets are very much worn. Straw bonnets are worn *en demi-toilette*; they are trimmed with velvet, or wide plaid ribbons. The flowers best adapted to them are field flowers.

I must tell you that the riding-habits have undergone a slight change lately. I will describe one. The corsage is à *cœur* in front, the collar very flat and low; sleeves tight all the way down, and the skirt exceedingly full. An addition to this has been lately invented; it consists of a very deep cape, or very short *mantau*, call it which you please, which serves to throw over the shoulders in case of being overtaken by rain. Otherwise it is not worn, but is rolled and

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## Fashions.

strapped to the front of the saddle. We are all *enchantées* with this new invention. Bronze and Russian green are the fashionable colours for riding-habits. Now, *chère*, with one or two remarks, I will close my letter.

I must tell you that the flounces are worn a good deal deeper round the back of the dress than the front, and that this mode has really a pretty effect; for a deep flounce across the front renders a dress very heavy, whereas at the back it looks well; but the sloping off must be quite gradual; across the front breadth it must be about one-third of the depth of the back.

The most fashionable style of wearing the hair at back is *en rouleaux* à la du-

chesse, and à la Grecque in grand costume; the front in long ringlets à l'Anglaise, for those that style becomes; otherwise in bands. With a riding-hat the bands are exclusively adopted, the ends forming a thick braid, which hangs below the ears, and is turned up and fastened underneath the hat.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are white, black (lace), pink, paille, and a very few blue. For dresses, greys and drabs of various shades, together with shot silks, which form an endless variety of shades and tints.

Voilà, ma jolie Comtesse, de quoi te rendre belle. Ainsi adieu! Aime toujours ton amie.

L. DE F.

*Tilting for the approaching Tournament.*—The grand tournament at Eglington Castle, Ayrshire, is fixed for the 28th of the present month, and two following days. The last practice took place on Saturday the 28th ult., when the gardens of the Eyre-Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood, were honoured with the presence of Her Royal Highness the Duchess, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary, of Cambridge, and upwards of 3500 persons of distinction, for the purpose of viewing the prowess of the knights of the 19th century. The gardens were opened for the admission of the nobility and gentry at three o'clock. On each side of the ground were elevated benches for the accommodation of the spectators. At the extreme end were three tents, where the knights were equipped. At the opposite end, a marquee was erected for the Royal Family and principal nobility. The ground was furnished with a barrier, and all the other appurtenances of the ancient tilting yard.

By four o'clock the benches were crowded with a splendid assemblage of the rank and beauty of this metropolis.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, arrived shortly before four o'clock, attended by Baron Knessebeck and the Hon. Miss Kerr. H. R. H. was received immediately on her arrival by the Earl of Eglington, Earl of Wilton, &c.

The practice commenced at four o'clock, with tilting at the quintain. This was

performed in succession by Lords Craven Alford, Glenlyon, and Cassilis, Captain Maynard, Mr. Gage, and some others, and was, for the most part, admirably done. Here might be seen men in complete steel, riding at the ring, attacking the "quintain," and manœuvring their steeds in every variety of capricole. Indeed the show of horses was one of the best parts of the sight. Trumpeters were calling the jousts to horse, and the wooden figure, encased in iron panoply, was prepared for the attack. A succession of chevaliers, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," rode at their hardy and unflinching antagonist, who was propelled to the combat by the strength of several stout serving men, in the costume of the olden time, and made his helmet and breastplate rattle with their wooden strokes, but the wooden

" ————— Knight,  
Was mickle of might,  
And stiff in stower did stand,"

grinning defiance through the barred aventail of his head-piece. It was a sight that might have roused the spirit of old Froissart, or the ghost of Hotspur. The knight had certainly no easy task to perform; the weight of armour was rather heavier than the usual trappings of a modern dandy, and the heat of the sun appeared to be baking the bones of some of the competitors. Be this as it may, there was no flinching. During this portion of the practice a few accidents occurred: Lord Glenlyon was unhorsed



by the mere force of his own shock; and Lord Cassilis lost his seat, after having run his course, by the sudden swerving of his horse, and perhaps from not having sufficiently calculated the unusual weight of the armour above the saddle. The latter noble lord, we fear, was much shaken by his fall; Lord Glenlyon was unhurt, though, from the large size of his stirrup-iron, his foot, spur and all, went through it; and he was for an instant dragged. The young Marquis of Worcester, who very successfully pierced the oranges with his spear, through his horse shying, was thrown, as was also Lord Alford, but we are happy to state they were not hurt. Few failed to strike the shield of the lay-figure, and several dismounted the figure itself. A flourish of trumpets always signalled this superior feat.

The tilting practice, during which the men were only partially in armour, only Lords Alford and Glenlyon, to the best of our recollection, having worn helmets—was succeeded by jousts between two knights at a time, armed *cap-a-pee* in full plate. At a quarter to six, the Marshal of the lists (Lord Gage) made proclamation, preparatory to the Earl of Eglington and Viscount Alford entering the lists. A flourish of trumpets announced the readiness of the noble combatants, “plated in habiliments of war.”

The Earl of Eglington was apparelled in a gorgeous suit of burnished brass, with the coronet of his degree on his helmet. From the crest, which surmounted his helmet, proceeded a plume of blue and yellow feathers. His horse was richly caparisoned with blue satin and cloth of gold.

Viscount Alford was cased in a magnificent suit of polished steel. On his helmet the crest of his name, with plume and housings of his proper tinctures, blue and white.

Both knights, having made their *devoirs* before the bevy of noble damsels in the principal pavilion, took up their positions. The herald then sounded a charge, and the knights rushed to the encounter, but the pass was made without damage. After a slight pause, the noble lords again rushed forward, the lance of the Earl of Eglington slightly touching the *passse-guarde* of his adversary. In the next course the Earl of Eglington struck the *passse-guarde* of his opponent,

and the concussion splintered his lance. In the next course Viscount Alford came full upon the *passse-guarde* of the Earl of Eglington with such force as to shiver his lance into several pieces. After this course the noble knights dismounted, and retired to their respective tents to unarm.

Lord Glenlyon and Mr. Gage then entered the lists; but the beautiful horsemanship of the latter was unable to bring his horse up to the charge. Nothing could induce the animal to face his opponent; and so much time was lost in the attempt, that the concluding joust, between the Marquis of Waterford and, we believe, Captain Maynard, was of necessity postponed, it being then eight o'clock in the evening.

In subjoining the following list of the Knights and their Esquires, it is to be observed, that these are likely to be materially increased in number:—

Knight—The Duke of Beaufort; Esquire—The Hon. F. Charteris. Knight—The Earl of Eglington; Esquires—Lord A. Seymour, Mr. M. Grant, and Mr. G. Dundas. Knight—The Marquis of Waterford; Esquires—Lord Wm. Beresford, Mr. L. Ricardo. Knight—Earl Craven; Esquires—The Hon. Fred. Craven, and Hon. James Macdonald. Knight—The Earl of Cassilis; Esquire—The Hon. — Noel. Knight—Lord Cranstoun (Esquire not named). Knight—Viscount Alford; Esquires—The Hon. Mr. Cust and Mr. T. O. Gascoyne. Knight—Lord Glenlyon; Esquires—Sir David Dundas and Mr. J. Balfour. Knight—The Hon. Capt. Gage; Esquires—Mr. A. Murray and Mr. R. Ferguson. Knight—The Hon. Capt. Maynard; Esquires—The Hon. Paul Methuen, Mr. F. Cavendish, and Mr. J. Tomkin. Knight—The Hon. S. Jerningham (Esquire not named). Knight—Capt. Fairlie; Esquires—Mr. H. Wilson, Capt. Purses, and Capt. Pellat. Knight—Mr. J. Campbell; Esquires—Chief of Clanranald and Capt. Blair. Knight—Sir Fred. Bathurst; (Esquire not named). Knight—Sir Fred. Johnstone; Esquires—Viscount Drumlanrig and Hon. Augustus Villiers. Knight—Sir F. Hopkins (Esquire not named). Knight—Captain Beresford; Esquires—Visc. Maidstone and Mr. Lumley. Knight—Mr. C. Lamb; Esquires—Mr. R. Crawford and Mr. Gordon. Knight—Mr. G. Boothby; (Esquire not named). Knight—Mr. Lechmere; Esqs.—Mr. Carry, Mr. J. Horlock, and Mr. J. Fane.

The Duke of Beaufort was to have been “King of the Tournament,” but we understand the Earl of Errol is to occupy that single post. Lady Seymour is to be the “Queen of Beauty.” The name of the individual who is to be *L'Inconnu* (the unknown knight), is, of course, a secret at present.

# General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, August, 1839.

## SCALE OF CHARGE FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines..... Three Shillings.  
For a Birth or Death, not exceeding Three Lines..... Two Shillings.

### MARRIAGES.

ANDERSON, Mary, 4th dau. of Alex. A—, Esq., to John Tod, of Forest Green, at Thorpe, *V.D.L.*, Feb. 30.  
BABINGTON, Agusta Diana, eld. dau. of T. G. B—, Esq., of Bothley Temple, Leicestershire, to F. M. Lewin, Esq., son of Thos. Lewin, Esq., of Hollies, Kent, at Kotagherry, Neelgherry Hills, E.I., Apr. 9.  
BRANDE, Caroline, 2nd dau. of the late A. B—, Esq., of Chinsurah, E.I., to James Larken Smith, 4th and last son of Major H. Smith, late of the Ceylon Rifles, at Chinsurah, April 6.  
BANNIZETTE, Maria J. C., to E. E. Dubas, Esq., at Chandernagore, E.I., Feb. 9.  
CONNELLY, Miss, ward of David Lord, Esq., to Malcolm M'Gregor, Esq., of 21st Fusiliers, at Hobart Town, *V.D.L.*, Nov. 15.  
COMFORT, C. A., to Montague de Lind, M.I., at Madras, Jan. 16.  
CLARKE, Charlotte Emily, to D. M. Logan, Esq., at Belwa, E.I., Mar. 5.  
DICK, Charlotte Susan, 2nd dau. of Abercromby D—, Esq., Bengal civil service, to Capt. A. Lorne Campbell, ygst. son of Duncan C—, Esq., of Inverneil and Ross, at Calcutta, April 3.  
DOWNWARD, Ellen Hutton, 3rd dau. of Richd. D—, Esq., of Pittwater, to Thos. Lewis, Esq., of Launceston, at Sorral, *V.D.L.*, Jan. 23.  
EAGLE, Miss, step dau. of W. Pilkington, Esq., surgeon, to Capt. Booth, H.M.R.S.F., commandant at Fort Phillips, *V.D.L.*, at Hobart Town, Nov. 20.  
GORDON, Anna Maria, to F. Evans, Esq., at Port Macquarie, Mauritius, Oct. 9.  
GWATKIN, Elisha M. L., to the Hon. R. B. P. Byng, 62nd N.I., at Hawper, E.I., Feb. 11.  
HARRIS, Anne, to John Coverdale, M.D., at Hobart Town, Dec. 27.  
HARRIS, Maria Elisha, to Walter Geo. Harvey, Esq., at Bergaun, E.I., Feb. 10.  
HEDGER, Fras. B., to G. H. Fagan, Esq., Bengal Engineers, at Barrackpore, E.I., Feb. 28.  
HARPER, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of the late Wm. H—, Esq., of Oswald, Hunter's River, *N.S.W.*, to C. F. H. Smith, Esq., Captain in the 21st Regt., at Oswald, Jan. 10.  
JOHNSTONE, Harriet Margt., to J. A. Abbott, Esq., 51st N.I., at Allahabad, E.I., Feb. 15.  
KING, Mary Zilpha, to S. T. Hardinge, Esq., at Hobart Town, Dec. 1.  
LIDDEL, Rose Amelia, to Capt. W. M'D. Hopper, 57th N.I., at Calcutta, Feb. 30.  
LISTER, Elisa Matilda, only dau. of Major F. G. L—, 52nd N.I., commandant of the Sylhet Light Inf. Bat., and political agent to the Cossiah Hill and Gyniah, to Major A. Beresford Taylor, K.H., commanding H.M. 9th Foot, at Hunsreebaugh, E.I., March 14.  
LORD, Emily Elisa, 3rd dau. of Major L—, of Oakhampton, *V.D.L.*, to Henry James, eld. son of Capt. Vicary, at Spring Bay, *V.D.L.*, Jan. 16.  
MORRISON, Henrietta Suft, eld. dau. of Major M—, Commissioner at Bithor, E.I., to Lieut. S. C. Warkey, 7th N.I., at Cawnpore, April 2.  
MACKENZIE, Jemima Henrietta, to W. H. Oakes, Esq., 45th N.I., at Cawnpore, E.I., Feb. 21.  
MC CULLUM, Agnes, to Wm. Mc Cullum, Esq., at Gorabdeo, E.I., 16th Mar.  
MOORE, Annette, eld. dau. of J. H. M—, Esq., of Belvidere, Hobart Town, to Capt. Hume, of the 10th Bombay N.I., at Hobart Town, *V.D.L.*, Feb. 14.  
MARLEY, Bessy Maria, to W. S. Delorite, Esq., at Sydney, Nov. 8.  
MORTON, Susan Oliva, 2nd dau. of the Rev. W. M—, London Missionary Society, to J. F. Carruthers, Lieut., 2nd Madras, L.C., at Calcutta, April 5.

PRINGLE, Mary Ann, eld. dau. of W. A. P—, Esq., of the civil service, to Archibald Spiers, Esq., civil service, at Chuppra, E.I., Mar. 26.  
ROMER, Mary Ann, to G. W. Bishop, Esq., 71st N.I., at Delhi, E.I., Feb. 6.  
ROBINSON, Mrs. Elizabeth, to R. C. Lepage, Esq., at Calcutta, Feb. 16.  
SKARSDON, Laura Paulina, 2nd dau. of Lieut. S—, R.N., of Littlehampton Villa, Norfolk Plains, *V.D.L.*, to C. H. Wright, Esq., of Egmont, Westbury, *V.D.L.*, 2nd son of the late Henry Wright, Esq., of Liverpool, lately.  
SWAN, Jane, eld. dau. of John S—, Esq., to Arthur Perry, Esq., at Hobart Town, *V.D.L.*, Feb. 9.  
STRODE, Phillis, to Geo. Jackson, Esq., 4th L.C., at Kurnaul, E.I., Feb. 9.  
TAYOR, Louisa Frances, to W. C. Ogilvie, Esq., C.S., at Trichinopoly, E.I., Mar. 12.  
WARD, Sarah, to C. L. Brown, Esq., at Sydney, Oct. 6.  
WHITE, Louisa Ann, to C. R. Prentiss, Esq., barrister, at Calcutta, Feb. 18.  
WILLIAMS, Anne E. L., to Capt. Geo. B. Brocks, at Calcutta, Feb. 25.  
YOUNGSON, Ellen, ygst. dau. of the late Lieut. Col. W. Y—, of Bowscur, Cumberland, and late of the Madras Army, to R. C. Lawrence, Esq., 73rd regt., at Sylhet, E.I., Mar. 30.

### BIRTHS.

ANTHONY, the lady of A. A. A—, Esq., of a daughter, at Calcutta, Mar. 21.  
AHE, the lady of Brev. Maj. A—, 62nd N. I., of a son, at Cawnpore, E. I., Jan. 26.  
BABINGTON, the lady of Capt. D B—, of a son, (since dead) at Bellary, E. I., April 7.  
BAYLEY, the lady of W. H. B—, Esq., C. S., of a daughter, at Madras, Mar. 31.  
BENNETT, the lady of George B—, Esq., F. L. S., of a daughter, at Sydney, Dec. 25.  
BETTS, the lady of W. P. B—, Esq., H. T. J., 36th Regt., of a son, at Port William, E. I., Feb. 12.  
BLACKMAN, the lady of the Rev. C. B—, of a son, at Palamcottah, E. I., Feb. 12.  
BLANSHARD, the lady of Lieut. B—, 63rd Bengal N. I., of a daughter, at Bombay, Mar. 17.  
BETTS, the lady of E. D. B—, Esq., of a son, at the Globe, Sydney, Dec. 17.  
BROWNLOW, the lady of Capt. Y. A. B—, of a son, at Kurnaul, E. I., Feb. 16.  
BRUCE, the lady of W. C. B—, Esq., of a son, at Bombay, Jan. 29.  
BUDD, the lady of Capt. W. H. B—, Sub-assist. Com. Gen., of a daughter, at Hoonsoor, E. I., April 3.  
BENNEY, the lady of W. S. B—, Esq., of a son, at Madras, Mar. 10.  
CARNEGIE, the lady of J. W. C—, Esq., 15th N. I., of a daughter, at Barrackpore, E. I., Feb. 20.  
CAULFIELD, the lady of Col. C—, O. B., of a daughter, at Benard, E. I., Feb. 23.  
CHAMBERS, the lady of Lieut. Col. R. E. C—, 5th L. C., of a daughter, at Kurnaul, E. I., Feb. 12.  
CHPMAN, Mrs. James, of a daughter, at Sydney, Nov. 2.  
CHITFIELD, the lady of R. W. C—, of a son, at Calicut, E. I., Jan. 24.  
CRICHTON, the lady of Lieut. Col. D. C—, 64th N. I., of a son, at Delhi, E. I., Feb. 8.  
COTTON, the lady of Lieut. R. C—, 87th M. N. I., of a son, at Palaveram, E. I., Mar. 10.  
CRAIGIE, the lady of Capt. Halket C—, 26th N. I., of a daughter, at Subathoo, E. I., Feb. 7.  
CURTIS, the lady of A. J. C—, Esq., of a daughter, at Iauluah, E. I., Jan. 11.

## Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths.

Bessa, the lady of J. P. D—, Esq., of a daughter, at Monghyr, E. I., Feb. 18.  
 Douglas, the lady of Capt. C. D—, 14th N. I., of a daughter, at Tuttygarh, E. I., Jan. 31.  
 Eodes, the lady of Capt. F. E—, 39th N. I., of a son, at Bellary, E. I., Mar. 25.  
 Egerton, the lady of W. E—, Esq., 2nd N. I., of a son, at Calcutta, Mar. 26.  
 Elliot, the lady of Wm. E—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter, at Madras, E. I., Mar. 27.  
 Erakine, the lady of Capt. G. K. E—, of a daughter, at Rajcote, E. I., Mar. 9.  
 Fanshawe, the lady of R. F. F—, Esq., 18th N. I., of a daughter, at Secrole, E. I., Feb. 19.  
 Faunce, the lady of Capt. F—, of a daughter, at Canberry, Queanbeyan, N.S.W., Nov. 30.  
 Field, the lady of Lieut. J. F. F—, H.M. 9th regt., of a son, at Hazareebaugh, E. I., Mar. 10.  
 Ford, Mrs. R., of a son, at Sydney, N.S.W., Oct. 31.  
 Frere, the lady of W. E. F—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter, at Bombay, Jan. 21.  
 Freegar, the lady of Vincent F—, Esq., of a daughter, at Amedpore, Jaunpore, E. I., Feb. 11.  
 Grey, the lady of Chas. G—, Esq., 8th regt. N. I., of a son, at Bombay, Feb. 24.  
 Glass, the lady of A. G. G—, Esq., of a daughter, at Calcutta, Feb. 14.  
 Grant, the lady of Capt. G—, 27th N. I., of a daughter, at Calcutta, Feb. 18.  
 Gahan, the lady of Capt. J. B. G—, 26th N. I., of a daughter, at Dinapore, E. I., Mar. 22.  
 Hamilton, the lady of R. N. C. H—, Esq., of a son (since dead), at Agra, E. I., Feb. 15.  
 Hamyngton, the lady of Lieut. J. C. H—, 24th N. I., of a son, at Puruliga, E. I., Feb. 20.  
 Harris, the lady of F. H—, Esq., of a daughter, at Trichinopoly, E. I., Mar. 9.  
 Harrison, the lady of A. H. H—, Esq., C.S., of a son, at Byculia, E. I., Mar. 3.  
 Hawkins, the lady of Capt. F. S. H—, of a daughter, at Simla, E. I., Feb. 19.  
 Hawkins, the lady of J. H—, Esq., C.S., of a son, at Calcutta, Mar. 11.  
 Hicks, the lady of Capt. S. H., 35th N. I., of a daughter, at Perambor, E. I., April 7.  
 James, the lady of Kerriam J—, Esq., of a daughter, at Sydney, Dec. 13.  
 Kelso, the lady of J. K—, Esq., of a son, at Sylhet, E. I., Feb. 23.  
 King, the lady of Geo. K—, Esq., Lieut. H.M. 13th L. I., of a daughter, at Kurnaul, E. I., Feb. 11.  
 Lamb, the lady of G. H. L—, Esq., of a son, at Dacca, E. I., April 3.  
 Lane, the lady of F. Moore L—, Esq., of a daughter, Mar. 30.  
 Langdale, the lady of Marmaduke L—, Esq., of a son, at St. Thome, E. I., Mar. 2.  
 Lincoln, Mrs. Robt., of a son, Jan. 3.  
 Logan, the lady of Capt. Geo. L—, 41st N. I., of a son, at Vellore, E. I., Mar. 28.  
 Low, the lady of Capt. L—, 39th N. I., of a daughter (since dead), at Chowringhee, E. I., Feb. 14.  
 Lushington, the lady of Geo. L—, Esq., of a son, still-born, at Amoral, E. I., Feb. 16.  
 Macdonald, the lady of Peter M—, Esq., of a daughter, at Midnapore, E. I., Jan. 31.  
 Mackenian, the lady of Capt. James M—, 8th Bengal L.C., of a son, at Bombay, Mar. 1.  
 Matland, the lady of Lieut. F. C. M—, 67th N. I., of a daughter, at Mirzapore, E. I., Jan. 30.  
 Mahon, the lady of the Rev. G. W. M—, A.M., garrison chaplain, of a daughter, at Fort St. George, E. I., April 20.  
 Masters, the lady of W. M—, Esq., of La Martiniere, of a son, at Calcutta, Mar. 18.  
 Mathew, the lady of the Rev. R. C. M—, of a daughter, at Mirzapore, E. I., Feb. 15.  
 Mc Cutcheon, the lady of John Mc C—, Esq., commander of the bark *Jeau*, of a daughter, at Sydney, Dec. 28.  
 Mc Cally, the lady of Capt. Mc C—, 44th N. I., of a son, at Bangalore, E. I., Feb. 16.

## DEATHS.

Aspinwall, Edward, Esq., aged 37, Nov. 1.  
 Anderson, Margaret, wife of Captain A—, 24th N. I., aged 27, at Bombay, Feb. 25.  
 Bowker, Miles, Esq., of Tharfield, Albany, C. G. H., after one hour's illness, aged 80, Feb. 25.  
 Brandt, John Henry, Esq., aged 35, at Calcutta, Feb. 10.  
 Briggs, Sophia Gore, aged 34, at Bangalore, E. I., Jan. 13.  
 Brodie, John, 3rd son of the late Alexander B—, D.D., of Eastbourne, Sussex; after a most painful illness of eighteen days, from typhus fever caught attending his professional duties in the hospital. This fever was of so dreadful a description that several days previous to his dissolution, the brain became permanently diseased. Ardent in pursuing the wide range of information necessary to his calling, and amiable in character and conduct, he is deservedly deplored by a numerous circle of friends and relations to whom he had greatly endeared himself.  
 Brown, Mrs. A. J., aged 38, Sept. 25.  
 Bruce, Joseph, Esq., aged 26, at Adelaide, South Australia, Sept. 16.  
 Campbell, Assistant Surgeon, on the H. C. Steamer, *Hugh Lindsay*, at sea, April 30.  
 Campbell, Lieut. E. J., at Scinde, E. I., March 13.  
 Chisholm, Eliza, wife of Major C—, at St. Thomas's Mount, E. I., March 3.  
 Cross, S. J., Esq., aged 65, at Colaba, E. I., March 6.  
 Daniel, Ann, wife of Richard D—, Esq., J. P., of Sidbury park, Albany, C. G. H., Feb. 19.  
 Darby, Capt. J. S., 2d or Queen's Royal Regt., at Bombay, Feb. 23.  
 Douglas, Archibald, first Lieut. of the Engineers, at Salem, E. I., March 25.  
 Fernandes, J. J., Esq., aged 45, at Macagon, E. I., March 2.  
 Forest, Lieut. W. S. L., 29th Native Infantry, at Calcutta, March 11.  
 Frankland, George, Esq., aged 42, at Hobart Town, Dec. 30.  
 Fraser, Roderick, at Macao, E. I., Jan. 17.  
 Freeth, Henry, Assistant Surgeon, at Calcutta, Mar. 11.  
 Frith, Lieut. Col. James Henry, C. B., at Madras, Mar. 2.  
 Galarte, E. M., wife of J. B. G—, Esq., aged 17, at Macao, E. I., Jan. 3.  
 Haig, Major James R., 34th Light Infantry, and acting Adj. Gen. of the army, at Madras, April 1.  
 Perry, Edward, Esq., aged 27, at Sydney, Nov. 28.  
 Kerr, Sarah, wife of William Wemyss K—, Esq., at Singapore, E. I., Feb. 10.  
 Lawson, Mrs. F., aged 48, at Calcutta, Feb. 28.  
 Leslie, Robert, Esq., at Bhowanncopore, E. I., Feb. 27.  
 Lushington, Marianne, at Almorah, E. I., Feb. 16.  
 Maclellan, Archibald, Esq., Surgeon, at Hobart Town, W. D. L., Jan. 15.  
 Mason, Lieut. William, 21st regt., Madras N. I., at Bombay, Mar. 1.  
 Marriage, James B., Esq., aged 52, at Calcutta, Mar. 11.  
 McKeller, Duncan, Esq., at Sydney, Nov. 8.  
 Megucl, L. J., Esq., at Bombay, March 6.  
 Nelson, Lieut. H. R. N., at Dehra, E. I., Feb. 13.  
 Norway, Capt. Henry, aged 32, at Calcutta, Feb. 18.  
 Paine, George, Esq., at Puhna, E. I., Feb. 5.  
 Purcell, John, Esq., aged 70, at Emu Ford, Mauritius, Nov. 24.  
 Rees, Capt. Walter W., of the Bengal Army, at Delhi, E. I., Feb. 14.  
 Scotland, Jane Steinhouse, wife of Capt. S—, 7th regt., at Kulodgere, E. I., April 1.  
 Smith, Elizabeth, wife of John S—, Esq., colonial Assistant Surgeon, aged 42, at Georgetown, V. D. L., Oct. 24.  
 Sullivan, John, Esq., aged 19, at Sydney, Sept. 29.  
 Tatham, John, Esq., formerly of Highgate, Middlesex, at Madras, March 10.  
 Thomas, Capt. G. H. of the 7th regt., L. C., aged 37, caused by a fall from his horse, at Bellary, E. I., Mar. 5.  
 Warlow, Capt. Bengal Engineers, at Delhi, E. I., Feb. 2.  
 Whittell, Lieut. A. B., of H. M. 41st regt. of foot, at Vingoria, E. I., Jan. 20.

[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 52, Princes-street, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan-street, Glasgow; Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath; No. 61, Boulevard St. Martin, Paris; Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta; and could be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom.]

# THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM



## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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### MEMOIR OF PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT, QUEEN CONSORT OF EDWARD III. OF ENGLAND.

THIS popular queen of England, by birth a Fleming, was daughter of William Count of Holland, and sovereign-prince of that fertile portion of the low countries called Hainault, and Jeanne, sister of Philip of Valois, afterwards King of France.

Such then was this renowned British queen's illustrious parentage. To pass over the youthful days and education of Philippa, we commence our memoir from that period when, in prospect, at least, this exalted individual became first linked in with the history of this nation. Prince Edward of England, afterwards King Edward III. her royal lord, in his very youthful days accompanied his mother to gain assistance from John of Hainault, (whose niece Philippa chanced to be) at Valenciennes, in that invasion of England which finally led to the deposition and death of Edward II. Whilst at the court of Hainault, Edward manifested sentiments of preference and attachment  
A—NOVEMBER, 1839.

for this princess, aware of which, when he was afterwards crowned, his council and the queen-mother demanded her hand in marriage, and in the autumn of 1327 she was espoused by proxy at Valenciennes. The bride at the tender age of fourteen years soon after arrived at London with her uncle, where she was received with great pomp, and magnificently entertained, by the mayor and citizens.

The king himself then only fifteen years of age was at that time at York, carrying on an unsuccessful war against Robert Bruce. But that aged and astute hero, as well in politics as in war, was not likely to leave one point for successful attack on the part of his ardent but boyish and inexperienced rival, so that an undertaking against the Scots which, under such a leader could hardly be attributed to sage council, must rather be looked upon as a part of the policy of the queen-mother and her paramour

Mortimer who thought it well for their own ends, whilst gratifying the king's ambition and youthful vanity, to get rid of his immediate presence from the council-chamber.

Sir Walter Scott has made the following spirited allusion to this first campaign of Edward's boyhood, in his beautiful poem of Halidon Hill :—

CHANDOS. Your first campaign my liege  
That was in Weardale  
When Douglas gave our camp the midnight  
ruffle

And turn'd men's beds to biers!

EDWARD. Aye by St. Edward! I escaped  
right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays

And slept not in mine armour: my sound  
rest

Was broken by the cry of "Douglas!  
Douglas!"

And by my couch a grisly chamberlain  
Stood Alan Swinton with his bloody mace.

It was a churchman saved me: my stout  
chaplain,

Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up  
And grappled with the giant!

It was however Robert Bruce's policy ever to weary and harass the young king by a species of Guerilla warfare, amidst the mountains of the north, without enabling him to come to a battle.

Finding her bridegroom absent from the capital, his fair Flemish bride went to join him at York.

On the 24th of January 1328 they were solemnly united in the cathedral, and immediately after the nuptials Philippa was crowned with all pomp and state, and during three whole weeks there was a continued scene of festivities and rejoicings.

Edward had been summoned to do homage to Philip de Valois upon his accession to the throne of France, and anxious to do honour to the ambassadors of his suzerain Philip, the king, amongst other festivities entertained them with a solemn tournament, in which thirteen knights on a side contended. This jousting was performed in Cheapside—between the Cross at the end of Wood Street, and that of Soper Lane or Queen Street, on which occasion the street was covered with sand, to prevent the horses slipping, and across the street, near the cross, was erected a stately scaffold surmounted by a roof resembling a gothic tower, that Queen Philippa and her ladies might conveniently

sit to witness the performance. During this passage of arms the scaffold broke down to the imminent peril of the queen and her attendant ladies who providentially escaped only with a terrible fright. Exasperated at this perilous event to his consort, and giving way to those bursts of passion to which the youthful monarch was not unfrequently subject, the king instantly ordered the careless carpenters to be punished, but the queen graciously threw herself at Edward's feet and would not rise until she had obtained the pardon of the poor artisans, which very humane and praiseworthy act gained for her the admiration and love of all persons.

During the king's minority the royal pair resided chiefly in Woodstock Palace, Oxford, where his son, Edward the renowned "Black" Prince was born, July 15, 1330. About this period the king resolved to shake off the unworthy yoke imposed upon him by his wicked mother and her heartless paramour Lord Mortimer. As well to avenge himself for the deaths of his father Edward II. and his uncle the Earl of Kent, he brought about the ignominious execution of Mortimer, whilst the Queen-dowager Isabella was imprisoned at Castle Rising in Norfolk the greater part of her life. Historians, generally, have asserted that the queen-mother there endured perpetual imprisonment, but we find by Rymer that—a certain document was witnessed by her "in hospitio Episcopi Wyntoniensis apud Suthwerk," anno 1341, and that she was afterwards appointed to negotiate a peace with England.

The young and virtuous Queen Philippa now happily presided without a rival at the English court, which soon became renowned for a lofty and brilliant tone of manners. Learned, refined, and sagacious, the royal pair ruled England with the greatest popularity, and, whilst Edward won the hearts of his subjects by his warlike propensities, Philippa cultivated and encouraged the peaceful arts. By means of her father's subjects she introduced the woollen trade into Norwich, which to this day presents many Flemish features both in architecture and manners. Here Philippa held many tournaments; and her memory as foundress of all their prosperity, is still revered by the inhabitants of that eastern metropolis.

*Memoir of Philippa Queen of England.*

The years 1333-4-5 were unhappily occupied by Edward in a very cruel war against his brother-in-law David King of Scotland, a minor sovereign. In these campaigns Queen Philippa accompanied her royal lord, and, at the siege of Bamborough Castle, was in considerable danger. The queen was also present with her husband when he gained the battle of Halidon Hill. During this warfare she became the mother of two princesses and a son, William, who died at Hatfield in Yorkshire.

Hitherto the conjugal happiness of the young queen had been complete, but the heart of Edward, for the first time since their marriage, was attracted by another love, and, if the object of his passion had not been the most virtuous as well as the fairest woman of her time, the domestic tranquillity of Queen Philippa must have ended about the period of the conclusion of the Scottish war in the year 1336.

The Earl of Salisbury had been taken prisoner in the war which had broken out between England and France, and his northern castle of Wark defended by his nephew and the Countess of Salisbury was suddenly besieged by King David, and as suddenly relieved by King Edward III., who, after dispersing the Scots, became violently enamoured of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, whom he had so gallantly rescued. M. Alexandre Dumas has, our readers will perceive, made this the subject of a fine historical tale, which he has handled so beautifully as regards the fiction and so faithfully as regards the material facts of the history of that period. It being matter of very wide conjecture who this lovely personage really was, we prefer telling the tale in the words of an ancient historical ballad which has merely versified the narrative of Froissart, not being ourselves disposed to attach more than legendary value to many portions of it: we would mention, indeed, that the learned commentator, Capel, considers this ballad as undoubtedly written by Shakspere. The ballad appears to us much more ancient than the time of Elizabeth:—

Whenas Edward the Third did live  
That valiant king  
David of Scotland to invade  
Did then begin.  
The town of Berwick suddenly  
From us he won  
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And burnt Newcastle to the ground,  
Thus strife begun.  
To Roxborough Castle\* marched he,  
And by the force of warlike men  
Besieged therein a gallant fair lady  
While that her husband was in France  
His country's honour to advance,  
The noble famous Earl of Salisbury.

Brave Sir William Montacute†  
Rode then in haste  
Who declared unto our liege  
The Scottish king's boast,  
Who like a lion in his rage  
Did straightway prepare  
For to save the lady fair  
From King David's siege.  
But when the Scottish host heard say  
Edward our king was come that day,  
They raised the siege and march'd away;  
So when he did come  
With warlike banner trump and drum,  
None but a gallant lady met he there.

Whom when he did with loving eyes  
Behold and see  
Her peerless beauty did enthral  
His majesty:  
And ever the longer that he look'd  
The more he might,  
For only in her beauty was  
His heart's delight.  
And humbly then upon her knee  
She thank'd his royal majesty  
That he had driven danger from her gate.  
"Lady," said he, "stand up in peace,  
Although my war doth now increase."  
"Lord keep," she said, "all danger from  
your grace."

Now is the king full sad in soul  
And wots not why,  
All for the love of the fair dame  
Of Salisbury.  
She knowing not his cause of grief,  
Did come to see  
Wherefore his highness sat alone  
So heavily.  
"I have been wrong'd, fair dame," quoth  
he,  
"Since I came hither unto thee."  
"No, God forbid, my sovereign," said she.  
"If I were worthy for to know  
The cause and ground of this your woe,  
You should have help if it did in me lie."

"Swear to perform that word to me  
Thou ladye gay,  
To thee the sorrows of my heart  
I will betray."  
"I swear by all the saints in heaven  
I will," quoth she;  
"And let my lord have no mistrust  
At all in me."

\* It was Wark Castle.

† Whom we presume to mean the Earl of Salisbury in M. Alexandre Dumas's tale.

*Memoir of Philippa Queen of England.*

"Then take thyself to task," he said;  
For why? thy beauty hath betray'd  
And pierced a king with thy bright  
shining eye;  
If thou wilt then some mercy show  
Thou wilt expel a prince's woe,  
So shall I live or else in sorrow die."

"Take all the leave that I can give  
Your majesty."  
"But on your beauty all my joys  
Are fix'd effectually."  
"Take thou my beauty from my face  
My gracious lord."  
"Didst thou not swear to grant my  
will?"  
"All I may, I will fulfil."  
"Then for thy sovereign's love let thy  
true love be seen."  
"My lord your speech I will reprove,  
You cannot give to me your love  
For that belongs unto your queen;

"But I suppose your grace did this  
Only to try  
Whether a wanton tale might tempt  
Dame Salisbury.  
Not from yourself therefore, my liege,  
I turn away,  
But from your wanton tempting tale  
I go my way."  
"Oh, turn again my lady bright,  
Gone is the comfort of my heavy heart;  
Here comes the Earl of Warwick,\* he  
The father of my cruel fair ladye,  
My grief to him, I straightway will im-  
part."

"Why is my sovereign lord the king  
So sad in mind?"  
"Because that I have lost the thing  
I cannot find."  
"What thing is that my gracious lord  
Which you have lost?"  
"It is my heart, which is near dead  
'Twixt fire and frost!  
It is thy daughter, noble earl,  
That heaven-bright lamp! that peerless  
pearl!  
Which kills my heart, yet do I her adore!"

"If that be all, my gracious king,  
That works your grief;  
I will persuade the scornful dame  
To yield relief.  
Never shall she my daughter be  
If she refuse,  
The love and favour of a king  
May her excuse."  
Thus wise Warwick went away,  
But quite contrary did he say

Whenas he did the beauteous countess  
meet.

"Well met my daughter," then quoth  
he,

"A message I must do to thee,  
Our royal king most kindly doth thee  
greet;

"The king will die less thou to him  
Do grant thy love!"

"To love the king, my husband's love  
I must remove."

"It is right charity to love,  
My daughter dear!"

"But no love charitable  
Can thus appear!"

"His greatness may bear out the blame!"  
"But his kingdom cannot buy out the  
shame!"

"He craves thy love who may bereave thy  
life.

It is my duty to say this."

"But not my honesty to yield, I wis,  
I mean to die a true unspotted wife."

"Now hast thou spoken, my daughter  
dear!

As I would have;  
Chastity bears a golden name  
Unto the grave!

And when unto thy wedded lord  
Thou provest untrue

Then let my bitterest curses still  
Thy soul pursue!

Then with a smiling cheer go thou  
As right and reason doth allow,

Yet show our king thou bear'st no har-  
lot's mind."

"Here comes the lady of my life,"  
The king did say.

"My father bids me, sovereign lord,  
Your will obey.

And I consent, if you will grant  
One boon to me."

"I grant it thee, my ladye fair,  
Whate'er it be."

"My husband is alive you know,  
First let me kill him ere I go

And then at your command I will for-  
ever be."

"Thy husband now in France doth rest."  
"No, no, he lies within my breast

And being so nigh he will my falsehood  
see."

With that she started from the king  
And took her knife,

And desperately she aim'd to rid  
Herself of life.

King Edward started from his chair  
Her hand to stay.

"Oh, noble king, you've broke your troth  
With me this day."

"Thou shalt not do this deed," quoth  
he.

"Then never speak of love to me!"

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\* The celebrated Countess of Salisbury by some was said to be daughter to the Lord de Graison, a Burgundian noble settled in Eng-  
land and no relation to the Earl of Warwick.

## *Memoir of Philippa Queen of England.*

"I never will attempt this suit again.  
Live you in honour and estate  
With thy true lord and wedded mate,  
While for my wrongful love I ever bear  
the blame!"

The king's romantic love for this fair and virtuous personage was at its height when he revived the Feast of the Round Table. However beautiful this lady might be, we are not yet aware that any portrait of her has descended to posterity but many exist of the monarch whose love she so worthily resisted. Edward is allowed to have possessed great elegance and majesty of person, and perfection of features mingled with an expression of high intellect.

Froissart, in his narrative, points out to us that in proof of penitence King Edward made great exertions to restore the brave Earl of Salisbury to his countess, and indeed the exchange of this nobleman for the Earl of Moray, who had been taken during the Scottish war, was effected soon after this scene which he has described, but he says that when Edward summoned the Earl and Countess of Salisbury to assist in holding the Feast of the Round Table, the virtuous countess dressed herself in the plainest garments, and avoided the king's notice as much as possible. By taking this course she proved herself to be a prudent and virtuous wife, and a true friend to the queen.

In the year 1337 instigated by Robert d'Artois, Count of Beaumont, whom Philip of France had banished, Edward made his first claim on France, and an entire year was spent in promoting alliances and making preparations for the grand expedition against that kingdom. In the month of June, the queen lost her father William, Count of Hainault and Holland. After his death her majesty resided during several summers at Antwerp and Ghent while her husband was vicar of the empire, and, as such, head and general of the Germanic league formed against Philip of Valois, King of France. While resident in the Low Countries the queen gave birth to her second and third sons, Lionel of Antwerp, afterwards Duke of Clarence, and John, called John of Gaunt by the English, born at the city of Ghent on the day on which his father gained his great naval victory of Blankenburg over the fleet of Philip of Valois.

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In the year 1346 was confided to Philippa the regency of England, when King Edward mustered all his strength for a second invasion of France, a most momentous era in the life of the queen. The king left Philippa governess of England, assisted by his cousin the Earl of Kent and her young son Lionel who was then but eight years old. This prince was required to sit on his father's throne, and go through all the ceremonies of opening Parliament, which duties had indeed been performed by his brother (the Prince of Wales at a much earlier age, and were again afterwards fulfilled by Prince Thomas at four years of age, and in a subsequent reign by King Henry VI. at the almost improbable age of three years!) So early were our princes of the house of Plantagenet introduced to the world; but it should at the same time be remarked that many died of premature old age. The Prince of Wales, the beloved son of Philippa, accompanied his sire to win his spurs in battle in France.

King David of Scotland, as a diversion in favour of his ally, the King of France, had fixed upon the period of King Edward's departure to commence a most formidable invasion, for which he had been long making secret preparation.

The battle of Cressy was won by Edward III. August 26th, 1346. We have, just now, however, but little concern with the oft told tale of "that famed Picard field," excepting that the queen had the satisfaction of finding that her young, amiable, and brave son Edward, Prince of Wales, was the hero of the victory. At the early age of sixteen he had performed the executive part of a valiant leader.

"Is my son dead? is he wounded? is he overthrown?" asked King Edward of the Earl of Warwick, who came to implore the monarch to bring up his reserve to the assistance of the prince.

The earl assured him the prince was contesting valiantly. "Then begone," said the king, who, with the true coolness of an experienced general, was watching the fortunes of the fight from the top of a windmill, "tell him I expect he will win his spurs to-day, and he shall not be deprived, even by his own sire, of any share of the glory of such a field as this."

The result was, as it is well known, that the heroic boy triumphed over his mo-



ther's uncle, Philip of Valois, despite of the aid of "Genoa's bow, Bohemia's plume, and Cæsar's eagle shield."\*

The battle of Cressy may be considered an incident in the long siege of Calais, since it was with the intention of winning that town, which was the most formidable obstruction to the commerce of England, that Edward III. undertook this expedition.

When all the impediments which intervened between the king and the quiet holding of Calais had been swept away by the defeat of the French army in this and some lesser engagements, Edward entrenched himself before Calais a fortnight after the battle of Cressy.

The queen, alas! had scarcely time to indulge in the feelings of a wife and mother, after the glorious victory of Cressy, before she was called upon actively to repel David's invasion, for the King of Scotland had advanced into England, as far as Newcastle, with banners displayed. Under such trying circumstances Philippa did not content herself with repelling the enemy by sage measures in the council: with true courage and becoming spirit for her station she immediately advanced to the north with reinforcements to the troops already stationed there. When at Newcastle-on-Tyne the news arrived that the King of the Scots had drawn up 40,000 men in order of battle, within three short miles of the town. The queen immediately mounted her white charger and proceeded to the field of battle, where she found her small, but well appointed, army prepared to engage the Scots on the lands of the Lord Neville, at the place called Neville's Cross. Philippa rode between the lines and spoke to the soldiers "imploping them in the name of God and St. George to do their duty valiantly in the absence of the king." They answered, "they would fight the better on that account."

It was on the 17th of October, 1346, that the battle soon afterwards commenced, when Philippa withdrew into Newcastle. In three hours it was decided against the Scots, and before the evening fell, news was brought the queen that the King of Scots had been taken prisoner, in his retreat, by a valiant northern squire, called John Copeland.

The queen sent to Copeland requesting him to deliver his prisoner to her, but received an uncivil answer. The esquire sent word, "He would deliver the King of Scots to no one but to the command of his lord, King Edward; that he owed no obedience to a woman, and would obey no orders but those of his sovereign." This was a bold answer to a victorious regent, and Copeland had no sooner uttered this defiance against the female majesty which was at that time regnant in England than he repented him of his audacity, and setting a strong guard over King David he made the best of his way to King Edward at Calais, in hopes of bringing the first news of the battle and the capture of his enemy, with an explanation of the reasons which moved him to give such an answer to the queen's demands. Edward showed no resentment to Copeland, approved of his reasons, and made him a knight banneret on the spot, besides granting him a pension of £500 a year, and he was ordered to surrender his prisoner to the queen's commands. Copeland stayed three days at Calais, and then returned and delivered King David to the sheriff of Yorkshire, to be conveyed to the Tower of London. As soon as the queen had seen the royal captive in the possession of the king's officers, she left the north in the guardianship of Lords Percy and Neville, and sailed from England October 29th, and arrived at the camp of the king before Calais.

Philippa was too truly noble and generous to resent the petulance of John Copeland; we find no symptoms of her having prejudiced the mind of her royal lord against him.

The presence of this admirable lady is to be traced at Calais by its beneficial influence, as the well-known and beautiful incident of the celebrated burghers of Calais would tend to bear witness—if true, and if merely fiction it speaks, at least, favourably of the general character of the queen for kind-heartedness and humanity of disposition.

Philippa remained encamped before Calais with the king during the winter of 1346-7, and the spring, summer, and autumn of 1347. During this time the young Earl of Flanders was betrothed to her majesty's eldest daughter, the Princess Isabella, but the bridegroom took hasty flight, joining the French, to the great

\* Charles IV., afterwards Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia, was in this battle.

mortification of the queen, who could scarcely be comforted for the slight put upon the young princess.

France had put her sickle into her second harvest since Edward with his victorious army had beleaguered Calais. Famine, at length, did more for Edward than arms; having eaten every thing which they possessed, the people of Calais fed for some weeks on boiled leather and the weeds of their gardens, until at length they were forced to think seriously of surrendering, if they could but obtain considerate terms. But all the capitulation Edward would vouchsafe was that he would spare the bulk of the people from indiscriminate slaughter, if six of the principal burghers who had been most active in the defence of the town were delivered up to death with ropes about their necks.

The whole of the survivors of the desolate town were convened in the market place when Sir Walter Manny delivered this message. The grand question then was who the parties were that were to be delivered up? Unable to come to a decision themselves, with a sort of generous disinterestedness they all crowded around their virtuous magistrate, Eustace de St. Pierre, and besought him to come to a determination for them.

"Is there any one here to whom virtue is dearer than life?" asked Eustace; "if there be, let him offer himself as an oblation for the safety of his fellow-citizens, for the love, and after the example of Him who offered himself as an atonement for the salvation of mankind."

A universal silence followed his address. Each citizen of Calais looked round for an example of that magnanimity which individually they wanted the courage to display. Eustace then resumed:—

"It had been base in me, my townsmen, to propose any sacrifice to others I were not willing to incur myself. Indeed, the station to which you have exalted me by your choice calls on me to be the leader in this duty. I give my life freely, I give it cheerfully for your sakes. Who comes next?"

Two others now offered themselves in quick succession; the voice of the first exclaimed, "Your son." He was a youth not yet come to years of maturity!

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"Your kinsman," cried the other. He was John Dacre.

Another kinsman cried aloud, "Peter Wissart."

"His brother," exclaimed James Wissart. The two latter, Froissart declares, were noted for their great wealth and possessions.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Manny, bursting into tears, "why was I not a burgher of Calais, to make the sixth in this glorious band."

Who the sixth was it is not recorded, excepting that there ensued a contest who should take the honourable place.

When the required number of six patriots had been enrolled, and halters hung around their necks, so much more glorious in their eyes than collars of chivalric insignia, their fellow-burghers surrounded them, and, in a spirit almost of adoration, cast themselves, with tears and groans, on their knees before their heroic mayor, when they saw him and his devoted companions go forth to certain death. The clamour of their mourning passed beyond the gates of Calais and reached the barriers. The English soldiers poured out from their tents to behold the little band of patriots as they passed, conducted by the valiant Lord John de Vienc, governor of Calais, who wept bitterly.

As soon as they reached King Edward's tent he eyed them with angry looks, for he hated much the people of Calais, since their ships of war had done his subjects the greatest injury.

"Manny," said the king, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"

"They are, my liege, not only the principal men in Calais but in France, if virtue gives pre-eminence."

"Were they delivered peaceably?" asked Edward; "was there any commotion?"

"Not in the least," replied Sir Walter, "but gentle king, I pray you spare their lives, or the whole world will cry out on your cruelty."

Notwithstanding this entreaty, Edward gave a sign to his marshal to lead them forth to instant death, but at that moment Queen Philippa threw herself at the king's feet, and appealing to her love for him, which had induced her to cross the seas and share the dangers of his campaign, implored him to abate his wrath,

and grant for her sake the lives of those distinguished citizens.

Edward could not deny the request of his admirable queen, but he yielded to her entreaties rather ungraciously, saying that he wished she had been any where else that day, but as she wished to have the disposal of those rebels she might take them and do what she pleased with them.

Philippa very thankfully complied with the terms of this extorted assent, and as the heroic burghers were consigned to her disposal, this great and good princess gave them each a good dinner, a suit of new clothes and a purse containing six nobles, and sent them back with joy to their lamenting townsmen.

A fortnight after this event Queen Philippa gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Margaret who was born in Calais, which after its capture became an English town and so remained for upwards of two hundred years, Edward having turned out the ancient inhabitants and peopled it with English.

Philippa returned to England with her husband after these victories in the October of that year, in order to prepare for the marriage of her second daughter the beautiful Princess Joanna with Don Pedro, the Prince of Castile, afterwards surnamed the Cruel. A truce with France on very advantageous terms to England had been concluded, and the historian of Edward III., Joshua Barnes, may well say, speaking of this important era in the lives of the illustrious pair :—

"Now doth King Edward III. stand in the full zenith of his years and glory; he had but just passed the thirty-fifth year of his life, he possessed a lovely row of hopeful children, a virtuous and beautiful consort, and his kingdoms were in peace and full prosperity. Abroad he was renowned above all the kings of the earth for his notable victories by sea and land; in Scotland, France, and Bretagne for set battles, towns taken, for kings slain, kings routed, and kings taken captive; nor was his moderation less admired which he showed in refusing the dignity of emperor. This is the brightest period of his reign though another king remains to be a captive to his arms, and another king is destined to recover an usurped crown by the aid of his fortune and his sword."

Barnes here alludes to the taking of the King of France by the Black Prince at the battle of Nazara, and the restora-

tion of Pedro the Cruel by that hero in the succession war of Spain.

The queen had now to weep the death of her second daughter Joanna who was destroyed by the plague, called "the black death" at Bayonne, on her bridal day. This dreadful plague which desolated Europe took the young bride of Pedro as one of its first English victims.

The queen after this period remained in England employing herself in encouraging the arts and commerce, in patronizing authors, encouraging architecture, and in superintending the royal family. The Princes Edmund, Thomas, and William, and the Princess Blanche of the Tower, were born after the siege of Calais: the two last died in their infancy.

Queen Philippa was enrolled as the principal lady at the institution of the Order of the Garter: her dress is described as a robe of blue velvet somewhat similar to that worn by her present majesty at the chapters of the Order in the present day. We repeat not the common stories of the origin of the Garter, amongst others that it was originally founded by Richard Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acre and his knights were called knights of the blue thong. But the motto, "*Honi soit qu'il mal y pense*" was certainly indicative of Edward's well-known passion for the countess, since Froissart uses nearly the same words three times in relating the adventures at Wark Castle. The king did not conceal his passion, but the virtue of the lady defied the world to think evil thereof; no thanks, however, to the morality of the king, for all the praise was due to the excellent principles of this same Countess of Salisbury—that this episode did not really prove to be a very melancholy one in Queen Philippa's life.

After the battle of Poitiers, which took place on the 19th of Sept., anno 1356, Philippa's beloved son, Edward, overcame his mother's reluctance to his marriage with his beautiful cousin Joanna Countess of Kent, which was performed in her presence, Oct. 10, 1361.\*

That Queen Philippa was a great patroness of learned men we have the personal testimony of Froissart who about this time became her secretary.

\* For the particulars see the Memoir of Joanna, the Fair Maid of Kent, which, with a Portrait, will succeed this number.

This entertaining chronicler left the service of the Countess of Namur on account of an unhappy passion which had long tormented him, and came to England in hopes of forgetting some belle Alix or Anne who held troublesome possession of his heart. The countess recommended him to her sister Queen Philippa, who appointed him in 1361 to the office of what he calls "clerk of her chamber," meaning her "private secretary!" and he was often engaged by the queen in making tours through Europe for the purpose of noting down the different events of those stirring times; we therefore owe to the patronage of Queen Philippa a part of the most entertaining and individualising history that was ever written. These are his own words—

"Now you who read, have read, or shall read this history, consider in your own minds how I could have known and collected the facts of which I treat? In truth, I must inform you that I began my collections at the early age of twenty years of age, and came into the world at the time when these things were passing, in the knowledge of which I have always taken greater pleasure than in anything else. God has been so gracious to me that I was well with all parties, and in the household of kings, especially of King Edward and in that of his noble queen, the Lady Philippa of Hainault, Queen of England, Lady of Ireland and of Aquitaine, to whom in my youth I was secretary, and amused her with gallant ditties and madrigals of love. Through affection and respect to that noble and puissant lady to whom I belonged, all the great lords, dukes, earls and barons loved me, saw me with pleasure and were of the greatest service to me. Thus under the protection of this great lady and at her cost I have searched in my time the greater part of Christendom (in truth whoever seeks will find), and wherever I came I made inquiry after such ancient knights and squires as had been present at these deeds of arms, and such as were well enabled to speak of them. In this manner have I collected the materials for this noble history. I have always requested accounts of battles and adventures especially since the taking of the noble King John prisoner at the mighty battle of Poitiers. Before that time I was young in years and understanding, however on quitting school I boldly undertook to write on the wars above-mentioned, which composition such as it was, I carried to England and presented to my Lady Philippa Queen of England who received it graciously to my great profit."

Queen Philippa greatly improved the worldly wealth of her secretary, for when  
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in the commencement of his employment he went on his historical tour to Scotland, he could only afford to travel on horseback with his portmanteau behind him and his greyhound running after him, yet we find that his establishment was afterwards a handsome horse for himself and a stout hackney to carry his baggage, and a varlet his attendant.

Froissart left the service of the Queen of England to attend her second son Lionel Duke of Clarence to Italy when that prince married Violante\* the daughter of the Duke of Milan.

At the grand festivals on the occasion, after the tournaments, the noble and royal company danced *virelays* of Froissart's composing. The *virelay* is a dance like the cotillion, or quadrille, in which the dancers who first advanced sung a lyric in dialogue, and all joined in a chorus to the music to which they danced while they performed the round. It combined the charms of poetry and music, vocal and instrumental, with the grace of motion to a singular degree, and it seems surprising that in the recent endeavours to revive the military exercises and magnificent diversions of the middle ages so elegant and courtly a dance as the *virelay* has been omitted; but perchance now we have hinted at it, this dance and its accompaniment may become popular among the great on grand occasions.

All the rejoicings and feasting at the marriage of the princely Lionel were suddenly interrupted by the illness of the bridegroom who fell sick of a fever, and though he recovered for a few weeks, died three months after his marriage. This sad conclusion to his marriage festivities hastened the death of Queen Philippa, who had been for more than a year in declining health from a complication of disorders which terminated in dropsy. She died at Windsor Castle the 15th of Aug., anno 1369. Her royal husband attended her deathbed with the utmost indications of affection. She earnestly commended to his care her youngest son, Prince Thomas of Woodstock, who was then little more than ten years old, and the payment of her debts. The queen was supposed to be aged about fifty-eight at the time of her death. She had

been the mother of twelve children, eight of whom survived her ; but the death of her son Lionel of Clarence occurred nearly at the same time as her own decease. Philippa is buried in a tomb separate from her husband ; she lies at his feet in St. Edward's Chapel, Westminster Abbey ; her statue in alabaster (which has afforded the authority for the minute details of our portrait) reclines on a porphyry slab of the tomb which is altar-shaped, the sides are surrounded by numerous smaller statues in niches, representing her kindred and children : it is well worthy the examination of the curious.

The expenses of her numerous family and the incessant wars in which her husband was engaged, prevented her from being so munificent a foundress as some English queens her predecessors, but she gave some pecuniary assistance to the magnificent college at Oxford which bears her name, and helped it still further by her influence and patronage. Queen's College was really founded by her chaplain the learned and excellent Robert de Eglesfield.

Philippa likewise aided the famous hos-

pital of St. Catherine by the Tower, a foundation peculiarly under the patronage of the queen-consorts of England, which asylum some ten years past was rebuilt in the Regent's Park, in exact imitation of the original, the interior and appurtenances being in every respect preserved, which transfer was rendered necessary when the Act of Parliament passed, and the site together with that formerly the churchyard of St. Catherine near the Tower were excavated, for the St. Catherine Docks. This and other similar excavations fortunately for the founder of the new system of ex-urban burial now so generally adopted, tended greatly to impress upon the minds of the legislature and the public the advantage and necessity for the formation of new and ex-urban cemeteries whose hallowed precincts might be preserved inviolate from the mania for metropolitan improvements; yet even the first\* ran the hazard of being cut in two by the supposed needed line required for the London and Birmingham railway.

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\* The "General" or "Harrow Road Cemetery" founded by G. F. Carden, Esq.

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*Description of the Portrait of*

PHILIPPA, QUEEN OF EDWARD III.

Philippa in the accompanying Portrait is depicted towards the close of her life when she had become exuberant in person, and her gown, of the form of the fourteenth century, is perhaps not altogether suited to her age or person. It is plain and being laced in front fits closely to the shape like the Roman body armour with sleeves buttoned tight to the arms and reaching to the middle of the hands : the material is rose-coloured brocaded satin. A small belt of jewels encircles her hips and her royal mantle is of garter blue velvet lined with white fur, for Edward III. when he instituted the Order of the Garter appointed proper dresses for Philippa and her ladies to assist at the chapters.\* According therefore to the ancient rules of the order there should be as many ladies as knights, a system which ought to be revived now

a "fair virgin" is the sovereign of the order.

Queen Philippa holds the consort sceptre in her hand ; she has just risen from her chair of state, her attitude and bearing are strongly characteristic of a masculine mind blended with dignity and beauty.

She wears a royal circlet which is supported on each side by two cylindrical cushions covered with a jewelled caul of network and connected with two small cushions at the back of the head from which a veil depends. It is considered to be the best executed portrait of that age remaining in England.

Her armorial bearings seen on her chair of state are France and England impaling Hainault—her husband's seutcheon, France and England quarterly on the right of the shield ; on the left her own—the black lion of Hainault and the red lion of Holland, both rampant quarterly on a gold ground.

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\* See Froissart and the Wardrobe Books of Edward III. and Richard II. whose queens also wore the mantles of the order.

## LYCIA'S GRAVE.

### A DIRGE.

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Let none approach this hallow'd spot and lone ;  
But fond and faithful hearts ;  
None utter sound but in the softest tone  
That tender thought imparts.  
For nothing here of rugged, harsh or rude,  
Of mind austere, or crabbed and gloomy mood  
Intrudeth on this peaceful solitude.

Here rests young Lycia in her primal bloom,  
The gentle and the dear !  
We would for her no common vulgar tomb,  
But laid her beauty here.  
It was not time that touch'd her pure bright brow,  
Nor pale disease that dimm'd her early glow,  
But being guileless, she was summon'd now.

Not meet for her the sullied spot where lie  
The victims of the grave.  
But some deep glen remote from human eye  
Where weeping willows wave.  
Where modest violets deck the dewy ground,  
Where the turf heaveth but in one low mound,  
And the small stream flows by with plaintive sound.

So here we laid her in her silent bed  
Beneath the bright blue sky ;  
Soft sighs we breathed and gentle tears we shed,  
But none of agony.  
We gave her to her mother earth to keep  
Where from her slumber, though 'tis long and deep,  
She'll wake in heaven—wherefore should we weep?

We planted on her grave the sweetest flowers  
With fond and faithful care ;  
And pensive thought upon those happy hours  
Which she was won't to share ;  
We scatter'd food to lure each tuneful bird  
To warble carols where she lay interred,  
As if her dull, closed ear the music heard !

Living, she loved all breathing things, and they  
Now congregate to her,  
As if to cheer her in the lone decay  
Of her lone sepulchre.  
The grateful redbreast chaunts her requiem near,  
The hare sports freely, and the timid deer,  
And night's sweet syren's favourite haunt is here.

And here when April leads the smiling hours,  
Shall blow the mildest breeze.  
And here shall fall the young year's softest showers  
Upon the budding trees.  
No frowning cypress here its shade shall shed,  
No gloomy yew uprear its baleful head,  
But sun and moon shine free o'er Lycia's bed.

# THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER.

## A TALE OF 1320-22.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Tavern.

Up to the hour of midnight of the day of the nativity, anno 1320, a party of soldiers continued their carouse in a gloomy, low chamber of a tavern belonging to the great Albert, in a suburb of Munich, where they had been indulging in their potations of Meinherr Guttman's small beer, which by means of mine host's well-timed perseverance, had made up for deficiency in quality by the copiousness of the draughts they had been unceasingly taking. For awhile its effects were visible only in the increasing uproariousness of their mirth; but soon, alas! even the valour of a soldier yielded to the power of his insidious antagonist, and, ere long, sundry deep-drawn and sonorous aspirations from the vanquished soldiers, who had as unconsciously as abruptly quitted their posts as guests at the hospitable board and thrown themselves prostrate on the tiles beneath, told too well the cry of a captive in the hands of Morpheus. One of the jovial crew had been called upon by his companions for a song. The air, given rather by chance than choice, was a ballad of the time of the first crusaders; verse after verse was at first responded to in chorus by some twenty voices, but ere the singer had reached the eighteenth stanza, there was left only the solitary voice of the singer, who in turn, becoming infected with the fit of general somnolency, now joined his associates in the chorus of unknown tongues between the cumbrous legs of a huge oaken table. Two of the party, whom nature had not favoured with the gift of song, now only remained above board.

"Well Raphael," said the elder, "what think you of our German soldiers?"

"Poveri!" answered Raphael, "looking contemptuously on the prostrate forms of his snoring messmates, "poor creatures! unable to drink a jug of small beer without being bemuddled; let such weak dotards beware how they interfere with me, or again call me *Sbirro*, because I was born at Venice!"

"Venice!" repeated the first speaker, filling his goblet, "'tis there they say men lull away their days gliding over the smooth waters of the Lido, and pass their nights serenading their mistresses! Say, Raphael, why did'st thou not prevail upon some dark-eyed Venetian maid to follow thee? Nay, boy, shake not thine head as though thou would'st intimate thou lovest not; come, confess! thy secret is safe with Peters, and he will lend thee a helping hand, need be, and it be thy liking; anything, comrade, rather than this unceasing gloom upon thy brow."

"It is not love which renders me gloomy," replied the young soldier; "I have loved, it is true; and although I have not yet beheld five and twenty summers, I have drunk the bitterest draught of disappointed hope, and, to forget that I have loved, I have enlisted under the banners of the King of Bavaria."

"The tale, the tale!" cried the first speaker, "come, Raphael, fill thy goblet," as suiting the action to the word he refilled his own and pushed the jug to his Italian associate.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the mournful Raphael, "suffice it, that the angel I loved is no longer of this world. One evening as we were entering a gondola on the Lido she was torn from my arms by the Turks. An arrow aimed at myself struck her instead and she fell upon the broad waters. When about to plunge in after her my bark was quickly seized by the infidels, and she was borne away from my bewildered sight; but little matter, for she was dead—quite dead."

"Poor Raphael! I grieve for thee."

"Nay, Peters, grieve not for me; sooner or later she shall be avenged, and in that revenge I will immortalize my name. Now you know, Peters, why I am thus abstracted and keep aloof from my messmates; my mind is at rack, for this one thought of revenge absorbs my every faculty, and, Santo Padre! if success attends my efforts, you shall see, Peters! how I will spread death and desolation among my enemies, aye, and sink the proud and splendid galleys of the miscreant Turk."

## *The Invention of Gunpowder.*

"Der Teufel! what say you man?"

"Nought but what is true; yet is there still wanting a something to give full effect to my invention, which I have a vain been seeking these four years."

"Come friend," half articulated Peters, whose heavy eyes were fast closing, "fill—a—bumper,—nothing—like drink—to—clear—a—man's—brains."

"Or, rather, to stupify them altogether," muttered Raphael, as he saw this, the last of his companions, stretch himself upon the floor, where, after a broad yawn, he, too, gave audible proof that he was also in a state of happy forgetfulness.

Raphael, finding himself alone, buried his head between his arms on the table, and was soon lost in the intricate mazes of the everlasting subject of his meditations. He had thus passed a quarter of an hour when his reverie was interrupted by a slight tap upon the shoulder; looking up, he perceived by his side a monk, habited in the garb of the Franciscans.

"Brother, a word with thee," said the stranger in a low voice, as if he feared to awaken even the sound sleepers.

"If thou would'st have alms, sir Monk," uttered Raphael, annoyed at this interruption to his meditations, "I would wager thee a candle for the shrine of thy patron, Saint Francis, that thy scrip is better lined than my pouch; eh! wilt thou say done?"

"I ask not thy money," said the monk, his colour rising slightly at the idea expressed by the soldier; "I have heard thy conversation, and I would assist thee to annihilate thy enemies the Turks, and thy name and mine shall be immortalized."

Raphael rose from his seat, his countenance expressive of deep amazement. "Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, "what do I hear? Art thou demon or sorcerer, thus to divine the most hidden thoughts of man?"

"I am neither demon nor sorcerer, my brother," calmly returned the monk, smiling at the astonishment expressed by the Venetian, "I am a poor brother of the holy order of St. Francis. I told thee I heard thy conversation with thy friend."

"Thou wert invisible, then!" rejoined Raphael, "for by San Marco I saw thee not."

"I have been sitting in yonder corner these six hours past," rejoined the Fran-

ciscan, "for I, too, have been long and unsuccessfully seeking: Holy Writ sayeth, 'Seek, and thou shalt find,' and the saints be praised, I *have* found at last."

"If I am what thou soughtest, old man," said Raphael, laughing, "thou hast indeed found, but what I seek is not hid beneath the cowl of a monk, so friend, we may as well part without further companionship."

"Not so, brother," answered the old monk, "singly, we can do nothing; united, we shall overthrow the enemies of our country and of the cross."

"Speak then," said Raphael, quickly, "and let us hear what affinity can possibly exist between the object of thy researches and the subject that so continually occupies my thoughts; on the faith of a soldier thou art incomprehensible, good padre, so I would fain know all."

"Follow me and then thou shalt know all; matter of such vital import hath need to be discussed in private. I need not tell thee that the unenlightened attribute all they cannot understand to sorcery, and that our mutual safety depends upon our secrecy."

"Lead the way and I will follow," said Raphael. The Franciscan drew his cowl closely over his face, and the soldier, putting on his broad-leafed hat and throwing his mantle over his shoulders, grasped the handle of his dagger. When past the chamber, Raphael paused a moment to commend his comrades to the care of Meinherr Guttman, and then closely followed the steps of his new acquaintance, in the extreme of impatience to ascertain what similitude could exist between the notions of a warfaring man and those of a man of peace.

### CHAPTER II.

#### *The Laboratory.*

The building and streets of the renowned city of Munich were covered with a deep snow and the cold was intense. The sky was however clear and a bright moon illumined the solitary walk of the soldier and his companion; silently pursuing their course they had already gained the open country, until at length they paused before an old fabric which appeared to Raphael to be the ruins of a lofty tower; here the monk sent forth a soft whistle, to which answer was speedily given by a light appearing amidst the



maze of brushwood. The monk, followed by the young man, made his way, though not without difficulty, through the thick brambles, and entered a narrow door which had been effectually hid by the underwood, and which his companion closed carefully behind them.

After proceeding a few yards down a narrow passage they descended a flight of fifteen or twenty stone steps which conducted them to a low vaulted chamber of freestone. Raphael was surprised to see before him a large furnace furnished with alembics, stills, crucibles, and, in short, all the apparatus of an alchemist. In the middle of the chamber stood an oaken table and upon it a folio volume of vellum, its open pages covered with cabalistic characters. In a corner was an immense quantity of charcoal, and, on a shelf, a number of large wooden bowls filled with sulphur.

"You have been seeking the philosopher's stone, it would appear, good father," said Raphael, turning towards the Franciscan.

"I seek it no longer my son," answered the monk, "but chance, the father of all discoveries has brought to my knowledge a composition by which we feeble mortals will hold in our hands a power like that of Almighty thunder. You, my son, you alone were wanting to complete the wonderful work, you are the chosen messenger of heaven to announce to the world this astonishing discovery, whose powers so far surpass the narrow limits of man's understanding that none could believe the effects it can produce, without witnessing them." And as he spoke the old man's eyes beamed, and his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm.

Raphael, more and more surprised, ardently exclaimed—"What can I do, father?"

"Sit down and listen," answered the monk.

"But can we not converse elsewhere?" asked the soldier drawing his mantle closely round him, "this place is damp and cold."

"Jehan," cried the monk, raising his voice, "throw some logs on the fire and bring the lamp."

A door hitherto unremarked by Raphael opened, and a boy of eight or nine years of age entered; having done his master's bidding he quitted the room.

This child, a dependant on the bounty of the good monk, fulfilled the threefold office of domestic, assistant, and trusty confidant to his benefactor.

Having drawn their wooden seats close to the well-furnished hearth, the Franciscan thus began.

"It is now twenty years when like other visionary fools of this and past ages I too sought in my turn the wonderful secret of the transmutation of the baser metals of the earth into gold, that all-powerful dross for which many men would sacrifice their very souls; a shrine which all men worship. In the course of my experiments I discovered that a mixture of sifted charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre produces a black inflammable powder, rendered fulminable by the action of fire. I nearly lost my sight in pursuing my experiments in this laboratory, and to this I owe the loss of my beard."

"What a sublime invention!" exclaimed Raphael, with mingled respect and admiration in his looks. "It was heaven indeed that this night directed your steps to the tavern of the great Albert."

"You say truly, my son," replied the monk, "hitherto I have vainly sought the means of giving a direction to the powers of my wonderful powder: and it was your observation on the possibility of hurling death and desolation amidst the enemy's ranks and sinking their galleys, that led me to believe that I can perfect your invention, whilst you can supply what is wanting to the completion of mine. Whilst you were conversing with your comrades I reflected on the means of achieving this grand object, but my notions are a little confused; will you tell me what your ideas are, and then I will explain mine as clearly as the imperfect state of them admits of my doing so."

Raphael was about to comply, when the monk stopped him.

"Before," said he in a voice of extreme solemnity, "you entrust me with your secret, swear that what I have just revealed will never pass your lips; swear it upon this Holy Cross, for such a discovery in this superstitious age would infallibly seal my doom; even now they more than half suspect that I have dealings with the evil one."

"I swear!" said Raphael, raising his hand towards heaven, "never to breathe

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a word of what you have so generously confided to me, and if I violate this oath, to which I call heaven to witness, may I fail in my dearest wish, that of avenging the death of my betrothed and beloved Anna Schwartz !”

“ Anna Schwartz ! my sister !” cried the monk, falling into the arms of Raphael.

Singular as it may seem, the beautiful girl whose death Raphael had so deeply lamented during the last five years was none other than the sister of the Franciscan monk. Although about to be united to Anna he had never seen her brother, who, her senior by several years, had entered the monastery of the Cordeliers at Cologne, where he was distinguished for his love for the occult sciences; mutual explanations now took place and many and sincere were the tears that were shed over the untimely fate of Anna, by her brother and her lover.

After some time the subject of their original conversation was resumed, and the soldier proceeded to give a description of the mechanical invention by which he hoped to avenge the death of his beloved.

“ My notion,” said Raphael, “ is, that by means of a large tube of iron or bronze it would be possible to throw out at once, in a given direction, a flight of arrows or a quantity of other missiles, such as pebbles or flints : but what I have been unable to discover is the propelling power which you seem to know. Now that heaven has united us in this great work, our co-operations cannot fail of success ; if you will, we can make an experiment even now !”

Whilst Raphael was thus speaking, Schwartz took a piece of charcoal, and designed upon a board the position required for the tube.

Raphael seeing the monk thus employed, exclaimed, “ I see my friend you find it impossible to carry my notions into effect.”

“ On the contrary,” returned Schwartz, “ it is perfect, but where can we procure a tube to make the first essay ?”

“ Nothing easier,” pursued the Venetian ; “ instead of making our trial upon a large scale, let us prove it on a diminutive plan ; if it answer expectation there will be no doubt of our ultimate success.”

After having spent an hour in trying  
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to hollow out a small iron bar, the only object adapted to their purpose in the monk's possession, the two friends were forced to postpone further trial of their experiment. Schwartz, however, willing to prove to his new ally that he had not over-rated the wonderful qualities of his powder, wrapped a small quantity in several envelopes of paper, and having bound the packet tightly with a piece of cord untwisted from his girdle, he set fire to it cautiously.

In a moment a tremendous detonation resounded through the vaulted roof of that and the adjacent chambers ; terrified at the noise the startled night birds fled from their rest, flapping their wings and sending forth the most dismal yells and shrieks of terror.

Astonished at the wonderful power of the almost supernatural preparation, Raphael took leave of the Cordelier, more anxious than ever to discover a means whereby to complete the tube destined to contain this miraculous rival of thunder, and the two new friends parted, after having agreed to meet at the same spot on the following night.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *The Explosion.*

It was unknown to his superiors that Berthold Schwartz prosecuted his favourite studies in the old tower. His post of porter to the convent enabled him to absent himself at those hours which his brethren devoted to repose, and in order to avoid suspicion he had selected for his laboratory that very ruin which from time immemorial was supposed to be the abode of infernal spirits, and which was more than ever credited, by the frequent nocturnal explosions from the monk's experiments.

After Raphael's departure Schwartz prepared a large quantity of powder for the next night's experiments, and having stowed it in a leathern pouch, or sack, which he closed hermetically, he returned to his convent before the ringing of the matin bell.

Raphael threw himself upon his bed but he slept not. The wonderful detonation he had heard in the old tower still rang in his ears, and he racked his brain for the means of completing his part in the grand discovery. His first guard that morning, was fortunately for the success

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of his enterprise, in front of the armoury. Before he had taken many turns his attention was attracted to the employment of the armourer's son, a boy of eight or ten years old, who with a file in one hand and a key in the other was endeavouring to perforate a hole in the handle. The soldier soon saw that the child's object was to make an imitation of one of the small flutes used by Bavarian shepherds whilst tending their flocks. The idea threw a sudden light into Raphael's bewildered brain and he anxiously watched the progress of the child's labour. As soon as his guard was ended he procured a large key and file, and, setting to work, succeeded in the course of some hours in forming a tube of sufficient size for a first experiment. After sunset he repaired to the place of rendezvous, and so eager was he to commence operations that he scarcely gave the monk time to examine his work.

Schwartz sat quietly looking at the Venetian who had already expended a large quantity of powder without having obtained any satisfactory result. When, at length, Raphael was about to charge the key for the hundredth time—"Me-thinks friend," said he, "that the powder would acquire a hundred-fold greater degree of force if a resistance were opposed to it, which by excluding the air would drive the missile forward with increased impetuosity against any given object."

"True, my brother," cried Raphael enthusiastically, "true, how profound is thy wisdom! Heaven hath indeed imparted to thee the gift of true genius! thou art in the right, and thy care to compress the powder, as thou didst last night so as to obtain a detonation, should have enlightened my darkness."

By the advice of Schwartz a small quantity of powder together with a pebble not much larger than a pea was put into the embryo engine which two years later was destined to pour death and desolation upon the earth, and being closely compressed into the tube, and the air excluded by means of firmly rammed-in paper, a light was applied to the touch-hole, and terrible destruction, together with a terrific report, ensued, and the panes against which the shock had been directed flew into a thousand pieces.

This result was so successful, and its effects appeared so awful to Schwartz and

Raphael, that, as if commanded by an uncontrollable power they threw themselves upon their knees in the delirium of their joy, as each in his turn gave utterance to his feelings. "Pardon, O God!" cried the monk, "if I have robbed thee of thy thunder!"

"Anna, thou wilt be avenged! Venice! my country!" cried the soldier, "thou wilt reign over the whole universe, and it is to me thou wilt owe thy power!"

After a few more minutes passed upon their knees in speechless ecstasy, the two friends rose up and threw themselves into each other's arms.

"To Venice! to Venice! my brother," cried Raphael, "the doge will furnish us with means to perfect on a grand scale our wonderful discoveries; woe then to the Mussulmen!"

"Yes," cried Schwartz, "let's begone and deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, and raise the blessed cross upon the shattered remains of the crescent which our thunder shall strike to the earth!"

They were about to quit the tower in the mad enthusiasm of the moment, when the monk casting a glance upon his monastic habits laid his hand upon his friend's arm.

"Alas! Raphael, my brother," said he bitterly, "I must not depart. Go, go thou, and may the Queen of Heaven aid thee in the delivery of the tomb of her blessed Son; revenge thine own cause too, but leave me, I am bound by solemn ties."

"Thou art indeed," said Raphael, "bound by holy vows," as he eagerly interrupted him, "but thou art not bound to this spot."

The monk shook his head.

"Nay, then!" cried the Venetian, "may our discoveries perish, if I alone am to reap the honours! Thou canst serve thy God at Venice as thou canst serve him at Munich."

"But my superiors!" cried Schwartz, "what will they say?"

"They will bless thy name when, thanks to thy sublime efforts, the reign of Christ will be established in Palestine. Believe me, Schwartz, thou hast a mission to perform on earth—thou art called to purify the tomb of the Redeemer from the pollutions of the infidels. Close not thy heart against the voice of heaven which

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speakest to thee through my voice. Death to the infidels ! success to the soldiers of the cross !”

“ Amen !” said Schwartz solemnly, and at the same time raising his head which he had locked between his hands. “ I will with thee my brother, and if I sin in quitting this spot may heaven pardon and enlighten my ignorance !”

This resolve once taken the two friends instantly commenced their preparations for departure.

Raphael possessed a considerable sum in gold, the fruits of his last campaign. He, therefore, undertook to procure disguises.

Two days after, at break of day, the two deserters, the one from his cloister the other from his banners, accompanied by the boy Jehan quitted the old tower disguised as Bavarian peasants. They had not however proceeded above two hundred paces when Schwartz stopped, and taking from his pocket a flint and steel struck a light and set fire to a heap of dry sticks which happened to be on the spot. To the astonishment of Raphael a stream of fire ran along a train or furrow traced out in the field. In the course of a few moments a tremendous explosion was heard and answered by a thousand echoes. Raphael saw the walls of the old tower rock to and fro, for a moment, and then fall in with a horrible crash.

When Raphael asked for an explanation of what he witnessed, the monk told him that to prevent discoveries, as well as to lead them astray upon his disappearance, he had laid a train communicating with the large quantity of the inflammable powder which Raphael had seen in the laboratory, and which, being ignited, blew up the old building. Leaving the ruins still crumbling, the three travellers gained the shelter of a wood through which their road lay, and proceeding onwards at a quick pace were soon far from the danger of pursuit.

The inhabitants of Munich, startled by the explosion, repaired in crowds to the spot ; all they could discover amidst the still smoking ruins was the robe of a Cordelier which had escaped the fire.

The popular conjecture, according to the wisdom of the ancestors of a large portion of mankind, was that Schwartz, who had been missed from his convent,

had that morning formed a compact with Satan by whom he had been carried off ; and whilst all Bavaria was execrating the memory of the poor monk, he with Raphael and the child of his adoption, were prosecuting their journey to Venice under the most favourable auspices.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### Venice and Tunis.

A fortnight after the departure of Raphael and the monk from Munich, the fugitives landed at Venice.

Schwartz resumed his holy garb, and Raphael exchanged his traveller's staff for the sword of the soldier, and through the influence of one or two friends, members of the Council of Ten, Raphael and his friend were presented to the ruling Doge and it was not long before the experiment first made in the old tower was successfully repeated in presence of that magistrate, who in his enthusiastic admiration embraced them both, and bestowing upon them considerable presents, promised to obtain from the council the sums needed for the establishment of a foundry for casting cannon, and for erecting a powder magazine.

After spending a year in numerous, yet unsuccessful attempts, Raphael at length succeeded in casting some small pieces of ordnance, whilst the same time was passed by Schwartz in the manufacture of stone bullets and a large quantity of powder, and a galley was fitted up by the Doge of Venice expressly for Raphael's cannon, and he himself was named director of the artillery of the republic.

The public experiments made by Raphael had excited so much wonder and admiration amongst the Venetians, that *feux de joie* were lit in all the public places on the day when the senate announced by the sound of trumpet that the doge had declared war against the Bey of Tunis, in consequence of the recent capture of a galley bearing the flag of the republic. The day of the feast of San Marco, the holy and puissant patron of Venice, was chosen for the departure of the flotilla commanded by Raphael. Accordingly, on the 25th day of April, in the year 1322, after the Veni-Creator had been solemnly chaunted in all the churches of Venice, and the

primate of the Adriatic had bestowed his benediction on the galleys of the republic and the new engines of destruction which they contained, the expedition sailed out of Venice.

Schwartz, faithful to his monastic vows, refused every offer of promotion, even of an ecclesiastical nature, and sailed as almoner to the vessel commanded by his friend.

At the moment the little fleet lost sight of the port of Venice, Raphael ordered a general discharge of all his artillery, and for the first time since the glorious orb of day enlightened earth, the voice of the great waters bellowed forth her roar with that of the tones of thunder which the Venetian swayed at his bidding, and the inhabitants gave vent to their enthusiasm by loud and reiterated acclamations; never, indeed, was transport carried to a greater excess.

Eight days after their departure, Raphael, followed by Jehan and Schwartz, entered Tunis at the head of their troops, as conquerors. The carnage was frightful; the Bey was killed whilst defending his wives and children, and his palace soon reduced to ashes. Schwartz, sword in hand, led on his followers towards the mosques, which they attacked and overthrew and raised upon their ruins the cross of the Redeemer. The victors next proceeded to the harem; the gates were burst open, and after a fierce struggle in which the capitan pacha was killed, the troops entered. Here another sanguinary scene took place; for the soldiers, flushed with victory, commenced their brutal attacks upon the defenceless women. At the moment that Raphael and Schwartz entered, the wife of the capitan pacha rushed forward and threw herself at their feet:

"Mercy, mercy, for myself and my companions," she cried, alternately in German and in Italian, "mercy, if ye be men and Christians, save us!"

"Merciful Heaven! what voice do I hear?" cried Raphael, bounding frantically towards her; "Anna Schwartz! do my eyes deceive me, or is it indeed thee whom I behold?"

"Raphael! my beloved! and if memory fail me not, Bertbold, my brother!" cried the affrighted but delighted Anna, for it was indeed she who now threw herself into their arms.

When the first effervescence caused by the joy and surprise of this most unexpected meeting had a little subsided, Anna informed them that the Turks, supposing her to have been killed by the arrow shot, carried her off for the purpose of robbing her of her jewels; ascertaining, however, that she still lived, they conveyed her on board of one of their galleys; arrived at Tunis, she was placed under the care of an old woman renowned for her skill in the healing art, and upon her recovery was taken to the slave market and purchased by the capitan pacha, who, upon her refusal to become his concubine, had married her according to the ceremonies of the Mussulman faith.

"Notwithstanding the gratitude I owe to the memory of a husband by whom I was fondly cherished," she said, holding out her hand to Raphael, "I have not forgotten that I was on the eve of becoming your bride, and if your love has survived such a cruel separation, the widow of the capitan pacha will be proud and happy to bear the name of her first and only love."

Raphael, in an ecstasy of happiness, poured forth his thanks with all the impetuosity of the most ardent lover, and Schwartz joined their hands, adding in accents of deep solemnity, "Raphael, Anna, I unite you in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob."

#### CONCLUSION.

Eight days after the celebration of these singular nuptials, the little fleet sailed from Tunis on its return to Venice.

Here we shall wish them a prosperous voyage, the opinions being so divided respecting the fate of the monk and his companions that we dare not venture to trace them beyond the period of their embarkation.

All that we can further state with certainty is, that the monk's *protégé* Jehan returned to Venice, where he devoted himself wholly to literature and became one of the most celebrated writers of the age, under the name of Jehan the Chronicler.

The foregoing particulars are to be found in one of his manuscripts deposited in the library of the ducal palace at Venice.

## THE OWL KING.

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Who is the king of the dark old wood,  
And where is his shadowy throne?  
Is he of gay or of gloomy mood  
Or doth he in contemplation brood  
Silent and sad and lone?

The King of the Wood is wise and sage  
And his throne is the old oak trec,  
Where he sits like one in his hermitage  
The great philosopher of his age,  
Blinking his large grey e'e.

He looketh not out in the mid-day sun  
But sinks in his feather'd ruff,  
And when the course of the day is run,  
He knows there are secret deeds to be done  
And that he has studied enough.

So first he peereth his casement out  
And asketh with hollow tone,  
"Is the twilight fallen all about  
And hush'd the voice of the rabble rout,  
Are the hedge-rows still and lone?

"Is no cursed son of the human race  
Hid in the quiet glen?  
With a staring eye and a stupid face,  
Oh! how unlike our *beauteous* race,  
Are the forms of those *monsters*—MEN.

"Can I venture this figure so divine  
To cross the forest glade,  
Where scarce the rays of the pale moon shine  
On the berries all full of the blood-red wine,  
For my use exclusive made.

"Have the moths from their shelt'ring leaves ta'en flight  
To the fate for them decreed?  
Are the mice at play in the cool twilight,  
Are the frogs come out of the waters bright,  
That I on their flesh may feed?

"For I am the king of the old oak wood  
And my throne is the ivy tree,  
And all within it is for my food,  
The berries, the flies, and the callow brood,  
They all were made for ME!"

---

Oh! beware, King Owl, thou keepest still  
When the broad bright sun doth shine,  
Or the fowler will spread his net with skill,  
And the hawk his unscrupulous maw will fill  
With that royal blood of thine.

Methinks there might be a wondrous change,  
In thy vauntings and thy boast;  
If thou wentest forth in the day to range,  
Contempt thou wouldst meet and tauntings strange,  
As might lower thy pride—almost.

## *The Owl King.*

How many there be amongst mankind  
Puff'd up with pride like thee!  
Who blink and wink in presumption blind,  
Nor ope their e'en, their level to find,  
Like the owl in the old oak tree.

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### EXCURSION TO THE FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

THIS paper is headed it must be confessed with a title of great pretensions; yet do I doubt whether that famous field which witnessed the meeting of the two gallant monarchs, with all its show of pomp and splendour, better merited the appellation than the scene to which I will endeavour to conduct you, fair and gentle reader. If you are of the first denomination it is right to premise that besides being fair, you must also be active—that is indispensable, and if in the hey-day of youth and vigour, so much the better, though even should the autumn of life have led you a little past maturity, fear not, but if you have a heart to achieve a mountain ride, hire a pony and be secure that the object shall be attained. For me, whose walking powers have long departed I have found that Dick, the best of mountaineers, can convey me over places where my own feet would fail me, and a habit is soon acquired of trusting fearlessly to the sagacity of such invaluable little animals which, if freely allowed the use of their head invariably choose the safest road and rarely make a false step or tread insecurely.

First making it quite indispensable that the day must be soft, warm, clear and golden, for reasons hereafter to become visible, let us set out on our rambles, and, ascending at once an extremely steep hill, strike into the mountains. At the first breathing-place we perceive a rough, stony road descending into the valley, this we must avoid, and continue along the upper ascent till we reach the B— farm. Here we may pause a few moments to admire this charming scene, and then cast our eyes on a motley collection of fowls and animals, dogs and ponies, which hither flock, and flutter, and range as fancy dictates. Of the first-mentioned kind are many of various hues and sizes, for the daughter of the proprietor of this farm is a fowl-fancier, and to her is brought everything out of the

way either for beauty or, to say the truth, for ugliness. But we will hasten on our way, gaining by various turns and evolutions a considerable elevation under a high rampart of rocks, under which lies our path. The last part may appear somewhat formidable, for it is steep, rough, and precipitous, and I certainly did once see a celebrated rider—a man on the turf—make here some wry faces as he was pursuing his way. It was in vain we sought to divert his attention from the road to the scenery, there was an expression in his face as plain as speech—“It may be all very fine, but never shall you catch me here again.”

Having gained this point, the excessive beauty of the scene demands a pause, and standing on the summit of the ascent, let us pay our tribute with no scanty measure. Below, we see again the farm with its merry tribes, the opposite frith, in all the vesture of summer, spotted over with the fleecy little mountaineers, the ravine in the mountain, between which the eye is led down to the blue waters, and where there are generally two or three vessels lying snugly in the bay for the purpose of gaining supplies from the crystal spring which there discharges itself. The glorious river in all the overflowing abundance of a brimming tide dancing in the sunbeams, stretches away, on one side, into the ocean, on the other, till it is lost in the folds of the mountains. On the opposite shore rise the A— woods turreted by the little old summer-house whence the view is so exquisite. Further on rises the great Cader Idris himself; not clothed in gloom and darkness, but in blue mists of sunshine, with every indentation, clear and defined, in the radiance of light, and a warm purple glow pervading the shadows like a regal mantle. It is beautiful, yes, I have repeated it a thousand times and always with a deeper sense that it is so, for there is this

*Excursion to the Field of Cloth of Gold.*

charm in a mountain land, that its variety is inexhaustible, though the features of the landscape are invariable, and it is a high source of sublimity to know that as those scathed sides and peaks now look to us, so did they to our ancestors of remotest generations. Plains and vallies may change from desolation to cultivation; at one time the wood may feather over them, at another the axe may clear them for the production of grain; there may be enclosures and boundaries and the aspect of the whole is changed, but it is not so with mountains.

What marvel if the breast of mountaineer  
Burns strongly for his native fatherland  
Or that, when distant on a foreign strand  
He sighs for what his memory holds so dear.  
For time which touches all things scarcely  
here

Has left its impress; here no sadd'ning  
change

Has stolen o'er, making the old scene  
strange

As in the vallies, woods, and level plains;  
Perchance the flood has delved a deeper bed  
Or o'er their rugged fronts, rich weather  
stains,

Are darkly dyed, but the stern form re-  
mains;

Still heavenward points each venerable head.  
The storms that bend their brows in thunder  
speaks sublime

"From first to last unchanged—we wait the  
end of time."

Proceed we now along the rugged pass, and taking our leave of the beauties of the river side we open on the left to a fine spread of the ocean and immediately at hand to a thoroughly mountain scene. Rocks, frith, and bog (with turbary), a small plain surrounded with hills, and at the upper end a farm-house embowered in a few trees with a stony ravine behind it, from which rushes a mountain stream, the scene of the daily ablutions of all the little W—'s those sturdiest of the Cambrian race, and when immersed therein, which they are throughout the summer heat, and the winter snow, their screams call up lustily the mountain echoes, and the united chorus of children, dogs, and the "babbling nymph" is appalling. The inhabitants of this rude dwelling are thoroughly good folks, who offer their hands and a sup of sweet milk with all simplicity and hospitality, who work hard upon this their patrimony, and gain a very humble livelihood with the full force of the primeval curse upon their efforts. Their food is stir-

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about, oat-cake, rye-bread, and butter-milk, yet the children are broad, ruddy, and sturdy, with limbs like young Hercules: rough and unpolished as the stones around them, these people are yet at no small distance from civilization.

Onwards go we. Are you tired? I hope not, for we have not yet attained the summit of our ambition. The mountain air is exhilarating and invigorating, so we pass rapidly the rough ascending paths, through various gaps and ancient gates and over stone walls, till we reach an open frith, which I am always disposed to admire from its wildness, the sweet profusion of heath, and gorse, its short soft herbage and the delicious exhilaration of the air which blows so fragrantly and healthily on this high elevation uniting the freshness of the ocean with the purity of heaven. Crossing a bad, stony causeway and looking to the high mound on our right, we might be tempted to diverge a few moments from our way, when we are told that tradition declares it to mark the spot where stood a British encampment. The antiquarian eye might discern much, perhaps, in the labyrinth of stone, to conjecture and ruminate upon; the common eye marks but the apparent confusion and the venerable appearance of the large blocks completely mantled with the cold grey lichen. Here is the scene sketched from the life.

I envy much the antiquarian eye  
That can amidst these blocks confused  
desery

So much that speaketh of the days gone by  
Into time's dark abyss. I rest me here  
Pondering if I perchance might in the  
maze

Detect the skill of chief or pioneer,  
And thread the labyrinth—but to my  
gaze

'Tis all perplexity. I rather turn  
To watch the waving of the graceful fern  
Trembling amid the hollows; or survey  
The many-tinted lichens, which in grey  
Cold mantle, robe the ancient stones, or  
look

Into the rushy channels of the brook  
Which many a mountain blossom doth  
conceal

Of unobtrusive hue, or gently steal  
Upon the drowsy ewe whose side-turn'd  
face

Peers inexpressive from her resting-place



### *Excursion to the Field of Cloth of Gold.*

Beneath the hollow'd stone. The day is far  
Since here hath roar'd the horrid din of  
war;

For now tis calmness all, a waveless sea,  
A smiling earth and deep serenity.

After pursuing a zig-zag path down a descent into a lower frith, and following a direction parallel to the sea, behold the object of our excursion is attained—the Frith of Cloth of Gold. Ere we go further, however, I would protest against being made answerable for any of dame Nature's vagaries. If the frith is not every season such as I shall represent it, I can only say that I colour from truth, and that I describe it such as it was when seen by me and many others. The hill rises on the right, steep, stony and rugged, covered with low bushes of gorze; yet though I cannot pretend to carry you there by description, I can assure you, that if your pony hath the use of his four legs (which by the way, may be questionable, if he belongs to the innkeeper) you will find little difficulty in gaining the summit. You will be so occupied in picking out a path where path there is none, that till you have accomplished the ascent I hope your attention has been fully engaged. But now I beg you to use your eyes and confess there is but one name for this frith, and that the *cloth of gold* it is, and must be, for evermore. Look in every direction and it is cloth of gold every where. One bright, long, deep, wide carpet, burning, flaming, glowing, in the full beams of the sun, so warm and rich, indeed, that you feel your cheek glow beneath its fervency, and so vividly intense, that the eye closes for a moment's repose, a fragrance, too, rises like an incense steam, as if extracted by Apollo himself; it is as the scent of a whole world of apricots filling the air with their lusciousness, the concentration of all that is delightful in colour, in fragrance, in richness, and this in the softest harmony with the deep blue sky that rests on it above, and the azure sea against which it seems to repose below. What would Linneæus have done or said at this sight? He fell on his knees in wonder and admiration when first he beheld the bloom of gorze to which his country was a stranger, but had he beheld it in this redundancy of its splendour, in this lavish profusion of full blossoms, in this over-

powering brilliancy, verily, I believe, the *spirit* of the great naturalist would have *exhaled* in the ascending mist from the golden bloom.

There was another sight to charm and interest on the memorable day when I was first initiated into this exquisite profusion. We had hired the frith for the summer pasture of a favourite pony mare of mine, which having unfortunately become diseased in her feet and too great a pet to be thrust prematurely out of existence, had become the mother of several thorough mountain colts. Though she had at one period of her life been accustomed to all the luxuries of stabling and grooming, she returned to her earlier habits as to those she infinitely preferred; and since she had been restored to a state of freedom, there was no weather in winter however severe and tempestuous which would induce her to shelter in the hovel provided for her. She was out at all seasons thoroughly enjoying her liberty, yet as gentle as when in the hourly habit of being handled and caressed. At the upper part of the Frith of Cloth of Gold there stood my pretty Bithgelert—so was she named from her birth-place—with three of her progeny grouped around her, a two year old, a yearling, and a colt at her foot. The whole party were at once tame and wild. First they stood with heads erect and pricked up ears, their long tails and manes gently raised in the summer breeze, watching our approach. When we stopped and called them, then would they advance some paces forwards and winny till even sedate Dicky was moved to reply. Then the two eldest, growing bolder, came trotting up tossing their heads, till they allowed us to rub their noses and pat their arching necks. In the meantime the little one would saucily bound forward, examine Dick most curiously and, just as we were preparing to coax and caress him away, he went with a preparatory toss of his head in the air, and scampering over the frith like a mad thing, the rest followed, the rocky ground resounding to the rapid tramp. Long stood we watching their gambols and frolics, and admiring their symmetrical forms, picturesque manes, and graceful bounds over and through the golden carpet, and very reluctantly did we descend the Frith of Cloth of Gold, and leave them to its solitary enjoyment.

STANZAS AFTER THE MANNER OF THE POETS OF THE XVI<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.

I've seen bright eyes of ebon shaded  
     With silken lashes,  
 Long tresses shining when they're braided  
     In golden flashes.  
 I've gazed on cheeks all richly glowing  
 Like the fresh rose-buds when they're blowing ;  
 From beauty's lips heard music flowing,  
     Yet nought could move  
     My soul to love.

Can it be that my heart is harder  
     Than the cold stone ?  
 Or is it some defect hath marr'd her  
     Eyes, hair, cheek, tone ?  
 Is it that pride my bosom steelth,  
 And so beneath feign'd ice concealeth  
 All the deep homage that it feeleth,  
     That none may know  
     I'm brought so low ?

They've led me into gorgeous halls,  
     And shown me there,  
 All that the heart of youth enthral  
     Of rich and rare.  
 Yet I have turn'd away unheeding,  
 Nor look nor sound of praise conceding,  
 Tho' in, their angry glances reading  
     How they would fain  
     Repay disdain.

Lay by your gems so rare and precious,  
     Ye courtly fair ;  
 Nor rubied gauds, nor words tho' specious  
     Will move my care  
 'Tis all in vain your nets ye're casting  
 For me, whose doating heart's contrasting  
 Your charms with those more bright and lasting,  
     Of *one* where art  
     Claimeth no part.

She's fair as lilies when they're whitest,  
     But knows it not ;  
 And well *her* heart may be the lightest  
     Which hath *no* spot.  
 Have ye mark'd violets, just unclosing,  
 Within whose depths, the dew reposing  
 More clear the purple light's disclosing ?  
     Such lustre lies  
     In *her* sweet eyes.

Tempt me not then with artful beauty  
     Or glosing tongue,  
 And what if *she* who claims my duty  
     Be yet unsung ?  
 Still in *my* inmost soul *she* dwelleth,  
*She*, who all prankish fair excelleth,  
 Tho' of her charms no flatterer telleth,  
     Ye all would shrink and fade before her  
     As stars decline before *Aurora*.

## THE HUMBLE COMPANION.

WHAT is gained by the acquisition of a "name?" Let the author who has given away his wit—the lawyer who has sold his integrity—the parson who has worn out his velvet cushion, and the tradesman whose credit and plate-glass windows have been smashed together for a "name," in the city, or in the gazette, let each of these severally tell how much he has obtained by his respective sacrifice. We shall only select one individual from one of the above-named classes (the trading one) to exemplify the mortifying moral that even the attainment of a "name," may be found within that sweeping "all," which Solomon designates as "vanity and vexation of spirit."

On the outskirts of a country village twenty miles from London, consisting of some twenty habitations, and at about as many paces from the road-side, stands (or stood) a neat red brick tenement, something between house and cottage, with straight gravel walk from entrance gate to front door, diamond flower beds on either hand, a kitchen-garden, fields in the rear, a cow-shed, chaise-house, and hen-house. How George Robins would sneer at our tame description, but might we not return the laugh, seeing that one of his most flowery paragraphs had failed to beguile a tenant into this "multum in parvo" of rural commodity. Its proprietor had done everything in his power to render it complete: but still alas! he was compelled to witness one external disfigurement, a huge painted black letter board, bearing the enticing words "To LET," and one internal deficiency, a want of inhabitants.

That which "puffing" and "painting" had alike failed in effecting, was at length happily brought about by an "event," a "stirring event," which the public spirit of some enterprising individuals "set on foot" in the village of Hazletwig.

This was no other than the "starting" of a public coach to run direct from thence to the metropolis. A vehicle of this kind had, it is true, for several years passed within two miles of the place, but at that point left it affrontingly in the lurch, a long deep rutted lane being still interposed between Hazletwig travellers

and the town at which they must meet the stage. But the day arrived for the good folks of Hazletwig to boast a "coach of their own," and had each of them by some simultaneous turn of fortune's wheel been severally enabled to *turn out wheels* of *his* or *her* own, we almost doubt if there would have been more general exultation than was felt on beholding the country-built Hazletwig "Wonder" emerge from the village inn-yard, and dash through its unpaved streets, full to the utmost license—gentlemen without, ladies within—for patronage smiled upon "Wonder's" birth, during, at least, the first few days of its existence. Besides the adventurous rustics thus "coach conveyed" from their native shades to metropolitan glare and bustle, several curious cockneys were tempted to spy out the hitherto unexplored beauties of "our village," and to this circumstance the owner of the road-side cottage before described, was probably indebted for a tenant. However this might have been, certain it is that "the Wonder" was scarcely "nine days old," when a second wonder arose in the removal of the notice "To let," from the exalted station it had so long occupied, and "everybody's" curiosity was put upon the *qui vive*, to hear who had taken "Arbutus" Cottage. The half dozen visiting families in the neighbourhood made simultaneous morning calls upon each other for the purpose of mutually imparting their hopes that the expected new comers would turn out "pleasant people," also with a view of discovering, if possible, who and what they were: in the latter object all, however, sustained disappointment—and simply for these two reasons; none was wiser than the rest, and they all missed each other because all were "out." Reports were, however, numerous. The doctor's lady asserted that an invalid gentleman was coming for change of air, and the attorney's wife, (mother of six unmarried daughters) had heard that the expected occupant of Arbutus Cottage was a rich widower without incumbances. Upon what data such discordant surmises were founded it were hard to guess—but it was not long, ere "notes of preparation"

gave notice of the in-comer's near approach, and provided fresh food for gossip then beginning to grow meagre from want of nourishment.

That Dame Gossip is, by the way, a lady of strong digestion, as she indubitably proved on this occasion—wood and horse-hair, brass and steel, in the shape of chairs, sofas, fenders and fire-irons, were converted into subjects for rumination and made subservient to that feast of reason, which, deducing effect from cause, arrived at the conclusion that the new-comers *must* be very genteel people, because the furniture they had sent forward was exactly of that description—at least in the opinion of the fortunate few who had seen it unpacked—and learned from the upholsterers' man (for the moveables were all new) that Mrs. "Platwell" a rich widow lady was to be their future neighbour. Further particulars did not transpire for some days, for though an old female servant immediately followed the furniture, her starched, forbidding and consequential demeanour, baffled the curiosity of the baker's man and awed the butcher boy into silence. At length, it was reported by the Hazletwig coachman that two "out" and one inside had been taken in the "Wonder," booked in the name of "Platwell," for the following Saturday. "Saturday," that was rather a "queer" day for entering a new residence—it certainly did not augur well for the "religious principles" of the new comers, who in all probability would be far too much busied in the affair of settlement to make their appearance at church the ensuing Sunday. "She might have chosen another day," said Mrs. Anodine (the doctor's lady) but as her implied censure could not reach the ear of its object, and as the places were booked for "Mrs. Platwell and family," come they must, and come they did.

Accordingly, at about seven o'clock on a fine July evening (just as most of the "genteel" inhabitants of Hazletwig happened to be strolling near Arbutus Cottage) the "Wonder" was seen to "pull up" at its door. Two bonneted "outsides" descended, and, last coming first, in the order of alighting, the first foot that touched strange ground was encased in a black cotton stocking and could belong to none other than a servant-maid—a tall, slight, delicate-looking girl in faded

mourning—who, by the indiscriminating observer might have been pronounced a domestic too, followed the first: both then stationed themselves by the coach door as Jarvie unfolded its high rattling step, in readiness to assist the descent of the last and most important of the trio—the mistress of the mansion. And truly a most magnificent-looking person she *turned out*—her dress, a pelisse of bright lavender satin, was inflated by her exceedingly plump person as fully though somewhat more substantially than an air cushion, or an india-rubber ball. The fifty summers to which her form owed its luxuriance had proportionately expanded her glowing countenance, which viewed in conjunction with the nodding bunch of corn and corn-flowers which adorned her bonnet, formed no bad model of a harvest moon as seen from behind a wheat-sheaf.

The above ingenious simile has taken us fewer minutes to invent and indite than were occupied by our large luminary in descending on the hemisphere of Hazletwig, but the descension was effected—and, dropping metaphor—behold Mrs. Platwell, its new mistress, at the gate of Arbutus Cottage! The prim uncommunicative domestic who had performed the office of house-warmer now issued forth to meet her lady; and the latter leaving behind all vulgar details, such as counting parcels, paying fares, and seeing coachman, to the shabby-genteel young person before mentioned, proceeded in state up the gravel walk to her door, preceded by one hand-maiden and followed by the other laden with packages—thus much, and no more was seen of the acquisitions to their neighbourhood by the evening strollers of Hazletwig—they lingered but for a moment to take a passing peep under the close bonnet of the "young person" who was seeing "all right;" by the result of this glance the only gentleman of the party was enabled to pronounce that the girl was "very pretty,—only, too pale and thin"—who she was or what she was, to Mrs. Platwell, remained a mystery—no one had heard of a "Miss Platwell"—besides she was in mourning and much too meanly dressed to be the daughter of so magnificent a lady—she didn't look like a servant either—she might be a poor niece, or cousin, or—but as we are not writing a novel, we shall tell our reader

now, (what the inhabitants of Hazletwig in time discovered ; that the young lady's name was Selby ; her present enviable post being that of "humble companion" to the great Mrs. Platwell. Nor shall we make a mystery of what she had once been,—in infancy the object of devoted fondness to both her parents, and when early deprived of her mother—the sole remaining stay of a father who nearly supplied that mother's place : he was a gentleman of large fortune and high repute in the mercantile world, and Mary (as his only daughter) to say nothing of her personal attractions which were not slight, was not likely to arrive at "woman's estate," in her case a property of rich endowment, without candidates for its possession—in short, the rich merchant's heiress was not without a choice of swains, and that choice (slighting the wealthier and the nobler) had worthily fallen on Charles Horton, a young officer in the East India Company's naval service, which after one more voyage he was about to quit in prospect of his marriage with Mary—but, alas ! for the short-sightedness of human views ! One more voyage ! That voyage was over, and Charles hastened to claim his beloved bride at the hands of her wealthy parent—and what did he find ? a pennyless orphan weeping over the grave of a bankrupt father !

These were grievous changes—but no change was wrought in the honest breast of the sailor lover—he still urged his suit upon the mourning maiden, but it was one she would no longer listen to—at least till happier days. Charles Horton's voyages had brought but little profit—his relations were now as violently opposed to his union with Mary, as they had heretofore rejoiced in its prospect—and though he would have braved their opposition—though for her and with her he would have confidently "backed" love against poverty, sure, that in *their* case, the former would never escape "out of window"—Mary was firm in her denial—her plan was formed and executed—*malgré* all Charles' arguments and persuasion. After residing a few months subsequent to her father's death in the house of a distant relation, who had coldly offered her a temporary asylum, she sought and obtained the "situation" in which we have introduced her to our

readers. Charles, as a last resource, determined to try another voyage hoping he might return freighted with independence for himself, and a ransom for his Mary from the bondage into which she had—as he maintained—unnecessarily entered.

After this retrospective glance at the "fallen fortunes" of her "humble companion," let us return to the magnificent Mrs. Platwell and her new neighbours, if indeed such they were destined to become. This was the important, the interesting query—both to the new comer and the old residents of Hazletwig : with the former it as yet scarcely admitted a doubt—but while she was innocently occupied in "setting out" her drawing-room for the reception of visitors, the latter were debating the expediency of making a call—of admitting Mrs. Platwell into their select society. The motion for exclusion was brought forward by Mrs. Anodine, the apothecary's spouse, and it was founded on an important piece of information she was enabled to lay before the consulting committee—all were acquainted with the *name* of the new occupant of Arbutus Cottage, but *there* lay the rub—"Platwell"—"Mrs. Platwell"—how could any body resident within twenty miles of London be ignorant that this was the far-famed *name* of the famous straw-bonnet-maker, in Oxford street—all knew this, but Mrs. Anodine had found out more—she had discovered beyond a doubt that the rich widow lady was the identical dame of—Dunstable—and therefore expressed her decided opinion that it would "adulterate the gentility of the place to call on a retired trades-person—Mr. Anodine would of course make an early professional call—but for herself it was quite a different matter."

Mrs. Copley Crawfish, the attorney's lady, spoke on the opposite side—dared to suggest that after all it *might* be another "Platwell"—and even should she prove "the woman of straw," she might for all that be a "very nice sort of person"—at any rate she was living now "very genteel—and nobody need seem to remember paying her a bill for a bonnet."

Mrs. Anodine, with a slight toss of the head, rejoined that people might do as they liked, but for her part she was never in a hurry to visit *any* strangers—

[THE COURT

much more a kind of person to whose *name* and late occupation very few could be strangers—at least for long.

In this conclusion, and the line of action adopted thereon, all the Hazletwig ladies concurred, with the single exception of Mrs. Copley Crawfish, whose visit was alone vouchsafed to the expectant anxiety of poor Mrs. Platwell—and though we detest morning calls, and hope our readers do the same, we will, for once, conduct them, with the lawyer's wife, into the penetralia of Arbutus Cottage. On the morning destined to be marked by the first ring from the "best gate bell," Mrs. Platwell had been more than usually peevish—for a fortnight had passed away since her arrival—leaving her, as far as neighbours were concerned, in a state of oblivion—her portly person concealed behind her spruce chintz curtains; day after day had she wearily watched for—disappointment. The squire's phaeton had dashed past her door—the clergyman, a bachelor of revered years, had walked slowly by it, while the doctor (though a family man) had only hung up his horse at the gate.

And this was the "snug, genteel little country society" in which she had looked forward to cut a figure: for this she had relinquished the lively bustle of Oxford-street—the throng of carriages at her door, and the crowd of smart customers in her smarter show-rooms; it was in vain she tried to find consolation in the proud thought that she was now a "lady:" the humiliating one began to intrude, that with *other* ladies she was of greater consequence in her shop than in her "boudoir," and as each "blank" day strengthened this growing consciousness, her spleen and ill-humour augmented with it—to the cost of poor Mary Selby—towards whom her self-importance assumed a more offensive tone—in proportion as it was cramped, *not* humbled, by mortification.

But we are digressing; the best bell of Arbutus Cottage has sounded—Mrs. Crawfish is waiting at the gate while the footboy is slipping on his red and green livery coat to open it—and Mrs. Platwell is slipping away from behind her ambush, the chintz curtain, to be seated in gracious state for the reception of her first visitor. Some people feel a little awkwardness on *first* visits and self-intro-

ductions, but Mrs. Platwell was too much accustomed to strangers to feel otherwise than "at home." Mutual the curtseys—mutual the simpers and responding notes from one of the new chairs, which bears for the first time, a visitor's weight.

Mrs. Crawfish glances around inquisitively, first, at the "genteel furniture," then at the genteel young person in faded mourning, who, seated at a side work-table, had risen on her entrance—but again resumed her place and employment in unintroducted nonentity.

"Beautiful weather," said the lady visitor, (who by the way had stepped out "between the summer showers" to make her call, and just escaped one then pattering on the window)—"beautiful weather"—perhaps she thought so—for people's notions strangely differ on the meteorological phenomena—and perhaps Mrs. Crawfish had no notion at all on the subject whereon she had made this appropriate observation, her eyes being at the time naturally directed towards the mistress of the mansion, a second look at whose decked-out person led her thoughts into a different channel from that which the rain-drops were forming on the gravel-walk. What reminiscences did Mrs. Platwell's full-blown countenance call up: by what magic did it carry her visitor's thoughts back to a certain day, some twelve months since, when accompanying her husband on a professional visit to London she had coaxed him into treating her with a fashionable town-trimmed bonnet—the very one now figuring its second season on her head.

"Very fine weather indeed, ma'am," (it was raining fast) responded Mrs. Platwell, mechanically echoing her visitor's observation—we say mechanically, because her mental powers were also occupied in something of recognition and retrospection at sight of the well-known shape of straw—a shape such as no other "house" could imitate to an eye practised as her own—it was a shape to be proud of—a shape such as had earned her a noted "habitation and a name," and yet, under the influence of present time and place, it was a shape that brought confusion with it, and doubly dyed the carnation of our *retired* lady's glowing cheek.

Both dames, however, soon recovered self-possession. Women certainly have

a knack of cleverly passing off awkwardnesses, and the slight one occasioned by this renewal of acquaintance wore away in a shorter space than we have occupied in transcribing it. The opening subject of weather was speedily followed by others of equal interest.

"Dear me, ma'am," said Mrs. Crawfish, with a look of admiration around, "really, ma'am, its quite wonderful to see ~~how~~ you have improved this here *parlour*—I always thought it a poor little place when Oldfield's people lived here—but now it seems really quite like an old friend with a new face."

Mrs. Platwell tried to acknowledge by a smile the foregoing compliment to her taste in decoration—yet her neighbour's speech was not altogether to her fancy; perhaps she did not relish its conclusion, or perhaps she thought her drawing-room affronted by being called a parlour—the name certainly was a misnomer applied to an apartment every corner of which was filled up and dressed out by a tabular display of ornamental (that is to say, *useless* pieces of "touch me not," trumpery. These nondescript "little articles" were, however, turned to some account by the complimentary Mrs. Crawfish, who taking up a "butterfly" pen-wiper, lying near her on the table, continued her animadversions.

"How very pretty! but really Mrs. Platwell, you've got such a beautiful 'set out' of pretty things that there's no knowing which to look at first—it really reminds me of the Museum—no the Pantheon—where Mr. C—— took me last summer. You know the Pantheon ma'am, don't you, in Oxford-street?"

"Vy--no--yes—most people does, as has ever been in London," said Mrs. Platwell, "but as for these little helegancies you are pleased to admire so much, ma'am—vy they're vat I always had a partiklar fancy for; and the late Mr. Platwell—my ever-to-be-lamented husband—always made it a pint to gratify all my little vishes—but in this sub-lunary world Mrs. Clawfish—"

A sigh and a pause ensued, the widow turned her eyes upwards to the image of a sky-blue-coated, pig-tailed gentleman enshrined over the chimney-piece—and Mrs. Crawfish not knowing *where* to look—or exactly what to say—turned in her dilemma towards the neglected Mary

Selby, addressing her for the first time with, "Miss, you seem a great needlewoman, perhaps you'd allow me to look at what you're doing."

Mary replied by raising her large blue eyes from her worsted work (an ottoman for Mrs. Platwell's *drawing-room*) and placing it (with a good-humoured smile) in the lady's hands.

"How beautiful! what a charming pattern!" exclaimed Mrs. Crawfish—and *this* time her eulogium was not merely complimentary, first—because it was *deserved*—and secondly, because it was *designed* to preface a requested loan of the pattern for her six daughters—that they might work it for an old maiden aunt. Mrs. Platwell—whose widowed emotions had not rendered her unobservant of the notice bestowed on Mary and her work—replied to her visitor's admiring observation—"Oh! it's certainly vastly 'andsome—that is the pattern—it come from Vilks's in Regent street—cost a pound—to say nothing of the vool—all German vool—which makes the flowers look so vel—and sets off the vork if its ever so bad—but after all, Mrs. Clawfish, what's the use of a hottoman in such a 'ouse as this—such a nutshell of a place—you should have seen our beautiful villa at 'Ighgate in poor Mr. P——'s time—(the head of the firm in Oxford Street *had* a box in the country) there was the room for the hottomans and so-phys, and all them knicknackeries you was noticing—now ma'am, only just look at them chintz curtains—almost the only bit of furnitur in the 'ouse that's not bran new—I assure you, Mrs. Clawfish, it would have made your 'art h'ache to see how I was obliged to cut 'em at the bottoms for these here low poking vinders, it's really downright cruel."

Mrs. Crawfish of course sympathised—but we shall treat her condolences like Mrs. Platwell's curtailed curtains, and without further ceremony cut them short, and bring her visit to a close.

A few days after this important event, the mistress of Arbutus Cottage received her first Hazletwigian invitation in the shape of a triangular note from the attorney's spouse, requesting her company to tea, including that of "the young lady who was with her." To go or not to go, as regarded Mrs. Platwell's self, was soon

settled in the affirmative—her humble companion was only her *home* companion, and all she had to do with “invitations” was—to answer them.

Any mortification Mary Selby might have felt at playing the part of Cinderella to her lady patroness, happened on the present occasion to be absorbed in widely different feelings—for on the very morning that the lawyer’s servant boy had brought his mistress’s gilt-edged note for Mrs. Platwell, the postman had brought Miss Selby a *London* letter from—Charles Horton. That Mary’s pale cheek should flush, her heart beat, and her hand tremble as she broke the seal of her lover’s epistle, will appear nothing strange to those who know, or have ever known, what love is; but emotions of surprise were almost predominant over other feelings at finding Charles still in England, when she had supposed him “outward bound” to India. All we need reveal of his unlooked-for epistle is the purport of it—no other than an earnest and passionate entreaty that Mary would see him once again before he sailed—he was to be at Hazletwig that very evening.

Mary had seized one of those few opportunities allowed her by the tiresome and tyrannizing requisitions of Mrs. Platwell, to peruse the letter in her own little room—and it was yet in her hand when the voice of her vulgar patroness called her to assist in some transformation of her finery for Mrs. Crawfish’s evening party; but comparatively slight was the influence of external annoyance to the totally engrossed mind of Mary, whose agitation and abstraction would scarcely have escaped the observation of Mrs. Platwell—had not *her* thoughts also been occupied by visions of introduction to Hazletwig society to be realized that evening at the house of her hitherto sole neighbour. Wearily passed the hours to both the ladies of Arbutus Cottage—till half-past six in the evening—when, attended by her foot-boy, band-box in hand, Mrs. Platwell sallied forth to her tea-drinking “rendezvous”—and poor Mary, relieved from the oppressive weight of her presence, sat down to ponder “o’er again” her lover’s letter, and come to a decision upon its contents. Indeed, there was no time to be lost, for Charles might arrive in half an hour—nor after all did the maiden’s resolve—(to see him once again

before he went)—require much maturing—but another subject of debate now arose out of the very circumstance which might have seemed to facilitate her interview with him—namely, Mrs. Platwell’s absence from home—the starched, forbidding domestic, before noticed, bore no good will to Mary—the office of sole companionship to her mistress being one she thought herself fully adequate to combine with that of cook and housekeeper—through this personage it was quite certain that “Miss Selby’s visit from a gentleman,” so “artfully” timed in her absence, would reach the ears of Mrs. Platwell, and either give rise to suspicions and surmises which the coarseness of her mind would suggest and even lead her to throw out on all occasions, or it would render necessary on Mary’s part—a confidence from which she shrunk. For these reasons she wished to prevent Charles from coming to the house, and after some hesitation resolved to walk out and meet him, taking the way by which he must now reach the village, for the Hazletwig “Wonder” having arrived without him, he was no doubt pursuing his way from the market town through which the latest coach passed.

Having thus far drawn aside the curtain from Mary’s motives and her intended movements—our reader may be prepared for the ensuing scene—a line of “sun-set trees” over-arching one of the romantic paths of Hazletwig, and walking beneath them engaged, the one in earnest converse—the other in as earnest heeding—a handsome sun-burned young man in the dress of a naval officer, and our friend Mary—transformed from the “humble companion” of a contemptible woman, into the gentle but firm arbiter upon whose sentence seemed to hang the fate of the noble-looking and impassioned being who was pleading his cause before her—his manly voice, its tone subdued to that of earnest persuasion—alone broke the surrounding stillness of evening—

“Mary,” he said, “my own, my beloved Mary—why will you thus persist in refusing to me—in rejecting, may I say it, for yourself, that cup of happiness which no necessity—no duty—forbids us to taste now—now, while it is in our grasp? Why risk the committal of the fragile treasure to the chances of years of



absence—of winds, and waves, and climate? True, I am poor now—I may return rich, if ever I *do* return, but would wealth give me a higher value with *you*?—*You*, who would have bestowed freely the fortune I never coveted with the heart I alone sought—for the devoted affection I had alone to offer. I am poor, but not pennyless—we shall have enough for love and happiness—only let my Mary accept the humble home I can now provide her, and if she should find it too homely for her wants and wishes, I will then again cross the seas at her bidding in quest of—Indian skreens, mandarins, and pagods to embellish it.”

Mary returned the slight smile with which her lover's speech concluded, by another, half sad, half playfully reproachful—“Oh! Charles, why do you force me to boast my disinterestedness by endeavouring to refute your last insinuation—and that, too, when I cannot even make a merit of the virtue; a home—any home with you!”—she paused—her eyes glistened—and the blood rushed into her pale cheek at the bright, blissful image her fancy had conjured up—but the glowing picture was scarcely formed, ere it faded—and at the thoughts of its cold, dark reverse, the purchased shelter of Mrs Platwell's roof, the poor girl's heart sunk within her—but her resolution did not waver—and after a moment's silence, which the sanguine sailor had well nigh interpreted into consent, she continued—“Charles, you well know how idle these persuasions are—indeed, they are cruel—never will I consent to be the burthen I *must* become upon your straitened fortune, and the efforts you can and should make for its improvement. The opposition of your family to our marriage under present circumstances—your entire dependence on your father, for everything but the trifling gains of the profession you would abandon—these surely are reasons *quite* sufficient for my decision—besides, it is now too late for you to abandon the ship to which you have been appointed. Go then, dearest Charles—once more leave me in the home I have found—at least a safe one—in a situation, with all its little drawbacks, far—far preferable to one of dependence on your displeased relations—and return with the well-earned competency—we want no more—which it will be my pride and happiness to share.”

The young man looked grave and reproachfully—

“You do not, cannot love me, Mary—or these prudential considerations would have as little weight with *you* as with myself—but I will go as you require, to perform the task you impose, and if in my absence a richer and a happier man should sue for the prize I once thought my own, but for which it seems I am yet to toil—think not of me, think not of our engagements—for *you* it need be no longer binding.”

As young Horton spoke, Mary withdrew the arm which rested on his—the injustice of her lover's words cut her to the quick, but the anger they excited was the feeling of a moment—

“Oh! Charles, Charles,—when seas roll between us, bitterly will you repent having thus cruelly wronged me—but it grows late, and it is time for us to

“Part,” she *would* have said, but tears choked her voice. The dreaded word needed not to be spoken—the fact that the parting moment was indeed at hand, smote upon the heart of Charles in all its agonizing reality, and at once awakened him to remorseful self-upbraiding—

“Forgive me,” he exclaimed, “forgive me, dearest and best-beloved—I was mad just now—I knew not what I said—reproach to you! to you—the best, the noblest, the gentlest of beings. I will be guided by you—all you have said is right and just, and I was a fool, a selfish fool in wishing to involve you in my poverty. Say you forgive me—only say this, Mary, and I go without a murmur.”

Mary held out her hand, and her penitent lover clasped her to his heart—but his pardon was scarcely sealed when he again offended, passionately exclaiming—

“No, no; I will not, cannot leave you—if you were in a happy home, with those who would love and cherish you, (though not like me) then, indeed, I would go—go cheerfully—but to leave you beneath the roof of a stranger—of that hateful woman, the sport of her insulting low caprices—it is too much to ask of me—I cannot do it—Mary, why will you thus wring my heart?”

The young man stopped as he spoke and, leaning against one of the trees which bordered their path, covered his face with one hand, his other arm supporting the

trembling frame of her whose weakness he was augmenting by his own—but he was struggling hard to conquer it, and after a few moment's silence resumed, in a voice calmer, but sadder than before,—"Do not think me wilful, Mary—hard as it costs me, I will tear myself from you, for you bid me go, and perhaps reason, prudence, and, more than all, my love for you demand the sacrifice, but—my heart's own treasure!—in leaving thee I have other fears—fears for your health, Mary—who will watch over it when I am gone? You are not well now—I see it, I know it. A few months only have passed since we last met and I find you changed—what may not as many years—"

"For shame! dearest Charles," interrupted Mary, turning away her head to avoid the look of mingled tenderness and apprehension fixed upon her, "for shame, dear Charles—why embitter these few moments by dismal forebodings? Let us look to better and happier things. I shall live upon hope during your absence—yes, and grow fat upon it, too" she added, forcing a smile, "that you may not have the ill manners to find fault with my looks on your return."

As Mary finished speaking, she and her companion reached the little gate of the romantic church-yard of Hazletwig, through which lay the nearest path to Arbutus Cottage—not far distant. The evening was fast closing in, and the tall white steeple rising against the warm twilight sky, was wrapped in the same dark grey as its surrounding elms.

Mary stopped when they were under the shadow of the church, and gently arrested her companion's footsteps—"Charles, you must leave me here," she said, in a tone she vainly strove to render firm, "farewell! may God Almighty bless and keep you—you will write before you sail—"

"Yes, yes," returned the young man in a broken and husky voice, "but before I go, Mary, let us, here—here in this solemn place—at this solemn hour, renew our plighted faith—promise that you will be mine directly on my return—that no opposition—*none*—even on my father's part—shall rob me of the claim I shall have won to happiness—a happiness I now forego for you, for your sake only; promise, Mary! will you promise?"

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A deep toll from the overhanging bell-fry responded to the speaker's passionate requisition—the village ringers, about to meet for an evening peal, had been preceded by one of their party who was thus calling the remainder; but though "nothing strange," the voice of that bell struck upon the hearts of the young lovers with the chilling weight of an evil omen. Both were silent—Mary's lips dared not utter the vow, which solemnly pronounced and registered in her heart required no words to seal it. Charles knew the faith on which he trusted, and asked not again for a renewal of its pledge—but both kneeling on one of the lowly graves beside them mutely confessed the nothingness of human promises—and human prospects, save in dependence upon Him from whom they implored a blessing on each other.

Out of the very sound which had for a moment deadened the whispers of hope arose a "small still voice" of consolation; equally trusting upon one another they rose from their brief and silent prayer with a dependence more high, more holy than man's firmest faith or woman's fondest devotion. That dependence assuaged even the bitterness of their parting embrace—it was like the single evening star which had just risen supplying with its calm clear lustre the sun-light of the closing day—to them the world looked gloomy as the deep twilight around; solitary, at least for a season, was to be the way of each through its dreary paths, but the footsteps of each were cheered by the same guiding star.

Long before Charles reached the inn whence he was to start by the early morning coach, poor Mary had re-entered Arbutus Cottage, and glad to escape the return of Mrs. Platwell, ventured on retirement to her room previous to the hour that "missus" had appointed foot-boy, cloak and lantern to protect her home. When the ladies met at breakfast, the following morning, it was easy to discover that the elder was not in the most amiable of moods: she had been disappointed in the result of her last night's party which turned out in fact, to be no party at all, save a family one made up of several varieties of the genus *Crawfish*, in the shape of three female cousins of the attorney—with his spruce clerk, the youthful Apollo of the evening to these

somewhat antiquated graces. Thus ended Mrs. Platwell's hopes of introduction in her neighbourhood. Oh! that name of hers! that *name*, that well known *name*—it was the very incubus, the nightmare upon all her aspirations after gentility. When introduced to the attorney's cockney cousins—the “misses” had simultaneously started—they had “brought down” bonnets from the very “house” which still bore the celebrated name.

Miss Cornelia Crawfish was curious—she liked to know “who was who,” and seized an opportunity, in the course of the evening, of pointedly appealing to Mrs. Platwell for her opinion on the prevailing fashion of “enormous cottages.” The *ci-devant* architect of “strawbuilt sheds” wished herself at home—*Arbutus* “cottage” would have best fitted her “diminished head.” Well would it have been had the spines of her ruffled vanity tormented herself alone, but like those of the “fretful porcupine,” they could be launched at pleasure, and who so likely to be wounded by them as the defenceless unoffending girl, her “humble companion.” Mrs. Platwell's peevishness and ill-humour daily increased; her vacant mind, and now vacant time, unoccupied in the fashioning of shapes, the flattery of *young* lady apprentices, or the flattery of *old* lady customers, found only bitterness in the “*dolce far niente*” to which she had so long looked forward. Why it may be inquired did Mary Selby, who besides her endowments of higher price, possessed a full stock of those elegant accomplishments with which *poor* young women are compelled to trade, why did she not seek beneath the roof of some other strangers, another situation more congenial to her nature—the task of instruction would at all events have been one more worthy of her talents—but for this her rapidly declining health rendered her each day more unfit. Charles had read but too clearly the tale of evil prophecy told by her wasted form and faded complexion, added to this, her depressed spirits caused all thoughts of change and strange faces to be repugnant, and from these she was at least preserved by the nearly solitary life which Mrs. Platwell (thanks to her name) seemed doomed to lead. To that lady's petty shafts of annoyance—Mary's sweetness of temper and growing habit of endurance opposed

a tolerable shield, and more than all, the place of her abode, the village, and the village church-yard—the scene of that parting—which was ever present; the chimes from that village steeple, yet more—the voice of its passing bell—all these were become familiar and dear and sacred to her heart.

In the every-day sameness of *Arbutus* Cottage, a year soon glided away; it had brought several letters from India, all, except the first, written in the warmest glow of hope and expectation, for now that Charles Horton was again in active employment, his ardent mind recovered its tone and seemed to bound over the intervening space, now, he said, reduced to one more “little year,” between him and *home*. When in his last interview with Mary, he urged their immediate union, it was *he* whose fears conjured up phantoms of danger from the gulph of delay she thought it a duty to interpose between them; then, it was *her*s to encourage and point, smilingly, to the “land of promise” beyond; now alas! poor girl, her task was changed—though it was still to a “land of promise”—a “better land” that she had to point—for over the earthly one, that one on which eye of her lover was resting in joyous anticipation, she saw the clouds gathering fast. Consumption, the fell destroyer of her mother, who had long laid his wasting hand upon herself, was closing his grasp around her. For some time after her lover's departure she had written in spirits—and that without a consciousness of deception, but she now began to feel it her cruel duty to tear down the veil of his illusion, though with a gentle and trembling hand. She spoke but slightly of her cough, her weakness—the actual warnings of her threatening fate—rather dwelling on general and possible contingencies and striving to lead *him*, who had made her his heart's idol, to views beyond herself—and had Mary no task of this sort to perform at home? Were *her* affections not too closely linked to frail mortality? herein indeed was her struggle; herein lay the victory not yet achieved.

For this trial, however, poor Mary's human weakness was not left entirely destitute even of human support and assistance; such had been supplied to

her in the person of the excellent and pious old clergyman who was rector of Hazletwig. He had met our young friend accidentally at the house of a poor sick cottager (whither she had paid a stolen visit, *not* as ambassador but principal) walked home with her, became interested in her character, commiserated her situation—and, for her sake, not unfrequently called at Mrs Platwell's—to whom his pastoral visits were, only, an acquisition inasmuch as they formed a clerical addition to her list of neighbours—which, scanty as it remained, could at least boast of law, physic and divinity. But for this, the doors of the *ci-devant* bonnet-maker might ever have been closed against the "minister," so utterly at variance with her own vulgarity of mind and manners were the gentleman-like, mild, and benevolent demeanour of Mr. Mapleton, the rector. True he was a "single man," but in *his* case the title was no passport to the house of maid or widow, age—and invulnerability to a forty years' siege by the united female force of Hazletwig, had rendered it a dead letter. Unfair indeed would it be not to acquit *our* widow, Mrs. Platwell, of all *views* to the snug rectory, except that commanded by her back parlour window; for during the old gentleman's visits she would not unfrequently leave the apartment on some pretended call of business—a "*ruse de guerre*," as we strongly suspect, for the purpose of dislodging the uncongenial visitor who, however, would generally "stand his ground" and employ these little opportunities of being alone with Mary to cheer her with a few short words of consolation and support, such as he knew to be needed. The poor girl would look forward to a visit from Mr. Mapleton as a pleasant gleam breaking in upon the dull monotony of her life of endurance; and even when Mrs. Platwell's presence allowed only of common-place observations, the gentle tones of his voice, especially in addressing her, which he made a point of doing frequently, the benevolent smile and kind shake of the hand with which he greeted and bid her "good-bye"—these were things worth looking for.

Mr. Mapleton was seated at breakfast one July morning, discussing his roll and the County Chronicle—a longer interval than usual had elapsed since his last visit

to Arbutus Cottage—and he purposed calling in the course of the day and seeing how his poor young friend, Mary Selby, bore the extreme heat of the weather, when a note was put into his hand—a little girl had brought it from Mrs. Platwell's, and it proved a hurried line from Mary herself—begging him, if possible, to let her see him in the course of that or the following day.

Had the good pastor followed his first kind impulse, he would have left his roll unfinished and paper unread, in obedience to the summons which caused him both surprise and uneasiness; but considering all things, he thought it better to defer his visit, at least, until a visiting hour. Twelve o'clock saw him at his neighbour's door—Mrs. Platwell was at home. On being ushered in, the old gentleman's first glance was towards the accustomed seat of Mary—it was vacant:—his next towards Mrs. Platwell's face, *that* was full of vexation, and red with heat and ill-humour—an expression which did not soften on Mr. Mapleton's immediate inquiry of—"How was Miss Selby?"

"Vy, Mr. Anodine says she's as bad as bad can be," was the reply.

The good clergyman started; he did not think it had come to this.

"You do not say so," he exclaimed; "surely she's not in danger—in immediate danger—I had no idea—"

"No indeed sir, nor *I*," interrupted Mrs. Platwell; "and I think Mr. Anodine did any thing but friendly by me, and so I told him this morning, to let the young woman be taken ill this way in my 'ouse—even, as he says, he seed it all coming on months and months ago."

"It is, indeed, to be lamented that something was not attempted earlier for her recovery," said Mr. Mapleton, not seeming to observe the entirely selfish application of Mrs. Platwell's complainings, while she proceeded in a tone intended to draw forth all her auditor's sympathy.

"I'm sure it's a sad business, and altogether vastly hard upon *me*—and yet, perhaps, I've no call to complain, because after all, it's nothing but my good natur' as I have to thank for it; but you know us can't help none's feelings, Mr. Mapleton; and you v'ont wonder when I tell you vot I've put up with in regard of that young person, and all

out of indulgence to her weak state of health, treating her more like a wisitor than a companion with an 'andsome salary—I'm sure I'd a fine deal better been without nobody; but you see, Mr. Mapleton, that was a step I took by advice of my friends, and I'll just tell you how it came about."

Here our good clergyman was on the very point of interrupting the narrative threatened by Mrs. Platwell, but checking his impulse, to ill-breeding and his impatience to see Mary, he only drummed with his dusty boot-heel on the crimson carpet—whose owner cruelly proceeded.

"There was my Lady Popjoy and Mrs. Jones, my very particular acquaintances, and they says to me, soon after the late Mr. P.'s death, (poor dear man!) and when they knowed I was a-moving into the country—that is, further from town than our villa in Mr. P.'s time—and so they says to me, 'Mrs. Platwell,' says they, 'we've been a thinking of a little plan for you. We're afraid, somehow, you'll find it dull and mopish in a rural willage after the good 'society' you've always been used to, and what we should recommend is for you to look out for a companion, (Lady Popjoy laughed and said she didn't mean a gentleman *just* yet—I vore veeds for poor Mr. P. then) 'but 've means,' says they, 'a useful young person, a sort of a lady who can sing and play the pianer when you 'appens to 'ave company, and draw patterns, and paint skreens ven you wishes to make a friend a present, and look after the 'ousekeeping, and read hout to you, and do plain and fancy work, and all such like—that's the person you should have to keep you company, Mrs. Platwell,' says they. So I hacts upon their suggestion, and meets with this poor hinvalid cretur—so vastly unfortunate! Just look at that pianer, Mr. Mapleton, it cost me seventy pounds—neither more nor less—and much good it's been; a fine deal of company in a paltry place like this! and a fine voice, Miss Selby's, to sing to it, if there had been. Vy, I only asked her t'other day to read me a chapter out of Bully's new novel, 'the Days of Pompey, (I've all the litory vorks from Orne's library, Mr. Mapleton) ven I do assure you it set her off a coughing to such a degree it was quite unpleasant.."

"It must, indeed, have been most distressing," replied Mr. Mapleton, gravely and bitterly, "but pray, madam, may I ask if the young lady's friends are made acquainted with her state of health,—since no doubt a removal from your roof, if now possible, would be best for all parties."

The worthy rector had learnt a part only of Mary's history—he knew her to be an orphan, but did *not* know that she was a friendless one. Mrs. Platwell resumed in answer to his last observation:

"Vy my dear sir, there's the rub—and what's so uncommon hard upon *me*—in the first place, by Mr. Anodine's account, she's not fit for a journey—and by what I can make out, the unfortunate cretur has'nt got no relations—none at least as has noticed her since her father's death."

"God help her! poor young thing!" sighed Mr. Mapleton, emphatically, as Mrs. Platwell proceeded—

"Now you see, Mr. Mapleton, the awkward predicament in vich I'm sitivated. To be sure, if I'd the 'eart to do like some people, I might *persist* on her leaving the 'ouse and going into a lodging, vich is what she is able enough to do with the 'aft year's salary as I paid her t'other day, but I'm always tinder in 'urting people's feelings. Yesterday I certainly did give her an 'int to write to her friends to come or send for her, and directly she burstud out into such a fit of crying as put me in such a hagation as I'm not recovered from yet." (Here Mrs. Platwell had recourse to an embossed silver vinagrette lying beside her on the table). "This was proof enough that she has no friends as cares for her; and another is, that she never has no letters from nobody, except now and then a great packet from Indy; she'd vone this morning; some love affair, I fancy; but she's always been mighty close about the matter to *me*, which dos'nt look over vell in a young 'oman, in particklar vith vone as stands in the light of a purtectress, does it, Mr. Mapleton?"

The old gentleman made no reply to Mrs. Platwell's appeal—but scarcely able to control or hide his disgust at the cruelty and selfishness she had laid bare, asked if Miss Selby was confined to her bed.

"Bed, oh! no," replied Mrs. Platwell; "her breath is so terrible bad, that

she's not been able to lie down these two days—she's sitting up in her own room."

Mr. Mapleton, after a moment's debate whether he should seem acquainted with the poor sufferer's wish to see him, asked the lady of the house for permission to send up word of his presence. Mrs. Platwell reddened, and bridling up with an air which seemed to say that the old clergyman's request invaded both politeness and propriety, replied, she was "quite sure" there would be no use at all in sending up, indeed, it was Mr. Anodine's "particklar" orders that his patient should be kept quiet. But poor Mary's friend was not thus easily baffled.

"Madam," he said, "I trust a few minutes' interview with Miss Selby can prove in no way injurious to her—but of that I must bear the responsibility, and again request that she may be told of my being here—indeed, I will candidly tell you that I came here for the express purpose of seeing her; and as a Christian minister called by his duty to the side of a sick bed, permit me to say that without having seen Miss Selby I cannot leave this house—unless, indeed, by her own desire."

The mean-spirited and cowardly woman he addressed, quailed beneath the mild but firm decision of Mr. Mapleton's look, and rang the bell to do his bidding—his message was transmitted to the invalid, and answered by a request that he would walk up. Gladly did the minister of peace obey a summons which released him from the hateful presence of Mrs. Platwell, though a trying scene awaited him in the chamber above.

Poor Mary was sitting propped up by pillows in an arm-chair placed near an open window—the heated air from which seemed rather to oppress than relieve her painful breathing. At the first moment of his entrance, Mr. Mapleton did not perceive any startling change in her appearance, for the sight of his kind and friendly face, and a little fear (how needless!) of her summons having seemed presuming, called up into her transparent cheek a hectic flush of dazzling brilliancy—matched by unusual lustre in her large deep-fringed eyes, as raising them with an effort at a smile, she held out her wasted hand to return the kind pressure of that of her respected friend—

"Oh! sir," she said, "this is indeed  
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good of you, so soon to grant my petition—but I fear you must have thought it a very bold one."

"Hush! my dear young lady, none of this," said the old man, drawing a chair close to Mary's—"only tell me how, or in what I can serve you."

"Thank you! thank you my dear, kind sir—my friend—my father! the God of the fatherless will reward you! Read this—and then——"

As she spoke, Mary drew a letter from beneath one of her supporting pillows and placed it in Mr. Mapleton's hand—it was from Charles Horton, announcing his speedy return to England—perhaps as soon as the letter itself; every word breathed joyful, confident anticipations, for he had overlooked or set at naught all poor Mary's gentle warnings—they were too gentle for his sanguine spirit.

While yet reading, our good rector took off his spectacles more than once to remove the mist which clouded them; when the epistle was concluded he kept them on, and it was not without an effort that he could command his voice or feelings sufficiently to say—

"These are indeed joyful tidings, my dear girl, and you must make haste and get well to——"

"'Welcome his return,' you would say—but no, no; you must not deceive me—must not encourage me to deceive myself. I cannot be deceived—for something within, more powerful even than my own rebellious wishes, tells me that in this world Charles and I shall never meet again."

The poor invalid leant back, exhausted by strong emotion; and Mr. Mapleton paused to seek words of encouragement for which he hardly felt justified in using.

"My dear child," he at length said, "far be it from me, as your sincere and affectionate friend, still less as a Christian minister, to deceive or foster self-deception in a matter which involves your eternal interests. My office is not to cast a veil over the king of terrors—rather to display him to the repugnant eye of nature until it becomes strengthened into the unshrinking eye of faith. Young as you are, my child, the enemy *may* be nigh you—even at your door; but who shall say that his stroke will not yet be averted—that you may not yet be

spared to taste the earthly happiness which seems dawning on you."

Mary shook her head with a mournful and incredulous smile—

"But lest God wills it otherwise," said she, "hear the service which your goodness has emboldened me to ask—upon my poor Charles's first arrival will you, if possible, see and deliver him this packet (a small one was placed in Mr. Mapleton's hand) but this is not all—will you speak to him the words of comfort he will need so much—such comfort as you have led me to seek—such as I now feel—you will be *his* friend as you have been *mine*, and he will at least be happy in knowing that his Mary was not deserted at the last."

The old clergyman's tears fell upon the little parcel he held—

"I will take this," he said, "as you desire—though in the fervent hope and prayer that I shall have the happiness of restoring it to yourself; for the rest, you may depend upon me."

At this moment the door opened and gave entrance to Mrs. Platwell's starched housekeeper who came with her lady's inquiries, how "Miss"—found herself, and if there was any thing she would fancy to take. The poor suffering girl turned on the domestic a look of involuntary surprise at an attention which Mr. Mapleton thereby guessed to be unwonted—and the inference he drew from this incident confirmed him in a scheme he had already formed. Fearing to fatigue her, the good rector soon after arose to take leave of Mary, and it was then that the altered appearance of her countenance struck him more than it had yet done—her cheek, from which the glow of excitement had faded, wore a wan and livid hue, and exhaustion, combined with the heat of the weather, had brought drops of clammy moisture to her forehead; the bright mid-day sun of July had come round to the window at which she sat, and as its beam, so full of life and joy, rested on her face, it seemed to contrast fearfully with the mocking light of the grave and feverish brilliancy which gleamed from her large sunken eye. It was one of those summer days when everything seemed teeming with existence; the bee and butterfly were on the wing; the birds chirping from their shady coverts, and every particle of sand

appeared animate with the labours of the creeping insect. Mary's window commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country—wood and meadow and waving corn-field—whilst rising from the surrounding elms, the most conspicuous object in the landscape was the tall spire of Hazeltwig Church; many a time had the poor girl gazed upon this "landmark" of her love and hopes—calling to mind that moment when she and one other had knelt beneath its shadow. Her eye was fixed upon it at the moment when Mr. Mapleton rose to bid her farewell, and while one of her damp, thin hands was feebly grasping his, she pointed with the other to the village steeple, saying in a low and earnest tone—

"My dear, kind friend—one more request before you go—if God should not listen to *your* prayers for my recovery—give me a resting-place in yonder—in your *own* church-yard—say that it was my dying wish—say so to *him*."

"*All* your wishes shall be strictly, sacredly, performed to the utmost of my power—of that be satisfied, my dear, dear child," said the old man, sealing his promise by a kiss on Mary's forehead; "but happier things may yet be in store. I will see you again early to-morrow—till then, good bye, and God Almighty bless you—till to-morrow."

Mr. Mapleton hastened down stairs, the parlour was vacant, and happy to escape all further contact with its amiable mistress, he left the house without waiting to see her; instead of the footboy a good-humoured looking country girl opened the gate to let him out—on whom he did not fail to enforce all possible attention to her poor young lady.—Strengthening his injunctions—by a glittering fee—to retain her services at least for that day and the ensuing night—for the morrow the rector had formed other plans—he intended to see and obtain Mr. Anodine's opinion of his patient, and if sanctioned by him to propose and manage her removal from Mrs. Platwell's house to his own—to the care of himself and his old and faithful housekeeper. Occupied during his walk home by the benevolent scheme on which he had set his heart—he was less alarmingly impressed—by the state of its object—in the warm glow of that benevolence the distrust of nearly fourscore

years was forgotten and, like a very child, he looked with confidence to the morrow.

And what did that morrow bring ?

It brought relief to the suffering frame, and release to the struggling spirit, of Mary Selby. Tranquilly and serenely as the early morning which was breaking at the time, had the orphan girl departed to her rest, though her death-bed was unwatched by the eye of affection, and her own was not permitted to behold him who was the last object of her earthly thoughts. Her soul's last thralldom was broken—but the tie which had held it down to earth had not been rudely severed by the stroke of death ;—gentler hand had loosened it—a hand which pointed to its renewal in a holier, happier form.

What else did that morrow bring ?

An appalling weight of coming desolation for the absent, for him whose heart was bounding like the sunny-crested waves which were bearing him to—Mary's grave.

And to the present—to the one or two who stood beside the death-bed of the "Humble Companion"—What did that morrow bring ?

It brought "too late" compunction to a vain, cold-hearted, coarse and selfish woman ; could she who had so little appreciated—so hardly treated her in life, gaze upon her in death ? so calm, so young, so innocent—could she look upon her *thus*, and not call to mind poor Mary's patient endurance and unrequited kindnesses—and unregarded sufferings ? For a moment, Mrs. Platwell thought of these things and—-wept ! And what felt the kind old rector on that "morrow" which was to afford the orphan girl an asylum beneath his roof—a home in his "house and heart." "Would they had been offered sooner !" was his first regretful murmur—"She has a better abiding place !" was the thought that silenced it. Strictly did he perform the mournful services for which his word had been given. He himself read the funeral service over Mary's grave in his own church-yard, and before the grass had covered it, his second painful task was performed.—From Mr. Mapleton's own lips Charles Horton first learnt his bereavement—nor could his hopes have received their death-stroke from a hand that dealt the blow

more gently, or one more earnest to assuage the pain it inflicted.

Mrs. Platwell continued an inhabitant of Hazletwig but a very few months after poor Mary's death : already disgusted with a place in which she had experienced little but heart-burnings and mortification, she strove by change of residence to escape these unpleasant sensations with other recollections no whit more agreeable, connected with her late "Humble Companion"—but in these views she was not entirely successful ; there is "no home" where unwelcome thoughts will not intrude—and the sensitive bonnet-maker found it scarcely less difficult to flee from the fatally excluding celebrity of her name ; she had only one resource, and driven at last to desperation—she fled for refuge, with all the wealth of her stubble harvest, into—the arms of John Jenkins her red and green footboy—upon his arrival at man's estate, and whether her admission into "genteel society" was furthered by this step we never heard.

The landlord of Arbutus Cottage—the only person who lamented Mrs. Platwell's departure—was soon reconciled for her loss—by the offer of a new tenant in the person of the rich East India Captain, Charles Horton. As the last scene of his Mary's brief career, the house, the garden, the village, and most of all that church-yard where she slept, were endeared to him by a thousand remembrances which he loved to cherish ; then the proximity of the rectory and the venerable master, Mary's best and last and only friend, was fraught with a healing influence such as in the first bitterness of his sorrow he would not have thought derivable from any source. The highest spring of consolation was that to which Mr. Mapleton succeeded in conducting his young friend ; he also aroused his depressed energies to active benevolence and usefulness—and long after the old rector had been called to give an account of his "faithful stewardship" Charles Horton was living, the beloved benefactor of Hazletwig parish—a "Man of Ross" in all but poverty. He now sleeps beside his Mary—and in the steeple above them hangs the prophetic bell which seemed to forbid their union here—and promised it hereafter.



G A S P A R.  
A T R U E S T O R Y.

It was a wintry night : loud sigh'd  
The bitter blast around the halls,  
And then in fainter murmurs died ;  
Whistled within the ancient walls  
Its cold sharp breath on every side :  
Close by the cheerful fire we drew  
As the bleak storm still fiercer grew.

We were alone—my friend and I ;  
Gaspar, my dear and earliest friend :  
I could not, as I gazed, but sigh  
To see how griefs some bosoms rend ;  
How heavy this world's troubles lie !  
His cheek was wan, his hair was gray,  
His once gay spirits fled away.

Many a weary year had pass'd  
Since I with this loved friend had met,  
And many griefs their shade had cast  
Which time had taught me to forget :  
But his deep sorrow seem'd to last,  
And each to other add its shade  
Till all his life was darkness made.

In foreign climes he'd wander'd long  
And passing years no tidings brought,  
Yet I did ne'er our friendship wrong  
By blaming Gaspar e'en in thought ;  
I felt our hearts were knit too strong  
For him to err ; so still I deem'd  
Him true when he neglectful seem'd.

I watch'd him in this stormy night  
And it was with an anxious eye ;  
I grieved to see the wild, bright light  
From his sunk orbs in flashes fly ;  
The glance of horror and affright—  
The pale thin cheek—the feeble frame—  
The glow that fitful went and came.

I laid my hand upon his arm,  
I look'd up kindly in his face—  
" Gaspar, thou know'st my heart is warm,  
And there thou keep'st thy early place ;  
Surely a friend this grief can charm ;  
Reveal it then to me, my brother—  
Nor you nor I e'er knew another.

He started as I spoke : he turn'd  
And cast one eager wistful glance,  
It was as if his bosom burn'd  
Or rankled with a sharp-edged lance :  
To gain his secret, I had spurn'd,  
But that I felt my pitying mind  
His wounded one with love might bind.

*Gaspar.*

He look'd again : a deadlier hue  
Stole sadly o'er his sunken cheek,  
And then those wild eyes he withdrew  
And tremulously sought to speak ;  
Then—"Well," he said, "I know thee true,  
Yet when thou hear'st my piteous tale,  
I fear thy friendship c'en may fail.

Briefly, but earnestly, again  
I touch'd upon the self-same string,  
And urged him to disclose the pain  
'Neath which his life was withering.  
So tight was drawn the festering chain  
He shrunk from e'en the precious balm  
Which might his wounded spirit calm.

"If thou *wilt* hear the dreadful tale,  
Oh bear in mind my ceaseless woe,  
And when for *one* thou dost bewail,  
For me too,—let thy pity flow,  
Who mourns till life itself shall fail ;  
No peace or in the day or night—  
My victim ever in my sight.

GASPAR'S TALE.

"Rememberest thou in early days  
When all our comrades loved to glide  
In stealth from summer's ardent blaze  
To revel in the cooling tide,  
Thou deem'd'st it subject for amaze  
That I, a daring boy and brave,  
Would never tempt the buoyant wave ?

"Dost thou recall that I reveal'd  
The secret why I backward stood ?  
Though from all else I kept conceal'd  
My horror of the crystal flood,  
On this one point my heart was steel'd,  
I fear'd some sinking boy might clasp  
Nor I elude his drowning grasp.

"Yet did I love when none were by  
To plunge into the clear blue wave,  
And sporting on its surface lie,  
Or playfully my limbs to lave ;  
With bosom light and spirits high  
I had no terror but that one  
Which changed me to a thing of stone.

"Bear this in mind—on it doth hang  
The fatal spring of all my anguish ;  
Hence comes the ever-bleeding pang  
'Neath which my frame and spirit languish.  
Sharper than this no serpent stang :  
This fear, this superstitious dread,  
Deep darkness o'er my life has shed.

- " 'Tis twenty-five long years ago—  
Dost thou not well recall the time ?  
When I would fain have had thee go  
With me into a foreign clime ;  
But thou wert dilatory—slow  
And I, impatient, sought around  
Till I a new companion found.
- " Oh ! how my memory loves to dwell  
Upon that all-accomplish'd youth ;  
Oh ! that my tongue could rightly tell  
His guileless heart—his simple truth—  
He seem'd encircled by a spell  
Of innocence, that kept him free  
From aught to dim his purity.
- " His spirit was as gaily light  
As that of birds who sing in spring,  
Yet did it ever lead him right,  
And soar upon a dove-like wing :  
Nought evil could abide his sight :  
His eyes beam'd forth such chasten'd mirth,  
As seem'd as fit for heaven as earth.
- " We both were careless, young and wild,  
And mutual friendship soon was form'd ;  
Each unsuspecting as a child :  
Such genuine love our bosoms warm'd  
All hardships were by it beguiled.  
We gaily roam'd each foreign land,  
With happy heart and open hand.
- " Fair was the scene and bright the day ;  
Above us glow'd a cloudless sky,  
Birds flitted out from every spray,  
And scarce a breeze was heard to sigh :  
Below, a lake's blue waters lay  
And there a bark was moor'd on shore,  
As if to waft the traveller o'er.
- " Such was the scene one morn we view'd,  
(Accursed the scene—accursed the morn)—  
A bright and beauteous solitude  
To cheer the heart when most forlorn ;  
And 'midst those crags and mountains rude,  
The lake shone like a lucid gem  
Placed in a kingly diadem.
- " Soon we unmoor'd the fairy boat  
And row'd out on that silent lake,  
So idly, scarce we seem'd to float  
Or on its glass a ripple wake ;  
And o'er the side we stoop'd to note  
Down in the clear, bright depths below,  
The long weeds in luxuriance grow."

Here Gaspar stopp'd—a feeble moan  
Broke sadly from his troubled breast ;  
And then his eyes were wildly thrown  
As if on some unwelcome guest ;  
Till reason re-assumed her throne,

*Gaspar.*

And then he murmur'd " Oh, forgive—  
But I can scarce look back and live.

" Thoughtless and joyous on we row'd,  
Till thus young Campbell gaily cried,  
Whilst rosy bright his warm cheek glow'd ;  
' Gaspar, let's plunge into the tide  
' And storm some water nymph's abode,  
' For sure if such exist—'tis here,  
' Amongst these waves so silvery clear.'

" Instant a universal chill  
Pervaded heart, and brain, and limb,  
But transient was the warning thrill,  
And I, assenting, answer'd him.  
Tho' with untold reluctance still,  
Till the gay sun and cheering day  
Charm'd all my secret dread away.

" We moor'd the boat against a rock  
That overhung the liquid plain,  
Nought living save the mountain flock,  
Its steep, smooth, lofty sides could gain,  
And plunging in with pleasing shock  
We rose upon that mimic sea  
With mirthful hearts and shouts of glee.

" Gaily we dash'd the waters round,  
In showers of sparkling diamonds clear,  
When suddenly a horrid sound  
Struck wildly on my shrinking ear :  
Not yet the fatal spell was bound—  
I turn'd—again—a bitter cry—  
' Haste, Gaspar—save me—or I die !'

" And there he lay upon the wave,  
Looking to me in his distress—  
On Gaspar, whom he call'd to save.  
Could his pure spirit ever guess  
That he, his aid in vain should crave ?  
No ! still within his sweet bright eye  
Beam'd forth a fond security.

" I saw his out-stretch'd hand seek mine  
In confidence that I was near ;  
Oh ! would that thou could'st half divine  
My torturing agony of fear.  
I saw the light of hope decline—  
I moved not—breathed not—down he sank—  
The eddy closed—and all was blank.

" He cast one parting look—oh, heaven,  
Such was not since the world began—  
It told the guilty wretch forgiven,  
Yet mourn'd the treachery of man.  
Why were not then these heart-strings riven,  
Not e'en that look my sense could wake—  
Ah ! sure, I had no heart to break.

*Gaspar.*

" That mild, sweet, sad, reproachful look,  
Gleams ever after in my shrinking sight ;  
It pierces thro' the darkest nook,  
It shines amid the noon-day light,  
One record in the holy book ;  
Its horrid parrallel can bend,  
*The Saviour's on his treacherous friend.*

" But when the out-stretch'd hand was gone,  
Oh ! then the cursed spell departed,  
I saw—I felt—I was alone.  
From that vile, coward trance I started,  
Mutter'd one deep and deadly groan—  
Dash'd like a madman to the shore—  
Unmoor'd the boat and seized the oar.

" Three moments, and we floated there,  
Upon the gently rippling tide ;  
The water was as clear as air—  
Down bent I o'er the shallop's side,  
One ray of hope amid despair,  
And in the azure depths below,  
I saw him waving to and fro.

" He rested on the glittering sand,  
Half in a bed of tangled weed,  
And some he grasp'd within his hand,  
That turn'd not from him in his need.  
Kneeling—I had not strength to stand,  
I sought with trembling haste to low'r  
And reach him with the slender oar.

" Faintly still burnt life's quivering flame,  
He grasp'd the oar with feeble hold,  
With frantic hope I breathed his name,  
But soon I saw that grasp unfold.  
To his dull ear no comfort came ;  
A moment more—outstretch'd he lay,  
And Campbell's spirit pass'd away.

" His face was upward turn'd, his eye,  
All glassy blue, was fixed on me—  
The tangled weeds breath'd forth a sigh,  
And those he'd clench'd, now floating free  
O'er his fair lifeless form hung high,  
And then those dark weeds waving all  
Closed o'er him like a moving pall.

" I gain'd the shore, I ne'er knew how,  
Of reason long I lay bereft,  
A numbing trance—a fever'd brow,  
Were long all trace such scene had left :  
"Till mem'ry woke at last, and now  
Still wakes to weep my crime ancw,  
Or sleeps to keep *his* form in view."

## THE FINE ARTS.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—No. II.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI.

(See the previous article at page 394.)

“La beauté dans les Arts est l'expression des vertus d'une société.”

*Hist. de la Peinture, par M. S. A. A. Paris, 1817.*

To the unenlightened, vulgar, mind the Fine Arts suggest no other idea, serve no other purpose, than that of the momentary amusement of the beholder, or perhaps the awakening in the memory of some pleasing recollection. If a person of this calibre of mind be asked, why so much laborious study, why such vast sums have been expended on the sculpturing in marble, or depicting on tablets, canvas, and walls, various scenes and figures, he will reply, that the sole end of such things is to recal to mind, by these means, persons and objects deemed worthy to occupy a place among our pleasureable recollections. If again the question be put, wherefore the architect employs so much thought upon the design and erection of houses and other edifices, he will probably answer, that it is with a view to supply us with useful and elegant asylums against the numerous vicissitudes of seasons and climate. Consequently there will not be much difference in the degree of praise bestowed by him upon the poor Laplander who raises a scanty cabin on the rocks with a few logs of wood, and upon Vitruvius, or Andrea Palladio, for the splendour and wonderful magnificence with which they invested the *Laguna* and Republic of Venice; and probably he would contemplate the monstrous figure of Vishnu, in his Pagoda, with equal pleasure, or even more admiration, than the statue of Marcus Aurelius in the capitol.

But with the philosopher it is very different: he does not limit his views to the mere consideration of utility, or the gratification of sense. He lifts the eye of his thought to a wider range; and in his veneration for the Fine Arts, as one of the principal instruments of civilisation, and of their grandeur and splendour as the symbol of human prosperity, he regards the great masters of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture as true philosophers, and efficacious preachers of

wisdom, glory, and virtue to the people.

As it is our intention to offer a series of reflexions, philosophical and æsthetic, upon the masterpieces that adorn the National Gallery and other collections in this country, and as an additional interest will be imparted to the subject by a demonstration that the Fine Arts are essential to the well-being of humanity, we shall here, in accordance with our promise in the preceding article, connect with our observations on individual paintings some general remarks tending to establish the position that—

That the Fine Arts are a source of THE GOOD represented in its symbol, *the beautiful*.

The subject is ample and might be involved in many abstractions, but we shall endeavour to be as brief, clear, and practical as possible.

The Fine Arts have their origin in the imitation of nature. At first, therefore, they were simple and rough, as is the case with all things that are progressive. In this state they remained for some time, humble, neglected, and without appearing to understand precisely that their principal end was *beauty*. At that time the efforts of the arts in design, painting, and sculpture, were directed to whatever the eye fixed upon, without regard to selection: consequently, though elegance might sometimes chance to be the result, yet frequently it was not aimed at, and sometimes neither admired nor remarked. Thus, art was simply imitation. But there is in the human mind an intuitive sense of a latent desire for *beauty*, which is ever ready to spring up and bear fruit—individual character, education, social circumstances, all contribute to develop this *tendency* to the LOVE OF BEAUTY.

If, therefore, the first figures were rough, and still attracted praise, that praise speedily diminished, because, in proportion as these imitations of nature

were multiplied, opportunities were presented of repeated comparison, and facilities increased of forming a correct judgment,—of distinguishing the unskilful imitator. If again, at first, indiscriminate praise afforded equal encouragement to all artists, the first strictures must have struck terror into the breast of him who had not power to produce a better effect, and directed the attention of others to errors which they must in future avoid. And since the love of glory is in man an innate and powerful stimulus, praises, which are a tribute to glory itself, always beget an inextinguishable thirst for fresh applause.

Consequently, the arts, having their origin in necessity, aimed first at what was pleasing and afterwards sought to superadd the useful. For example, speech which at first bound man to man for defences against wild beasts, for succour in times of anxiety, for comfort in sorrow, underwent a change from the primitive, simple, and savage sounds, to the polished, harmonious discourses of oratory, and the sweet compositions of music. In like manner, architecture did not confine itself to caves, huts, or simple houses, whither men repaired for protection from the excessive heat or cold, from the waters or the winds; but it went on to form arches, baths, bridges, palaces, and splendid temples, in the decoration of which, all the sister arts co-operated. The man who has obtained applause for his splendid edifices, exquisite statues, or beautiful pictures, feels continually a yearning to produce something new, which shall please still more; and having excelled all his rivals begins to wish to surpass himself, nor thinks he is really victorious unless he can still present new works so perfect as to merit a higher degree of praise than all his former productions. Hence spring emulation and the desire to multiply works; hence the search and investigation of the qualities which please or displease in an artist.

Thus, therefore, that which was originally imitation, became truly an art, and from an art grew into a science: and, as occurs in consequence of the social nature of man, to all things which are the fruit of meditation, it descends as a traditional heritage to succeeding generations. Hence spring the various

rules, hence the first schools in which the master exemplified with his own hand the precepts which his lips had uttered: and, when muscular vigour failed, he was content to continue his labours through the instrumentality of speech, multiplying his observations and counsels, in the hope thereby to perpetuate himself as it were in the productions of his pupils, into which he transfused his own mind by such instructions as were afterwards designated "*Theory*."

But art, become science, gradually changed its subject. At first it simply imitated nature, and then, like her, was frequently disfigured with many imperfections, whence beauty was mingled with deformity; and whence, as is described in the beautiful mythology of Persia, the serpent Arimanes corrupted with his pestiferous breath every excellent work of the good Oromanes. Afterwards, in its imitation of natural models, it selected only certain elegant parts, omitting and separating (as far as art was able) the defects which in some measure affix deformity upon every object. From the beginning it sought to please and delight in every way, but subsequently it aimed at pleasure more elevated, that which alone is worthy of human intelligence, that which alone is conformable with reason.

The eminent masters that attained to great celebrity were, therefore, well aware that the human mind, which is empowered by nature to rule over things terrene, loves to judge of these things concordantly with reason. The human mind in its surveys of the physical world is not easily satisfied with every work it there beholds, or indeed with any thing at all; because through the mist of the senses every thing seems to it covered as it were, with spots and imperfections, and involved in a thick darkness which changes, or at least obscures its true lineaments. Hence the man of talent desires to see everything in its perfect state, such as we may suppose it essentially is; but not being able to find such a state of existence in the world, he creates it for himself, and by his faculty of imagination invests it with a species of rational form, visible to himself alone, but which he endeavours to communicate to others by painting, sculpture, or description, in each case following

[THE COURT

out that æthereal model which he had formed in his idea ; and which, because it had its birth in idea, is for that reason called IDEAL BEAUTY. This point of abstract, and truly poetic perfection, was attained by those ancient Greek painters who, like Zeuxis, copied all the various beauties which they saw scattered in different bodies, and, then, combining them, formed a prototype of *perfect beauty*. At the mention of this divine word, there is not a man, however mediocre his learning, who does not know the infinite disputations in which, from the time of Plato to the present day, philosophy has engaged upon the subject of "beauty." The mere list of the names of those who have treated on the subject would fill many volumes. Confucius, Saint Augustine, Wolf, Diderot, Andrei, Burke, Sultz, Winkelman, Requeno, Razzonico, Mengs, and thousands upon thousands of others have entered into thousands of discussions without being able to arrive at a unanimous opinion. Subsequent writers could never be content with the opinions of those who went before them, and several of them, after the manner of many metaphysicians, made a great clamour about a number of things, without understanding a single one. A strong proof that the majority spoke, and wrote, concerning a thing, of the very definition of which they were ignorant, is amply evidenced by the wonderful discrepancy of their sentiments.

Plato said that the idea of the *beautiful* consisted in a perfect acquaintance with the productions of nature. Cicero, in his Tusculan's Disputations, defines *beauty* to be a certain harmony of form, with a certain sweetness of colouring. Nicolini writes that "beauty," is the union of several truths collected by the mind into one single conception. Costa and Gioja declare that unity in order and variety constitute the archetypal idea of "beauty." Hutchinson calls the sentiment which man has of "beauty," a sixth sense. Perhaps we may shortly find another opportunity of dilating upon this subject, that is, in what manner *beauty* has been defined, sought, and proclaimed by the greatest nations. For the present it will be sufficient to describe the ideas of *beauty* entertained by the Greeks, and particularly their sculptors, who embodied it in those statues, in which a certain pro-

portion and variety of straight and curved lines, of flat and round surface always corresponding to the subject, offered to the view a harmonious, *supernatural beauty*, which caused Maximus Tyrius to say that "*no man was ever so beautiful as a statue*," which is formed by the artist, perfect in every beauty, as the poet makes his hero, perfect in every virtue.

Let it not be supposed that this mysterious conception of "*ideal beauty*," was confined to Zeuxis and the ancient painters alone ; others have found it a source of inspiration, and among the number was Raffaele, who, as he shows in his work, and as we find in a letter addressed to Baldassare Castiglione, on the subject of the Galatea in the palazzo Ghigi, distinctly describes how careful he had been to select his models from what was best in nature, and then to bring them to perfection by the aid of the *beau ideal*. Guido Reni, as we have already had occasion to mention, and shall again very frequently, made this "*beau ideal*" his constant guide.

Various anecdotes of Guido, upon the subject of beauty, are related by the historian Malvasia, one of which may be appositely repeated here. In a letter of this great painter respecting his celebrated picture of St. Michael the Archangel, he says—and it is always with peculiar pleasure that we quote his words—"In order to finish the archangel, I could wish either to possess the pencil of an angel, and have before me forms from Paradise, or to see him in Heaven ; but since I am not able to wing my flight so high, and in vain have sought him on earth, I have studied the form which I had imagined in my own IDEA."

But to continue our subject : artists having as it were drawn from heaven this idea of *rational beauty*, and having given it a form that could be submitted to the senses,—when also the revelation of this rational beauty diffused itself in various ways through all the fine arts, a new source of happiness sprung up to the world, which loved and contemplated with delight the novel creation accomplished by man through the exercise of his reason and innate power. This enjoyment, once tasted, became a real want ; for we are so constructed by nature, that beauty, by its infinite modifications of aspect, bestows on us a perpetuity of fresh



delights without ever inducing satiety. In proportion, therefore, to their civilisation is the aptitude of men to taste, and their avidity, to seek for *beauty* in every thing natural or artificial. So also in proportion to their consciousness of this moral sense of beauty, rational or physical, is the degree in which they make use of it; and by frequent use they bring it to perfection. Various degrees of beauty were established in nature and art; those degrees then became the measures of delight, and subsequently the measures of pleasure became the regulators of desire.

Thus the human family gradually issued from its primitive state of listlessness and barbarism. Thus in all things, physical as well as moral, it acquired a taste for order, civilisation, and elegance; and hence succeeding generations were designated *civil*, in opposition to the rude and savage races which regarded not either the beautiful or the good; whilst to the more advanced nations perfection is in everything an object of strenuous aim, and men feel, we repeat, a real want of it, as of something absolutely necessary. We admit, of course, that science, literature, and the study of philosophy conduce to civilisation, and are therefore far from asserting that the fine arts are the sole instructors of the people; but they are of very great assistance, and constitute a powerful auxiliary to history, poetry, and literature in general.

We must not, therefore, believe that the true glory of the arts of sculpture and painting consists in simple imitation; this is only the purely material part. We are not unaware that some persons entertain the hypothesis that to imitate perfectly, even things deformed and vulgar, is the acme of the art. But shallow and cramped, indeed, must be the mind that holds such a creed. A mere imitator would be an *artisan*, not an *artist*. An ambassador from the Teutoni being at Rome, was shown in the forum a much admired picture in which was represented an aged man, thin, dirty and disgusting, leaning upon a stick in a position painful to look at. When asked what was his opinion of this wonderful and close imitation, he replied—“*You will understand what value I set upon such a representation, when I tell you that I would not willingly turn my eyes upon even a living being in so abject a condition.*” Aristotle

conceived a great friendship for Protogenes of Caunas, who had painted a portrait of Festydys, his mother, and advised him immediately to abandon light subjects and live in the admiration of posterity as a historic painter, devoting himself to lofty subjects, such as the mighty enterprises of Alexander the Great. In the same manner the famous painter Nicias, as Demetrius Phalerius relates, said, that only grand subjects could render the art a worthy sister of poetry and philosophy. And in reference to these, we think with Giordani that it is not pure and elegant expressions, ingenious conceits, rhythmical accents, and harmonious cadences, that constitute genuine, noble poetry—no, true poetry is a divine inspiration which should fire and exalt us above low things and vulgar circumstances; should instil new virtue, endow with a new mind. He is the true great poet who makes men greater than themselves; for as a poet remarks:—

——“Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man.”

That man was a poet whose discourse made the heart of Achilles swell with emulation, and his eyes fill with tears of impatience: he was a poet who simply by the power of words brought back to the fight the flying army of the Lacedemonians. Probably he would not be the poet of the boudoir, but he is the real bard, the true genius, dear and sacred to his own nation, and honoured with eternal glory by all the earth. Neither do we believe that the true, noble art of painting consists only in good design, lights and shades, nor in excellence of colouring; those parts are important and beautiful, but purely material. But the true spirit, the genuine, august, celestial fire of the art is, as with poetry, in the grandeur of the subject, which seizes the soul through the means of the senses, and lights in us a noble emulation; a result, indeed, which seems to us to be accomplished sometimes more effectively by painting than by poetry, because the ideas are not conveyed through the slow succession of sounds to our imagination, which is thus necessitated to laborious exertion in order to retain the first impressions and connect them with those that follow. But painting, like sculpture, presents the whole subject at once, and

by its continued presence impresses it much more vividly upon the mind. Phidias in the majesty of his Jupiter; Praxiteles in his Bacchus; Timanthes in his Iphigenia; Timomachus in his Medea, seemed to contest and obtain the victory over the verses of Homer and Euripides on the same subjects. And if the pictorial art possesses many advantages in certain respects over poetry, it has still more over philosophy, because it invariably accomplishes its purpose of persuading the mind by a pleasurable appeal to the senses. But philosophers, whose writings are frequently characterized by a too rigid subtilty and deep mysteriousness of wisdom, delight those only whose talents and erudition enable them to understand their learned abstractions, which are sometimes so difficult, that the writer himself would be puzzled to explain them. Literature is, as we have already remarked, a powerful aid in the civilisation of society, but the unlettered part of the people are little able to benefit from it.

On the other hand there is no one so absolutely brutish and stupid but he will stop to contemplate a sublime work of art, and in that contemplation will experience pleasure, and delighted with this hitherto unknown pleasure, will seek to enlarge it by inquiries, and search for explanations. Thus, from the contemplation of a work of art, even the most ignorant derives pleasure and instruction, which excite and make a lasting impression upon his mind: thus by degrees, without labour, and almost without knowing the reason, he becomes enamoured of the essence of "good" presented to him under the form of "beauty."

As an illustration it may be remarked, that the voice of Plato and Aristotle was not heard much beyond the porch and the academy, and perhaps never reached the ears of the common people, who were equally unacquainted with much of the sublime poetry of Homer. But the works of Phidias, of Myron, Protogenes, Apelles, attracted the attention of the multitude as if by the force of irresistible enchantment. And those who had once beheld the Minerva of Phidias, or the wonderful pictures of Protogenes could neverafter be content to have before their eyes that which was barbarous, or rough,

or mediocre. Their sense after such a manifestation of exquisite beauty became intolerant of everything that was not supereminent and perfect; consequently their mind sought, and acquired great subtilty of skill in the detection of every little defect. And as has been observed by many philosophers ancient and modern, by Montaigne, Vico, and Gioja among others,—it is a property of the human mind that no one faculty can be brought to perfection without the improvement at the same time of the other powers, which by a kind of moral electricity acquire a simultaneous enlargement; so with the more enlightened understanding of the fine arts, the people of Greece received the sense, the sentiment of refinement, of civilisation. Wherefore these people who were accustomed to require the perfection of beauty in paintings and statues, could never admire graceless clothing; ungainly movements; unrefined diction; sounds or songs harsh and grating, cruel customs, savage laws, or barbarous ceremonies of religion. They were consequently the most civilised people of the world.

Having arrived thus far, and, as we trust, proved that the Fine Arts have the special power of raising nations from their primitive condition of barbarism, and of rendering them sensible to the impressions of beauty and perfection, no one will now refuse to admit that the the particular art above mentioned is a most powerful instrument of social prosperity. Can it be deemed possible to find real moral prosperity where there is no love of good order, the source of wise customs, and where there is no earnest pursuit of perfectibility?—No! Wherever the appearance of barbarism does not engender, in all, insuperable aversion and horror; wherever the mind of the multitude is devoid of that healthy feeling which prompts them to regard great crimes as things brutish and productive of real evil, there is neither dignity nor happiness: but where a people is seen to aim, by external works and enduring monuments, at the perpetuation of the glory of the good, of virtue, and by a necessary sequence to establish the aversion to evil and crime, we may be certain that such a people can never fall into that stupid ferocity or listless indifference to good and evil which con-

stitute the strongest barriers to the progress of civilisation.

Architecture, sculpture, painting, are therefore, for a people, a mode of visible history, which addresses itself perpetually to the multitude representing to them the noble deeds of the nation, and preserving for their contemplation the forms of men, great in every private or public, military or civil virtue. A splendid temple, a magnificent cenotaph, a majestic triumphal arch, the statues erected in public places, medals, in fact, all such monuments are testimonies of public veneration and gratitude—are tributes to worth conferring immortality on men of the highest eminence. And who could contemplate them without being incited to imitate the examples thus recorded? Seneca indeed and Lactantius state that the ancients collected in public places the statues of the most renowned characters in order that the people might have the opportunity of frequently beholding them, and being thereby reminded of their deeds, might be induced to follow in their steps. Ninus raised the statue of Belus his father in Babylon as a monument, and the admiring people were inspired with filial piety. Alexander the Great exhibited to the view of his army drawn up in battle-array the portraits of those courageous soldiers who were drowned in crossing the Granicus, thus affording palpable evidence that the glory of those who die for their country is immortal. There was a statue erected in Babylon of Semiramis, with her vestments loose, her hair unbound as at the moment when she rose up in the night to defend the city from this the women learned that when their country is in danger, they should lay aside all fear and weakness. Athens raised a statue to *Æsop*, a deformed slave, and the people were thus reminded of the great truth—that wisdom united with virtue constitutes the highest nobility\* to which the gates of immortality are ever open. Nor are we able fully to appreciate the effect of the statueso such men as Cadmus, Theseus, Pericles, Epaminondas and many other great men, or of the practice of considering artists as sacred persons, the peculiar charge of the public, in alluring the

Greeks to virtue and glory. Polygnotas, to whatever part of Greece he went, travelled at the public expense. Protogenes painted the celebrated portrait of Talysus, one of the founders of the famed city of Rhodes, representing him in the act of obtaining the civic palm and his apotheosis from his fellow-citizens. Pliny assures us, that the beauty of this picture was superhuman, and that Protogenes had devoted incalculable time and study to this *chef-d'œuvre*. It happened about that time that Demetrius laid siege to the city, but for a long while with very bad success.

It was told the king that an assault might be made with effect, on a part of the city near the residence of Protogenes, because the walls there were much decayed, but the king had such respect for that great artist, that he would not consent to the plan, for fear of alarming Protogenes, and causing the destruction of his beautiful pictures. We could multiply instances of veneration shown to Aristolaus, who painted Epaminondas; to Cleon, who depicted Cadmus, the teacher of civilization to the Thebans, and represented Theseus in the majestic character of the saviour of Athens. Panaceus, who painted Miltiades, the conqueror at Marathon, with the Greeks pursuing the fugitive Persians. This however is certain, that the people gathered in admiration and joy about these paintings, and that among them was a young man who spent a great portion of each day in the portico, in contemplation of them, his mind having been so absorbed by them, as he himself declares, that he was unable to sleep. This young man was Themistocles, and these pictures caused him to become the victor of Salamis, the conqueror of Xerxes, and the saviour of his own country.

This all-powerful influence of the art was not felt by the Grecians alone, but afterwards extended to the republic of Rome. Varro and Pomponius Atticus collected a vast number of portraits of deceased great men to show that these men, through their noble deeds, had deserved to live for ever. Lucius Emilius Paulus requested of the commonwealth of Athens that a painter might be sent to Rome on the occasion of the Macedonian triumph. Metrodorus was selected as one who was not only a good

\* See On the Origin of Nobility, vol. xiv. of this Magazine.

artist, but also a learned pupil of Carneades, and an excellent philosopher; wherefore Emilius, one of the noblest citizens of the greatest city in the world, confided to him the education of his own sons; nor did the Romans deem that in placing their sons to study under sculptors and painters they were sending them to the workshops of mechanics, but that they were introducing them to the school of the noblest and most refined wisdom, presided over by artists who, if they were worthy of that title, were true philosophers and poets. The one class are teachers of the *esoteric art*, the other of the *exoteric art*. But the latter is the most effective.

A statue was decreed at Rome to that Ephesian philosopher and expounder of the Greek law who assisted in the formation of the table of the Roman law; not far from the forum were placed statues of Quirinus, Pythagoras, of Horatius Cocles who alone defended the bridge against the whole Tuscan army; of Mutius Scævola, who burned his right hand because it had failed to plant well the blow intended to slay Porsenna. The portrait of Cælia Sufficia was consecrated because of her donation to the republic, as was also that of Clelia, for her true Roman intrepidity in crossing the Tiber.

The effigies of the Camilli, of the Fabii, the Fabricii, the Scipios, of the three Decii and many others whose portraits and statutes were exhibited to the public gaze of veneration, spoke with a mute eloquence more forcible perhaps than the voice of Hortensius or Cicero, of Horace or of Virgil, more powerful to incite the mind to fortitude and wisdom; and these are the sources of the civilization and security of the nation. But to show what effect these statues and pictures produced even among the Romans, we will select one example from the multitude which might be adduced. It is well-known that the Romans placed in the atria of their dwellings the effigies of their ancestors, so that they could never enter or leave the house, without being reminded of the glory of their forefathers, and without receiving from these statues silent applause, or reproach, or encouragement. Thus even as the painting of the triumph of Miltiades had driven sleep from the eyes of Themis-

tocles, and inspired him with those feelings which carried him on his glorious course till he became the conqueror of the Persians; so with Scipio, the statues of his ancestors planted the first germ of his subsequent glory; for he declared that they seemed continually to require of him the performance of deeds of the highest renown. Scipio contemplated them frequently, and became Africanus. An infinity of similar examples might be cited, to show that the Greeks and Romans made the beautiful the apotheosis of those whom they wished to render immortal; for that appeared to be the aim of the artist, even in preference to resemblance. Thus talent was indicated by the lines on the forehead, calmness in the mouth, activity of mind, and magnanimity in the eye, and in all things still they sought the beautiful. In fine, the idea of the good was always embodied and revered under the form of the beautiful; and reciprocally the beautiful inspired the idea of the good. Thus we see how art, by blending the conceptions of beauty and valour, beauty and virtue, beauty and glory, exercised a noble and universal influence, and by means of sublimity produced the Leonidases, the Themistocleses, the Scipios, *who were not men merely but veritable wonders of humanity*.

We see thus what adoration Greece paid to beauty—and we know that at Athens, Cyprus and other cities, worship, under mythological mysteries, was established to beauty, as the soul of the universe, and that the grave Polemarchon presided over the ceremonies. Rome also, in like manner as Greece, laboured to represent beauty in the fine arts, and the vestals and the statue of Laurentia Acca testify the veneration in which they held this cherished divinity. Afterwards, in the middle ages, beauty was the power by the influence of which the troubadours, the cavaliers, and the courts of love strove to civilize society; thus manifesting their accordance with the sentiment of Pythagoras, who declared that to him beauty was an object of deep veneration; as well as with that of Virgil, who said, when speaking of Euryalus, that the sacredness of virtue was augmented, when it appeared in a beautiful countenance. On the other hand Gioja and Bentham seem to agree with Mar-

tial\* (generally speaking) in the feeling expressed in his epigram on deformed persons, supposing that form, and ugly or beautiful faces can be mirrors of the mind.

With equal facility it might be proved that architecture at once promotes and indicates the state of civilisation. But we shall content ourselves with citing the authority of Cassiodorus, who affirms that, in the house which he builds, a man makes the portrait of his own mind; consequently, a nation's portrait is beheld in its cities. Let due praise and honour, then, be given to the wealthy of Great Britain who by monuments, statues, and pictures, strive to promote the love and splendour of the fine arts, in which, perhaps, will be found the most popular school of improvement. And if we have appeared to diverge from the subject of the National Gallery, we shall be admitted to have touched upon some points essential to the demonstration of its great importance as a sample of the fine arts, which, we repeat, in using *material beauty* to inspire with the idea of rational beauty, or good, become most powerful auxiliaries in the promotion of human advancement.

The foregoing reflections were suggested whilst we were contemplating the numerous masterpieces, collected in the National Gallery, of various schools of painting, and especially the Italian, by the following sentence, which association recalled to our mind: "On n'entend encore prononcer nulle part comme en Italie, '*O Dio! com'è bello!*'". And truly, the Italian school has had in Raffaele, Leonardo, Coreggio, Guido, and many other masters, earnest admirers and true priests of beauty†. And

\* crine ruber,  
Niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus,  
Reni magnam præstas, zolle, si bonus es.  
(*Mart. Ep. 81.*)

\* M. A. P. Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.  
*Paris. Didot, 1817.*

† "Et quelle est, dit Pymandre, cette Beauté, ce beau, ce BELAIR? Je ne puis bien le dire, réponds-je; mais ce que je sais, c'est qu'il y en a un, et vous le connaîtrez comme moi, si vous observez les Peintres d'Italie. Car vous y remarquerez incertain gout tout particulier, qui ne se voit pas dans ceux des peintres étrangers qui ont conservé celui de leur pays: et cette différence ne se remarque pas seulement dans les ouvrages des plus excellent peintres mais mêmes dans les tableaux des peintres ordinaires."—*Petibien.*

This beauty was the aim of the highest masters, of both the Italian and other schools, in the painting of portraits, to which we shall restrict our critical remarks in this article, promising to continue in the next, the series we have commenced.

No one, certainly, is so dull as not to comprehend that resemblance is the first requisite in a portrait. Theodorus of Samos made a bust of himself in bronze: the work was most beautifully executed, but obtained little praise, because it was deficient in resemblance. But this resemblance does not consist merely in the lineaments of the countenance, the colouring of the flesh, or the gesture of the entire person; but, as Philostratus says, the portrait should express the soul also. Demetrius, as afterwards did Calabrese copied merely the likeness. Myron was designated the similitudinarian, and Dionysius was called, in derision, *atropographos*, because he represented the form only of the man, and not his soul.

Hence Lysippus obtained much renown, because in his portraits there was beauty, together with so close a resemblance, that even though the head were covered over and concealed, the form might still be recognised; but when the face was exposed, the character and even the thoughts of the person might be discerned. Xeuixis in this manner painted a most beautiful portrait of Penelope, in which might plainly be read the modesty, patience, and every other virtue that enters into the character of the matron. Silaniones painted Sappho, and personified poetry: Apelles, in the portrait of Alexander, painted a Mars. But to leave the ancients, when we look at the seemingly living form of Giovanni di Medici, in Titian's portrait of him as leader of the "*Bande Nere*," we can easily comprehend that if he had fought at Pavia in the service of the French, Francis the First would not have been sent a prisoner into Spain by Charles the Fifth. When I view the portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, by the famous Gian Giacomo Trivulzio, I am proud of being an Italian; and when I contemplate Soutermans' magnificent portrait of Galileo, I not only am proud, but seem to myself more than man.

Such is our idea of the importance of

beauty in a portrait; and we repeat continually that a portrait should always embody the life and panegyric of the individual; whence follows the severe but just conclusion, that if it is difficult to paint a portrait it is still more difficult to become worthy of one.

But let us turn from the difficulties of painting a likeness to the observation and comparison of the various portraits in the National Gallery. We have already spoken in the preceding article of two portraits, the one (20\*) of *Cardinal di Medici*, the other of *Giulia Gonzaga* (24), as we think not of Florence, but, of Mantua; and we pointed out the characteristics which distinguish Sebastiano del Piombo the warm admirer and intimate friend of Michaelangelo. We noticed the excellence of the *Portrait of a Lady* (21) by BRONZINO, remarkable for the beautiful execution for which this painter was celebrated; only we observed that we doubted whether such a person as the DUKE of San Vitale had ever existed in Parma. We regret very much the absence of the name of the gentleman whose portrait, by VANDYKE (52), displays all the freedom of pencil and peculiar spirit of VANDYKE, for we should desire to know if it expresses the character of the individual in an equal degree with the *Portrait of Rubens* (49) by the same master.

A singular effect is produced by the location beside a Vandyke, of that phenomenon of painting, REMBRANDT, who in "*a Portrait said to be that of a Jew Merchant*" has exhibited all the wonderful power of his style which with extreme ruggedness and immense real difficulty combines an easy manifest freedom, forming a masterpiece that excites universal astonishment, and which completely casts into the shade every painter who has the boldness to attempt to imitate him. Many painters however imitate REMBRANDT, but their resemblance to him is that of the monkey to man. How very different are the portraits (140 and 145) by VANDER HELST, which contain many beauties but are too studied. Let us turn to another fine work. A single Bath formed the magnificent panegyric of Ippias the architect; so perhaps the spirited *Portrait of Lord Li-*

ouier (143) may be said to constitute a splendid monument of the classic elegance and love of the beautiful which characterised the mind of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—a name revered by all who delight in painting, or who cultivate artistic literature, although they may not entirely coincide in all his opinions. We greatly admire also the *Portrait of the Right Hon. W. Wyndham* (128) by Sir Joshua, but either the accomplished orator and statesman and secretary-at-war in Mr. Fox's administration could not inspire Reynolds, or the hand of this great master was feeble in his last pictures, and it has not the attraction of his splendid and wonderful *Portrait of Lord Heathcote* (111). What grandeur of invention, what poetry in the lofty expression of the countenance and the act of holding the keys of the obstinately-defended Gibraltar.

This portrait is in all respects one of those masterpieces the rational beauty of which (according to the principles we have laid down) tends to demonstrate the important influence exerted by the fine arts upon social organisation, and their power to excite to noble deeds. What British officer would not desire to be immortalised in the same splendid manner as his Lordship? What craven heart at sight of this would not be stung with reproach, and, inspired with boldness, immediately vow to die rather than give up the keys and fortress committed to his charge? This picture is a magnificent page in the military history of Great Britain, or rather an entire war-poem, and JOSHUA REYNOLDS as great a poet as TYRTÆUS. Now if we can turn our views from this real effect, let us look at the picture by HOGARTH, of "*his own portrait*." The joyous richness of his talent, which employed itself upon subjects of satire and comedy, is displayed in this portrait, as well as his philozoic taste, by the introduction of his favorite dog TRAY. From the traits of his countenance he seems closely to resemble Ctesilocus, who was always merry and always painted humorous and satirical scenes, which like the pictures of HOGARTH, had more effect in the improvement of manners, than the real comedy of the stage.

And here indeed we find removed from the stage to the gallery the "GEN-

\* The numbers in parentheses correspond to the numbers in the Gallery.

TELMAN SMITH" with whom we met under the title of "*Portrait of an Actor*" by HOPNER. Although we do not wish to discuss the merit of the colouring of this portrait, yet we must acknowledge its excellence in many points, and that it is always laudable in a painter to make a portrait of a good and celebrated brother artist. For this reason we think SIR WM. BEECHY deserving of praise for the *portrait of Joseph Nollekens* sculptor (120) but we think he has introduced too much sculpture into the picture.

Students in painting would derive great advantage from a comparison of the rather stiff style of Sir William Beechy with the portrait VELASQUEZ (89) which is so full of fire and life, and with that of a *Capuchin Friar* done with so much softness and freedom in the tremendous style of REMBRANDT, and with the *Portrait of Mr. Angerstein* (129) and of *Benjamin West* (144) by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE painted with his peculiarly magical sweetness of effect and colouring. Great indeed is the advantage that might be derived by students of the art, from a close and continued study of such portraits as these, which exhibit the diversity of moods in which nature, life, and the beautiful, may be viewed and represented. But among all the portraits we have noticed in the National Gallery,

among all the different styles of the many masters we have admired, we stop with the deepest adoration before the sublime *Portrait of Pope Julius II.* by RAFFAELLE (27) as if a voice by our side referring to him exclaimed, "*Deus ecce Deus !*" and truly the works of RAFFAELLE have such an air of Paradise that his pictures seem not the work of human hand, but created by ethereal beauty itself, and cast upon earth to enamour mankind of heavenly perfection. This *beauty* never abandoned RAFFAELLE even in his severe masculine portraits, such as that of Pope Julius II. The design, the expression, the accessories—all is perfect ; and as an Italian we read in the physiognomy of Julius his historical and noble idea of inscribing on his standard—" *Italia ab exteris liberata.*" While contemplating the rational beauty we are inclined to pardon many faults in Julius II. because he seemed to desire the accomplishment of the lofty mission of the Fine Arts. We earnestly hope that the verification will one day be happily accomplished of the grand national idea expressed by RAFFAELLE in this celebrated portrait and peculiarly splendid example of artistic beauty, and then will be proved—" *Que le bon n'est que le beau mis en action !*"

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### THE CHANGED LOVER. \*

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And has the reminiscence of the day  
 When first I told my passion, pass'd away—  
 When in mine own your trembling hand was placed,  
 When on your cheek the mark of tears were traced—  
 Those tears of bliss that fill'd my heart with joy ;  
 How couldst thou such fond hopes destroy ?

Reproach thyself—for I can pardon yet  
 The transient love which taught thee to forget :  
 And if I loved thee first, 'twas you that gave  
 The hopes now buried in Oblivion's wave ;  
 And if the crowd were jealous of my bliss,  
 It ne'er foresaw a change like this !

# KING EDWARD THE THIRD AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

## AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(Continued from page 435, and to be concluded in this volume.)

### CHAPTER V.

King Edward sups with the brewer of Ghent.

Having devoted one half of the last chapter in relating that succession of events by which the brewer Artaveld had been raised into such high power, the reader will not be surprised to behold him quitting the Hall of Conference, wherein the deputies of the corporations ordinarily discussed the affairs of the city and province, surrounded by a train of followers as if he had been a suzerain prince. No sooner, then, had he risen to depart, although he had to proceed from the extreme end of a long court ere he could reach the street, than a score of varlets, with staves, ran far forward to clear the way for him amongst the populace who on all sides thronged the thoroughfare through which he was likely to pass. Dignifiedly passing through a concourse of pages and grooms who were holding their masters' horses, he briskly approached his steed, and sprang into his saddle with far greater ease than could have been expected from a man of his station, corpulence, and time of life. On his right hand, mounted on a war horse worthy so noble and powerful a knight, rode the Marquis de Juliers, who at the battle of Mons-en-Puelle had penetrated into the tent of Philip the Fair; and on his left, backing a palfrey whose gentle amble comported well with his reverend calling, went the Lord Valerand, Archbishop of Cologne; next followed the Sire de Fauquemont, and a brave knight, named Courtraisien from his native city of Courtray, better known by such appellation than by that of Zecher,\* his patronymic, and lastly, in an indiscriminate medley, the deputies of the fair towns and the heads of corporations, followed.

This *cortège* was so numerous that, unperceived, two new personages joined

company with it; whether that the newcomers were prompted by curiosity to approach Jacob Artaveld, or imagined their rank entitled them to such place, they managed cleverly enough to strike into the file immediately after the Lords de Fauquemont and Courtraisien. Thus had they ridden for a quarter of an hour, when the head of the column stopped before a house several stories in height, extensive as a manufactory, and having somewhat of the imposing appearance of a seignorial residence; here the whole party dismounted, and the varlets forthwith led the horses to an extensive range of stabling forming an angle with Artaveld's dwelling, who on turning round to make a sign for his followers to enter, by chance perceived the newly-arrived couple.

"Ah! is't thou, master Gerard," cried Artaveld aloud; "give ye right welcome. Sorry am I that thou madest not greater haste to rejoin us, even only a few hours sooner, and thou would'st have been present at the decision we have just taken to ensure full freedom to the commerce of the good cities of Flanders, with Venice and Rhodes; a decision, for the execution of which Messire de Juliers and my lord, the Archbishop of Cologne, his brother, will continue to lend their powerful aid, not only throughout the whole extent of their territorial possessions, which stretch away from Dusseldorf to Aix-la-Chapelle, but even more effectually by their influence with other lords, their kinsmen and friends, among whom must be reckoned the august Emperor of the Romans, Louis V. of Bavaria. Truly, thou would'st have seen with pleasure the ready unanimity with which the fair cities conferred upon me all the powers which appertained to Louis of Flanders, ere he took to his heels and sought shelter of his kinsman, the King of France."

Approaching nearer, and taking him aside, he added in a whisper:—

\* Literally, a jovial companion.  
MAGAZINE.]



"Well! friend Denis, what tidings from England? Hast seen King Edward? Seemeth he disposed to take off the imposed embargo? Shall we get his Welch wools and Yorkshire leathers? Speak softly, and as though we were only chatting upon indifferent matters."

"I have punctually fulfilled your instructions, Jacquemart," replied the master weaver, assuming the utmost familiarity towards Artaveld in thus calling him by the appellation only common to his intimates, "I have seen the King of England, and so struck was he by the observations I transmitted him in thy name, that he sends hither one of his trustiest counsellors to treat upon the business direct with thee, unwilling to enter on it with any other, and knowing that it is bootless to address himself elsewhere, since what thou wiltest, Flanders willesh."

"And, by my life, he's right therein," bluntly uttered the burly brewer; "but where bides this same messenger?"

"'Tis yon tall springald with reddish brown hair thou seest across the street there, leaning against the bulk and toying with his falcon, as might become any baron of the Empire, or peer of France. Heaven pardon me, but methinks these *Englanders* all conceit themselves of direct descent from the Norman Conqueror."

"No matter, we must needs flatter their vanity. Invite thou, in my name, the youngster to the supper I give the Lord Archbishop of Cologne, the Marquis de Juliers, and our deputies of the good towns. Seat him at table after a manner to satisfy his self-love, but hark'ee, not too much in sight; betwixt Courtraisien who is a knight, and you, who are a chief member of the corporation, for instance: have a care that he be not too near me, lest he catch a suspicion of his importance, and yet, however, not too far off, in order that I may study his physiomy. Counsel him, moreover, not to utter a word touching his mission, —and make him drink. I will discuss further with him after the supper."

Gerard Denis replied by a gesture of intelligence, and hastened to carry Walter the invitation which he was charged to transmit him. The young knight accepted it apparently as a civility to which his ambassadorial title gave him claim, and at the appointed time took, between

Courtraisien and the master weaver, the seat assigned him by Artaveld's direction.

The supper, from the numerous array of guests and profuse display of viands, was almost as splendid as that with which this chronicle opened at Westminster; there was a like parade of varlets, the same abundance of chased silver vessels, the same profusion of wines, hippocras and cervoise; the guests alone presented a totally different appearance; for, with the exception of the Marquis de Juliers and the Archbishop of Cologne (seated at the upper end of the table on the right and left of Artaveld), and the Lords de Fauquemont and du Courtraisien, who were placed opposite to each other, all the rest were either simple burghers elect, or heads of corporations. These latter were consequently ranged without any other distinction save that of age on each side of the table which stood a little lower down than that whereon the "service of honour" was set. As for Walter, he had unceremoniously thrust aside his neighbour, so that he succeeded in placing himself next the nobles, whilst Gerard Denis sat first in the rank of those who ate at the second table; he was thereby stationed nearly opposite to Artaveld, and thus profiting by the precaution which the latter had taken for his own purposes, he was able to examine him at his ease.

The brewer was a man of from forty-five to forty-eight years old, of middle stature, and just beginning to grow corpulent. He wore his hair cut square, with beard and moustache after the fashion of the nobles of the day. Although his countenance ordinarily had an expression of good-nature, yet ever and anon his pent brows shot forth quick glances gleaming with a vivid cunning, which as instantaneously diffused itself over the general expression of his physiomy. In other respects he was attired as richly as allowable for a man of his condition, being clad in a species of surcoat of brown cloth, trimmed with black fox fur, havign silver ornaments intermingled—gold, vair, ermine, minever, and velvet being reserved only for knights.

Walter was interrupted in this examination by his varlet stooping over his shoulder and whispering him a word or two. The Archbishop of Cologne at the same time thus addressed him:—

"Sir Knight," said the bishop, "for it seemeth me that I mistake not in giving you such title—"

Walter bowed, in token of assent.

"Wilt permit me to take nearer gaze at the falcon which your esquire carrieth on his wrist? it appeareth of noble race, although his species seems to me unknown."

"With so much the more pleasure, my lord," replied Walter, "that you offer me occasion to present you my excuses touching the new guest which Robert this way bringeth us; 'twas not ere he had high and low made quest of a perch, the which not having found, that he bore hither La Prude, and was asking in mine ear whether his lordship would not permit a place to be given her amongst his own birds."

"Ay, ay," said Artaveld, laughing, "we of the burgher class have neither mews nor falconry; lofts and stables enough my dwelling furnishes, but dog-kennels and perches none: yet in lieu thereof have we halls large enough, I trow, to lodge an army; and methinks the dogs and hawks of my Lord of Cologne will not complain on quitting the abode of Jacob Artaveld, of the hospitality they therein shall have received; for the humble brewer hath done his best to render, as far as possible, his house worthy of the visit which at this present he hath the honour of receiving."

"The which," replied the Marquis de Juliers, "my dear Jacquemart, we promise you well to remember us, masters, varlets, dogs and falcons; and not only the welcome we have received of you personally, but moreover of that accorded to us by the deputies of the fair cities of Flanders and the heads of the corporations of Ghent," added he, turning round towards the lower end of the table and bowing.

"You would have done wrong to have made us aught of excuse, Sir Knight," replied the Archbishop of Cologne, after having examined the falcon *en connoisseur*, "the bird is, I am right certain, of a race more ancient and pure than full many of the French nobility, more especially since that Philip III. hath been advised to sell letters of ennoblement to Raoul the goldsmith, who had, as it so appeareth, ingots for his ancestors, and who hath thus minted them into being; only that

recognising, as I do, thy bird to be of high race, it would be impossible for me to indicate, maugre my science in veneerie, the country wherein she hath been hatched."

"Albeit that I am less learned than thou art in such matter, my lord," interrupted Artaveld, "I dare answer for it she cometh from the East; I have seen the like, it seems me, although they were full rare, in the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus, when I accompanied thither my lord the Count de Valois."

"And you have not guessed wrongly, master host," said Walter, "she cometh originally from the Nubian country, situate, so say they, hard by the straits where Moses passed the Red Sea. Its parent birds were taken amongst the baggage of Muley Mahomed, sovereign of Grenada, by Alphonso XI. of Castile, and given by the king to the good knight Lockhart, who had accompanied James Douglas in the pilgrimage that he had undertaken to carry to the Holy Sepulchre the heart of King Robert Bruce. At his return, the knight Lockhart having been taken in a skirmish between the English and the Scotch, by Wryneck, Earl of Lancaster, one of the conditions of the knight's ransom was that he should give a falcon of the race he had brought from Spain. The Earl of Lancaster, master of the precious creature, in turn, made gift of it to the lovely Alice de Grafton, who hath confided it to me for my diversion during travel. Thus, see you, hath her genealogy no flaw, but is of the noblest and best established."

"It reminds me," said Courtraisien, "that I saw that James of Douglas during his passage to l'Ecluse when he sought occasion to pass into the Holy Land, and 'twas I who gave him counsel to repair to Spain, now methinks some seven or eight years last passed."

"'Tis said," continued the Sire de Fauquemont, "that King Robert Bruce charged him with that commission, holding him to be the bravest and most loyal knight throughout his kingdom."

"Yes, yes," replied Courtraisien, "he hath often related to me how the matter happened; for that did him high honour, and I took pleasure therein, as well as in other recitals of his noble deeds of chivalry. It appeareth that during the days of Robert's exile he made oath that, if he

should reconquer his kingdom, he would accomplish a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; but the never-ending wars which he had to sustain against the kings of England permitted him not to quit Scotland; so that on his death-bed he remembered him of the vow he had made, the which gave him sore torment in his last agony for not having acquitted himself of it. Thereupon he summoned to his bedside the gentle knight, Sir James of Douglas, before all the rest attendant upon him, and spoke thus--

"My Lord James, and dear friend, you know that I have had much to do and suffer in the time that I have lived to sustain my claim to this kingdom, and when I had the most to do, I vowed that if ever I saw my war ended and could govern in peace, I would go immediately to help war against the enemies of our Lord and Saviour, and those who are adverse to the Christian Faith. My heart hath always tended thitherward, but our Redeemer hath not willed it thus and hath given me so much to do in my lifetime, and at this hour I am so heavily stricken that it bescemeth me plainly that I am about to die, as you see, and I too surely feel. Wherefore, since it be so, that my body cannot go thither, nor achieve that which my soul hath so much desired, I would send my heart in lieu of my body, to acquit me of my vow as far as it lieth possible in me; and as I know none other knight more worthy than myself, nor better fitted to accomplish my vow in my stead, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love that you bear me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour, for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty that if you undertake this matter it cannot fail of success; and thus shall I die the more contented, the more easy, and the more tranquil; but if you do it as I reckon upon you, do it in the manner that I am about to tell you.

"I will that, so soon as I shall be deceased, you open my breast with your trusty sword, and taking my heart from my body, cause it to be embalmed, and put into a silver casket, which I have had made for the express purpose; take then as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to per-

form your journey, as well as for all those whom you choose to go along with you; and act so munificently, and provide yourself with such company and so much money, that wheresoever you pass it be known that you bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland, and that, by his command, since his body cannot go thither. You will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, wherein he was buried.'

"'Gallant and noble king,' replied James of Douglas, 'a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me by entrusting me with so dear and valuable a treasure; I will do all you command me, right willingly, with the utmost loyalty in my power, never doubt it, however I may feel myself worthy of a so high distinction.'

"'Ah! gentle friend,' replied the king, 'great thanks for the promise you make me. And now, can I die more contentedly, since I know that the most loyal, the most valiant and most accomplished knight of my kingdom will achieve that for me which I am unable to do for myself.' Then throwing his arm round the neck of the Lord Douglas, the king tenderly embraced his friend, and died.

"That same day and according as it had been commanded of him, James of Douglas opened with his sword the breast of his lord and king, and drawing therefrom his royal heart, placed it in the silver casket upon which was engraven a lion, the blazon of the kingdom of Scotland, then hanging this casket about his neck, he set forth with a great retinue from the port of Montrose, and landed at L'Ecluse,\* where I saw him, where I knew him, and where he with his own mouth related to me that which I have just told you."

"And carried he the enterprise to a good end?" asked Gerard Denis, venturing a word in this conversation held between the nobles.

"No," replied the Marquis de Juliers, "I have heard say that Douglas perished in Spain."

"And his death was worthy of his life," said Walter, speaking in turn. "Albeit I am an Englishman and he was of Scotland, I render him justice, for he was a noble and puissant knight. I remember

Sluys in Flanders.

[THE COURT

me upon a certain night, 'twas during the war of 1327, in which Sir James of Douglas, with about two hundred men-at-arms, penetrated within our camp, whilst all were sleeping, and strake his horse with the spur, so sharp and far, that, he reached even to the tent of the young King Edward III., crying 'Douglas! Douglas!' King Edward happily heard this war-cry, and had barely time to slip from under the canvas of his tent, for already had the sword of Douglas cut asunder the cords to bring it down upon him. He slew amongst us full three hundred men in that night, and notwithstanding effected his escape without losing even one of his companions; after which we kept sharp watch each night, having ever fear of the restless dreams of that same Douglas."

"And know you the particulars of his death?" asked the Marquis of Juliers.

"Yes, even to the last, for my master in chivalry repeated them full often to me. Then, to his mishaps, he did that which you had counselled him, sir Knight," continued Walter turning towards Courtrai-sien, "and arrived in Spain: 'twas at the moment at which King Alphonso of Arragon was warring against the Saracen King of Grenada; and the King of Spain asked of the noble pilgrim whether for the honour of his Saviour and the Blessed Virgin, he would not break a lance against the infidels! 'Ay! that will I readily,' replied Douglas, 'and that the soonest possible.' On the morrow the King Alphonso quitted the camp to draw nigh to his enemies; the King of Grenada did so, likewise, and each set their host in battle array. As for the Black Douglas, he placed himself on one of the wings with his Scottish knights and esquires, to make better work and more powerful effort. So soon as he had perceived that the battalion on each side was fully ranged and the troops of the King of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset, and as he ever wished to be among the first, rather than last, on like occasion, he and all his company struck their spurs into their horses shouting 'Douglas! Douglas!' until they were in the midst of the King of Grenada's battalion, and there believing himself to be followed by the Spaniards, he unfastened from his neck the casket which enclosed the heart of Robert Bruce, and threw it before

him amongst the Saracens crying: '*Now pass thou onward royal heart as thou was wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!*' Thereupon he and his knights penetrated so deeply into the Saracen ranks that they disappeared like steel within a wound, and there and then performed they prodigies of valour; but they could not hold out, the Spaniard to their shame be it spoken, essayed to rescue neither him nor his. The next day Douglas was found dead on the field clasp-ing to his breast the silver casket, and round him lay his companions; three or four only survived, and one, the knight Lockhart, brought away the casket with its precious relic which were interred with high pomp in the Abbey of Melrose. Since which time have those of Douglas, who had hitherto borne upon a shield azure a cheff-argent and three stars, gules upon argent, substituted, for such, their blazon, a bleeding heart surmounted by a crown; and that the Knight Lockhart hath changed his name into that of *Lockheart*, the which, in Gallic tongue, signifieth 'heart locked.' Oh!" continued Walter, fired with enthusiasm: "indeed, and well might it be said he was a brave and worthy knight: a noble and renowned war captain, that same who, having fought in seventy battles had gained fifty-seven, and whom none regretted more than did King Edward, albeit he had more than oncesent him back his archers after having thrust out the right eye and lopped the forefinger of each, to the end that they might not again bend bow, or launch arrow."

"Yes, yes," said the Archbishop of Cologne, "the young leopard\* would fain have grappled with the old lion,\* to test which had strongest teeth or sharpest claws."

"You have hit it, my lord," answered the young knight, "lo you, what he hoped for, so long as the Black Douglas was in life, and such he no longer hopes for—Douglas being dead."

"To the memory of the Black Douglas!" ventured Gerard Denis, filling Walter's cup to the brim with Rhenish wine.

"And to the health of Edward III. of England!" added Artaveld casting a penetrating glance at the young knight as he rose from his seat.

\* In allusion to their armorial bearings.

### King Edward the Third

"Ay," continued the Marquis de Juliers, "and may he perceive anon that Philip of Valois sits upon a throne which is his, sleeps in a palace which is his, and reigns over a nation which is his!"

"Oh! 'tis a settled matter already, my lords, I swear it you," replied Walter; "and if he thought himself sure of finding good allies—"

"On my soul! they will not be wanting to him," exclaimed the knight de Fauquemont; "and here sits my neighbour Courtraisien, who is yet more of a Fleming than a Frenchman, who will ask nothing better than to aver that which I advance for him and for myself, I am well assured."

"Certes!" cried Zegher, "I am Flemish by name, Flemish by heart, and at the first word—"

"Ay!" exclaimed Artaveld, "at the first word, but who will speak that first word? Will it be you, my Lords of Cologne, de Fauquemont or de Juliers, who take up arms under the domination of the empire, and cannot make war without the emperor's permission? Will it be that same Louis of Cressy, our pretended lord, who stays at the Louvre, in Paris, with his wife and child at his cousin's court? Will it be the assembly of the fair cities, which thereupon incur an amend of two millions of florins and the excommunication of our holy father the Pope if they commence hostilities against Philip of Valois? 'Tis a weighty matter to undertake and a weightier still to sustain, credit me, that of a war with our neighbours of France. The weaver Peter Leroy, the fish vendor Hannequin \* and your father himself, my Lords of Cologne and de Juliers, have known somewhat of it. Should that war come—well!—with the help of heaven we will sustain it. But, credit it me, if it be delayed, let us not jump first before it. So rest we content with our last pledge, 'tis a noble one—'To the memory of Douglas dead, to the prosperity of Edward living!'"

At these words he drained his cup, and all the guests, who with one accord had risen from their seats, did like justice to his pledge, and then reseated themselves.

\* A nickname given to Zannec by his countrymen.

"The genealogy of your falcon hath trained us further than we purposed going, sir Knight," continued the Bishop of Cologne after momentary silence; "but it hath informed us that you come from England: what news from London?"

"Much talk is there of the crusade that Philip of Valois would undertake against the infidels at the exhortation of Pope Benoit XII.; and they say (the which you ought to know better than we my lords, for your communications are more easy with France than amongst us English, who dwell beyond sea) that the King John of Bohemia, the King of Navarre\* and Peter of Arragon† have taken up the cross along with him."

"'Tis a truth," replied the Bishop of Cologne, "but, I know not wherefore, I have not great trust in this their enterprise, natheless, though it be preached by four cardinals, the Cardinal of Naples‡ the Cardinal de Perigord, § the Cardinal Albano || and the Cardinal of Ostia." ¶

"But know ye wherefore 'tis delayed?" resumed Walter.

"A quarrel between the Kings of Arragon and Minorca, in which Philip of Valois has constituted himself arbitrator."

"And hath that quarrel a serious cause?"

"Ay! the most serious," gravely replied the Bishop of Cologne: "Peter II. had received homage of Jayme II. for his kingdom of Majorca, and had gone to render homage for his own to the Pope of Avignon, but, unhappily during the ceremony of that prince's solemn entrance into the pontifical city, the esquire of the King Don Jayme struck a blow with his whip-lash upon the crupper of the King of Arragon's steed; whereupon the latter drew his sword and pursued the esquire, who with much difficulty effected his escape

\* Philip Count of Evreux, surnamed the Good and the Wise.

† Peter IV. surnamed the Ceremonious.

‡ Annibal Ceccano, Archbishop of Naples, created cardinal by John XXII.

§ Talleyrand de Perigord, Bishop of Auxerre, created cardinal by the same pope in 1821.

|| Gaucelin d'Eusa, nephew of John XXII., created cardinal by him in 1316.

¶ Bertrand Poyet, Bishop of Ostia created cardinal the same year and by the same Pope.

from the press : hence this war. You see therefore that he hath not been wrongly surnamed *the Ceremonious*."

"To which one must needs add," pursued Artaveld, "that amidst the broil thus raised by the prince, the King David of Scotland and the queen his spouse have arrived in Paris, seeing that Edward III. and Baliol have left them in Scotland so small a kingdom that they have not deemed it worth the trouble to remain therein for the sake of four fortresses and a tower of which they yet remain possessed. It is true that if King Philip of Valois send as succour into Scotland to Alan Vipont or the Black Agnes only the tenth part of that army which he reckons upon conducting into the Holy Land, that it might work right merry change of affairs in those parts."

"Oh! methinks," returned Walter, carelessly, "that Edward reckes as little on the score of Alan Vipont and his castle of Lochleven, as for Agnes the Black, daughter of Thomas Randolph, though she be. Since the last expedition undertaken by him into Scotland, things are widely changed; no longer being able to encounter James Douglas, he hath avenged himself upon Archibald: the wolf has paid penalty for the lion. All the meridional counties belong to him; the governors and sheriffs of the chief cities are with him; Edward Baliol hath done him homage for Scotland, and if they force him to return thither, he would prove to Alan Vipont that his dykes are more solid than those of Sir John Stirling;\* to the Countess of March, that the stones hurled by the trebuchet against the ramparts are somewhat harder than dust;† and if Sir William Spons be still in her service, the king will have a care to harness himself in armour of sufficing

good temper, that the love-tokens of the Black Agnes may reach not his heart."\*

The conversation had been carried on thus far, when it was interrupted by the bell of the clock striking nunc. As this useful machine was of but very recent introduction, it attracted the attention of the lords present; and Artaveld himself, whether that he had nothing more to serve upon table, or that he was desirous of giving the signal for retiring, arose, and addressing himself to Walter:—

"Sir Knight," said he, "I see that you are desirous, as are my Lords of Collogne and de Juliers, to examine the mechanism of that horologe; draw near to it, then, for it is a curious thing, I swear to you. It was destined for King Edward of England, but I offered so round a sum for it to the mechanist who constructed it, that he gave preference to me."

"And how name you the traitor who exports English merchandize maugre the prohibition of the king?" asked Walter, laughingly.

"Richard of Wallingford; 'tis a worthy Benedictine, abbot of St. Alban's, who having learned smith-craft at his father's forge and hath spent ten years of his life upon this *chef-d'œuvre*. Behold, it marks the courses of the stars and how the sun makes in twenty and four hours the round of the earth; here have we also the motion of the flux and reflux of the sea. As for the manner after which it striketh, there are, see you, balls of bronze that fall upon a bell of the same metal, a number equal to those of the hours which they are required to mark, and at each successive hour a knight sallies forth from his castle to mount guard upon the drawbridge."

After all had examined at leisure this marvel, each took his leave, and Walter, who had remained last, was about to retire like the rest, when Jacquemart placed his hand on his shoulder.

"If I mistake not, Sir Knight," said he,

\* One day, whilst Salisbury was engaged in making a reconnaissance round the walls of Dunbar Castle, an arrow, discharged by a Scottish archer named William Spons, pierced the breast of a knight who stood near him, although he wore a triple coat of mail over a leathern jerkin. "Tis a love token from the countess," coolly exclaimed Salisbury, on seeing the knight fall; "the arrows of Black Agnes always penetrate to the heart."

\* Sir John Stirling, when besieging Lochleven Castle, which is built upon an island situate in the middle of a lake, caused a dyke to be thrown up at the point whence the waters escaped, hoping that the flood would rise and inundate the island. The basement of the castle, in fact, was already under water, when Alan Vipont sallied out during the night and broke up the sluice. The water rushing onwards with great violence, carried away with it part of Stirling's camp.

† Whilst her castle was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury, the Black Agnes was seen to walk along the ramparts, dusting with her handkerchief the spots upon the walls against which the stones thrown from the battering engine struck.

## *King Edward the Third*

"when we met you at the gate of our dwelling, in company of Gerard Denis, you had but straightway arrived in our fair city of Ghent?"

"At that same instant," replied Walter.

"I was doubtful on the point, and therefore now busy I myself touching your lodging."

"I had charged Robert with such care."

"Robert was wearied; Robert was hungry and athirst; Robert would not have taken time to have found a lodging worthy of you; I have sent him to dinner with the servitors of our other guests, and have reserved to myself the care of conducting you to your chamber, and to do unto you the honours of it."

"Yet a new guest, at the moment at which you have already so numerous a company, not only cannot fail to cause you considerable disarrangement, but further give too exaggerated an idea of the new comer."

"As for the disarrangement, you may rest satisfied; the chamber that you will inhabit is that of my son Philip, who being not yet ten years old, will not be greatly put to stress by your taking possession; it communicates with my own by a corridor, the which serves to allow of your approach to mine, or my visiting your's, without the knowledge of any one; moreover, it hath an outlet towards the street, by which you can receive whomsoever it seemeth to you fitting. As for your importance, it will be measured by your desire and by your condition, and for myself, as for all else, you will be taken only for that which you would seem."

"Good," exclaimed Walter, taking his part with the promptitude he was accustomed to bring to all his determinations, "I accept with pleasure the hospitality you offer me, and I hope to return you the like, one day or other, in London."

"Oh!" replied Artaveld, with an air of doubt, "I do not think that my business will permit me to cross the sea."

"Not even to strike a good bargain in wools?"

"You know well, Messire, that the exportation of such merchandise is interdicted."

"Ay," said Walter, "but he who laid on the embargo may revoke it."

"These same are matters of too high  
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importance," replied Artaveld, placing his finger upon his mouth, "to chat about standing upon the door-sill, especially when that door is open; one only treats to the bottom such affairs with closed hinges, and seated face to face on either side a table garnished with a goodly flaggon of spiced wine to keep the talk from flagging, and we may find all that in your quarters, Messire Walter, if you would follow that stairway."

So saying, he made a sign to a varlet, who, instantly snatching a wax torch from an angle of the wall, walked before them to light their way. Having reached the chamber-door he threw it open and withdrew. Walter and Artaveld entered, and the latter closed the door behind him.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Conference.

Every thing that Jacquemart had considered to be the indispensable corollary of a diplomatic conversation Walter found had been prepared beforehand: a table stood in the centre of the chamber, on each side of which two huge settles awaited the debators, and upon the brightly polished board an enormous silver hanap, one glance at which gave sufficient promise most amply to moisten the discussion, however long, important, or warm it might chance to prove.

"Messire Walter," said Artaveld, with his hand upon the bolt of the door, which he had just closed, "are you accustomed to put off till the morrow such important matters as may be forthwith entered upon?"

"Master Jacquemart," returned the young man, as he carelessly leaned over the back of the settle and crossed one leg over the other, "conduct you your business before, or after supper, by night, or by day?"

"By my troth, when they are of stirring import," replied Artaveld, approaching the table, "I wot not of the hour."

"Nor do I," said Walter, seating himself; "sit you down, then, and let us chat, awhile."

Artaveld ensconced himself in the other settle, with a vivacity which indicated the pleasure he experienced by complying with the invitation.

"Master Jacquemart," continued Walter, "you spoke during supper of the  
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difficulties attending a war between Flanders and France."

"Messire Walter," said Artaveld, "you let drop after supper certain brief words touching the facility of a commercial treaty between Flanders and England."

"Such treaty presents great difficulties; it is, notwithstanding, feasible."

"War hath its dangerous chances; with prudence, however, all things may be ventured."

"Come, I see we shall understand one another; now let us jump to the point without loss of time and shoot not our shafts wide of the butt."

"Yet ere I ask a single question, 'tis fitting that I know who putteth them."

"The envoy of the King of England! and look you, here are his full powers," said Walter, drawing a parchment from his bosom.

"And to whom is this embassy accredited?"

"To him who is sovereign master of the affairs of Flanders."

"These letters of credence come direct—"

"From King Edward, as his seal attests and his signature proves."

"My lord, the King of England, hath not disdained then to write to the poor brewer Jacquemart!" said the latter, with an air of vanity, but ill-disguised under the appearance of doubt. "I am curious to know what title he hath given him: that of *brother* belongs to kings; that of *cousin*, to peers; and that of *Messire* to knights; I am not king, nor peer, nor knight."

"Therefore hath he chosen one less emphatic, but more amicable than all of these by you just cited, as you see."

Artaveld took the letter from Walter's hands, and although he felt a strong internal impulse to know in what terms a king so powerful as Edward had addressed him, he appeared to attach only a secondary interest to the form of the address, by previously busying himself with something else.

"Ay! ay!" said he, playing with the pendant of the seal-royal, "here are of a verity the three leopards of England: one for each kingdom; and 'tis enough to defend, or," added he, laughing, "to devour it. His Highness of England is a great and noble king, and a severe dispenser of justice throughout his kingdom.

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Let us see what he hath done us honour by herein writing to us: 'Edward III. of England, Duke of Guienne, peer of France, to his *gossip*, Jacob Artaveld, deputy of the town of Ghent, and representative of the Duke of Flanders. Know that we accredit to you the Knight Walter, engaging ourselves to recognise as good and valuable all and every treaty of war, alliance, or commerce, that he may sign with you.

"'Edward.'

"'Tis well, and hath, as you have said, his seal and signature."

"Thus, then you recognise in me his representative?"

"Full and entire; 'tis incontestible."

"Good, speak we now frankly; you would have freedom of commerce with England?"

"Entereth it into your projects to make war with France?"

"You see that we have need of one another, and that the interests of Edward and Jacob Artaveld, albeit differing widely in appearance, really run couple together. Open your ports to our soldiers, we will open our's to your merchants."

"You spur fast and far at need, my young friend," said Jacquemart, with a smile; "when one undertakes a war, or a speculation, 'tis with a view to succeeding therein, is 't not so? Well, the means of success in everything is to ponder long upon it, and when one hath long pondered on it, not to begin the enterprise save with three chances of success."

"Three! we will have a thousand."

"There have we answer of nothing worth. Take heed you err not touching the arms of France; you take them for *fleurs de lis*, and they are steel lance-heads. Credit it me, if your leopards only attempt the enterprise, they will therein break claws and teeth to bloody and bootless issue."

"Therefore will not Edward begin the war, save it be with the support of the Duke of Brabant, the lords of the empire, and the good cities of Flanders."

"Lo you now, precisely, wherein lies the difficulty? The Duke of Brabant is of a character too irresolute to take part, lacking strong reasons, betwixt Edward III. and Philip VI."

"You are ignorant, perchance, that the Duke of Brabant is cousin-german to the King of England?"



### *King Edward the Third*

"Notso, notso; I know that same as well as any other man living; but likewise know that there is much question of a marriage between the Duke of Brabant's son and a daughter of France; and in proof thereof hath the young prince passed his word to the Earl of Hainault, whose daughter Isabella he is destined to espouse."

"By Sathanas!" exclaimed Walter, "but it seemeth me, at least, that this same irresolution of which you speak, hath not gained the other lords of the empire, and that the Count de Juliers, the Bishop of Cologne, the Lords de Fauquemont and Courtraisen desire nothing better than to take the field."

"Ah! 'tis a truth, and cannot be gainsayed, save that the three first withdraw from the empire, and cannot wage war without leave of the emperor. As for the fourth, he is free; but then 'tis only a simple knight, possessing hauberk-fief; that is to say, mark you, that he will aid King Edward with his body, and those of his two varlets, that's all."

"By Saint George," exclaimed Walter, "I may at least reckon upon the good folks of Flanders?"

"Still less, Sir Knight, for we are bound by oath, and we cannot make war upon the King of France without incurring an amend of two millions of florins and the papal excommunication."

"On my soul," cried Walter, "you have told me that a war with France was dangerous, rather ought you to have said, it seemeth me 'twere impossible."

"Naught is impossible in this world, to him who takes the trouble of looking at all sides of any given matter; there is no irresolution that may not be fixed, no treaty that one cannot batter in breach with a golden ram, nor oath that hath not a back door at which interest standeth sentinel."

"I listen to you," said Walter.

"And first," continued Artaveld, without appearing to mark the young knight's impatience, "let us leave apart those who, beforehand, are for King Philip, or for King Edward, and which nothing whatsoever can make change sides."

"The King of Bohemia."

"His daughter hath espoused the dauphin, Jean."

"The Bishop of Liege?"

"Philip will get him promised the cardinalship."

"The Dukes Albert and Otho of Austria?"

"Were for sale, but are now bought. As for the King of Navarre and the Duke of Brittany, they are the natural allies of Philip. Behold then those who are for France; now pass we to those who will be for England."

"First, William of Hainault, father-in-law of King Edward."

"You know well he is dying of gout."

"His son will succeed him; and I am as sure of the one as of the other. Next follows John of Hainault, who is at this hour at the court of England, and who hath already given his promise to the king."

"What he hath promised, that will he keep."

"Renaud de Gueldres, who hath espoused the Princess Eleanor, the king's sister."

"Good; the next."

"That's all," said Walter; "behold our assured friends and enemies."

"Pass we then those who are not yet either for one or other party."

"Or that a goodly gain may persuade to pass over to one or t'other."

"'Tis the same thing. Begin with the Duke of Brabant."

"You have depicted him to me as a man so irresolute, that 'twere difficult to make him choose either party."

"Ay; but one default balanceth the other; I have forgotten to tell you that he was yet more avaricious than irresolute."

"Edward will give him fifty thousand pounds sterling, if needs be, and will take into his pay the men-at-arms that he shall send him."

"By my troth, now, that I call plain speaking. I will answer to you for the Duke of Brabant."

"Now pass we to the Count de Juliers, the Bishop of Cologne, and the Knight de Fauquemont."

"Ah! brave lords are those same," said Artaveld, "rich and puissant, who could furnish each some thousand suits of steel harness, if they received the authority of Louis of Bavaria, their emperor."

"But there is a treaty, is there not, between the King of France and him?"

"Yes, a formal and positive treaty, by which the King of France engages to ac-

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quire nothing upon the territories of the empire."

"But wait awhile," cried Walter, "methinks . . ."

"What?" said Artaveld, laughing.

"That, contrary to that treaty, King Philip hath acquired the castle of Crevcœur, in Cambrai, and the castle Arleux-en-Puelle; these fortresses are appurtenant to the empire, and high fiefs abstracted from the emperor."

"And then," said Jacquemart, as though he would urge Walter further.

"And these *achats* are sufficing motives for setting on foot a war."

"Especially so, when King Edward shall sustain the expense and dangers of it."

"To-morrow I will charge the Count de Juliers to go seek the Emperor."

"And in virtue of what powers?"

"I have *blank seigns* from King Edward."

"Bravely done! lo you, two of the difficulties resolved."

"Leaving the third . . ."

"And the most knotty."

"And you say that the good cities of Flanders have a treaty by which, in case of hostilities on their part against Philip of Valois . . ."

"Not against Philip of Valois, -- against the King of France; the text is positive."

"Philip of Valois, or the King of France, what matters it?"

"It matters much -- the contrary. To this end, that in the event of hostilities against the King of France, the good cities must pay two millions of florins and incur excommunication from the pope."

"Well! those same two million florins will Edward pay; as for the papal excommunication . . ."

"But, God's life! that's not all," interrupted Jacquemart; "the two millions of florins are a trifle, and as for the interdict, we would be quit of it by making the Pope of Rome take off the excommunication of the Pope of Avignon. But there is something more sacred than all this in the eyes of our merchants: 'tis their word! their word! which hath its weight in gold from one end of the world to the other, and which, once falsified, may never more be re-established. Ah! young man, seek far and wide," continued Jacquemart, "there be sure means for all

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things, please Heaven; it needs but to discover them: you comprehend of what importance is it for the King Edward to find behind him, in case of reverse, our Flanders with her forts and harbours."

"By Heaven," said Walter, "'tis his advice likewise; to you therefore am I come in his name to have direct understanding with you."

"Then if a means be found to conciliate the word of Flanders with the interests of England, King Edward, would be disposed to make some sacrifices."

"Firstly, King Edward would restore to the Flemings Lille, Douay, and Bethune, which are three ports that France holds open, and which Flanders keeps fast shut."

"So far, so good."

"The King of England will raze and burn the island of Cadsand, which is a den of French and Flemish pirates, and a hindrance to the trade of the skippers with Denmark and Sweden."

"The island is strong."

"Walter Manny is brave."

"And then?"

"And then King Edward would take off the embargo he has laid upon the exportation of the Welch wools and Yorkshire leathers; to the end that the trade should be freely carried on between the two nations."

"And such an union would of a verity accord with the interests of Flanders," said Artaveld.

"And the first export, which should be composed of twenty thousand bags of wool, would be directly addressed to Jacob Von Artaveld, who . . ."

"Who would distribute them, on the instant, to the manufacturers, seeing that he is a brewer, and not a cloth merchant."

"But who might full well accept a commission of five esterlins the sack?"

"That were but justice, and agreeable to the rules of commerce," replied Jacquemart; "it remains now, only to find a means of making this war without failing in our word. Can you hit it?"

"No, truly," replied Walter, "and methinks that I should seek vainly, being little expert in like matter."

"A thought hath entered my bruin," resumed Artaveld, looking fixedly at Walter, and ill-dissembling a smile of superiority, "By what title would Ed-

ward III. make war against Philip of Valois?"

"What! but by the title of veritable heir to the kingdom of France, to which he hath the right by his mother, Isabella, sister of Charles IV., since he is nephew of the deceased king, and Philip being only the cousin-german."

"Well, then!" said Artaveld, "let Edward charge his escutcheon with the lilies—quarter them with the leopards of England, and take the title of King of France."

"Then?"

"Then . . . we will obey him as the King of France, and seeing that our obligations are binding towards the King of France, and not, as I have told you, towards Philip of Valois, we will require from Edward acquittance of our faith, and Edward will grant it us as King of France."

"True, and good," said Walter.

"And we shall not have failed in our promise."

"And you will aid us in the war against Philip of Valois?"

"With our utmost power."

"You will aid us with your soldiers, your cities, and your ports?"

"Nothing doubtful."

"On my soul, but you are a clever casuist, master Artaveld."

"And 'tis in like quality that I hazard a last observation."

"The which?"

"'Tis that King Edward hath done homage to the King of France, as his suzerain lord, for the duchy of Guienne."

"Yes, but that homage is null and void," returned Walter.

"And how so, I pray you?" asked Artaveld.

"Because," cried Walter, forgetting his incognito; "because I made it with my mouth, and by words only, but without placing my hands between those of the King of France."

"In that case, sire," said Artaveld, rising and doffing his bonnet, "in that case, you are free."

"Come, thou art more cunning than I, gossip," said Edward, holding out his hand to Artaveld.

"And I will prove to your highness," replied Jacquemart, bowing, "that the examples of confidence and loyalty bestowed upon me are not thrown away."

The capture of the island of Cadsand.

The two interlocutors had each spoken the truth: Edward III., whether by chance or foresight, on rendering homage to the King of France in the city of Amiens, had not placed his hands between those of Philip of Valois. Thus the ceremony having ended, the suzerain made complaint to the vassal of the omission. The latter answered that he knew not that such was the usage of his forefathers, but that he would go to England and consult the charters and privileges in which the conditions of the homage were laid down. On his return to England, Edward was in reality compelled to acknowledge that an important point had been omitted by him, and he consented that the letters patent, wherein should be evidenced "that everything had been done according to established form," should correct such omission, by certifying that, although contrary to fact, fealty had been sworn; "*the hands of the King of England being placed between the hands of the King of France.*"\* Hence, Edward, as skilful a casuist as Jacob Artaveld, did not believe himself bound by this act of homage, which set forth, as perfect, a recognition of vassalage which in reality had remained incomplete; the cities of Flanders on the other hand found themselves, as we have seen, by the arbitrament of the pope, engaged to the King of France, but *not to Philip of Valois!* so that by the means indicated to Edward, they escaped at once from the pecuniary amend, and the papal excommunication. All this, perhaps, smacked rather strongly of subtlety for an epoch in which knights and merchants still held it as a point of honour to keep their word; but this rupture with France was so favourable to the interests of Edward III. and Jacob Artaveld, that it was obvious they were disposed to do their utmost to clothe their aggressions in the false semblance of loyalty.

Matters having been agreed to and determined upon with Jacob Artaveld, as related in our last chapter, there remained for Edward III. but one more step to put his projects into execution, which was to await the return of the ambassadors despatched by him to John of Hainault,

\* Les mains du Roy d'Angleterre mises entre les mains du Roy de France.

his father-in-law, and my Lord Adolphus de la Mark, Bishop of Liege. Their return might be hourly expected as the ambassadors had been instructed to await the king's commands at Ghent, of whose presence in that city they were altogether unaware, and who would only have awaited them there, had his conference with Artaveld failed.

Nevertheless the king equally preserved his incognito; but desiring at all risks, and despite his confidence in his new ally, to have in case of need a point for defence within his reach, he wrote to Walter de Manny to collect together five hundred men-at-arms and about two thousand archers, and to proceed with that force to take the island of Cadsand, which, commanding the mouth of the western Schelde, in case of treason would offer him a place of retreat: this capture would appear so much the more natural, that at the first aspect it seemed to be not a precaution inspired by fear, but purely and simply the accomplishment of a promise which had been made: this first disposition determined upon, the king was apprised of the arrival of his two ambassadors.

It was not without uneasiness that the ambassadors learned that Edward himself awaited them at Ghent; but they well knew the king's prudence, and that his disposition, all adventurous as it was, would never carry him further than he had resolved to go: they felt, therefore, promptly reassured, the knights more especially, to whose bravery every hazardous expedition was sympathetic and familiar: the Bishop of Lincoln alone ventured a few observations; but Edward interrupted him, under pretext of an ardent desire to learn the result of the twofold embassy.

The Bishop of Liege had refused all alliance against King Philip, and despite every overture which the envoys had the opportunity of making, would listen to nothing against France.

As to the Lord of Hainault, the envoys of Edward had found him in his bed, confined, as Artaveld had said, by a violent attack of the gout. Nevertheless, knowing on whose part they came, and that his brother was amongst their number, he had directed them to be instantly admitted; then, after having heard them with profound attention, he replied that he would be greatly rejoiced if the King

of England should succeed in his design, seeing that he ought readily to believe that he felt more interested for him, who was his kinsman, than for the King Philip, his brother-in-law, who had just clandestinely prevented the young Duke of Brabant from the marriage some long while settled between the latter and Isabella of Hainault, in order to unite him to his own daughter; that on such account, therefore, he would aid with all his might his dear and beloved son, the King of England, in every respect, if his council should advise the undertaking of it. But, he had added, that, for the success of like project, he needed an aid still stronger than his own; that Hainault was too small a territory to measure itself with the kingdom of France, and that England lay too far off to afford him succour."

"Dear brother," thereupon interrupted John of Hainault, "that which you say is so just, that we do not doubt that the counsels which you have given us are those fitting only to be followed: but, dear sir, tell us the names of those lords that you think can best help our master, that we may report them to him."

"On my soul," had the earl replied, "I cannot advise him of a lord more puissant to aid his highness at need, than the Duke of Brabant, his cousin-german; then after him the Count de Gueldres, who hath espoused the Lady Eleanor, his sister; my Lord Valrame de Juliers, Archbishop of Cologne; the Count de Juliers; Sir Arnold de Blankenheym and the Lord of Fauquemont; for they are all good warriors, and will readily raise, if the King of England would take upon himself all the expenses of the campaign, from eight to ten thousand men in harness of war; that if the king—my son and your lord—had all these lords for him and with him, I would not then hesitate to bid him cross the sea and pass the river Oise to seek King Philip and offer him battle."

"You have spoken wisely, dearly beloved brother, and it will be done even as you dictate," was the reply of John of Hainault. And, knowing with what impatience Edward awaited his return, he set forth, notwithstanding the instances of the earl, with William of Salisbury his travelling companion, to repair to the appointed rendezvous, although he was

far from imagining that Edward was there awaiting him in person.

We have seen how chance circumstances, agreeing with the good counsel of the Earl of Hainault, had, beforehand, placed the King of England in friendly relation with the Bishop of Cologne, the Count de Juliers, and the Lord of Fauquemont, when under the name of Walter, he was present at the supper of Jacob Artaveld. Edward was certain from that hour to find in them, the German emperor's consent secured, brave, and loyal allies. He had, therefore, nothing more to busy himself about, save regarding the necessary overtures towards gaining the Duke of Brabant and Louis V. of Bavaria, who sat upon the imperial throne.

The two embassies set out, therefore, immediately; on this occasion they were dispatched to the Duke of Brabant and to the emperor. The envoys were directed to urge at the hands of the Duke of Brabant, the relations of friendship and family by which he was united to the King of England, with a view to obtain from him an armed and aggressive participation in Edward's projects against France.

As for the emperor, they were charged to remind him that Philip of Valois, contrary to his treaty, which prohibited him from acquiring by purchase, or otherwise, any appurtenance of the imperial territories, had acquired the castle of Crevecoeur in Cambresis, and Arleux-en-Puelle, and to tell him on the part of King Edward, that the latter would look upon his claim, and his quarrel as his own, on the sole condition that the emperor should grant to such lords as might raise forces for him, permission to defy the King of France.

In the meantime Walter de Manny having received at London the king's command hastened to put it into execution. Besides his personal attachment to Edward of England, to whom, as we have mentioned previously, he was allied by Queen Philippa, he was predisposed, by his love of adventure, to every enterprise which afforded scope for displaying his bravery and acquiring renown. The purposed expedition was therefore at once accordant with his duty as a faithful servant and his inclinations as a gallant knight. Consequently he dispatched, without a moment's delay, the king's com-

mand to the Earl of Derby, son of Henry of Lancaster, surnamed Wry-neck, to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord, Reginald Cobham, Lord Lewis Beauchamp, Lord William Fitz Warwick, and Lord William Beaucherk, among others whom he had chosen to share with him in the honour of this dangerous *bachellerie*. Each on his own part made the necessary munition and purveyance; vessels of war sailed up the Thames to the port of London, and were there laden with arms and provisions; two thousand archers were collected together and embarked; and lastly the knights and esquires embarked on board the vessels, which weighed anchor immediately and dropped down with the tide to Gravesend where they lay that night. The next day they weighed and sailed to Margate; at the third tide, they hoisted and set their sails, and took to the deep, rowing and sailing until they made the coast of Flanders. There having assembled their vessels and completed all their preparations for disembarking, and still coasting along shore, they arrived at last in sight of the island of Cadsand, about eleven o'clock in the morning, it being the vigil of St. Martin.

On nearing the island, the English knights saw at a glance that they must renounce all hope of taking it by surprise. The sentinels had already perceived them and had given the alarm; so that the entire garrison, composed of six thousand men at least, sallied forth from the ramparts and placed themselves in order of battle upon the dykes and sands. As however the English had both wind and tide in their favour, they swore "in the name of God and St. George" that they would run close up to it. They ordered the trumpets to sound, each made himself quickly ready, and ranging their vessels in a circle and placing their archers on the prows, made full sail for the town. The garrison of Cadsand could no longer doubt the intentions of this fleet; besides as the assailants approached, the Flemings could distinctly descry the pennons of the enemy ranged in order of battle, and see them create their knights, who in sight of those on shore, were armed to the number of sixteen.

If the English ranks could boast of a brave array of expert and gallant knights, the Flemings were not less strong in the possession of leaders of well-tried courage

and science in the art of war. Foremost in them might be seen the Lord Grey of Flanders, bastard brother of Count Louis, who harangued his followers and exhorted them to do their duty, after which the Duke de Hallewyn, Lord John of Rhodes, and Lord Gilles de l'Estriff did the like; and on perceiving the English in the act of creating their knights upon the decks of their ships, in order not to be behind hand with them, they forthwith began arming their's; and there were dubbed in the ranks of the Flemings, Sir Simon and Peter Brulledent, Sir Peter d'Englemoustiers, and several other brave companions and noble men-in-arms. So that by the time the vessel had come near to the strand, as both sides, burning alike with hatred and courage were equally eager to come to close quarters, neither summons nor response had been given; each knight shouted his war-cry, and on the instant that each vessel reached within bow-shot, as they one after the other sought a landing place, the English archers discharged a shower of arrows upon the island, so terrible and unceasing, that, despite the courage of those who defended the harbour, as they could not return the deadly volleys encountered on all sides, they found themselves compelled to retreat; preferring a combat hand to hand upon level ground, than longer to sustain this far-off struggle in which the English had all the advantage. They therefore retired out of reach of arrow-shot, and the English landed; but scarcely were half of their number mustered on the strand, ere their adversaries returned upon them with such impetuosity, that those of the soldiers who had already disembarked were compelled to fall back, so that the knights who were still on board their ships, not knowing at what point to land and, borne forward by those who came behind them, were forced to leap into the sea. At the same instant amidst the tumult, the loud voice of Walter Manny was heard shouting, as he threw himself into the front rank, "*Lancaster for the Earl of Derby.*" The latter nobleman had in fact been stunned by a severe blow upon the head from a mace, and in the retrograde movement which they had just made, the English had left him insensible upon the field of battle; so that the Flemings perceiving that the fallen knight wore a coronetted

helmet, had judged him to be some great lord, and were already bearing him away when Walter de Manny, seeing him in their hands, without waiting for stronger reinforcement, threw himself again into the thick of his adversaries, and at the first blow from the axe struck dead at his feet, Sir Simon Brulledent, who had just been dubbed a knight. Whereupon those who were carrying off the Earl of Derby dropped their prisoner, and as he fell upon the sand, still unrecovered from his swoon, Walter de Manny set his foot upon his body, and so defended him without retreating one step, until he had recovered his senses, for he was merely stunned and not wounded. Scarcely had he regained consciousness ere he arose, snatched up the first sword that came to hand, and set to work again without uttering a single word, just as though nothing had happened, deferring to another opportunity giving thanks to Walter de Manny, and deeming that, for the nonce, the best he could do was to lay about him lustily, in order to make up for lost time.

Thus matters went on on both sides. Although, however, the Flemings might not yet have retreated one single step, the advantage was visibly with the English, thanks to the marvellous skill of their archers, those eternal pioneers of England's victorious battle-fields of those days. These latter had remained on board their ships, commanding the entire field of battle, and picking out from the midst of the *melée*, as though they had been so many stags in a park, such of the Flemings whom they sought to pierce with their long arrows, so well tempered and keen-pointed that the German breast-plates alone resisted them, but which penetrated the leathern jerkins and coats of mail as though they had been made of card-board. The Flemings, on their side, achieved wonders. Although decimated by this death shower, against which all their courage could not avail, they still stood their ground, fighting with the utmost fury. At length Sir Guy of Flanders, the bastard, fell in his turn by a blow from the Earl of Derby's axe, and a like combat was fought over his body to that which had been waged in defence of the fallen English nobleman; but this time with a different result; for in the endeavour to succour him,

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he Duke of Hallowyn, Sir Gilles de l'Es-riff, and John Brulledent were slain: there remained, therefore, of the Flemish leaders only the Lord John of Rhodes, and he moreover had been wounded in the face by an arrow, which not being able to extract wholly, the barb having entered the bone, he had broken it off within two inches of his cheek.

This last surviving knight on the side of the Flemings attempted to order a retreat, but it was impossible to make it. The capture of Sir Guy of Flanders, the death of twenty-six knights who had fallen in the attempt to rescue him, that eternal shower of arrows which rained from the ships until the shore resembled a corn-field, all bristling as it was with the long arrow-shafts, disheartened the soldiers, who fled at last towards the town; whereupon, Sir John of Rhodes, unable to hold out longer, suffered himself in turn to be slain like the rest of his gallant companions.

From that moment it was no longer a fight, but a butchery: conquerors and conquered entered pell-mell into Cadsand: they fought from street to street and from house to house; hemmed in as they were on one side by the sea, and on the other by an arm of the Schelde, the entire garrison, unable to escape, were either killed or taken prisoners, and out of six thousand men, of which it had been composed, four thousand were left upon the field of battle.

As for the town, taken as it had been by assault and without capitulation, it was delivered up to pillage; every thing of value was carried off to the ships, and they then set fire to the houses; the English having waited until they saw them all consumed, even to the very last, at length embarked, leaving that island, so populous and flourishing on the previous evening, bare, empty and razed, as though it had remained a savage and desert lair from the very day it first rose from out the bosom of the ocean.

During this event, political negotiations had marched with the same alacrity as had this warlike expedition; the two-fold embassy had returned to Ghent. The Duke of Brabant had consented to join Edward, on the condition that the latter should pay him down the sum of ten thousand livres sterling and a further sum of sixty thousand at stated periods:

he engaged, moreover, to raise twelve hundred men-at-arms, on the sole condition that the English king should charge himself with their pay; and further, he offered him, as his kinsman and ally, his castle of Louvaine as a residence far more fitting to him than the dwelling of the brewer, Jacob Artaveld.

As for Louis V. of Bavaria, his reply was no less favourable: the Count of Juliers, whom Edward had added to the number of his ambassadors, had found him at Nuremberg, and had laid before him the King of England's proposition. Thereupon Louis V. had consented to appoint him vicar over his whole empire, a title which gave him the right to coin monies of gold and silver bearing the emperor's effigy, and conferred upon him the power of raising troops throughout Germany: two of the emperor's envoys accompanied the embassy on its return, in order to effect an immediate arrangement with the English king concerning the time, place and details of the ceremony. As for the lord of Juliers, the emperor, in testimony of the satisfaction that he experienced from the overture of which he had been the mediator, had raised him from the rank he held as count, to that of a marquis of the Empire.

On the morrow, Walter de Manny arrived in his turn, after having left his fleet in the port of Ostend; he came to announce to Edward that his orders had been carried into effect, and that he might cause the ploughshare to be driven across, and grain sown over a spot upon which, until that hour, that nest of Flemish pirates had reared itself, known by the name of the town of Cadsand.

### CHAPTER VIII.

William Wallace, the champion of Scotland.

King Philip of Valois, against whom these great preparations for war were making, ignorant of that which was being concerted against him, had busied himself, on his part, with preparations for entering upon an expedition beyond seas, against the enemies of the cross: the crusade had been preached with an ardour wholly unprecedented, and the King of France seeing, as Froissart hath it, his kingdom "fat, full and brisk," had declared himself the captain of this holy enterprise. He had, consequently, got ready the most goodly and magnificent apparel of war to

pass the seas, that had ever been seen since the days of Godfrey of Boulogne and the royal Saint Louis: having since the year 1336 maintained at his own cost the ports of Marseilles, Aiguemortes, Cette and Narbonne, and placed in them such number of ships, carracks, galleys and barges, as might serve for the transportation of sixty thousand men, together with arms, provision, and baggage. At the same time he had sent messages to Charles Robert, King of Hungary, who was a religious and valiant man, begging him to keep his territory open, in order that the pilgrims of God might be received therein. He had signified the same to the Genoese and the Venetians, as well as having addressed to the same end Hugues IV. of Lusignan, who held the island of Cyprus; and to Peter II. King of Arragon and Sicily: he had, moreover, forewarned the Grand Prior of France, in the island of Rhodes, that he might provide the place with victuals, and also the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, in order to have every part of his march provisioned as far as the island of Crete, which belonged to that gallant order. Thus all was in readiness throughout France and along the entire route; three hundred thousand men had taken up the cross and only awaited commands from their chief ere they set forward, when Philip of Valois learned the pretensions of Edward III. to the crown of France and his first proceedings taken in conjunction with the good people of Flanders and the emperor: at this same juncture, a very brave and right loyal knight, named Leon of Crainheim, arrived at his court, on a mission from the Duke of Brabant. This latter, faithful to his character for precaution and duplicity, had no sooner given his word to King Edward, seduced as he had been by the magnificent offer of seventy thousand livres sterling, ere he reflected that, if that monarch failed in his enterprise, he would then remain exposed to the wrath of the King of France. He had, therefore, without delay, made choice from among his knights of one whose reputation for courage and loyalty was firmly established, and had dispatched him to King Philip of France to tell him, upon his oath, that he ought not to credit any evil report against him; that his intention was to make neither alliance nor treaty

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with the King of England, but that, the latter being his cousin-german, he had not been able to prevent him making a visit to his territory, and having arrived therein, he could do no less than offer him, for residence, his castle of Louvaine, a civility which his cousin-german, Edward, would not have failed to have shown him, the Duke of Brabant, had he paid his royal kinsman a visit in England. Philip of Valois, who knew by experience with whom he had to deal, entertained some doubt, notwithstanding these protestations; but the knight, Leon de Crainheim, whose honour and inflexibility were well known, asked the king's permission to remain as hostage, answering for the Duke of Brabant, body for body, and swearing upon his soul that he had spoken the truth; in consequence whereof, Philip was appeased, and the old knight, from that day forth, was no longer treated as a hostage, but as a guest.

"Nevertheless, and notwithstanding such promise, Philip seeing that if he went upon his voyage beyond seas he would put his kingdom into dangerous venture, speedily grew cool upon this crusade, and countermanded all the orders issued, until he had received more positive news relative to the projects of Edward III. In the meanwhile, as the knights and the leagued soldiery were in arms, he ordered them to remain equipped for active service, to hold themselves in readiness to draw against the Christians the swords wherewith they had girded themselves to make war upon the Infidels: at the same time he resolved to take advantage of a circumstance so much the more favourable to his cause, that it might have the effect of exciting in England sufficient embarrassment to turn Edward, at least for the moment, from the desire of conquering another kingdom, sufficiently occupied, as he would be, the event so falling out, in defending his own: we allude to the arrival at Paris of the King of Scotland with his queen consort, driven, as we have mentioned, from their kingdom, in which they possessed only four fortresses and a tower.

As the long and close alliance which existed between France and Scotland holds a conspicuous and important place in the history of the middle ages, our readers must give us leave to pass in review before them the different events



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which brought it about, in order that no feature of the great picture which we have thus far unrolled before their sight may remain obscure or misunderstood. France, moreover, at this epoch, was already so powerful a machine, that it is indispensable, in order fully to comprehend its entire strength, to cast, from time to time, a glance at the exterior wheels which its internal motive power conjointly acted upon.

Thanks to the admirable work of Augustin Thierry upon the Norman Conquest, the minutest details of that memorable expedition of the victor of Hastings are now accessible to the general reader, and taking that epoch for a starting point, we will cast a rapid glance at the feudal position of that poetical land of Wallace, Bruce and Burns, which has so amply furnished Sir Walter Scott with subjects for the most romantic of histories and most historical of romances which exist up to the present time throughout the entire range of ancient or modern literature.

The Scottish kings, who, previous to the Conquest, had always remained free and independent, although continually at war with the kings of England, profiting by the event, and the long internal struggle which followed it, had aggrandised their territory at the expense of their enemies, and had conquered from them, if not three whole counties, at any rate the larger portion of them, that is to say, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland; but as the Normans had their hands fully occupied in subduing the Saxons, they offered little or no obstruction to the inroads of the Scots, and consented to the definitive cession of those provinces, on the condition that the King of Scotland should render homage for them to the King of England, although he might remain, in other respects, a free and independent sovereign. Such was, in fact, the position of William himself; lord paramount of his conquest beyond seas, he held his grand-duchy of Normandy, and his other continental possessions, by the title of vassal of the King of France, and from that epoch, therefore, had dated the ceremony of taking the oath of homage; and from the condition of such homage was it that Edward III. conceived he had escaped by not placing his hands between those of Philip of Valois.

It was not, however, probable, that matters would long remain in the state just mentioned. By degrees, as England grew tranquil, William and his successors turned their eyes with greater avidity towards Scotland, although they dared not yet retake that which they had freely conceded; in lieu thereof, they insinuated from time to time that their neighbours owed them homage, not only for the three conquered counties, but for the rest of the kingdom. Hence the first period of struggle, which ended by the battle of Newcastle, in which William of Scotland, surnamed the Lion, because he bore the image of that animal upon his shield, was made prisoner, and obliged, in order to purchase his liberty, to acknowledge himself, not only for Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland, but for all Scotland, the vassal of the King of England. Fifteen years afterwards, Richard I. looking upon this condition as unjust and extorted by force, renounced it of his own free will, and the kings of Scotland finding themselves again restored to their former position of sovereigns, no longer did homage, save for the conquered countries.

A hundred and eighty years had elapsed, six kings had reigned over Scotland since the remission of this claim, and as the English appeared to have renounced their ancient pretensions of suzerainty, no war had sprung up between the two nations -- when a prediction, proceeding from a highly venerated sage named Thomas the Rhymer, that the 22nd of March would prove the most stormy day ever seen in Scotland, spread itself among the people. The day came and passed off, amidst the general terror, with a remarkable serenity; many began, therefore, to laugh at the fatal prediction of the astrologer, when a report was suddenly bruited that Alexander III., the last of those six kings whose reigns had been the golden age of Scotland, passing on horseback along the sea-coast of Fifeshire, between Burnt Island and Kynghorn, having approached too near a precipice had been dashed from the summit by the starting of his horse and killed by the fall. Whereupon every man interpreted this to be the storm predicted, and in terror waited the thunder-clap by which it was to be followed.

The tempest-burst was not, however, so speedy as had been expected. Alexander had died without a male successor, but one of his daughters who had espoused Eric, King of Norway, had borne a child, whom the historians of the time call by the name of Margaret, and the poets by the epithet of the Virgin of Norway. As grand-daughter of Alexander, the crown of Scotland belonged to this princess, and it had devolved to her.

The king reigning at that time in England, was Edward I., he was notoriously a brave and victorious prince, greatly desirous of augmenting his power, whether by arms or by policy, or, failing these, by cunning. In this instance, Providence itself seemed to have paved the way for his ambitious projects. It was the son of this monarch who afterwards reigned as Edward II., whose tragical death we have heard related by his assassin Mautravers, since appointed, as the reader will remember, by the royal hero of our chronicle, "castellan," or, rather, gaoler of the Dowager-queen Isabella. Edward I. demanded the Virgin of Norway for this son; she was accorded at his request; but at the moment during which the two courts were occupied with preparations for the marriage, the youthful Margaret suddenly died, and as there did not exist a single direct descendant of Alexander III., the Scottish throne remained without an heir.

Thereupon ten great lords, who were related more or less remotely to the deceased king, made pretensions to the vacant succession, assembled their vassals, and held themselves ready to sustain their several claims by force of arms. As might be plainly seen, the foretold tempest of Thomas the Rhymer was thickening apace—the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, had darkened the whole atmosphere, and foreboded a long continuance of gloomy and troubled times.

The Scottish nobility, in order to prevent the miseries which must inevitably result from their civil wars, resolved upon choosing Edward I. for umpire, and to accept for their king him from among the ten pretenders whom he should designate. Ambassadors were dispatched to carry this decision to the King of England, who, seeing the advantage he might derive therefrom, accepted it immediately, and

by the same messengers convoked the clergy and the Scottish nobility to meet on the 9th of June, 1291, at Northam Castle, situate upon the southern bank of the Tweed, the spot at which that river divides England from Scotland.

On the appointed day the competitors repaired to the rendezvous, and King Edward on his part did not fail attendance. He strode through the whole of that numerous assembly, above all of whose heads he towered conspicuously, (for he was so tall of stature that his English subjects had surnamed him *Longshanks*) seated himself upon his throne, and made a sign to the Grand Justiciary to open the conference. Whereupon the latter arose and announced to the Scottish nobility, that before King Edward pronounced his judgment, it was necessary that they should first acknowledge his supremacy, not only as lord suzerain of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, which had never been contested, but of the rest of the kingdom, which, since the renunciation of Richard I. had ceased to be an object of contestation. This unexpected declaration produced a great commotion; the Scottish nobles refused to make reply before they had consulted together upon the matter. Edward thereupon dismissed the convention, leaving the competitors only three weeks to make their reflections.

At the appointed day the high conferring parties again assembled; but on this occasion the spot chosen was within the Scottish territory, on the other side of the Tweed, upon an open plain, called Upsettlington, a locality which Edward had doubtless fixed upon in order that the competitors might carry on their discussions unrestrainedly. In other respects, every precaution had been taken beforehand; for this time, on the renewal of the proposition for the recognition of Edward I. as its suzerain, not one amongst them manifested the slightest resistance, but, on the contrary, all replied that they submitted themselves freely and voluntarily to such condition.

Whereupon an investigation of the respective claims of the candidates to the crown was entered upon. Robert Bruce, lord of Annandale, and John Baliol, lord of Galloway, both of Norman origin, and both equally descended from the royal

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family of Scotland by a son of David, Earl of Huntingdon, were recognised as having the best founded claims to the crown. Edward was begged to determine the question between them. He named John Baliol.

The latter immediately knelt down, *placed his hands between those of the King of England, kissed him on the mouth*, and acknowledged himself as his vassal and liegeman, not only for the three conquered provinces, but moreover for the entire kingdom of Scotland.

Thus ere the tempest of Thomas the Rhymer had dissipated itself, the bolt had fallen and annihilated the Scottish nationality.

Baliol began his reign; his acts and judgments alike speedily bore the impress of his partial and irresolute character. The malcontents preferred their complaints to the suzerain. Edward encouraged them to persevere, urging them to appeal before him against the decisions of their king; to which they showed themselves nothing loth. Edward got together a mass of grievances, true or false, and summoned Baliol to appear before the courts of England. At this citation, Baliol felt the virtue of once more becoming a man and a king; he made a positive refusal. Edward then reclaimed, as a guarantee of suzerainty, the restoring into the hands of the English power the fortresses of Berwick, Roxborough and Jedburgh; Baliol replied by raising a numerous army, and, causing it to be intimated to Edward that he ceased to recognise him as his lord paramount, he dashed across the boundaries of the two kingdoms and entered England. This was nothing more than Edward desired; his conduct subsequent to the decision given relative to the Scottish crown had evidently such tendency; he was not satisfied with Scotland being his vassal, he would have it remain his slave. He accordingly assembled an army and advanced against Baliol; during the first day's march a knight attended by a numerous retinue presented himself before Edward, and asked leave to take part in the campaign, by fighting on the side of the English. This knight was Robert Bruce, the competitor of Baliol.

The two armies encountered one another near Dunbar; the Scots, abandoned from the commencement of the battle by

their king, were conquered; and Baliol, fearful of being made prisoner and treated with all the rigour of martial law in usage at that period, sent word that he was ready to surrender himself up, if Edward would answer for his life. Such promise being given, he went to seek Edward at Roxburgh Castle, his shoulders unattired with his royal mantle, without arms offensive or defensive, holding in his hand a white wand, instead of a sceptre, and declared, that, instigated by the evil counsels of the nobility, he had traitorously revolted against his lord and master, and that in expiation of such fault he ceded to him all his royal rights, both to the country of the Scots and its inhabitants. On such conditions the King of England pardoned him.

This was precisely the object Bruce sought to obtain by attaching himself to Edward. Baliol, therefore, had scarcely been dispossessed, ere his old competitor, who had taken active part in the victory, presented himself before Edward, reclaiming in his turn the throne upon the same conditions upon which it had been conceded to Baliol; but Edward answered him in his Norman-French dialect:—

“Think you we have nothing else to do save conquering kingdoms for you?”

This lively reply had speedily the effect of working a more brilliant result than even Edward himself had at first contemplated; he traversed Scotland, in triumph, from the Tweed to Edinburgh, transferred the archives of that city to London, caused the great stone, upon which, by an ancient national custom, the Kings of Scotland were wont to place themselves on the occasion of their coronation, to be conveyed away from its ancient sanctuary and deposited in the abbey of Westminster; finally he confided the government of the kingdom to the Earl of Surrey, appointed Hugh Cressingham high treasurer, and William Ormsby chief justice. Then having placed English governors over all the counties, and English garrisons in all the castles, he speedily returned to London to watch over the tranquility of Wales—only recently conquered, in a similar way, to that by which he had subdued Scotland, and whose last prince he had hanged, for no other offence save that of having stoutly maintained his independence. From this epoch the eldest sons of the

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Kings of England have invariably taken the title of Prince of Wales.

It chanced to Scotland, as it ever has happened to conquered countries: the chief justice, prejudiced in favour of the English, gave most iniquitous judgments; the high treasurer treated the Scots not in the light of subjects but as tributaries, extorted in five years more money than their four last kings had required for the space of an entire century; their complaints brought before the governor, either remained unheeded, or obtained only illusory or outrageous replies; at length the soldiers stationed in garrison, treating in all places and all circumstances the Scotch as captives, seized by main force upon all that came within their reach, maltreating, wounding, and killing those who made opposition to their capricious depredations; so that Scotland soon found herself in that state of feverish excitement in which a country appears to slumber under her yoke of slavery, but which, in reality, only awaits some opportunity to arouse herself, and some one man to restore her to liberty. When then a country has arrived at such a point, the event ever happens, and the man never fails to start forth. The event was that of the *Granges of Ayr*, and the man William Wallace.

A boy was one day returning from angling in the river Irvine, and having caught a great quantity of trout, which he carried in a basket, he was met, near the gates of the town of Ayr by three English soldiers, who approached him with the intention of possessing themselves of his fish, the lad thereupon told them that if they were hungry, he would willingly share his fish amongst them, but that he would not give them the whole basketful. The only reply made to this was one of the soldiers laying hands upon his kreen: at the same instant the boy dealt him so stout a blow with the butt-end of his fishing-rod that he fell dead; then snatching up the fallen man's sword, he handled it so effectively against the other two as to put them to flight, and carried home with him the entire produce of his day's sport, a share of which he had offered to his assailants. That boy was William Wallace.

Six years after this adventure, a young man was seen crossing the market-place

of Lanark, with his wife leaning upon his arm; he was attired in a coat of green cloth of the finest texture, and wore a splendidly-ornamented dagger in his belt; at the corner of a street an Englishman placed himself before him and barred his passage, remarking that he was astonished how a Scotch slave should dare to wear such fine clothes and goodly weapons. The young man happening to be, as we have said, with his wife, he contented himself with repulsing the Englishman with his arm, in such a way that the latter might make way for him. The Englishman considering that gesture as an insult, carried his hand to his sword, but ere he could draw it from the scabbard, he had fallen dead, stabbed to the heart by a dagger. All the English who were then upon the market-place rushed towards the spot at which that scene had, with lightning-like speed been enacted. Fortunately the house nearest to hand for the young man's refuge, belonged to a Scottish nobleman; he opened his door to the man-slayer, and closed it behind him; and whilst the English soldiers were hewing it down, he led the fugitive to his garden, whence he gained a wild and rocky valley, called Cartland Craigs, through which his enemies did not attempt pursuit; but visiting upon the innocent the punishment, from the reach of which the offender had escaped, the Governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, declared the young man an outlaw; set his dwelling on fire, and remorselessly cut the throats of his wife and domestics. The proscribed, from the summit of a rock, saw the flame, and heard the shrieks, and by the blaze of that incendiarism, and the groans of his perishing family, swore eternal hatred against England. That young man also was William Wallace.

Shortly after this occurrence, numerous hardy enterprises were spoken of throughout the environs, set on foot by an outlaw chief, who, having collected together a considerable band of men, driven like himself beyond the pale of the law, gave no quarter to the English whom he chanced to encounter. One morning it was discovered that Hazelrigg himself had been surprised in his own house, and his assailants had left a dagger in his bosom with this inscription

affixed to it: "*For the incendiary and the murderer.*" There existed, therefore no longer, any doubts that this bold enterprise came from the same chief. Whole detachments were sent against him, but they were invariably beaten; and each time the first defeat of some new body of English troops was heard of, the Scottish nobles openly exulted in it, for the hatred cherished towards them had long since ceased to be a secret to the conquerors. The latter, therefore, adopted an extreme measure. Under pretext of concerting with them upon the affairs of the nation, the governor of the province invited all the nobility of the west to repair at an appointed time to the *Granges of Ayr*—a long range of vast store-houses, in which, during winter, the monks of the adjacent abbey housed their grain, but which, in the summer season, remained almost empty. The nobles, without distrust, repaired to this conference: they were invited to enter by two and two, in order to prevent confusion. This request seemed so natural that they unhesitatingly complied with it; but every beam had been provided with a row of ropes; the soldiers holding in their hands one end of each of these halters, which was formed into a running knot, and as the deputies entered, the noose was flung round their necks, and they were instantly strung up. The operation was performed so skilfully, that not a single cry forewarned those without of the fate of those who were within. They all entered and all were thus strangled.

One month from the date of this event, and as the English garrison, after having made high cheer and a long carouse, had retired to rest in those same granges in which so many of the Scottish nobles had ignominiously and traitorously perished, an elderly woman was observed to quit one of the poorest looking dwellings in the town, take the road to the Granges, mark with a piece of chalk the door of each loft wherein the English slept, and then retire without having met with obstruction in such occupation. Behind her a band of armed men descended from the mountains, each carrying a coil of rope; these men examined the doors with great care, and secured on the outside all those marked with a cross; then, this precautionary step

taken, a man, who appeared to be their chief, went from store to store to ascertain whether the roped fastenings had been properly secured, whilst behind him came a second detachment laden with bundles of straw, which they heaped before the doors and windows. These preparations completed, and the entire circuit of the buildings surrounded by combustible materials, the chief set the straw on fire. Although the English had hastily started from their slumbers, the granges being built of wood, they found themselves on all sides begirt by the furious element. Their first impulse was to rush to the doors; all were fast secured; these with their swords and axes they speedily hewed down, but there stood the Scots without, a wall of iron, behind a wall of flame. Some one among them then called to mind a private door that opened upon the cloister, and they rushed through it towards the abbey; but, whether they had been forewarned, or, that aroused by the noise, they had divined that which was passing, the prior of Ayr and his monks awaited the fugitives in the cloister, fell upon them sword in hand, and drove them back into the granges. At the same instant the roof fell in, and every soul who yet remained alive within the building was crushed to death beneath the self-same rafters to which had been hanged those nobles whose foul murder that outlaw chief thus retaliated with such terrible vengeance.

This deed was the signal for a general insurrection: the Scots chose for their leader him who alone had not despaired of saving their native land; for though he might not be the highest of rank amongst their lords, he was incontestibly the bravest. But scarcely had he collected together three or four thousand men, ere he was compelled to give battle to his enemies. The Earl of Surrey advanced against him in conjunction with the High-treasurer Cressingham at the head of a numerous army.

Wallace pitched his camp upon the northern bank of the Forth, near the town of Stirling, close to the spot at which the river, already of considerable width, (being only four or five miles from the point where it falls into the Firth of Forth) was crossed by a long and narrow wooden bridge: it was in this position that he awaited the English.

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The latter did not suffer Wallace to wait long; for upon the same day were seen advancing from the opposite bank of the Forth. Surrey, a skilful general, perceived immediately the superiority of Wallace's position, and commanded a halt, in order to defer the battle; but Cressingham, who, in his double character of ecclesiastic and treasurer, ought to have allowed the Regent Surrey, known to be an experienced soldier, to take all such measures as seemed to him fitting for the occasion, actuated both by personal and national animosities against the Scots, rode up on horseback amongst the troops, saying that the duty of a general was to fight wheresoever he might encounter his enemies: the English army, full of enthusiasm, demanded with loud shouts to be led to the attack. Surrey was compelled to give the signal, and the van-guard, commanded by the impatient Cressingham, who, like all the ecclesiastics of those days, scrupled not upon occasion, to handle sword and lance, proceeded to cross the bridge and form upon the opposite bank.

This was the exact movement Wallace desired: so soon as he saw a moiety of the English army on his side and the bridge blocked up behind it, he gave the signal for the attack, himself charging at the head of his troops. All those who had crossed were killed or taken; and those wedged together upon the bridge were flung from it into the river and drowned. Surrey saw that the remnant of the army was lost if he did not take an instantaneous decision; he ordered the bridge to be set on fire, thus sacrificing a portion of his troops to save the rest; for if the Scots had passed the river, they would have found their enemies in such disorder, that they probably in that single action would have destroyed the entire army.

Cressingham was found amongst the slain, and the hatred he had inspired was so extreme, that those who discovered him flayed his dead body, cut the skin into strips, and made therefrom girths and bridles for their horses.

As for Surrey, he having still a considerable force at his disposal, effected a retreat towards England, and that so rapidly that the tidings of his defeat might not precede him. The result was that he recrossed the Tweed, bringing back safe and sound the wreck of his

army. Behind him the country arose *en masse*, and, in less than two months, all the castles and fortresses had fallen again into the hands of the Scots.

Edward I. received intelligence of these events whilst in Flanders, and repaired forthwith to England: the chief glory and advantage of his reign had been overthrown at a blow; it had cost him years of craft and negotiation to subdue Scotland, and it had now been wrenched from him by a single battle. Scarcely, therefore, had he arrived in London, ere he collected the whole military force of England, Wales, and Ireland, and in turn advanced in person with an army of nearly a hundred thousand combatants to the northern frontiers.

Meanwhile, Wallace had been named Protector; but the nobles, who had found him so efficient for the deliverance of Scotland by his valourous sword, whilst they scarcely durst defend it by their speech, considered him of too humble birth to hold the rank of regent, and refused to follow his standard. Whereupon Wallace appealed to the people, and a body of mountaineers joined him. However inferior this army might be in point of numbers, arms, and military tactics, Wallace, sensible that the worst under such circumstances was to retreat, marched no less resolutely towards the king, and met with him near Falkirk, on the 22nd of July, 1298.

The two armies presented a widely different aspect: that of Edward composed of all the nobility and chivalry of the kingdom, advanced, mounted upon the magnificent horses that his men-at-arms had brought from his grand duchy of Normandy, and escorted on his flanks by those terrible archers who, carrying a dozen arrows in their quivers, boasted that they had the lives of so many Scots at their belts. The army of Wallace, on the contrary, numbered scarcely five hundred cavalry and some archers from the forest of Ettrick, placed under the command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkil; all the rest consisted of mountaineers, ill protected by their leathern armour—marching in serried files and carrying their long pikes erect; they had the appearance of a moving forest. Having reached the spot at which he had resolved to give battle, Wallace commanded a halt, and addressing his men:—

"The ball is about to be opened," said he, "now show me how you dance."

Edward on his side had halted, and as the advantages of the ground were balanced in such wise that neither of the two leaders would be worsted by beginning the attack, the English king, deeming that it would be disgraceful for him to await the onset, gave the signal for battle.

In an instant all that ponderous cavalry was set in motion, like a rock rolling downwards into a lake, and was arrested in its course by the long pikes of the Scottish infantry. At the first shock, nearly the whole of the first and second ranks of the English were overthrown; for the wounded steeds unhorsed their riders, who, embarrassed by the weight of their armour, were almost all massacred ere they could rise; but on the other hand the Scottish cavalry, instead of supporting the foot soldiers who had so bravely done their duty, took to flight, leaving one of Wallace's wings exposed. At the same instant Edward ordered his archers to advance, who no longer having to fear being charged by the cavalry, were able to approach within half bowshot and took sure aim at those whom they chose to bring down; Wallace instantly called to his followers; but the horse of Sir John Stewart, who was leading them into action, stumbled against the root of a tree, and threw forwards his rider, who was slain. At that moment Edward perceived some disorder in the Scottish army, caused by the shower of arrows which his archers continued to rain upon it; he placed himself at the head of a body chosen from amongst the flower of his army, charged into the opening made by the archers, and widening to the entire length of his battalion the gap already effected he penetrated to the very centre of the Scottish army, which thus cut up could no longer offer resistance and was constrained to retreat, leaving upon the field of battle Sir John Graham, the friend and companion of Wallace who indignant at the conduct of the nobles had not fallen back one step, and allowed himself to be killed at the head of his corps.

As for Wallace, he remained amongst the last upon the field of battle, and, as the night had fallen ere he or some few hundred by whom he was surrounded, could be induced to give ground, he dis-

appeared, favoured by the darkness, amid the shelter of an adjacent forest, in which he passed the night concealed in the branches of an oak.

Wallace, abandoned by the nobles, in turn abandoned them, thinking only of remaining faithful to his country, and resigned the title of protector; and whilst the lords and gentry continued to combat on their own account, or submitted themselves, saving their peculiar interests, at the expense of their native land, Wallace, hunted from mountain to mountain, tracked from forest to forest carrying with him the liberty of the Scots, as did *Æneas* the gods of Troy, causing whithersoever he appeared, the heart of his country to throb that elsewhere might have been deemed dead, remained for seven years all proscribed as he was, the unceasing and terrible dream that scared Edward's slumber, who deemed not Scotland his so long as Wallace remained therein. At last, reward on reward was promised to those who would deliver him up dead or living, and a rest traitor appeared amongst the ranks of that nobility who had already betrayed him. One day as he was dining at Robroyston in a dwelling surrounded as he believed by friends only, Sir John Menteith, who had just offered him bread, set down the loaf upon the table in such a manner that the flat side remained uppermost; this was the signal agreed upon: the two guests who sat upon the left and right of Wallace each seized him by an arm, whilst two domestics, standing behind him, fastened a rope round his body; all resistance was impossible. The champion of Scotland, lashed like a lion taken in a snare, was delivered up to Edward, who, by derision, made him appear before his judges crowned with a green wreath. The issue of the trial was not to be doubted: Wallace condemned to death; dragged upon a hurdle to the place of execution, had his head cut off; his body was then quartered, and each part exposed on the point of a spear upon London bridge.

Thus died the saviour of Scotland, crowned like his Redeemer by the hands of his own executioners.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Robert Bruce—The price of blood.

Two or three years after the death of  
[THE COURT

Wallace, and during the evening which had followed one of those daily skirmishes that still continued between the conquered and the victors, some English soldiers were seated at supper round the public table of an inn, when a Scottish nobleman serving in the army of Edward, and who had fought with him against the rebels, entered the room so famished with hunger, that having seated himself at a table apart, and the food being forthwith set before him, he commenced his supper without washing his hands, yet bearing red traces of that day's bloody massacre. The English gentlemen who had ended their repast looked at him with that hatred which, although they served under the same banners, ever divided the men of the two nations; but the stranger, busied with satisfying his hunger, took no notice of their attentive gaze, until one amongst them exclaimed aloud:—

"Look at that Scot swallowing his own blood!" The individual, concerning whom these words were spoken, overheard them; glanced at his hands, and, perceiving that they were really covered with gore, let drop the piece of bread he was in the act of carrying to his mouth and remained for an instant immersed in thought; then, quitting the inn without uttering a single word, entered the first church he found open, knelt down before the altar, and, having washed his hands with his tears, asked pardon of heaven, and vowed a vow to live henceforward only to avenge Wallace, and deliver his country. This repentant son was Robert Bruce the descendant of him who had disputed the crown of Scotland with Baliol, and who on expiring had bequeathed his claims to his heirs.

Robert Bruce had a competitor for the throne, who like himself was serving in the English army; this was Sir John Cumming of Badenoch, who was surnamed *Cumming the Red*, to distinguish him from his brother, whose swarthy complexion had procured for him the cognomen of *Cumming the Black*. He was at that moment at Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland. Bruce went thither to seek him, with a view to prevail upon him to abandon the English cause and to join with him in an endeavour to expel the common enemy. The place of rendezvous, at which they were to confer upon this important matter was chosen by

mutual consent: the church of the Friars Minor at Dumfries. Bruce was accompanied by Lindsey and Kirkpatrick, his two nearest friends. These latter remained at the church door, and at the moment it was opened to give Bruce entrance, they saw through the aperture *Cumming the Red* awaiting the former in front of the high altar.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed, during which they kept a discreet watch, standing within the porch, but without casting a glance within the interior of the sacred edifice. At the expiration of this interval, they saw Bruce come out, looking pale and discomfited. He instantly extended his hand to grasp the bridle of his horse, and as he did so, they remarked that it was covered with blood.

"How now, what hath happened?" both enquired in a breath.

"It hath chanced," answered Bruce, "that we have not fallen into accord with *Cumming the Red*, and that I think me I have slain him."

"How! thou only thinkest?" said Kirkpatrick, "'tis a thing one must needs be sure of, and that I go to see."

At these words, the two knights in their turn entered the church, and as they found Cumming not actually expired, they finished him.

"Thou art right," said they to Bruce, whilst remounting their horses; "the matter was well begun, but it needed final dispatch; now sleep tranquilly."

Such counsel was more easy to give than to follow. Bruce, by that deed, had succeeded in drawing down upon his head three separate determinations of vengeance: that of the dead man's relatives, that of Edward, and worse perhaps than either of the preceding, that of the church. Seeing, therefore, the obvious consequences attendant upon such a step, he marched strait towards the abbey of Scone, in which the sovereigns of Scotland were crowned, collected together his partizans, summoned around him all those who were disposed to fight for their liberty, and caused himself to be proclaimed king on the 29th of March, 1306.

On the 13th of May following, Robert Bruce was excommunicated by a bull of the pope, which forbade him all the sacraments of the church and gave to



every man the right of slaying him like a wild beast.

On the 20th of June in the same year, he was completely defeated near Methwen, by the Earl of Pembroke, and, thrown from his horse which had just been killed under him he was taken prisoner. Fortunately, as it chanced, the man to whom he delivered up his sword was a Scot, who, as they passed the skirt of a forest, voluntarily cut the cords with which he was bound, and by a gesture signified that he was free to go. Robert did not wait for his reiteration of the offer; he allowed himself to slide from off his horse, and buried himself amongst the thicket, and with all speed made for the heart of the wood, whither the Scot, to avoid Edward's punishment, made pretence of following in pursuit, but with the intention of joining him. He was soon, however, overtaken, and with all the other captives, condemned to death and executed. The murder of Cumming the Red, bore its fruits—blood paid the price of blood.

From that hour commenced that adventurous mode of life, which invests the history of that epoch with all the picturesque interest of romance. Chased from mountain, accompanied by his queen proscribed like himself, followed by three or four faithful friends, amongst whom was the young lord of Douglas, afterwards called the *good* Lord James, compelled to live by the produce of the stream or the chase of the latter, who, the most adroit of all, at such exercises of former sport, but now of necessity took upon himself the charge of providing nourishment for the band; running from danger to danger, escaping from a combat only to fall into an ambush, extricating himself from every peril by his strength, address, and presence of mind; alone, sustaining the courage of his companions, who were still led onward by the light of destiny; he thus passed the five summer and autumn months in wandering and nocturnal courses, under which, as winter approached, the queen's strength was fast sinking. Bruce saw that it was impossible she could continue to support fatigue and privation that the frost and snow would not fail to render yet more terrible. They had only one castle remaining to them, that of Kildrummer,

near the source of the Don, in the county of Aberdeen, thither he conducted her together with the Countess of Ruchan and two other ladies of her train, charged his brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend her even to the last extremity, and followed by Edward and his other brother, traversed the whole of Scotland, in order to throw his enemies out off their track, and withdrew into the island of Rathlin, upon the coast of Ireland. Two months afterwards, he learned that the castle of Kildrummer had been taken by the English; that his brother Nigel had been put to death, and that his wife was a prisoner.

These tidings reached him in his wretched island hut; they found him already overwhelmed with grief, and they deprived him of all remaining courage and fortitude. Extended upon his couch, along which he had flung himself with despair, perceiving that the hand of God had always been upon him since the memory of Cumming the Red, he asked, with tearful eyes, whether it might not be the will of his Maker, which had plainly manifested itself by so many reverses, that he should abandon that enterprise. And in this doubtful state of mind, he kept his eyes raised towards the roof with the fixedness of deep anguish, then, as it frequently happens in like circumstances, under which, whilst the heart bleeds, the body nevertheless occupies itself with some futile object, his gaze was arrested by a spider, which suspended at the end of it's thread, was engaged in an ineffectual struggle to spring from one beam to the other, and renewed unweariedly the attempt, on the success of which the establishment of it's web depended. This instinctive perseverance struck him in spite of his own mental prostration, and, wholly pre-occupied as he was with his misfortunes, he not the less attentively watched the efforts being made by the insect. Six times it essayed to attain the desired end, and as often did it fail. Thereupon it entered Bruce's mind that he also, like that poor insect, had made six several attempts to regain his throne, and had six times fallen short of his object. Such a singular coincidence struck him forcibly, and at the same instant gave birth, within his brain, to an idea equally superstitious as it was strange: he

thought that it was not, undesignedly, that Providence, at such a moment, had sent him that example of patient perseverance. and, still gazing on the spider, he made a vow that, if it succeeded in the seventh attempt it was then preparing for, he would look upon it as an encouragement from heaven and he would continue his enterprise; but that, if, on the contrary, the insect failed, he should consider all his phoos as vain and insensate, would set out for Palestine, and consecrate the re-

mainder of his days in warring against the infidels. Just as he had mentally ended his vow, the spider, who whilst he was forming it, had renewed it's dispositions and taken fresh measures, essayed a seventh attempt, reached the beam, and remained firmly grappled thereto.

"The will of heaven be done," exclaimed Robert Bruce; and, leaping instantly from his couch, he apprized his soldiers that upon the morrow he would re-enter upon the campaign.

*(To be concluded in the next number.)*

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### A FEW HITS AT THE EGLINTON TILT.

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'Twas a gay scene amid the braes of Ayr,  
No slaughterous barns\* were thirsting *now* for blood.  
But though no Wallace in his might was there,  
Where erst the hero with his thousands stood  
In mailed array the southron bands to scare.  
As dense an army in expectant mood  
Laid their worn limbs, awaiting as they might,  
Erect, recumbent, the return of light.

Nor roofs sufficed to shelter that array,  
And many a gentle 'neath the glittering sky  
Reposed till twilight glimmer'd into day,  
Heaven's arch the while his only canopy;  
And deem'd the sport would well his toil repay,  
When through the listed fields the herald's cry  
Should give its warning, and with furious speed,  
Knight against knight should urge his foaming steed.

Woe to the recreant beau who could not frame  
His pursed-up mouth to terms of former fight,  
Chamfron, gage, baldric, 'scutcheon urged their claim  
To mention on the fairest; and the wight  
Who dared eschew them could but look for blame,  
And hope for no approving smile that night.  
For the full brain of widow, wife and maiden  
With these and such like thoughts alone was laden.

The coteries of every neighbouring town  
Teem'd with wild wonder: whether beauty's queen  
In simple archer-guise or ermined gown  
Would deck her person; whether blue or green  
Would best themselves beseeem; if vizor down  
Or all exposed, each gallant would be seen—  
With many a guess in pennyweights and ounces  
Of bullion spent in furbelows and flounces.

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\* The Granges of Ayr the scene of a savage murder in the time of Wallace.

*A Few Hits at the Eglinton Tilt.*

Meanwhile the castle was no scene of quiet—  
Knights of the needle plied their task with zeal  
To alter and adapt ; while midst the riot  
The *femme de chambre* moved with flying heel  
To fit the frequent bodice, there to tie it  
With bows in contrast ; here with gay chenille  
To twine a raven braid : till whirl and eddy  
Sunk to a calm at length, and all was ready.

Joiners, good store, *in-tent* on their vocation,  
Plied the swift hammer and the busy nail ;  
The armourer's anvil found full occupation  
To close the rivets of each coat of mail.  
While pages fretting with a vain vexation,  
Were heard stray scarf or shoe-knot to bewail :  
Till knight and varlet to their couches crept,  
And worn with toil till morn securely slept.

Day dawn'd, Aurora smiled, and earth was gay,  
And ere the sun had yoked his fiery steeds,  
Forth from their beds, impatient of delay,  
Crowds thronged the path whose line meandering leads  
Thro' knarled elms and oaks in proud array,  
To the fair bosom of those fertile meads,  
Where glistening with the dew in silent state  
The tapering tents their martial lords await.

Here, Sire of Eglinton, I stay my song,  
To yield to thee of thanks a poet's meed,  
They are but what to thee of right belong,  
To thee by grateful thousands well decreed ;  
For, all that gay and gorgeous crowd among,  
Praise was the only note : all ranks agreed,  
Mighty and mean, that nobler knight than thou  
Ne'er bore a plume upon his created brow.

At length the sun rode high in mid career,  
And envious clouds their darkening shadows spread,  
The heaven, whose fleece at morn had dropped no tear,  
In copious torrents now its moisture shed.  
The manly cheek blanch'd with chagrin sincere,  
And from the fairest form the rose-tint fled,  
Till the shrill clarion and the whisper'd hum  
Of anxious crowds proclaimed " They come, they come."

Oh ! many a prayer that moment winged its flight  
For fairer weather and a clearer sky !  
Reckless of pelting storms each gallant knight  
Rode onward sheathed in gorgeous panoply,  
His generous courser pawing in his might.  
But vain each manly prayer, each lady's sigh,  
For maugre these, plumes, trappings, trains and housings,  
Were drench'd all day with unrelenting sousings.

*A Few Hits at the Eglinton Tilt.*

I cannot stay my Pegasus to quote  
The *list* of those who form'd the long procession,  
For other *lists*, of prouder, worthier note,  
Claim my full powers, and the dull digression  
On those who gave their pennons' folds to float  
On the coy breeze, would scarcely tend to freshen  
My reader's energies : avaunt delay :  
Deem them arrived—helm'd—mounted for the fray.

The clarion's brazen throat its warning gave ;  
Closed was each vizor, fixed, the warlike gear ;  
As darts the wild *Swan* from its native wave,  
Started from either end in swift career.  
The opposing gallants : courteous knights and brave  
Twice met in vain, at the third course a spear  
Shiver'd,—the "Red Rose" blush'd a deeper dye,  
As Seymour's smile proclaim'd its victory.

Again the trumpet's bray—the tourney's Lord  
The Dragon's might encounters, nor in vain,  
And meets from beauty's smile his rich reward.  
Against the " Burning Tower" the " Rose" again  
Essays his prowess : fortune's frowns accord  
Defeat ; lest frequent victory prove his bane.  
Thus Passion's vaunting beatings blaze on high,  
While Love's less glowing altars ambush'd lie.

With the " Black Lion " next the noble " Gacl "  
Ran his impetuous course, nor all in vain,  
The " Lion's " plume divorce'd the crested mail,  
Yet nathless more triumphant in the *main*,  
And victor, thus refused not to assail  
The furious " Dragon " who redeem'd the stain  
Which marr'd his 'scutcheon, and in beauty's eyes  
Read their approval, knighthood's noblest prize.

Thus far the knights undroopingly had striven,  
And borne with patience the fierce tempest's wrath,  
While from their posts the drenching floods had driven  
The dense spectators, who their homeward path  
Took with repining ; while the angry heaven  
Ceased not to pour its weltering shower-bath,  
Whose fury, by all grades alike regretted,  
Sent knights and ladies home genteelly wetted.

Arrived,—they fondly deem'd the rich repast  
And the harp's melting music would repay  
For all vexations—the laborious fast—  
The dripping vests—the *crosses* of the day—  
When, lo ! a page rush'd in with looks aghast,  
Doom'd their fond vision in the dust to lay,  
And with long face reported that the upper  
Canvass was soak'd, and spoilt the ball and supper.

*A Few Hits at the Eglinton Tilt.*

That was a moment of intense dismay,  
Long faces, looks, chagrin'd in every quarter, .  
And, but that staunch good humour held its sway,  
'Twould without doubt have been both whine and water.  
Regret was more than vain : without delay,  
In various rooms they made the tables shorter,  
With cates that left no reason to complain  
Of water-ice and patties *a-la-Reine*.

The ball—oh ! breathe not to the tell-tale wind,  
The rude incursion of the pelting rain.  
The floor was one wide wave, but nought behind  
In quick contrivance, the illustrious train  
*Waived* the light galloppe on the space assign'd,  
Adjourn'd to straiter quarters, and the pain  
Of disappointment, and each minor ill  
Hedged in the flying waltz and gay quadrille.

Morn broke, the sky, with storm-clouds spread,  
Made the most sanguine droop ! when, lo ! the sun  
At noon's high hour his kindly influence shed,  
And Hope put off her livery of dun,  
Swift as in ancient days the fire-cross sped,  
Pages and varlets through the country run,  
And wide proclaim that come what will of weather,  
Next day will see the knights contend together.

Oh ! these were welcome news to many a heart,  
Murk Wednesday was forgot ; and many a band  
Fix'd homewards on that morn by sea to start,  
Reversed the mandate, tarried still on *land*,  
Yet went to *see* ; crowds rush'd from every part,  
Encouraged by a morning fair and bland :  
The trumpets sounded and in fair array,  
The long procession track'd its devious way.

There rode the Queen of Love and Beauty, graced  
By maidens cull'd from Beauty's loveliest train ;  
Blanche and brunette to suit the various taste  
Of their brave worshippers ; the dizzy brain  
Whirl'd with the splendour, haply he, who placed  
In the front rank might once and yet again  
Indulge at will his unimpeded gaze  
On man's bright form, and woman's chaster blaze.

A course, the "Gael" aed sable "Lion" meet,  
The forest's monarch bows before the *gale* ;  
A course, the "Golden Lion" dares compete  
With the fierce "Griffin" in his rugged mail,  
'Tis *fairly* run, each knight maintains his seat  
With temper'd judgment ; fortune droops the scale  
For him who "*craven*" in his name alone  
'Midst the gay concourse so conspicuous shone.

*A Few Hits at the Eglinton Tilt.*

The tourney's Lord, with Lancaster's "Red Rose",  
Enters the lists, fresh laurels still to reap ;  
Fresh fame for every truant breeze that blows  
A pause, the herald's voice distinct and deep,  
Proclaims "l'Inconnu" and the "Dolphin", foes :  
In vain, the "Dolphin" undisturb'd may leap,  
Disporting, oh ! chagrin to curious eyes,  
The dark "Unknown" maintains his mute disguise.

While thus the gallant in chivalric fight  
Crack the tough lance upon the ringing casque,  
Their squires and pages dextrously unite  
In competition at an easier task,  
To bear the ring from its conspicuous height,  
And still from beauty's smile the guerdon ask ;  
For more than common skill it needs to loose  
The glittering annule from its guardian noose.

The sun is setting o'er the western hill  
That concourse heeds not the swift lapse of time,  
The eye of that gay pageant drinks its fill  
And the rapt soul notes not the warning chime,  
Content to gaze for ever, Thought and Will  
Are slow to mount the steepes our fancies climb  
With swift and daring step : but hark ! the bray  
Of hundred trumpets tolls the knell of day.

Eve sees the welcome feast and ball renew'd  
The guests all cheerful and the host as gay,  
Sharp jests and sallies on the morning's feud,  
What knight unhorsed amid the sawdust lay  
Who shone in vigour, grace and attitude,  
Whose lance most often bore the ring away,  
Spend the swift hours ; 'till dance and couch together,  
The sleeping guests are all in *highest feather*.

The chamber lamp was flickering, and the host  
Perchance was dreaming of the morrow's sport  
Or, chance, in love's more pleasing visions lost,  
Discoursing music (but that's not my forte),  
When most unceremoniously a ghost,  
Tilt, charge, or amatory speech cut short,  
And with a look, as though to chide such flirting  
Even in dreams, he put aside the curtain.

"Wake noble earl," (the armed spectre spoke)  
"I have a counsel for thy secret ear."  
Obedient to the word the peer awoke,  
And started up, but not in cowering fear  
Tho' unaccustom'd to behold such folk—  
"Intruder, state your right to interfere  
'Twixt me and sleep ! no muttering or finesse,  
How come you here, and how in such a dress ?"

*A Few Hits at the Eglinton Tilt.*

Rattled the spectre in his mailed shroud—

Blench'd not the Earl. "I come," at length he said,  
"To yield the meed of praise by all allow'd,

Though years afore in earth's cold caverns laid.

Think not that he who quell'd the Saxon crowd,

And bless'd the Norman William with his aid,

Is all unmindful of his brave descendant ;

If thus you deem of me, you're wrong, depend on't.

"When first your bold design among the shades

Was whisper'd, every grisly face grew bright

With exultation ; 'squires and knights, all grades

Combined to wish thee well ; the realms of night

Echoed with anxious sounds, wives, widows, maids,

All loveliest of their times, to see the sight

Were eager : and (in truth) I can't conceal,

Impatience clank'd in many a booted heel.

"And when the day arrived so big with fate,

The morning fair, the sky without a stain

To mar its blue expanse, our conclave sate

And chatted gravely, 'till th' unwelcome rain'

(It had our direst ban ; our deadliest hate)

Marr'd the bright prospect : all our prayers were vain ;

And so each ancestor his corslet doffing

Retired in spleen to his respective coffin.

"Not thus again shall rain your joust impede,

My words, nay ! smile not, sadly, are prophetic ;

Next summer with these noble sports proceed

Nor on one failure nurse a word splenetic ;

And time the knightly "Dragon" hath decreed

A "passage," join next year the game athletic :

For tho' the rain-water hath half marr'd *your* tournament

Of *Waterford's* the sun shall be chief ornament.

"As brave a band of knights will deck the field,

As lovely maidens too will grace the scene,

The ball-saloon be more securely ceil'd,

And soup, not water, fill the vast tureen,

And for the sceptre thousands long to wield,

Seymour may yet again enact the Queen,

For, all untiring, will the gazing throng,

*See more*, of her whom none can see too long."

He ceased, the Earl respectful bent his head—

A moment bent, and then undaunted raised ;

The curtain closed' a mist around the bed

Was flung, whence fitful meteors blazed,—

Noiseless and swift the spectre-prophet sped,

The unflinching peer a few short moments gazed,

Till pain'd with morning's chill, he slept again

And found in sweet repose a counter-pane.

S. S.

[THE COURT.]

## Monthly Critic.

*The Epicurean : a Tale ; and Alciphron : a Poem.* By THOMAS MOORE, Esq., author of "Lalla Rookh."

The "Epicurean," is a composition in which Moore's brilliant idealty finds a more legitimate locality than in the pages of history or biography, where its sparkling coruscations often dazzle and bewilder his readers, and consequently his "Epicurean" is very justly considered to be the best prose work written by the great poet of Erin.

There are few standard productions of this description in our language, while France is truly rich in them. The highly-finished poetical-prose romance is indeed the only true narrative poetry which we remember in the French language. It is, however, a singular fact, that in the nomenclature of literature throughout Europe, a proper distinctive epithet for compositions like the present is not to be found. From Telemachus down to Atala, the memory wanders through a beautiful series of French compositions, divested of metre, but in every other attribute, essentially poetry ; but "Rasselas," and "Alciphron," however different in execution, are in fact the only standard works of this kind our language possesses, if we except "Bunyan's" religious romance, and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," which last has, by the way, been praised far beyond its deserts. If we were obliged to define this species of composition, we should call it narrative poetry divested of metre. To those poets who possess idealty, and the rest of the poetical faculties, in greater intensity than merely in time and tune, which we suspect is the case with the French in general, this kind of composition offers many advantages, but Moore possesses time and tune in a more exquisite degree than any of his contemporaries, none can then wonder when the fact is known, that the "Epicurean" was originally written in verse ; but the iron age of the utilitarians had already commenced before this successor to Lalla Rookh was finished, and Moore completed "Alciphron" as a prose work.

But the unexhausted genius of the great poet burns in these pages ; and the episodes of "Alciphron," in fire and melody are quite worthy of Moore, and the "Loves of the Angels," where Moore's poetic mantle seems to have been suddenly reft from him.

There is little with which the admirers of the "Epicurean" in its prose state will not find themselves familiar ; but over all is the inimitable spell of Moore's melodious metre. The following passages are deeply imbued with the charm of his poetry :—

\*            \*            \*

"Come from the breathing shrines, where  
Beauty lives,  
And Love, her priest, the soft responses  
gives.

Instead of honouring Iris in those rites  
At Coptes held, I hail her, when she lights  
Her first young crescent on the holy stream—  
When wandering youths and females watch  
her beam

And number o'er the nights she hath to  
run,  
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.  
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly  
lends

A clue into past times, the student bends,  
And by its glimmering guidance learns to  
tread

Back through the shadowy knowledge of the  
dead,—

The only skill, alas, / yet can claim  
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's  
name—

Some gentle missive, hunting time and place,  
In language, soft as Memphian reed can  
trace."

\*            \*            \*

"Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd  
Full o'er her features—oh 'twas then,  
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,

But quick let fall their lids again,  
I saw—not Psyche's self, when first

Upon the threshold of the skies  
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst

Newly upon her downcast eyes,  
Could look more beautiful or blush

With holier shame than did this maid,  
Whom now I saw, in all that gush

Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.  
Never—tho' well thou know'st how much

I've felt the sway of Beauty's star—  
Never did her bright influence touch

My soul into its depths so far ;

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And had that vision linger'd there  
One minute more, I should have flown,  
Forgetful *who* I was and where,  
And, at her feet in worship thrown,  
Proffer'd my soul through life her own."

"Dost thou remember it that Isle  
Of our own Sea, where thou and I  
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,  
Till all the summer flowers went by—  
How gay it was, when sunset brought  
To the cool Well our favorite maids—  
Some we had won, and some we sought—  
To dance within the fragrant shades,  
And, till the stars went down, attune  
Their Fountain Hymns to the young moon?"

That time, too—oh, 'tis like a dream—  
When from Scamander's holy tide  
I sprung, as Genius of the Stream,  
And bore away that blooming bride,  
Who thither came, to yield her charms  
(As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)  
Into the cold Scamander's arms,  
But met, and welcom'd mine, instead—  
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,  
How river-gods could love so well?  
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd  
Like the first bees of summer then,  
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd  
But the free hearts, that lov'd again,  
Readily as the reed replies  
To the least breath that round it sighs—  
Is the same dreamer, who, last night,  
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight  
Of one Egyptian girl; and now  
Wanders among these tombs, with brow  
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,  
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Alciphron is still in his wild pagan taste when he writes thus; he, Alciphron, traces the beginning of his passion for Alette and his adventures in the Pyramid, in his poetical epistle; but the poetical portion ceases with this conclusion of the letter of the Priest of Memphis, triumphing in the thought of having enchained the young Epicurean, body and soul, after the phantasmagoria of the Pyramid.

If he become not absolutely mine,  
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy  
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,  
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits  
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,  
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites,—  
If I effect not this, then be it said  
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,  
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath  
chased  
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste."

The "Epicurean" is illustrated by the distinguished pencil of J. M. W. Turner  
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the academician. The design, where Alciphron is hanging from the ring, is as strikingly conceived as executed. In the two others the moon is two large. The frontispiece is finely designed in regard to the architecture, it is besides the best of the several very expensive engravings; altogether, the getting up of this little volume is very elegant and attractive.

*The Modern Literature of France.* By  
GEORGE REYNOLDS. 2 Vols.

Observers on human nature frequently perceive that their fellow creatures through want of judgment, act diametrically opposite to their real intentions, but reviewers not often find a composition whose contents are in direct contradiction to their avowed object; the present work is one of the few, yet most singular instances of this species of self-deception. Mr. George Reynolds indignant at the sweeping condemnation of French literature and French morality, both public and private, lately put gravely forth by 'The Quarterly,' hastens to the rescue, and draws his pen avowedly in defence of the vituperated party, meaning to support his position by apt quotations from Dumas, Janin, La Croix, Beranger, Janin Balzac, Madame Dudevant, and other French literary magnates.

But from strange obliquity of circular or moral vision, or from an insipient intention of supporting the John Bullism of the Quarterly, his bemaused clients are convicted by their advocate of more faults than those specified in the arraignment brought against them, and if the English reader be biassed by the extracts produced, they must deem all the favourite French writers as down-right fools, when the Quarterly *only* condemned them as rogues. For instance, specimens of drivelling inanity are (by the author) given from the works of Alexandre Dumas, the selections being universally governed by the critical perversity of choosing the worst, for who would have quoted the graceless follies Dumas has perpetrated under the guise of a domestic drama, called *Angele*, when he might have had access to Dumas' magnificent tales from French Chronicles, so full of fire, spirit, and true information as they are? Dumas' travelling sketches are spirited individualizing and blameless. Look at his walk

through la Vendee after the revolution of July, what an historical and topographical treasure it is ! What a useful present to the British public would it have been ? Poor Dumas ! we beg the English not to judge of him from his worst !

If Mr. George Reynolds meant to give a specimen from Madame Dudevant's works where was the critical judgment in selecting a Gallic-Anglo sketch—the characteristics of Englishwomen being about as well preserved therein as if Madame had sketched her personage from Japan for she evidently knows as much of English ladies as she does of the Japonese. Lady *Metilla* Mowbray, how English the name *Metilla* !—has a lover, whose love is by no means of a respectable quality, though both parties are free to form conjugal ties; this left-handed husband, of the aunt, is passionately admired by Miss Sarah Mowbray, a young Anglaise, drawn according to the best French receipt for sketching such damsels as are very die-a-way and lack-a-daisical; the aunt romantically resolves to sacrifice her polluted affections for Oliver and resign him to her young niece, but he very heroically decamps leaving us in blissful ignorance whether he prefer the aunt or the niece; however, away he runs from both, and very much is he in the right.

If Madame Dudevant's compositions had, throughout, been vapid and talentless as this, moreover it is a physical impossibility that she could have attracted attention in France or elsewhere. We do not happen to be acquainted with the impositions of George Sands (which is her literary, alias) excepting by the severe reviews of her works in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, and by her tale of *La Marguise* quoted therein, but that tale though not of "a strict morality," is a productive of genius, and is as unlike the rapid stuff of *Metilla*, in conception, as it is in style. The style of *La Marguise* is perfection in its native language, but not even the secondary merit of style is infused into this translation—far worse than that want of literary acumen. Mr. George W. Reynolds has offended by giving an approbative sketch of the vile life of the authoress, which makes us more angry with him than his choice of talentless specimens. Is it not an insult to the moral feelings of his country to quote actions of such turpitude and at

the same time to praise the male-factress. "It must needs be that offenders come;" yes, and they should be spoken of if true, but woe to those who do not point them out as rocks, quicksands, and whirlpools, which the other voyagers on the stream of human life should shun with horror ! Madame Dudevant is at the head of what the virtuous part of the press of her country with just severity term the *adultterine* school of French fiction. No one could be surprised at finding that the author of such a school of romance was a practical adultress; thus a fitting harmony between the authoress and her productions. "By their fruits ye may know them." But it does pass our patience to find this woman's doings approved, by an Englishman, both on theory and practice. Enough, then, of George Sands, alias Madame la Baronne Dudevant ! who adopted her literary cognomen out of an affectionate respect to the manes of the assassins of Kotzebue.

Jules Janin is an author, who, as far as we are acquainted with him, treats of subjects whose situations are startling, yet his deductions are certainly of a moral tendency; never did any writer make vice appear more shabby or contemptible than he does in his "*Marana*," or "*La Piédestal*;" we have selected his translation for our extract, and never, indeed, did we meet with such nauseating horror till Mr. George W. Reynolds, from some obscure corner, ferreted out the orphan selected for our extract.

In this alone do we trace the verbal style of the original, the first paragraph certainly gives the peculiarities of Janin's phraseology. The tale lacks not of genius, and for those who like such vein, the poor orphan will afford them delicious food for pastime.

#### THE ORPHAN.

Alas for the young girl of my story ! Misery had been in its grasp. Misery—that cold and speechless companion—followed her, step by step, upon her lonely path. Misery wore out her faded frock—tore her only handkerchief—let the water through broken shoes, in to her little feet. Misery made her bed with four small trusses of straw, and heat her stove with an ounce of fuel. Misery was her chambermaid by night, at morning, and at night. Misery spread her scanty table, on her little hand, red with the cold. She went on her way, followed,

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and preceeded, and surrounded on all sides, by her gloomy companion, Misery.

And like none other is that companion—having no heart, no soul, no smile, no tears, no pity,—naught that is proper to human companionship. Any other comrade—aye, even among comrades in a goal—attaches himself to his comrade, and shares with him the little that he has—even where he has nothing to share. But Misery is a wretch, who speaks not, sighs not, gives no assuring glance—yet pressed on you with a weight like lead. And yet the poor young girl tripped lightly along her road.

She took her way to the dwelling of an aged woman—one of those aged women, the moral sewers of great towns—the sinks towards which flow all the impurities of the human passions. One of those sacrilegious wretches was she, who dishonour the sanctify of grey hairs: hideous wrinkles have they, and huge dry and bony hands which they stretch out upon you at the corners of streets, and whose touch chills you, even through the folds of your cloak. And yet that old woman had shared the lot of the young, and was herself the widow of crime. But she, in all her misery, had still a leather chair left to sit upon, an earthen pot to put her charcoal in to warm herself by, and a great cat that she might love something. For the rest, the old woman was gloomy, dull-eyed, stoop-headed, and lank-haired: but her huge cat set up its back proudly, as the young girl came in!

My heroine (alas! alas! the poor thing was trembling as a dove) advancing towards the old woman:—she stood before the hag, and spake lowly and humbly, pointing, by gesture and by look, to her invisible companion—Misery! Invisible! and yet they who have eyes may set it on the right, and on the left—long, thin, and sharp—and circling, like the air, round the poor. But the old crone, stern in her own wretchedness, was stern towards the wretchedness of others. Her's was one of those tough souls which have become so, in passing over all the rough places of life—a soul battered, tanned, soiled, scraped, peeled, wrinkled, wasted, and pliable as the gum-arabic in the desk of a critic or a bailiff.

The aged woman remained for a space of time shrunk up in her contemplations, cowering, as it were, at the bottom of her own filthy soul. Then lifting up her eyes, she looked on that fair thin face, whose roundness it were easy to restore—those little hands that might be made so white—that blue eye with its long lashes;—and the witch breathed from her foul breast a tainted sigh. That sweet face had brought before her, the memory of happier times. In better days, how would she have rejoiced to adorn that body, whose rich forms the tattered garments failed to hide—to enhance with the whitest lace, that small head so delicately

turned—to cover with fine tissues those gloves upon those snow-cold hands—to imprison within a narrow shoe that little foot, playing so prettily, and at large, within its coarse and worn out covering! What a master-piece could the vile hag have made of that starving girl! She would have wrought a miracle upon her, like that of Pygmalion. And when that master-piece was created—when it stood in beauty, erect on its pedestal, warmed by the sun, and sparkling at once in the light from within, and the light from on high, then would the wrinkled and dirty petticoated Phidias have summoned around her handy-work all the *connoisseurs* from city and from court. Then would this hag—Pygmalion have put her statue up to public sale, and prostituted her Galatea for gold;—for such had been amongst the pleasant and profitable occupations of the witch in her better days!

Before the aspect of that fair young girl, her dull countenance expanded in an expression of something like intelligence. She gazed from head to foot, and from foot to head, on the unformed and charming block. She paused—like the artist of Lafontaine before the marble of Carrara. “Shall it be a God, a table, or a washing-table? It shall be a God!” says the artist, in the first burst of his enthusiasm. “But then—the art! Who now-a-days cares for art?” The sculptor, about to form a God, remembers suddenly that the gods have no longer a worship! and the marble beneath his hand becomes a wash-hand basin. The hag shook her head with an air of discontent!—she too felt that she had lost her God!

“My child,” said she to the poor girl, “I can do nothing for you, my child! I am dying with hunger myself, while I speak to you. There come no more customers to my shop, so frequented of old. No one knocks by night at my door; and by day vainly does that door stand open. Misery! misery! misery!”

And she caressed her great cat; and the great cat put up its great back.

And the young girl sate herself hopelessly down on the ground before the old hag's fire. That fire was on the earthen-pot, filled with ashes, but nigh exhausted, and sending forth an odour like the foul breath of one in a fever. And as she thus sate, she was face to face with the hag; and the old woman, with a look of regret, and almost of pity, passed her withered fingers through the orphan's long fair hair—an unpremeditated act, which brought vaguely back into her mind the cares she had long ago bestowed upon the fleeces of her flock.

Pliant, and silky, and thick, and free from all corrupting essences, were those bright tresses. They were the beautiful tresses of a poor and unoccupied girl, who has nothing better to do than to adorn herself with the sole adornment left her. The rich curls

floated down about her white and slender shoulders so fresh and polished—to her snowy neck, and clustered in ringlets around her ivory forehead. The aged hag played with their shining masses. A breath of wind disturbed the ashes in the earthen-pot, and the small white flakes fell upon the long fair hair; and when they descended, you could not have shown the spots on which they rested—so bright were the colours of those flaxen tresses.

Suddenly a thought struck the hag!

"Wilt thou sell thy hair?" said she to the poor young girl.

Cowering down as she was over the earthen-pot (for the child was cold), her senses stupefied by hunger and the foul vapour of the almost extinguished charcoal, (that bastard opium, provided for the suicides of the poor)—the deserted girl scarcely heard her. The words "sell the hair" sounded in her ears like words heard in a dream—one of those dreams of hunger and of cold which fill up the sleep of the friendless—painful dreams which linger the live-long night, and are yet regretted when the morning has dispelled them. Oh! cold and hunger make heavy dreams! but even these are light beside the waking pangs that realize the visions!

The old woman, with the cool unconcern of a shop-woman about to give false measure, and holding the rich tresses by the roots, set about comparing their length with the length of her arm; and the bright and silken hair, matched against the stringy tendons which stretched forth beneath her own yellow skin, took from the contrast a hue yet more tender. The hag herself, unconsciously struck by the contrast, sat long, with out-stretched arm, gazing by turns upon the glossy ringlets and the withered arm. While yet she gazed—a thin, grey fibre of hair straggled out from beneath the dirty cap of the withered crone;—it was as if the dry and meagre lock had had looked forth, to gaze with envy upon the flowing ringlets of the fair young girl!

"Wilt thou sell thy hair?" asked the hag. "It is a good ell in length; and, if thou wilt, I will bring thee fifteen francs."

The young girl, tossing her rich tresses, first on one, and then to the other, and parting, with her wasted fingers, the ringlets that clustered round her forehead, lifted up her large moist eyes, and answered with a sad smile. But she was hungry; and the strife of hunger against her innocent and enfeebled vanity was joy unequalled. For fifteen francs she sold the treasure of her beautiful hair.

The old woman stooped down, and busied herself, amid the interruptions of her asthmatic cough, with a basket in which slumbered the great cat. Gently, as if she had herself been gentle, she disturbed the cat, and commenced a search among the materials of his bed. It was a large basket, filled with rags—old scarfs, once rose-coloured, but faded

now, of which she made wrappers for her head—collars and tippets, their plaits destroyed, and themselves fallen into holes, which she manufactured into pocket-handkerchiefs—old clocked stockings, some with silken calves and woollen feet, and for the most part without heels, either of silk or of wool. These she flung about her on all sides. The strange things were scattered round the chamber—old knots of rose-red riband—the bed-gown of dimity, benefitting the morning—stains, holes, ragged embroideries—all the horrible *pêle mêle* of a vicious and faded luxury, were mingled in that filthy basket;—and beneath the whole, lay a pair of scissors. That pair of scissors was the object of the witch's search.

And then she took the scissors; and raising in her hand the tresses of the starving girl—unto the very roots—even until she grazed the skin—began to cut, or rather saw, that ample and flowing covering, which might have made the envy of a queen. And the old hag sawed, and the scissors creaked, and the young thing sat cowering over the ashes and spoke no word. Pope has written a poem on the "Rape of the Lock," and Marmontel has translated Pope's poems. But there was none to sing of the long bright hair which fell beneath the hand of the unhallowed hag. Three quarters of an hour did her infamous labour go on,—and then the sacrifice was consummated!

When all was done, the beautiful spoil was enclosed in an old theatrical journal—another wreck of the vile opulence of former days. The poor child held out her hand; and the witch gave her fourteen francs, instead of the fifteen promised. And the young girl arose, and went silently forth. But the cold was piercing, and its icy shafts fell direct and sharp upon her shorn head. An hour ago and a simple cap of gauze was covering enough for that pretty head; but now, the frost pierced to her brain, and was sore to bear. Gone were alike its beauty and its warmth—the glossy ringlets and the genial covering; and from their meagre price, the poor girl was obliged to buy a warm cap, ere she bought bread.

And then, the rest lasted six days—six mortal days of loneliness and weariness. But her morning's joy was gone!—her once proud moment, in each melancholy day, when, in a fragment of broken mirror, she had been wont to gaze upon her long fair hair. She had parted with that unfailing clothing made so rich by hand of nature, which had used to console her with the thought of its beauty, when, at times, she would grieve that she had no bonnet. And all this was lost to her for a long—long time.

And then, again came hunger; and again came her sad companion, Misery,—sudden and more silent than before! And the poor girl went back to the dwelling of the hag,

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pressing her forehead—with her two thin hands!

The old woman was seated as she entered. She was darning; and as she darned she hummed a bacchic song, which had stolen into her memory because she was athirst. She scarcely looked on the humble and timid girl, who stole, as the friendless and forsaken steal, into her den.

"All that I can do for you," said the hag, abruptly, and roughly, "is to purchase that tooth there, which is not wanted for anything that you can have to eat!"

And she laid her infected finger upon a white and pearly tooth, worth a kingdom's purchase where it grew.

The tooth which she touched—that accursed hag!—was the very tooth which earliest shows in a smile—the tooth first seen between the parting roses of the lips—the tooth which rests upon the lover's brow—the tooth which shapes the words, "I love thee." It gives their charms to smiles, their grace to tears, its accent to love, and to the flute-player its tone. Take away that tooth, and farewell flute, and farewell love! That very tooth it was which the profane old sybil touched.

And then, too, with such a careless air; and there was such an easy indifference and defiance about the wretch, as she chaffered over her unholy bargain.

"The young girl might take her offer, or leave it, just as she pleased! It was only for the sake of doing her a service! So much the worse for her if she did not choose! it was her own loss! There were plenty of teeth to buy and sell! Had she not given her a good price for her hair?"

The neglected girl, stupified with sorrow—indifferent besides, and too poor to think of being lovely—the forsaken girl said, "Yes!"—and the hag led her to the dwelling of a dentist.

In the chain of existence, the dentist is, as are the sculptor and painter, the artist of luxury. A man must be prosperous and well to do in the world, who buys a picture or a statue, or who gets his teeth put in order. The dentist of our old woman hastily displayed his case, prepared his instruments, and examined the mouth of the young girl. But when he beheld it so healthy—so rosy, fresh, and sweet (for all its teeth were regular as a string of pearls, and had the firm and warm tone which announce duration)—then the dentist avowed that he saw no pretext for operating on that pretty mouth.

"I do not see a single tooth to straighten or to polish," he said, restoring the instrument to the case.

"You are to extract that tooth there," said the old woman: "I have occasion for it."

"I dare not do it," returned the dentist.

"Then we will seek another dentist," cried the old woman.

The dentist reflected that it was useless if the tooth *must* come out, to leave it to be extracted by another. And then the times were very hard! He took out his instruments again, and approached the young girl.

"If I took out one of the teeth from the lower jaw," he said in a whisper to the old woman, "the loss would not be seen."

The unmoved hag again pointed with her skinny finger to the tooth which she had selected; and the dentist proceeded, without farther remonstrance, to his operation. It was long and painful. The tooth held on by its deepest roots. The poor girl suffered a frightful torture. But the dentist was a skilful dentist; and the tooth yielded at length, coming forth at the end of the instrument, with only a small portion of its socket adhering. The young girl was faint and they gave her water to drink. The old hag put eighteen francs in her hand—and after a moment's pause, she added two more; for the reflection arose within her, that the tooth would not shoot again, as the hair might; and the hag was just, after her own fashion. Oh! the strange haunts in which the conscience hides!

The poor girl returned to her garret, richer by twenty francs, and poorer by a tooth! But when she saw herself again in her broken glass, and beheld her swollen mouth, and the chasm open between her red lips,—when she heard the air from her lungs whistle as it issued through her teeth, and saw the strange contortion which had replaced her sweet smile,—when she felt that her landlord, as she paid him, spoke to her with less of compassion than had been his wont,—and when she heard echo through her soul that dreary word, "Ugly! thou art ugly!"—then did the poor and half-naked girl feel herself poor and more naked than she had ever done before; and she sat down and sobbed—though her eyes gave no tears. And then, in the bitterness of her sorrow, she bowed her head upon her hands, and that brought fresh grief; and, as she felt its nakedness, in this hour of her shaken spirit and deep desolation, her hands recoiled from the touch, as if they had met with red-hot iron!

Twenty days longer she lived upon her tooth—twenty sad and cheerless days—twenty days that heard no word of friendship, and heard no smile. She had lost the sole protectors that Nature had given, and fortune left her—her sweet smile, and her fair hair! She had sold the two friends of her youth! She had parted with the rich ornaments that cost nothing, and yet were so precious, and that nothing would replace. She had lain hands upon herself;—more wretched, and more to be pitied, a thousand times, for this suicide in detail, than all the young girls who perish entirely and at once, the victims of a wronged and slighted love!

And then, that sad companion of her orphaned fate had been removed but by the

thickness of a hair and the breadth of a tooth ; and Misery came back—and came more livid and more lean than before—and spread his huge bat's wings around the unfortunate girl—and counted her teeth one by one, and her hairs one by one. And at length, driven from her garret, and bearing with her from that asylum only her broken bit of mirror—as one bears about one a remorse—she wandered through the streets, and once more took the path to the old hag's dwelling. The aged wretch was at her solitary meal. She was eating soup from a broken porringer. It was a succulent and fragrant soup, enriched with vegetables and pieces of savoury meat floating amid the broth. The poor girl gazed on the old woman as she ate, and she felt that she was hungry ; but the hag felt it not. Yet she did not forget her cat, to whom she left the bottom of the porringer—the richest portion of the porringer. The well-fed cat was long ere it would touch the soup ; and the poor girl felt that it would not have waited so long for her !

When the cursed old hag had wiped her chin with her arm, her arm with her hand, and her hand on the pocket of her petticoat, she said to the girl, “ I have found something else for thee, my child, since thou hast courage. Come along with me ; and I will take thee to one who will pay thee well. Come on—and tremble not ! ”

“ I will go with you,” said the miserable orphan. “ But I am hungry. Give me a morsel of the bread which I see there, and I will eat it as I go along.”

So saying, she seized eagerly on the bread ; but the hag arrested her arm.

“ It would do thee harm, my child ! It is lucky for the business which we have in hand, that thou hast not eaten.”

And the two went out together. But the old hag did not choose to be compromised by the public contact of one poorer than her poor self ; and she desired the young girl to walk at a distance, and follow whither she should lead. Now the old woman had on new shoes, purchased with the orphan's hair, whereas the orphan wore a pair of old slippers, and full of holes. The old woman had a shawl over her shoulders, bought with the orphan's tooth ; while the shoulders of the orphan were almost bare.

They paused before a house of showy appearance in the Rue de Tournon, traversed a spacious court, and mounted a narrow staircase on the left hand. When they reached the second story, the old woman rang a bell ; the door was opened by a servant in rich livery, and the two females were introduced into the house.

The apartment had a promising look. There was a turning lathe in the middle of the room, evidently designed for amusement more than labour, and fitted up in a manner which announced rather the toy of a young man of good family, than the machine of a

simple workman. In the corner of the room a tall man, lancet in hand, and in the attitude of the most profound pre-occupation, was busied in scientifically bleeding a cabbage-leaf. He selected the most delicate veins of the innocent vegetable ; and when by the use of his instrument, he had succeeded in drawing a little blood,—that is to say, a small issue of the whitish juice of the leaf,—he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, as self-gratulatory as if he had just given the finishing turn to a pipe for himself, or a silk-reel for his sisters.

The old woman approached, dragging after her the young girl.

“ M. Henri,” said she to the young man, “ I have brought you the vein for which you applied to me. Look there ! abundant choice for you is here, I should think ! Look how all these pretty veins cross each other, beneath the silvery skin. This is better than your cabbage-leaves, I fancy ! ”

And M. Henri—an Esculapius of eighteen years old, a physician of fifteen days' standing, and an anatomist since yesterday—took the white and beautifully-shaped arm, and looked at it with a small smile of self-sufficiency.

He gazed—not on the poor girl, so pale, and yet so beautiful—not on the young bosom which throbbed so wildly—not on the eye, blue as heaven, which looked up to him so supplicatingly—not even on the hand, so delicately small, which lay in his own ;—of all that charming body, he gazed only on one object—one single vein ! Without uttering a word—cold and insensible as his own lancet, he made on the blue vein of that poor hungry girl—a vein in which she sold to him without knowing its price—his apprenticeship as a bleeder of men—he, who, up to that day, had been a bleeder of cabbages !

Behold the triumph of science over our young men of the present day ! They have neither passions, nor hearts, nor pity, nor love ! Shew them a beautiful woman ;—she must stand at the bar of justice, to attract the notice of the student in law ; she must have a vein to breathe, ere she will be looked upon by the student in medicine. Poor girls ! And suppose you had a mistake with the vein, M. Henri ! There would have been a woman less in the world, and that's all, I suppose ! ”—But then, M. Henri, knew very well what he was doing, and could not make a mistake : he had already bled such a quantity of cabbage-leaves !

I will not tell you the price that Henri paid the poor girl for her vein : it would make you tremble ! The meanest barber of the old time would have blushed to make a fee so small for bleeding a clown. True it is, to be sure, if the blood were to be paid for, that there flowed but little from the open vein ; for the poor girl had but little left to lose !

And M. Henri, all triumphant for his first  
[THE COURT

bleeding, dismissed the two females : and he left a little blood upon the point of his lancet, that he might shew his sisters how skilful a bleeder he was become.—Stick to your cabbage-leaves, M. Henri !

The old woman led the fainting girl to a tavern ; and, as they went along, she said, "Thou seest, my child, that I was right in forbidding thee to eat. Nothing is more hurtful than bleeding, during digestion. But now, that it is over, we will go and drink together."

And they went, and the hag drank of the wine for which the orphan paid ; and if any one had said to the accursed wretch, "It is blood which thou drinkest !"—she would have answered confidently, "No—it is wine!"

It was my design, when I commenced this sad history, to narrate to you, circumstantially, all the partial sales of this forlorn girl. All of her body she sold—all save that only which so many of her sex sell—her virtue ! The hapless girl, after having sold her vein to a student, sold her head to a painter—She sate for a subject in a city of the plague,—so pale was she ! Then they put *rouge* upon her,—and she may be seen to-day amongst the saints, in the Church of Saint-Estephe, and in the Cathedral of Antwerp. She sold her neck to a modeller ; and the plaster, unskilfully applied, took away for ever the down of the peach. Her shoulder and her foot she sold to a statuary—the bosses of her head to a craniologist—and her hours of slumber to a disciple of Mesmer. She sold her dreams to a cook, who speculated in the Lottery—and her entire body to the Gynnase Dramatique theatre, as a *figurante*. Had she been in London, she would have sold her corps, to a surgeon ; but we live in a land where corpses are abundant and fetch nothing !

This climax of misery will, doubtless, delight the *Quarterly*, for Jules Janin has almost as admirable an idea of his countrymen as has that periodical itself.

"*Had she been in London she would have sold her corpse to a surgeon, but we live in a land (France) where corpses are abundant, and fetch nothing !*"

Fictor Hugo is cruelly dealt with. Our critic has mercilessly inflicted on his readers whole quires of rhymes, as the best specimens of the Walter Scott of France. It is certain that Victor's great work, The "Notre Dame," is widely known in England ; but Victor's remaining prose works, and his tragedies, are replete with innoxious passages of great literary strength ; is it right, certainly, invariably to quote the worst passages of a national literature ? Surely our author can never have read the best ; but how came he to meet with every-

body's worst passages, we are at a loss to determine.

Did our author mean to quote Berenger's blasphemous song as a refutation or a confirmation of the strictures of the *Quarterly* ? If the latter, he has strangely swerved from his intentions in the outset of his performances.

The best departments in these two volumes are the various sketches, in abstract, of the works, and the peculiarities of the authors, these are given with fairness and some ability.

Want of moral perception is the chief fault of these volumes ; want of taste is the next in magnitude ; in conclusion, we earnestly recommend Mr. G. W. Reynolds to read with a more discriminating spirit, before he again assumes the critical pen as a guide for the taste of his countrymen. He is evidently a young author, and he will improve if he will awake to the voice of truth.

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*Friendship's Offering*, for 1840.

This the first arrival of the annuals for "Christmas presents" and 'new year'-gifts,' has, in consequence, priority of review. The plates, although we are not particularly partial to chamber scenery of private life, yet "The Renegade," painted by H. Andrews, and engraved by Cook, will insure both artists considerable praise, bearing in mind, however, that dame nature did not give to the black foot-boy a better pair of legs, when entering upon such a conspicuous service. The "Alhambra," though not of the first class of engraving, will greatly please the majority of beholders, and, excepting the faces, is very attractive—this is a fitting subject for the pencil. The oft depicted, and here well engraved and accurately drawn "Melrose Abbey," is another plate of interest.

To be duly appreciated, the intention of Miss Fanny Corbeaux's design of the "Co-heiresses," must be known, and the artificial conception will be highly valued. In such a moment, and under such anxious circumstances, we should, however, have thought that both the ladies' (very little) mouths would have been at least partly open, here they are closed even to a fault, particularly the lips of the Lady Alice. W. H. Simmons has shewn great talent in the engraving.

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The story is by the pen of Miss Agnes Strickland.

Had we not afterwards read the "Plague-Treasure," a Sicilian tale, we should have largely drawn upon it for our pages. The subject is a love story of the days of Fairfax, in which are well delineated the pangs of disobedience; the effects of modern pride; generous sisterly affection, and generosity of character in a parliamentary general, with an unusually happy conclusion. It approaches, indeed, in character to some of the "Tales of the English Chronicles," by the same lady, which have appeared in our pages.

The "Landscape in Bulgaria," is harsh and insipid, although in part, as "the cottage"—well engraved. "The Fair Student," the frontispiece, will bear good company, as one of the stout family of our own Isabella. It is, however, well engraved, and good.

"The Family of Lady Burghersh," by herself, reflects great credit upon her ladyship, in every respect.

The prose contents are well sustained: "Egypt" is an excellent article—useful and ornamental. "Cairo" possesses the same character. The Hon. Mr. Erskine Norton has written from Rio Janeiro a very fine historical tale, the "Son of Solyman." It is too long to quote, occupying upwards of fifty pages, but deserves to be a favourite. The "Doctor's Two Patients," and "My Cousin and the Curate," are both tales of merit. "St. John's Interpretation of the Dream," is a fine, wild story, in the supernatural style in which he excels. Miss Camilla Toulmin has penned "Constance" in her usually pleasing style. But we must here exclaim against the great similarity of fabric of so many of the tales in this volume. Unequal loves, denials, dying swains, soul-tormented and confiding maidens, hopeless expectations, secret marriages, enraged parents or guardians, deaths or reconcilements, happy removal of hostile parties, when smiling fortune raises the lovers (or the wedded) into stations of *equal* affluence; these circumstances are presented to the reader as frequently, and with as little variation as the several small dwellings in the Regent's-park—they are not exactly alike—the rooms are differently disposed, the stone fashioned into something of a

different form, but still they closely resemble each other, and are in fact built of exactly the same materials.

"The Plague Treasure," by J. A. St. John:—"At the mouth of the little river Elicona, on the northern coast of Sicily, there is a small fishing-village, known by the euphonious name of San Felice." There dwelt Teodulo, an orphan, who, in conjunction with two others, owned a boat, by means of which and harpooning, they caught mullet and dory for their subsistence. Felice, the patron of the village, and of the whole sea in their neighbourhood, on one occasion, however, determined to afflict them with disappointment, and not a mullet or dory shewed its head above water. For a while they waited patiently, and while thus continuing to bewail their misfortunes, they vented their anger against their patron saint and extinguished their torches, by which they had previously hoped to attract the fish to their boots, when the respondent moon soon exhibited to their admiring gaze the whole face of the surrounding country. Conversation, at length, after many mutual endeavours to dispossess their minds of fear, turned upon the subject of the treasure supposed to be concealed at the time of the last great plague, under the ruins of the chateau of the Count di Caltelnero, on the bank of the Elicona, as well as in various other parts of the Val Demoni, or valley of the Devil, a name bestowed on all that corner of the island. The fear that the plague should be again let loose by disturbing the soil, had caused the government to proclaim it death for any one who should disturb the soil. But this youth had a reason for setting the laws at defiance. He was acquainted with the daughter of one wealthy Messer Mazeo Petronelli, who had a daughter known by the sweet name of Angelica, and esteemed, for her beauty, the very flower of San Felice. The ambitious fisherman had dared to cast upon her an eye of affection, "and very marvellous to tell, she herself, despite of what her parents called her high-born hopes, condescended to smile on the addresses of her humble lover; so far forgetting the dignity of her station as to indulge him with private interviews, and seriously to meditate bestowing upon him her hand." Urged by such motives, Teodulo and



his companions visited the forbidden spot, taking with them secretly in their boat the necessary implements for digging up the treasure, going there only on alternate nights, after the population had gone to rest, as they were compelled to catch fish for their daily support.

There was at this time, amongst many lovers of the fair and beautiful Angelica, one 'Master Damiano, a man equally selfish and revengeful,' who studying appearances, calculated upon certain success, could he but remove the humble fisherman from his path. Accordingly he watched his motions narrowly, and one unlucky night, when the awfully boisterous state of the weather prevented the fishermen from putting their boats to sea, when the elements seemed indeed to war against their enterprise, he tracked them on their landway, as according to custom, Teodulo and his companions revisited the forbidden soil, where disappointment as yet had alone attended their efforts then, it was that

"The loud voice and footsteps of the storm so completely monopolized their attention, that they could think of nothing else, otherwise they might have perceived that they were not the only persons who were travelling towards the spot where the treasure lay concealed. Another company, more numerous than theirs, crept stealthily at their heels, so as almost constantly to command a view of them, while they themselves remained concealed beneath the shadows of the trees. Ignorant of this circumstance, the fishermen hurried forward, feeling their imaginations elated at times by the danger which surrounded them, though the quick throb and hurried palpitation of their hearts appeared to indicate, by a kind of instinctive presentiment, the approach of evil. Accident often causes a kind of harmony between base and treacherous deeds, and the scene in which they are performed. A chain of enemies invisibly encircled the humble treasure-seekers, watched their footsteps, and prepared to pounce upon them at the most inauspicious moment. Farther removed, however, in the dim background of events, lay another source of hope and fear, equally unknown to the betrayers and the betrayed. By what motives each were actuated, may hereafter appear: for the present it will be sufficient to say, that while one party kept watch over the movements of Teodulo and companions, another watched the watchers. The enthusiastic excavators had now some time arrived,"

And continued zealously at their labours  
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—which we regret we have not space to describe in the author's own words. "The eye of Firmino," one of the company, who at length stood upright to rest his back a little,

"Glancing round at the screen of foliage, which wore a curious aspect in the beaming torch-light, appeared suddenly to rest on something which immediately brought his heart into his throat, and caused the pickaxe to drop from his hand. Constitutionally superstitious, and with a fancy highly wrought upon by the strange and lawless occupation in which he was engaged, he was in momentary expectation of a visit from the ancient legendary inhabitants of the valley; and now he saw, or seemed to see, a row of devilish faces, smiling and grinning upon them from between the trunks of the trees. He immediately communicated his suspicions to his companions, who, at first inclined to laugh at him, were soon convinced, by the evidence of their senses, that, whether the intruders were men or devils, they themselves were discovered, and might in consequence be called upon to pay the forfeit of their lives. The first movement of Teodulo was to hurl the torch into the river, which was scarcely done before a number of men rushed upon, surrounded, and made them prisoners even in the pit itself. Two or three of their captors now took out small lanterns from under their cloaks, by the light of which Teodulo perceived that they were in the hands of the Shirri, under the direction of his old rival Damiano, who taunted and insulted him with a bitter joy, which none but rivals can feel. Good strong cords were forthwith produced; the hands of the prisoners were tied behind their backs, and all three loosely connected together by a rope; which done, the officers of police, moving a-head, began to conduct the way down the valley. They had not, however, proceeded far before affairs assumed a new aspect. A man springing forward from among the bushes, stood facing them in the pathway tolerably well lighted up by the Shirri's lanterns, and commanded them to release their prisoners. Several other men dropping down on various sides from the rocks formed a line across the track, and by their dress and weapons were soon known to be the followers of the bandit chief Ercole, brother of Basillo. The present leader, however, was not that formidable robber; but his lieutenant, Araldo, who coolly explained to the police who he was, and his motives for undertaking to deliver tee prisoners. "Look you," said he; "though Basillo there has not the courage to join his brother in the mountains, but is poor spirited enough to prefer the mean occupation of a fisherman to the honourable life of a bandit, Ercole will not

allow him be molested. You know my captain; if his commands be disobeyed he will reduce San Felice to ashes, cut your throats every one, and fling your worthless carcasses into the sea, to be food for Basillo's mullets. So take my advice, and give up the prisoners quietly. I had due notice of your movements, and could have prevented your taking them; but was willing to convince you, in this manner, how superior our power is to that of the law." The Sbirri, though no fire-eaters, were yet sufficient arithmeticians to discover that they were at least four to one, and therefore resolved, for this time, not to knock under to the banditti. In a haughty tone they commanded Araldo out of the way, and upon his contemptuous refusal, the long guns of the Sbirri were immediately presented and fired. One of the bandits dropped, upon which the others, discharging their carbines, and drawing their swords, rushed upon the police, and a desperate conflict ensued, in the midst of which Damiano attempted to effect his escape. For this purpose he slid off towards the left, but one of the robbers keeping his eye upon him as he moved crouchingly towards the bank of the river, seized his arm with a lion's gripe, and whispering in his ear, "Ercole has business with you," sought to drag him up the glen. But the traitor, rendered desperate by terror, offered a furious resistance; upon which the robber closed with him, threw his arms about his body, and endeavoured to lift him from the ground. In the struggle their feet slipped, and the bank being somewhat steep, they rolled downward together, and fell into the river. Still the bandit would not let go his hold, but, drenched and dripping as they were, he drew his prisoner on shore where he put an end to all resistance, by swearing that if he did not go quietly along with him, he would put his dagger to its right use and leave his body where they stood. Brought to reason by this delicate insinuation, Damiano allowed himself to be bound and conducted captive to the Val Demonio. Meanwhile the combat proceeded with unexampled fury on the other side of the stream. Both Sbirri and bandits exhibited proofs of undoubted valour. The firing of muskets, of carbines, of pistols, was of short continuance; there being no possibility of reloading in the dark amidst the shocks of repeated attacks. But the fight was continued with sword and dagger until several had fallen on both sides: at length, numbers carried it. The bandits were completely routed, and compelled to retreat; while the Sbirri, elated with their victory, though purchased by several lives, proceeded with their prisoners down the valley. It was now discovered that Damiano was missing, but it was not thought prudent to make any search for him; so, without much caring whether he was dead or captive, they made the best

of their way to San Felice; from whence, at day-break, the prisoners were hurried away to Messina. The power of the bandit chief, Ercole, being familiar to all readers of recent Sicilian history, who are aware that for many years he set the government at defiance, and compelled it to take a portion of his band into its service, I shall not dwell on that well-known fact, but proceed to explain his relation with the fisherman, Basillo. Ercole was the eldest of a numerous family of sons, who had all, with the exception of Basillo, embraced the profession, honourable and respected in Sicily, of a robber. Ercole of course first entered the band as an ordinary thief, but exhibiting great talent and expertness in his business, united with indomitable energy and courage, courage *à toute épreuve*, he gradually rose to the rank of chief. His followers were so numerous as to constitute an army, divided into two classes, one of which might be said to live in camp, under the immediate eye of their commander; while the other, dispersed through the neighbouring towns and villages, carried on various trades and professions; disposed of the booty taken by their brethren, and furnished them with whatever intelligence it imported them to obtain. Basillo, however kept up no correspondence with his daring and powerful brother, content to live in obscurity, though, as has been seen, not insensible to the charms of wealth, if it could be honestly obtained. He was beheld with affectionate pity by Ercole, who though he could not make a gentleman of him, still felt in his behalf the strong tie of blood, and was resolved that no evil which he could avert should befall him. When information respecting the treachery of Damiano reached the mountain of the banditti, Ercole was absent, with nearly all his forces; but his lieutenant, Araldo, who trusted, as he was well authorized to do, in the magic of their name, resolved on attempting the rescue of Basillo, in the manner and with the result before described. Having failed in their enterprise, a thing wholly unusual with them, the robbers returned in no very pleasant humour towards their haunts, in order to receive the orders of their chief, respecting their further movements. Damiano, as we may be sure, was not treated with too much gentleness; he was, in fact, comforted with the assurance that if anything untoward happened to the fisherman, he should be roasted to death by a slow fire. Their home, which they reached by the evening of the following day, lay in those vast volcanic caverns with which the mountains, in all that part of the island, are perforated like a rabbit-warren; many of them having several adits and exits, and branching and extending for miles through the porous rocks. When Ercole, after a somewhat protracted absence returned, Damiano, before him, beheld with terror the grim ferocious countenances which

thronged around him. Informed of what had taken place, the chief, seated in a huge chair cut in the lava, and waited on by numerous attendants, with torches the light of which exhibited the vastness but not the whole dimensions of the dusky cavern, commanded Damiano before him, and placing in his hands a letter, said, "Messer Damiano, you know me. I utter neither reproaches nor threats. Deliver that to the Prince of Villafranca. It will be followed by the liberation of my brother and his companions. You will know that they owe their safety to me, and that knowledge will inform you that it is not safe for any man in this part of Sicily, to expose himself to my anger. Go, do exactly as I bid you, and then return to your village, where, if you conduct yourself properly, you will be suffered to live unmolested. A party of my men will conduct you to the gates of Messina. You now know your errand." Damiano had penetrated too far into the character of Ercole, and was too much impressed with respect for his person, to dream of disobeying."

The history of the whole transaction had found its way before breakfast to the fireside of every house in the village. Every body was thrown into consternation, not knowing whether the plague-smitten gold had been discovered or not. "During the whole day no man had courage to put to sea," few even to quit their homes—"every body fasted; candles without number were burned before images and pictures of the Virgin, and their patron saint; in many, vows were made, that they quite clogged the atmosphere, and impeded each other's progress upwards."

No one, however, felt more poignant anguish than Angelica, "whose love for Teodulo was sincere and deep, as it was imprudent and unworldly." She learned all the peculiarities from Biasia, her nurse, who had early made the tour of the village. Promegranates, grapes, and cakes remained untasted on the breakfast table. Her look betrayed her grief.

"The old man expressed his sorrow for what had happened, particularly on account of Teodulo, a youth of whom he professed to think very favourably,—so favourably indeed, that he had intended, he said, to recommend him as son-in-law to his vine-dresser, Giovanni Smarachi; but now his awful attempt at breaking a law necessary for the public safety, would defeat everybody's hopes in favour of him; he would be cut off in the flower of his age. There was

no hope of escape, no chance of any commutation of punishment.

"At these words Angelica fell back in her chair. The paleness of death came over her countenance, and she would have dropped to the floor, had not her mother and her nurse hastened to support her. When a little recovered, she professed to feel so extreme a dread of the plague, that the very thought of it had overcome her."

The warm hearted, generous and loving Angelica now turned over in her mind every means in her power to effect her beloved's release from the almost certain death which awaited him, and her worthy father resolved, if possible, to get the sentence commuted to the more lenient visitation of perpetual confinement on board the galleys; but Angelica resolved even secretly to proceed to Messina to plead for the life of Toledo. Her timidity got the better of her "resolves, and doubts, anxieties and apprehensions filled her mind. The festivities of Vara were, however, fast approaching, and she hoped some kind Providence might lead her to Messina to enable her to present her petition to the prince.

"As thoughts like these were passing in her mind, the figure of a man moving towards her, appeared at the further extremity of the walk. Greatly alarmed, her first thought was to effect her escape, but while she was deliberating, time was allowed for the figure to draw near. The object of her apprehension excited a very different feeling. It was Teodulo himself. With a wild scream of joy she bounded forward to meet him, and falling upon his neck, indulged for some time her emotions in silence. His own utterance was choked with rapture, which the recollection of his unhappy position, however, speedily dashed and subdued. He had, on his way home from prison, from which the application of Ercole had released him, formed the design of quitting San Felice, and had now come to impart his resolution to Angelica, and take leave of her for a time at least, if not for ever. When the tumult of their feelings had somewhat subsided, they mutually communicated their thoughts, Angelica, protesting before Heaven that, though nothing could induce her to act undutifully towards her parents, she would yet firmly resist all attempts to unite her to another man. By various arguments she convinced Teodulo that it would be better to remain concealed for a few days somewhere in the neighbourhood, while she broke her mind to her mother, and endeavoured to obtain her countenance. To his own cottage he was ashamed to return, looking upon himself as the laughing-stock of the whole village."

Reckless of consequences, and still bent upon discovering the hidden treasure, crossing the Elicona, he once again entered the well-known path, and following it in its windings, in a short time he reached the spot which had brought upon him such great calamity; there, however, he saw only a pool, wherein, instead of the sought-for treasures "he beheld only the golden images of the stars, and crossing the stream in despair, he sat down until day-break, tossing about the mould and rock here and there with his staff, when suddenly its point stuck fast in something.

"Stooping down to ascertain the cause, he discovered a small metal ring, at the sight of which all his former hopes instantaneously revived. First looking around to observe whether he was again watched, he hastily cleared away the mud with his hands and saw before him the top of an iron chest. It was fast locked, but with one of the pick-axes which he found in the grass where he and his companions had left them, he at length burst it open, and behold it was filled with gold. Not one piece, however, did Teodulo appropriate to himself. He closed the lid, covered it over with mud and weeds, and returning in the evening to the village, revealed the fact to his companions. They were easily persuaded to set the law once more at defiance, and in the course of that night the contents of the chest fairly divided, were deposited in the cottages of Teodulo and his friends. It will readily be imagined that no obstacle to Teodulo's union with Angelica now remained. His marriage was immediately solemnized, upon which the humble fisherman was transformed into a landed proprietor, and took up his quarters in the aristocratic domicile of Messer Marco Petronelli.

"Five or six years after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, I passed a few days with my friend Salter at San Felice, on our way from Palermo to Messina. Being both great admirers of Catholic churches—of the treasures of art they contain, and still more of the laudable spirit that keeps them open at all hours to the devotion and piety of the natives and strangers, we strolled up early in the morning to the romantic little hill on which the shrine of San Felice is situated. On approaching the edifice, we overtook a gentleman who appeared to be proceeding thither on the same errand as ourselves. Having crossed the churchyard, we beheld, on turning round a projecting buttress, a sight far transcending the merits of any picture in Sicily. It was a mother with her two children, who having been paying her devotions at the shrine of the Virgin, was now issuing forth into the morning air,

her heart filled with love and holy joy, and her face beaming brightly with maternal tenderness. Her eldest child, pressing close to her side on the right hand, pulled sportively at the end of her kerchief. The younger, a lovely boy of about two years old, was seated on her left shoulder, and had evidently been playing with the tangles of her hair. Upon him the mother's eyes were bent upwards with a look of inexpressible love. Her fair neck and exquisite countenance were lighted up with the beams of the morning sun, while a black cross, the symbol of her faith, hung suspended from her bosom. My friend, passionately admiring whatever is beautiful, exclaimed, 'Would to Heaven I might be permitted to sketch the lady as she stands!' The stranger, who was within hearing, turned round sharply, and eyeing us from head to foot, observed with evident pleasure and animation, 'Why so you may, sir, for 'tis my wife.'

"The pencil was immediately out, and on a card which the artist carried in his pocket, the first sketch of the beautiful picture, a representation of which the reader here beholds. The acquaintance commenced in this casual rencontre did not terminate here. Messer Teodulo, for it was he, invited us to his home, where we remained several weeks, admiring at once the sweetness and delicacy of his wife and children, and the moral beauty and noble spirit of affection which brooded over the whole household. From the lips of the happy pair themselves, confirmed by the testimony of their parents, did we learn the particulars of the foregoing narrative. Many were the sketches which the enthusiastic artist made both of mother and children, while I, who could command the instrumentality of no material pencil, allowed their loveliness to engrave itself on my heart, to be represented by such colours of language as are at my disposal. Thus has the reader been introduced to Angelica and Teodulo, from whom we, with much satisfaction, learned that both Basillo and Firmino were married and prosperous; while Damiano continued a sullen bachelor. Such, upon honest and upright minds were the felicitous results of the *PLAGUE TREASURE*."

Mr. Harrison, the editor, has a very light domestic love story, entitled "*The Painter*," which the frontispiece illustrates. We do not admire his taste in poetry, and we think he is too apt to mistake singularity for a new sort of genius. Neither ought he to praise his poets in the preface—that is the critic's part if they deserve it. His own approval and praise are manifested by the insertion of the contributions.

And here we will allude to the preface in this work, which is edited by that

runs very prettily towards the latter part about a third of the whole ; but we find nought in the beginning suitable to the subject, or worthy of the great pains bestowed upon it by the editor.

"For me my soul shall build a palace home,  
Blue-roofed above by ether's ample dome,  
Where flowers shall drink the rainbow's  
tearful ray,  
And silver fountains warble night and day.  
Bright shapes of love shall throng around  
me there,  
Incarnate visions of the wise and fair;  
There Lesbian Sappho, fresh from out the  
surge,  
Shall oft repeat, poor swan! her ocean dirge;  
And ministering spirits round me flock,  
Like those which soothed Prometheus on  
his rock.  
The stars shall make me music as they roll,  
And Jove's own nectar mantle in a bowl  
Fresh dewed by Hebe's lip! Oh, who would  
lie  
Among the shards of earth, and never try  
One bold and skyward flight? Poor spirit  
bird,  
Whose dust-defiled plumes have never stirred  
Toward their ether-home! say, wherefore  
build  
Thine own eternal prison cage, and gild  
Its bars thus gaily? Know'st not even he,  
The small mechanic of the mulberry-tree,  
Who spins around, in many a patient fold,  
His filmy shroud of vegetable gold,—  
Dreams of some future time, when from the  
gloom  
That curtains round his ante-natal tomb,  
The sun shall wake to life a gorgeous thing  
With robe of feathered show, and Psyche  
wing  
A child of light and air, and insect dove,  
Whose all of life is dedicate to love.

Open to all the application lies,  
Go to the worm, thou sluggard, and be

Now pass we on to the last poetical contribution editorially commended. It is by Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods," "Royston Gower," "Fair Rosamond," which deserves all that has been said of it. We can only here quote one verse and do so for the beautiful imagery in the sixth line :—

"See how the roof from clustering columns  
sprung,  
Like some high forest-walk embowered  
and lone;  
No branch is there in wild disorder flung,  
But each arched bough has with it fellow  
grown,

Looking as if, while they in beauty hung,  
Their growth was checked, and changed  
at once to stone;  
The bundled stems of each low arm bereft  
And their wide-spreading boughs for span-  
ning arches left."

In conclusion, we trust that our comments, if just, may tend to render the next year's Friendship's Offering still more acceptable, and if over severe, that such was the service we intended, and erewhile close the book we cannot help feeling as a last peep, an awakening interest for the Scythian mother :— her smiles, and those of her intelligent infant are growing fast to win our hearts to feel, and pent to write in commendation of that which is so prettily and nobly presented to us.

#### *Forget-me-not, for 1840.*

The illustrations of the "Forget-me-not," for the year 1840, commence with a whole length likeness of the Queen, drawn and engraved by Hall; next follows Count Egmont surrendering to the Duke of Alba, which is full of work, engraved by Hall. The principal female figure in "The Masquerade" is spirited and elegant; it is drawn by T. Corbould, and engraved by Rolls. 'The Princes in the Tower' would be an excellent plate, were it not for some extraordinary defect in the lower side of the cheek, and indeed the face itself, of Prince Richard; the whole details of the chamber are well worthy of Leslie, but the lamplight surely could not fall as it does on the back of one of the princes, on the foot of the bed, and on the off side of the other prince; we suspect the lamp was not lighted when the artist made the design, though far be it from us to say that he worked in the dark. The light falling as it appears to do in the print, must have also lit up the opposite side of the room, which excepting a ray on the face on a pendant picture, is in absolute darkness. We like very much the Eve of the Fisherman, and the mechanical rays are well darted. The maiden's face and figure are good, although spoilt by the badly finished wrist and hand, and Leon's face is too archly feminine, even for a cooing fisherman; the dog, too, leaps right merrily and playfully before the

gentleman. "If there be," says the editor, "any difference, in the feelings with which he comes forward with another volume, it consists in the increased pride and confidence with which, while he hopes the prose will at least bear comparison with former years, he points to its *poetical* contents!!! "Poetry," he continues, "is the department which he has ever cultivated with scrupulous care, and, he flatters himself, *never* with so much *success* as in the present instance."

Shall we as reviewers, because a pretty book is presented to us, (one so indeed in its general matter, quantity of engravings, type and finish), flatter too; or shall we without scruple present a specimen of this choice poetry to the editor's surely awakening judgment. Mistaken friendship, rather than an opinion of its possessing merit, must indeed have gained his heart to have suffered him to have given his approval of such intolerable trash. If we are over severe, not the editor, but ourselves will have to answer for it—but we think we are piloting the contributors and benefitting the expectant purchasers of the year 1841, as well as in the end, the publisher's themselves by a service of the greatest value, else would we not have taken so much pains in the doing it. We know full well that good and beautiful poetry is a very rare article in the present day, nor would we have been thus warm in the editorial conflict, had not the editor himself challenged the opinions of every reviewer, who by friendly or contemptuous silence, might seem to agree in the merit of so unjustly lauded poetical contributions of "Friendship's Offering," thinking them all the while beneath criticism. Read this,

TO C. H.

WITH MY FIRST BOOK.

Thou wilt not spurn my gift; although it be  
My earliest venture on that sea of storms  
Where young Ambition fondly dares to launch  
His argosy of hope in quest of fame.  
My voyage hath been a long one; and, alas?  
My bark, unpiloted by genius' star,  
Is drifting havenless; the deathless prize  
As distant now as ever. Let it pass—  
For, though the laurel will not grace my  
grave,  
This "frail memorial" will haply keep  
My memory green in many a heart that  
loved me,  
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And, it may be, in thine—when he whose  
hand  
Hath idly traced the perishable page,  
Is crumbling ashes, and his fame—a dream.

We are far also from liking "The Bride," another poetical contribution.

Neither to our taste is the "Scythian Guest," by J. R. Christchurch, Oxford, although stated to be the author of the Scythian Banquet Song, "*which was much quoted by the periodicals last year.*" The story is founded upon the ancient history that when the master of a Scythian family died, he was placed in his state chariot and carried to visit every one of his blood relations, when each of them gave him and his attendants a splendid feast. The first verse opens with the feast. Here is the second:—

"He comes—urged on by shout and lash,  
His favourite courser flies;  
There's phrenzy in its drooping dash,  
And sorrow in its eyes.  
Close on its hoofs the chariots crash,  
Their shook reins ring—their axles flash—  
The chariotcers are wild and rash;  
Panting and cloven, the swift air feels  
The red breath of the whirling wheels,  
Hissing with heat, and drunk with speed  
Of wild delight, that seems to feed  
Upon the fire of its own flying;  
Yet he for whom they race is lying  
Motionless in his chariot, and still,  
Like one of weak desire or fettered will.  
Is it the sun-lulled sleep of weariness  
That weighs upon him? Lo! there is no  
stress  
Of slumber on his eyelids—some slow trance  
Seems dwelling o'er the darkness of his  
glance;  
Its depth is quiet, and its keenness cold  
As an eagle's, quenched with lightning—the  
close fold  
Of his strong arms is listless, like the twine  
Of withered weed along the waving line  
Of flowing streams; and o'er his face a  
strange  
Deep shadow is cast, which doth not move  
nor change."

At the fifth verse the author seems to be at home and at ease. There is smattering of genius, but the whole wants good taste and simplicity; faults the (young) author will never mend if he be unduly praised. He has for his own great disadvantage made Byron's "lean days" too much his study.

"The Poet's Heritage," a poetical contribution, particularly mentioned,

tle would, however, surprise even the exhibitors at Smithfield.

We present the *Eve of the Bridal*, by Mrs. Walker, as a short and agreeable outline of the bridal history.

### THE EVE OF THE BRIDAL.

BY MRS. WALKER.

"The gorgeous light wanes fast away,  
Yet still the heavens look bright and gay,  
For clouds are floating o'er the sky,  
Of rosy, golden, purple dye,  
Through which the stars burst one by one,  
To tend and watch the setting sun.

"On balmy flower, and verdant leaf,  
Lie glittering tears—oh! not of grief—  
For who could wish the silver dews,  
Which mingle with their rainbow hues,  
Were chased away!—or deem the stain,  
Like earthly tears, the type of pain!

"The breeze steals softly from the west,  
And rocks the trees to transient rest,  
Within whose deep and sheltering boughs,  
The nightingale pours forth her vows.

"It is the soft and silent hour,  
When mighty Love hath mightiest power  
To bind the heart, subdue the will,  
Bid Reason's cold stern voice be still.  
Oh! never sounds in Beauty's ear  
The whispered word so sweet and dear,  
As when the gathering shadows hide  
The tell-tale cheek, which Feeling's tide,  
In one full happy, joyous gush,  
Hath tinted with a crimson blush!

"So calm, so still, the scene around,  
Almost the heart's own echoes sound!  
How many a breast, on eve like this,  
Is steeped in rapture—filled with bliss!  
But, 'mong thy maidens, sunny France,  
No eye beams forth a brighter glance,  
No bosom owns a deeper spell  
Of holy joy, than thine, Estelle!  
The loved one wanders by thy side,  
He who the morrow claims thee bride.

"Though wooed and won in humble guise,  
A lowly peasant in thine eyes,  
Ere yet another sun is pale,  
Fair damsel, thou shalt hear a tale  
Of fond deceit—shalt learn that Fate  
Hath destined thee to wealth and state.  
But not more dear will Leon be  
With pomp and power, Estelle, to thee,  
Than now, when, Fortune's gifts above,  
Thou deem'st thine only dower is—Love!"

"The Ascent of the Virgin" has two excellent figures. One angel seems however, to be in thralldom, as if in the hands of some earthly attitudinarian; we should be inclined to think that the figure alluded to is a novel introduction, the rest a copy from some picture of much merit: it is painted by J. R. Herbert.

In "Adeline," the soft insinuating

Adeline! we little expected to have met with a lovely creature in the heart-broken child of sorrow and suffering.

The picture "from the life" is cleverly drawn by Miss J. Adams, and the face in particular is engraved by G. Adcock with great softness and effect. Now, gentle reader, peruse the melancholy history of this damsel, who, born to luxury, from no fault of her own, had to support herself by undertaking the arduous, ill requited, ill repaid, and unjustly depreciated duties of a governess. We trust, however, that there are few such hearts as those of the head of the house in which it was Adeline's lot to be instructress.

"Proceed we now to select a few passages from the daily life of the governess. In a back room of the dulllest house of one of the dulllest streets in London, stands a young and lovely female, surrounded by a group of children of different sexes, and of ages varying from four to fourteen. So fair, so mild, so gentle, is the presiding genius of the apartment, that it might have seemed a temple dedicated to peace and concord, but for the circumstance that any thing but peace reigned within its walls. A tall, genteel girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, in a state of great excitement, and with a face rosy red, but by no means celestially so, is engaged in a violent contest with her brother, three years her junior, whose clenched fist, firmly set teeth, and labouring breath, prove that the demons of passion and of pride have him just now completely in their power. A book, the severed leaves of which lie scattered around, while the stronger backs are firmly grasped by each determined combatant, is evidently the subject of dispute. The younger brothers and sisters, ranged on either side, though they are yet taking no active part in the fray, show by the heightened colour on their cheeks that they are only waiting for a signal to begin: while the governess, in a voice intended to be authoritative, but which is really far too feminine to be heard in such a Babel of sounds, is vainly endeavouring to restore order.

Suddenly the door opens. A majestic and well-dressed form appears. There is a momentary pause, but it is the lull that precedes the raging of the tempest. The faces of the excited belligerents are turned fearlessly towards their parent. The maternal arms are open to receive them, and, with ill-judged fondness, the mother presses her offending children to her heart. "Miss Lancelles," begins the governess, in an exculpatory tone—but the lady frowns a frown of the deepest anger, and, in accents which suppressed passion have rendered even more

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shrill and sharp than usual, refuses to hear aught against her daughter.

"Tell me not," she exclaims, rudely interrupting; "tell me not of Miss Lascelles. She is, when properly managed, the most amiable, the most delightful, of children. No one has yet been able to discover the slightest fault in the disposition of my adored Charlotte. Miss Morley, it is mean, it is base, to try to throw the blame upon your pupil."

"But Master Charles, ma'am—"

"Charles, too, my brave, my manly boy; and again she embraces him—'can any one look upon you and have a heart to chide! Why, Miss Morley, why try to set me against my children?—you who so little understand their characters, who are so entirely unable to appreciate their excellent qualities. I will not hear a word against them!' and the haughty lady is about to depart, but, as she turns to leave the room, her eye rests on the mild unruffled features of the governess. A sense of injury, an expression of pity and forgiveness, is there, but no trace of anger—the shaft of malice has not struck home; the weaker party triumphs, great in its very weakness. Luckily, a fresh theme for insult presents itself to the memory of the discomfited—and, in a voice even less calm than before, she returns to the charge.

"By the by, Miss Morley, my daughter last evening exposed either the ignorance or the negligence of her instructress, by her inability to answer even the most simple questions in geography."

"I believe, and I regret it, ma'am—and the governess speaks quickly, for this time she is determined to be heard—" but you have yourself desired that Miss Lascelles should not be teased with geography, it being a study to which she has the most decided aversion."

"Again you are wrong—for Mr. Atlas, a member of the Geographical Society, who has written a work on the science, who is an author, Miss Morley, gives it as his decided opinion that her genius points precisely in that direction. No, you do not, you never will, possess the tact necessary to discover and foster the latent talents of children.' And, with a frown of direful import, she takes her son and daughter by the hand, and, slamming the door violently after her, descends to the drawing-room."

After the scene we have described, can it be wondered at that, when left to themselves, the younger members of this ill-governed family, instead of returning to their seats and resuming their interrupted occupations, should form themselves into little groups, and, in tones whispered indeed, but so whispered as to be perfectly audible to her against whom they are uttered, discuss plans of future rebellion against the authority of the governess!

"Change we now the scene. It is evening,  
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and there are sounds of revelry in that house. Lights gleam from every window; fragrance issues from every aperture; servants are running in all directions; and gaiety and bustle reign throughout. In the drawing-room a brilliant party is assembled; feathers wave; diamonds glisten; and young hearts thrill with pleasure. In a distant corner of the room, before a grand piano, is seated the governess, simply yet genteelly attired. She is performing, with exquisite taste and pathos, one of Beethoven's beautiful sonatas. There is silence; for every one feels that the best of music is issuing from beneath the touch of no common performer; but no circle has formed itself around her; there is no ready hand to turn the leaves of her music-book; no kind voice near to whisper approbation—"it is only the governess."

Those words have raised a line of demarcation, which it would be high-treason against the laws of fashion for any one to overstep. A glass indeed is occasionally raised towards her, for she is very fair to look upon, but other notice receives she none; and when, at length, the music ceases and permission is granted to her to retire, no hand is extended to lead her to her seat. No wonder then that, as, with tottering steps, she threads her way to the bottom of the room, the memory of other days should rise to her mind—of days when she was herself the centre of a circle, the "admired of all observers;" and when, after such an exhibition as the present, the voice of love breathed into her ear valued meed of praise; and no wonder that the big, bitter tear of regret fills her eye.

The seat she has vacated is occupied, meanwhile, by a titled heiress, round whom lords and ladies range themselves with delighted expectation, while officious beaux vie with each other for the honour of performing those little acts of gallantry, for the exercise of which the vicinity of the piano affords so fair a field—again music is heard, and an execrably executed Italian bravura is succeeded by an almost deafening shout of applause.

But the governess is too high-minded for envy; and, though her correct ear will not allow her to listen with pleasure to bad music, she is just now too much absorbed in a conversation that is going on beside her to admit of her drawing any comparisons unfavourable to the fair songstress. The speakers are two gentlemen of rank, one holding a prominent place in the world of literature, the other an equally honourable one in the councils of his sovereign; and they are discussing with much animation and ability a question of great public interest. Somewhat retired from the crowd, they have stationed themselves near the governess, whose earnest attention and intelligent countenance mark the interest with which she listens.



Her sorrows are forgotten; her regrets have vanished; every faculty of her mind is absorbed, and when, in the course of the conversation, some allusion is made to an author with whose name she is unacquainted, forgetful for a moment of the barrier between herself and the eloquent speaker, a question rises to her lips, it is only half uttered, for she remembers her situation, and suddenly checks herself. But the suppressed sound causes the gentleman to look round; and even he, the frequenter of a court, the attendant on a youthful female sovereign, the polished, the courteous, and generally the humane—even he gazes at her with a rude stare, which so plainly expresses, "It is only the Governess" that the sensitive, timid girl shrinks back, retires within herself, and, overcome with the painful conviction that there is not in that large assembly one individual who cares for her, steals away to her own apartment, there to weep in solitude over blighted fortune and disappointed hopes.

Oh! the nights of sleeplessness, succeeding days of mental and bodily toil, that the governess endures! Is it not enough—the throbbing temple, the feverish temple, the oppressed spirit—sufficeth it not the disappointment resulting from a conscientious yet unsuccessful discharge of irksome duties—the weariness of pouring, for the hundredth time in vain, words of instruction in the obstinate ear of dullness, bearing on her own already overcharged shoulders the weight of failure; but must the neglect or insult of the world at large be added—perhaps the bitterest ingredient in her cup of suffering! And is this the reward of long years of study and confinement? Is this the emancipation of which the school-girl so fondly dreams? Then happier she, who, with uncultivated but peaceful mind and healthful body, sits plating rushes by her cottage door.

Eighteen months have passed, and the sickening longing for change is felt; even were it a change for the worse—and that is barely possible—it would bring with it novelty, excitement, and Hope. That deceitful goddess to whom, in all periods of life, but especially in youth, we cling so fondly and so faithfully, gives whispered promises of a happier lot. The die is cast, and the governess, with no tie to bind her to her country, consents to cross the sea. Won by the promises of strangers, who look kindly upon her, she wanders forth, and, five thousand miles from the land of her nativity, seems for a time to have found the happiness she sought. There is something in the air of a foreign clime that draws the natives of the same country more closely to each other. Whatever distance of station or of space may have separated them at home, they have there some sympathies in common. Their language, their habits, even their prejudices, are the same. And where

that ruling principle which bears sway alike in all countries—the love of self—is not borne down in the collision, the narrowest heart will open itself wide to its fellow-countrymen.

The governess has never before felt so little alone: her pupils become her friends, her equals: she is contented—happy—and peace of mind soon works its usual change. Her step is lighter than of yore, her song more glad, and her countenance beams with unwonted animation. But, alas! the change, favourable as it seems, works her farther woe; for her blue eye, now radiant with joy, speaks but too eloquently to the bosom of the elder brother of her pupils, drawing from him offers as honourable to himself as they are distasteful to his parents; and, though the heart of the maiden beats not responsive to his vows—faithful as it is to the memory of its early blighted love—the weight of their displeasure falls on her. Presumptuous!—that she, the well-born, the highly-educated, the intellectual, and the virtuous, should dare to render herself too pleasing to the junior clerk in a mercantile house, who, in addition to sundry expectations from his father—the father, be it known, of nine other children—possesses, subject indeed to the contingencies of trade and climate, a salary of £200 a year to lay at her feet! What, save instant dismissal, can expiate so great a crime! The fiat goes forth, and the governess is again upon the world.

And now her inclinations turn once more towards England; for though, within the limits of its sea-girt shores, there is not one door that will voluntarily fly open at her approach, still, it is the land of her birth; it contains the graves of her parents, the spot that was once her home, and thither she returns. But enough has been said,—we will not trace her wanderings from house to house, in pursuit of that employment which the teeming columns of our newspapers hold out as so easy of attainment. We will not attend her in the drawing-rooms of the proud, the opulent, and the unfeeling. For some she is too young, for others too old—for some too diffident, and for some, to their shame be it spoken, too handsome. We will not further watch her, as she turns timidly away, with a vain endeavour to screen her blushing face from the impertinent glance of the liveried footman, who, after creeping reluctantly up the kitchen stairs, scarcely deigns to open the door sufficiently wide to permit the egress of the "young woman that has been after the governess's place."

Poor Adeline! and will thy weak and fragile form, thy delicate and sensitive mind, be able long to stand against the biting blast of adversity and neglect. Alas! no; the incipient blight of consumption, that ever ready disguise of a broken heart, is upon

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thee. Thou art hastening to the grave, and better so while thy heart is softened by affliction. Yes, better far, in God's good time, unrepiningly and piously to die, than, with a broken constitution and a soured temper, to drag on a weary existence to the extreme verge of old age.

Fare thee well, Adeline, my childhood's play-fellow, my youth's companion! Happily for thee, there is another and a better world, one where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest. To that world art thou passing; and mayest thou find there the peace that was denied thee in this!

The "Captive Princess," with a heart turned almost to stone, in which the blood scarce seems to flow, looks pensively sad enough to tell the sharpness of her doom. But "Alice Bertram," "from a day dreamer," is a sort of every day damsel and picture, and hardly adapted for a book which appears but once a year; the detail is, however, pretty, and the engraving good.

We cannot conclude without expressing our gratitude to the editor for providing us at the end of our labours with an elegant "tapestry chair," in which we are delightfully conning over the several agreeable and light articles from the pens of many established writers with which this interesting annual abounds.

*A Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington*, in the undress of a Field Marshal, painted by Mr. John Simpson, and engraved in mezzotint by Mr. B. P. Gibbon, is executed in a bold, simple, yet extremely attractive style. Published by Mr. Moon.

*Wreck of the Forfarshire Steam Packet*, published by Mr. Moon. Those talented marine draughtsmen, Messrs. H. P. Parker and J. H. Carmichael, aided by the brilliant mezzotint of Mr. David Lucas, have conjointly in the engraving before us most worthily served to commemorate that act of mental courage and generous heroism on the part of the intrepid Grace Darling and her father William Darling, the keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, now so familiar to every shore, plain and city of this island. From the votive wreath of Mr. T. K. Heiwey we cull and append the following eloquent stanzas:

Beneath a sky without a star  
On a sea without a wave,  
The desperate shout of drowning men  
And woman's sudden wail  
Heard through the pauses of the storm,  
In fragment moan or scream;  
Like the wild nightmare sounds that vex  
The dreamer in a dream,

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Tell where a faint and feeble few  
Are left of all that gallant crew.

'Tis morn! and to that echoing rock  
What bright and blessed form  
Comes gliding like a thing of light  
Amid the wrathful storm?  
Hath he who hushed the waves of old,  
And walked the foam-white sea,  
To where the lonely fisher-bark  
Lay tossing on the sea,  
Stretched forth his finger, strong to save  
From that wild tempest's yawning grave?

Hath mercy heard the human groans  
That rent the midnight air,  
And God his own sweet angel sent  
In answer to the prayer?  
She cometh!—'twas an angel's part  
To pass yon dark abyss,  
And God hath spoken to the heart  
That dared a scene like this!  
Oh! many a witness, dauntless one!  
Shall one day meet thee at His throne!

The engraving is done upon a noble scale; and so peculiarly interesting a subject will we hope render it a grateful tablet to interest all classes and grace walls, public and private, throughout Great Britain."

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE. During the past month a piece of extremely good and attractive humour has been brought out at this always well-frequented house, entitled '*His Last Legs*,' in which Power's humour kept the house in a continued roar of laughter. It is likely to have a very long run.

DRURY LANE THEATRE opened on Saturday, the 26th ultimo, under the new management of Mr. Hammond, late of the Strand Theatre; amongst the agreeable regulations of the new broom, are the sweeping away of all those minor in-door and at the door fees which are a great annoyance to the public; and when the admission money is paid, the servants of the theatre are the servants of the public, to open the doors, and take charge of whatever may be given them in the way of bonnets, umbrellas, &c.

THE PAVILLION THEATRE (Mile-end). Agreeably to promise, we made a visit to this house, to see a new piece, being dramatized from '*Christmas Eve, or the Last Link of the Chain*,' by Edward Lancaster, Esq., a tale which was published in *The Lady's Magazine*, January 1, 1836. The dresses seemed to be quite new and very costly, and the acting in some respects far from mediocrity, it being the same night as that on which the Lord Mayor and his friends visited the 'Eastern Institution;' it is probable that the show of company in the boxes was unusually scanty. Our opinion is not altered, that this piece might be made most, on that account, tively popular.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 798.—*Walking Dress*. White satin capotte. The front is made to sit almost straight up, and is quite round to the face nearly meeting under the chin, where it is almost entirely sloped off (see plate); the crown instead of being flat, is puffed in the style of the cawl of a cap; a row of narrow blonde goes round the front, and a bunch of roses is placed at the left side, two full-blown roses are also under each side of the front of the bonnet.

Dress of lilac silk with two flounces, the corsage is half high (*demi-décolletée*), and the sleeves full to the wrist; black silk manteau, lined and trimmed with green *chiné* (clouded) silk; the manteau is, according to the present mode, only half high (like a dress) in the neck; the corsage à *pièces*, fits nearly tight to the bust, in the form of a *palatine* cape. When the cloak is made of any woollen material, this piece is generally velvet, in the present instance it is of silk; the skirt of the manteau is full all round, and is confined at the waist by a cord and tassel; the sleeves, if they may be so called, are pieces the entire length of the cloak, put on with a great deal of fulness on the shoulders, but they are only attached to the cloak at top, under the second row of trimming, the arm-holes are quite towards the front (see plate); the trimming, a facing of the same silk as the lining, is put in bands upon the corsage, giving it the appearance of two capes; a double row goes down the front and another from top to bottom of

each sleeve; collar of *guipure*, fastened in front with a large brooch; yellow kid gloves; cambric ruffles; black varnished leather shoes; hair in bandeaux.

The *Second Figure* gives the back of the cloak, as well as that of the capotte. Lavender silk dress.

No. 799.—*Carriage Costume*. Wadded dress of pale lilac satin; corsage tight to fit the bust, and *en cœur*. *Capuchon à manches* of plaid satin lined with pink satin and wadded; the back consists merely of a *capuchon* or hood large enough to throw over the head at pleasure, it hangs as low as the waist; the sleeves are plain, and loose enough to go over the sleeves of the dress; the fronts are long *en echarpe* (like the ends of the scarf); a cord and tassel to match goes round the waist and ties in front. Hat of *maïs gros de Naples*, the front small and *évasée*; the trimming is of *crêpe lisse*; underneath the front are a few flowers mixed with a light puffing of white gauze (see plate). Hair in smooth bands, *fronnière* cambric ruffles; black kid shoes; yellow kid gloves.

*Second Figure*.—Wadded dress of nut-brown satin; corsage tight and quite high at the neck. Hat of white satin trimmed with *crêpe lisse* and a bunch of flowers at the left side. Scarf mantelet of plaid satin with a rounded cape (see plate), and trimmed all round with silk fringe; brodequins of dark slate colour, with kid fronts; collar *en guipure*.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, October 23, 1839.

According to your desire, *ma chère amie*, I have sent you a manteau of the very newest form I could procure; you will think it very strange that it is not made high to the throat, but that would be quite *outré* at present, the *grande mode* being to wear every thing low in the neck. The weather is not very cold as yet, therefore the warm winter manteaux have not made their appearance. The materials for these autumn cloaks are *gros de Naples* and satins lined with coloured silk; they may be wadded or not: however a little wadding certainly improves them and renders them more seasonable. The winter manteaux, which will begin to be in requisition towards the end of November, are to be made of velvet, *satins de laine*, and

rich satin *broché*, and many, *on dit*, will be trimmed with ermine and other furs. If these cloaks present any *nouveauté* in form, you shall have due notice. I hope you like the *capuchon à manches*, it is quite new, and something out of the common. On fine days our belles still wear light silks and even coloured muslins, but they are rather on the decline. Rich silk, plain or figured, satin *uné* (plain) and *broché*, cachmeriennes, *satins de laine*, levantines, these are the materials most adopted just now, *en attendant*, the velvets and other wintry dresses. *Mousselines de laine* are still to be seen, especially dark colours and rich patterns. Several of these dresses that I have enumerated are wadded to make them more seasonable.

Flounces, tucks, puffings and *bouillon*

trimmings are universally worn, except when the dresses are wadded; these are never trimmed round the bottom, unless with a row of velvet or fur.

The corsages are exactly such as I have been describing to you lately; to cross in front in folds (preferable to gathers) from the shoulder, they do not cross quite to the side, but merely about half a finger in the centre of the front. Plain corsages half high, sloped *en cœur* is another make much in vogue. For evening dress they are tight, some *à pointe*, and some not, but these latter are without waistbands and are merely a little longer waisted in the front than at back. You know it is reckoned becoming to the figure to have the waist sloped longer in front.

The short sleeves are very short, in two or three *sabots* with falls of blonde or lace between. The long ones are tight on the shoulder, and the remainder full all the way down; and a little trimming, a puffing, or two tucks cut on the cross way, put on at the top of the full part of the sleeve. The *poignets* (wrists) are deep, to admit of handsome deep ruffles.

Our balls have not begun yet, nor, I suppose, your's. We have, however, little *soirées dansantes*. Book muslins are generally the toilette best adapted to these *ré-unions*; by the way, I will tell you a *secrèt de toilette*, which I do not recollect having told you before; it is, when you wear a book muslin dress, you should wear a book muslin petticoat under it; the dress looks a thousand times better over that than over satin. I have told you that these muslins embroidered in coloured worsteds or cottons in tambour work, are very fashionable.

Hats—Satin and velvet hats are coming in for autumn; the colours are light, as white and *maïs* satins, and pearl-grey velvets, but darker shades will be worn next month. The hats are very small, but the shapes are decidedly not pretty. They sit quite off the face, and form a round, instead of being close at the sides. The gauze and crape trimmings are out, and satin ribbons worn instead. Feathers are also becoming more general. Half veils, or a deep fall of blonde on the edge of the front are rather on the increase.

The black velvet shawls for winter are, they say, to be embroidered in coloured silks, some in tambour stitch, others in satin stitch, but the silks, are to be twisted, not floss. These shawls will be trimmed with black lace.

Muffs, I am told, will be quite *de rigueur* this winter. Ermine and other fur muffs will be worn, but *des manchons de fantaisie*, are to be the rage. I have seen several in prepara-

tion, some in velvet, embroidered or not, others of cashmere, fine merinos, *satin de laine*, or very rich thick *broché* silk, almost like damask. I have also seen them knit with large ivory needles, in chenille or lamb's wool, and very elegant and comfortable they are; those in lamb's wool are done in two colours as red and green, blue or orange, scarlet and black, they are well stuffed and wadded, and the lining which is likewise done in knitting is in white wool, the stitch is the same as that in which the bed covers and foot-cushions are done.

Knitting and netting is the favourite occupation of our ladies just now. Besides muffs, they knit shawls, and caps called *coiffures moyen âge*, and pelerines, and little *paletots* or great coats for children, together with bed covers, cushions, foot stools, &c. In netting we have pretty scarfs, shawls, *céphalides* to wear under the bonnet, and *zephyrines*, an improvement upon the latter article; besides these, mittens, cuffs, &c., are net in silk; we have also brodequins and gaiters done both in netting and knitting. This is nice warm work for the winter. But many of our demoiselles are spoiling their eyes over *guipure* collars, berthes and ruffles: this *guipure* or *application* is certainly very beautiful when done, but very trying and tedious to do.

The pretty fashion of *fanchons* has quite come in, they are made of velvet (various colours) and trimmed with lace, flowers, or marabouts.

We have a sort of *manteau* or loose pelisse for wearing at the Opera or over a ball-dress. It is made like a loose dressing gown with very full sleeves, and a hood to draw over the head at pleasure, the length is about to the knees. It is made of satin, and lined and trimmed with swansdown; I recommend it to your notice.

Fur it seems will be very fashionable this winter (swansdown also); it will be worn instead of lace, to trim shawls and dresses.

Hair.—The back hair is still worn as low as possible, it is twisted up in a coil or braids in the form of a figure of eight, placed thus ∞, but as near the back of the neck as possible. The front hair is worn in ringlets, bands or braids *à la berthe*. *Féronnières* are still fashionable.

The prevailing colours are for hats, grey, white, pink and *maïs*; for dresses, lavender, lilac, nut-brown, and dark claret.

appropriate, as presiding over an undecided combat. It does not appear that any of the

*En attendant les nouveautés d'hiver*, I shall say *adieu ma belle*

*je t-embrasse tendrement  
toute à toi, L. de F.—.*



## THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

September 29.—Windsor :—Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended divine service in St. George's Chapel. In the afternoon the Queen attended by a numerous party from the Castle, promenaded on the East Terrace.

30.—Windsor :—The Queen held a Privy Council, and received a visit from H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, from Kennington. Nearly the whole of the visitors at the Castle rode out with Her Majesty on horseback, passing through the Long Walk.

October 1. 2.—Windsor :—Her Majesty and a numerous equestrian party, as well of the Castle as of the Royal Household, rode out during the afternoon in the drives of the forest.

3.—General Alava the Spanish Minister arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

4.—Windsor :—The Royal party were prevented leaving the Castle in consequence of the wet weather.

5.—Windsor :—H. R. H. The Duchess of Kent, left Windsor, for Kensington and returned to the Castle in the evening to dinner.

6.—Windsor, (Sunday) Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in St. George's Chapel. In the afternoon the Queen attended by a large party from the Castle, walked once round the East Terrace, where the public are admitted, and afterwards promenaded in her private walk, the bands of Life Guards and 46th, regiment being in attendance, and performing in the parterre.

7.—Windsor.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by Viscount Barrington and the Hon. Miss Mitchell, left Bushy-house, on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.

8.—Windsor :—The Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, left the Castle for a drive in the Green Park, the ladies of Her Majesty's suite following in three carriages, the whole of the gentlemen at the Castle following the illustrious party on horseback.

9.—Windsor :—The Queen Dowager took her departure from the Castle for Frogmore Lodge, the residence of the Princess Augusta. The Queen did not take her accustomed airing.

10.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent took an airing together in a pony carriage during the afternoon in the Park, the Countess of Sandwich attending the Queen. A numerous party attended on horseback. The Hereditary Prince (Ernest) and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, landed at the tower from the continent. Their Serene H. H. shortly afterwards left town for Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen.

11.—Windsor :—The Queen, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princes Ernest and Prince Al-

bert, rode out on horseback into the Green Park, attended by nearly all the visitors at the Castle, either on horseback or in open carriages.

12.—Windsor :—Her Majesty, and nearly all the visitors and Royal household at the Castle took an airing in the afternoon in the Great Park, either on horseback or in pony phaetons.

13.—Windsor :—(Sunday). Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and the Hereditary Prince and Princes Albert, of Saxe Coburg Gotha, attended divine service in the morning at the Chapel Royal, St. George's. In the afternoon the Queen, attended by her Royal visitors and suite walked on the East Terrace, the bands of the Life Guards and Rifles being both in attendance in the Grand Parterre, and playing alternately. Her Majesty and the illustrious party walked once round the outer Terrace, and then promenaded in Her Majesty's private walk.

14.—Windsor :—Her Majesty accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princes Ernest and Albert of Coburg Gotha, rode out on horseback in the noon through the Long Walk to the Forest and Great Park Drives. A numerous party from the Castle attended.

16.—Windsor.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent accompanied by their S. H. H. the Princes of Saxe Coburg Gotha went to visit the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge at Kew, and returned to the Castle in the afternoon. Her Majesty attended by most of her visitors took an equestrian airing in the Park.

17.—Windsor :—The Queen rode out on horseback in the afternoon accompanied by her Royal visitors, and attended by several of the Royal suite, enjoyed the sport of coursing in the Home Park for two hours during the morning.

19.—Windsor.—Her Majesty took her accustomed equestrian exercise in the afternoon, attended by a numerous party.

20.—(Sunday).—Windsor :—Her Majesty accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and H. S. H. Albert of Saxe Coburg attended divine service in the morning at St. George's Chapel, and in the afternoon promenaded in the East Terrace.

21.—Windsor :—The Queen held a Privy Council, and afterwards rode out on horseback, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg ; a numerous equestrian party followed.

22.—Windsor :—The Queen rode out in the Park during the afternoon, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and attended by a numerous suit.

23.—In consequence of the rain the review of troops expected to have taken place was put off.

22.—Windsor :—The Queen rode out in the

[THE COURT

Park during the afternoon, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, and attended by a numerous suite.

23.—In consequence of the rain the review of troops expected to take place was put off.

25.—Windsor: Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, rode out in the Park during the afternoon, attended by her suite.

26.—Windsor: The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, rode in the Park during the afternoon, attended by the whole of the Royal visitors and suite, either on horseback or in carriages.

27.—Windsor (Sunday): The Queen attended divine service at St. George's chapel. In the afternoon Her Majesty descended from the royal apartments to the east terrace accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg. Returning to the inner terrace or private walk, Her Majesty promenaded there some time.

28.—Windsor: Her Majesty did not take her usual ride in the Park.

#### RIDES AND DRIVES.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Oct. 10, 14.  
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 12, 14, 18, 19, 20, 21.  
H. S. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 12, 14, 18, 19, 20.  
The Lord Chancellor, Oct. 21, 25.  
Viscount Melbourne, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 3, 10, 11, 20, 22, 21, 22, 25.  
Earl of Surrey, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13.  
Countess of Sandwich, Sept. 29. Oct. 6, 11, 13, 14.  
Lady Charlotte Dundas, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 2, 3, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21.  
Lord Byron, Sept. 29.  
Viscount Palmerston, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 11.  
Hon. Major Keppel, Sept. 29.  
Baroness Lehzen, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 14, 19, 21, 22.  
Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Sept. 29. Oct. 1.  
Lord John Russell, Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. T. F. Baring, Oct. 1.  
Sir John Hobhouse, Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere, Oct. 1.  
Miss Quentin, Oct. 1, 2, 11, 14.  
Sir G. Quentin, Oct. 1, 3, 14, 21, 22.  
Viscount Falkland, Oct. 3, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25.  
Hon. Miss Cocks, Oct. 6, 10, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22.  
Hon. Miss Paget, Oct. 6, 10, 13, 14, 20, 25.  
Hon. Miss Campbell, Oct. 6, 10.  
Hon. E. Byng, Oct. 6, 10, 11.  
Hon. W. Cowper, Oct. 6, 20.  
Sir W. Lumley, Oct. 6, 10, 11, 13, 14.  
Hon. Col. Grey, Oct. 6, 10, 11, 14, 21, 22.  
Hon. Mrs. Grey, Oct. 25.  
Lord Alfred Paget, Oct. 10, 11, 12, 14, 19, 20, 21.  
Marquis of Normanby, Oct. 11, 21.  
Hon. W. Temple, Oct. 11, 14.  
Hon. C. A. Murray, Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14, 20, 22.  
Count Kalowrath, Oct. 11, 13, 14, 20, 22, 25.  
Baron Alvensleben, Oct. 11, 13, 14, 20, 22.  
Marchioness of Tavistock, Oct. 20.  
Hon. Miss Pitt, Oct. 20, 21.  
Lady Caroline Barrington, Oct. 20, 21, 22, 25.  
Sir F. Stovin, Oct. 20, 21, 25.

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#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. M. the Queen Dowager, Oct. 7, 8.  
H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, Oct. 2, 8, 16, 18.  
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
H. S. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 25, 29.  
Prince Esterhazy, Oct. 14.  
The Lord Chancellor, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 21.  
Viscount Melbourne, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Viscount Palmerston, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Lord John Russell, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 15.  
Rt. Hon. F. T. Baring, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Sir John Hobhouse, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. T. B. Macauley, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Hon. W. Bathurst, Sept. 30.  
Lady Charlotte Dundas, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Baroness Lehzen, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. Miss Paget, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 2, 3, 8, 17, 18, 21, 29.  
Hon. Miss Pitt, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24.  
Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Hon. Miss Cocks, Oct. 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 29.  
Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11.  
Hon. Miss Mitchell, Oct. 8.  
Hon. Major Keppel, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Col. Wemyss, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Miss Wynyard, Oct. 2.  
The Wurtemberg Minister, Oct. 2.  
Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Oct. 2, 4, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 21, 24.  
Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, Oct. 2, 8, 11, 14, 16.  
Earl of Sandwich, Oct. 2, 3, 8.  
Hon. Col. Cavendish, Oct. 2, 4.  
General Alava, Oct. 3.  
Lady Mary Howard, Oct. 3.  
Countess of Surrey, Oct. 3, 18.  
Hon. W. Cowper, Oct. 3, 17, 21.  
Viscount Falkland, Oct. 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24.  
Sir W. Lumley, Oct. 3, 8, 11.  
Hon. Col. Grey, Oct. 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 29.  
Hon. Mrs. Grey, 25, 29.  
Hon. G. Byng, Oct. 4, 11.  
Visc. and his Viscountess Barrington, Oct. 7, 8.  
Lord A. Paget, Oct. 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25.  
Lady C. Barrington, Oct. 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25.  
Baron Alvensleben, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 25, 29.  
Hon. W. Temple, Oct. 10, 11.  
Count Kalowrath, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. C. A. Murray, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Marchioness of Clanricarde, Oct. 10, 11.  
Marquis of Normanby, Oct. 10, 11, 21.  
Earl and Countess of Granville, Oct. 10, 11.  
Dow. Lady Lyttelton, Oct. 22, 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. Miss Lyttelton, Oct. 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. W. Bathurst, Oct. 21, 25, 29.  
Mr. G. E. Anson, Oct. 21.  
Miss Lavinia Lyttelton, 25, 29.  
Sir F. Stovin, Oct. 17, 18, 21, 24.

# General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

[In every case it would be well to furnish the number of the public register as well as the name of the church, chapel, or place where either ceremony was performed, and, when convenient, the names of the executors.]

## BIRTHS.

- Alexander, lady of N. O—, Esq., of a son; Chowringhee, *E. I.*, May 22.  
 Angelo, lady of Capt. F., Judge Adv. Gen., of a daughter; Mussoorie, *E. I.*, May 12.  
 Aughes, lady of the Rev., of a son, Mhow; *E. I.*, July 19.  
 Barnett, lady of Capt. of a daughter; Kulladghee, May 20.  
 Beattie, lady of Alex., Esq., civil surgeon, of a daughter; Allahabad, *E. I.*, June 23.  
 Bowie, lady of Mr. of a son; Madras, May 19.  
 Brotherton, the lady of the Rev. J—, of a daughter; Tanjore, July 12.  
 Candy, lady of Capt. J—, of a son; Poona, May 23.  
 Carey, Mrs. Elizabeth, of a daughter; Girgaum, *E. I.*, July 23.  
 Chitty, lady of S. C., Esq., of a daughter, *still born*; Calpenteen, *E. I.*, April 11.  
 Codrington, lady of Capt. R. C—, A. A. Q. M. Gen., of a son, Simla, *E. I.*; June 6.  
 Cole, lady of Edward M. Esq., of a son; Fort Beaufort, June 11.  
 Crawford, lady of Major G—, Royal Artillery, of a son; Simla, *E. I.*, June 27.  
 Cumberlege, lady of Capt. E. A., 73, N. I., of a daughter; Sylhet, *E. I.*, May 2.  
 Dadelzen, lady of the Rev. H. V., of a son, Vepery; July 4.  
 Davidson, lady of J., Esq., of a son; Chandernagore, *E. I.*, July 5.  
 Dela Combe, lady of Capt., of a daughter; Ynam, July 6.  
 Doveton, lady of Capt., of a son; Calcutta, May 21.  
 Delafosse, lady of Major D—, Horse Artillery, of a daughter; Mussoorie, *E. I.*, June 16.  
 Duffin, lady of Lieut. Charles, interp. and Q. mast., 26th, I. N., of a son (*still born*), Meerut, *E. I.*, May 19.  
 Fortescue, lady of J. C., Esq., of a daughter; Ootacamund, July 5.  
 Gerrard, lady of Capt., of a daughter; Ootacamund, May 26.  
 Gordon, lady of the Rev. J. W., of a son; Vizagapatam, May 24.  
 Grubb, lady of W. H., Esq., of a son; Madras artillery, May 6.  
 Haly, lady of G. J., Esq., of a daughter, Secunderabad, June 24.  
 Hughes, lady of Rev. H. of a son; Mhow, *E. I.*, July 19.  
 Kelly, lady of Dr., of a son, Chilaw; June 25.  
 Kelner, lady of Lieut. J., of a son; Mhow, June 18.  
 Lane, lady of H. J., Esq., civil service, of a daughter; Ghazecpore, *E. I.*, June 20.  
 Lechmere, lady of Capt., of a daughter, at Fort George, July 23.  
 Lemondine, lady of James A., Esq., of a son; Calcutta, July 9.  
 Lumsden, lady of J. G., Esq., of a daughter; Rutnag-herric, July 18.  
 Makenzie, lady of A. J., Esq., of a daughter; Tanjore, July 7.  
 Melvell, lady of Capt., of a son; Bhooj, June 12.  
 Milner, lady of Capt., F. C., 36 N. I., of a daughter, Jamulpore, *E. I.*, May 7.  
 Montifiore, lady of Surgeon, of a daughter; Byculla, May 30.  
 Montgomerie, lady of E., Esq., of a daughter; Byculla, June 27.  
 Montmorency, lady of Capt. R. H. De., of a daughter, Calcutta, June 19.  
 Morphett, lady of Capt. of a daughter; Cannanore, June 30.  
 Morris, Mrs. James, of a son, Poona, June 8.  
 Neave, lady of W. A., Esq. of a daughter; Ootacamund June 13.  
 Newberry, lady of E., Esq., of a son; Guntoor, June 30.  
 Onslow, lady of J., Esq., of a son, Chittoor, June 12.  
 Owen, lady of Martyrose, S., Esq., of a daughter, Calcutta, July 8.  
 Pollock, lady of Lieut. D. J., sub-assistant, com. gen. of a daughter, Nusseerabad, *E. I.*, May 14.  
 Prattle, lady of Lieut. Col. William, O., of a son (*still born*); Cawnpore, *E. I.*, June 16.  
 Ramsay, lady of Capt., of a son; Madras, May 21.  
 Raikes, lady of a son; Chittagony, *E. I.*, June 28.  
 Reade, lady, of E. A., Esq., C. S., of a son; Goruckpoor, *E. I.*, May 19.  
 Robertson, Mrs., of a daughter; Swellandam, May 25.  
 Rutherford, lady of Capt., 28th N. I. of a daughter; Simla, *E. I.*, May 12.  
 Skelton, lady of G. H., Esq., of a daughter; May 31.  
 Sykes, Mrs. J., of a son; Calcutta, July 11.  
 Smith, lady of C. I., surgeon, of a daughter; Bangalore, July 3.  
 Thompson, lady of the Rev. James C., of a son; Calcutta, June 14.  
 Townley, Mrs., of a daughter; Mossel Bay, May 18.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

Toke, lady of John S., Esq., surgeon, 1st, N. I., of a daughter; Saugor, Central India, May 18.  
 Wallace, lady of Major, of a son; May 9.  
 Waters, lady of G. I., Esq., of a daughter; Trichinopoly, July 7.  
 Welchman, lady of Lieut. A., A. G. of the army, of a son (since dead); Calcutta, May 18.  
 Welsh, lady of Lieut. W. H., of a daughter; Mazagon, July 2.  
 White, lady of R., Esq., of a son, Madras, May 26.  
 Williams, lady of J., Esq., of twin sons (they survived only a few hours); Bombay, June 1.  
 Williams, lady of E., of a son; Kidderpore Park, July 11.  
 Woods, lady of N. A., M. D., of a daughter, Hingolee; June 28.  
 Worrall, lady of J., Esq., M. D., 4th local horse, of a daughter; Nussערabad, E. I., June 5.  
 Wynter, lady of Capt., of a son, Jubbalpore. E. I., May 10.  
 Young, lady of W. R., Esq., civil service of a son, Calcutta, June 30.  
 Yule, lady of J. William, Esq., of a son, Peep-rah, Champarun, E. I., June 20.  
 Zuderberg, Mrs. Doctor —, of a son, at the Paarl, May 31.

### MARRIAGES.

Ashton, Marianne, *only sur. d.* of the late John —, Esq., to the Right Hon. Thomas Frankland Lewis; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, Oct. 15.  
 Baker, Frances, *d.* of Wm. —, Esq., of Old Ford, to Mr. Jonathan Shortt, son of the 1st Major —; *Bow Church*, Oct. 17.  
 Bayne, Hay, *d.* of Rev. K. —, dec., to the Rev. Robert Nesbit; *Ambrolie*, June 25.  
 Burfield, Anna Eliza, *2nd d.* of Robert —, Esq., of Whitmore House, to J. W. S. Coward, surgeon, of Kensington; *Hoxton*, Oct. 3.  
 Bevan, Mary J., *y. d.* of the late Charles —, Esq., of Devonshire-place, to the Rev. Thomas Yard, of Red-hill, Haunts; *Trinity Church*, Oct. 17.  
 Bevington, Hannah, *3rd d.* of Samuel —, Esq., by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, to Henry Merrick Elderton, Esq., of Brixton; *St. James's Church, Bernondsey*, Oct. 16.  
 Blaker, Elizabeth, *only d.* of G. —, Esq., Patcham, to Thomas, C. Renshaw, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Lincoln's-inn: *Patcham*, Oct. 8.  
 Bodieu, Malvina, *2nd d.* of Christopher —, Esq., to Mr. J. P. Phillips, both of Camberwell; *Westminster*, Oct. 5.  
 Brunnell, Isabella Maria, *d.* of George —, dec., to Henry Alexander, Esq., jun.; *Brighton*, Oct. 12.  
 Burn, Helen J., *2nd d.* of Captain —, to Hugh Cheape, Esq., M.D.; *Madras*, July 17.  
 Butler, Harriet, *3rd d.* of Frederick —, Chelsea, to Wm. K. Hodges, Esq., of Streatham-hill, Surrey; *Chelsea*, Oct. 19.  
 Calthrop, Elizabeth Ann, *eld. d.* of R. —, Esq., of Swineshead-abbey, to Thomas Webster, Esq. M.A. of Cambridge, and Lincoln's-inn; *Swineshead*, Oct. 16.  
 Campbell, Isabella Janet, *3rd d.* of Sir Duncan —, Bart., of Bariatdine, Argyleshire, to Hugh Beaver, Esq., of Glyngarth, Anglesea; *Beaumaris*, Oct. 10.  
 Calcraft, Fanny, *d.* of T. C. L. —, Esq., of An-caster, Lincolnshire, to the Rev. Frederick Myers, M.A., of Cambridge; Oct. 9.  
 Chaffers, Augusta, *2nd d.* of W. —, Esq., of Streatham, to Mr. J. C. Mothley, of Frith-street, Soho; *Streatham*, Oct. 3.  
 Child, Harriet Anne, *2nd d.* of Robert —, Esq., Russell-square, to the Rev. R. R. Rolfe, B.A., of Cambridge; Oct. 8.  
 Cleghorn, Ann, *y. d.* of the late George —, Esq., to John Anderson, Esq.; *Calcutta*, June 30.  
 Cleophas, M., to Mr. G. H. Roseborne; at *Cawnpore, E. I.*, March 7.  
 Cook, Charlotte, *2nd d.* of the late Gregory —, Esq., of Oxford-terrace, to Thomas Hill, Esq., of Cork; *Puddington*, Oct. 15.  
 Dafferue, Anna, *d.* of John —, Esq., of Peck-ham, to Mr. George Gibb, Stock Exchange; *Marlborough Chapel*, Old Kent-road, Oct. 1.  
 Dalignon, Fanny Theresa, *2nd d.* of the Rev. J. —, Rector of Hillborough, Norfolk, to the Rev. C. C. Bartholomew; *Hillborough*, Sep. 25.  
 Davis, Julia, *y. d.* of Samuel —, Esq., of Port-land-place, dec., to John Edwards Lyall, Esq., Park-crescent; *All Souls, St. Mary-le-bone*, Oct. 17.  
 Dawson, Mary, *2nd d.* of the late Richard —, Esq., of Liverpool, to C. P. Berkeley, of Oundle, Northamptonshire; *Liverpool*, Oct. 3.  
 Dray, Phæbe, *y. d.* of C. J. Le —, Esq., of Newman-street, to Albert Davis, Esq., of Finsbury-square; Oct. 16.  
 Du Pre, Sarah, *2nd d.* of the Rev. T. —, of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, to John Noble Clough, Esq., of Bridgenorth; *Berkhampstead*, Oct. 3.  
 Du Pre, Emily, *3rd d.* of the above, to Henry Kennedy, Esq., Eltham, Kent; *Berkhampstead*, Oct. 3.  
 Ebbart, Frances Catherine, *2nd d.* of the late Major —, to George Blogg, Esq., of Buck-lersbury; *St. Luke's, Chelsea*, Oct. 15.  
 Enoch Anne, R., *only d.* of Captain —, Welsh Fusileers, to Dr. Lewis, of the 4th (King's Own) Regiment; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, Oct. 1.  
 Farmer, Jane, *2nd d.* of Thomas —, Esq., of Gunnersbury House, Middlesex, to P. B. Hall, Esq., of Cadogan-place; *Ealing*, Oct. 3.  
 Finalas, Caroline, *3rd d.* of John —, Esq., to J. A. Lawson, Esq., M.D., R.A.; *Port Louis, Mauritius*, June 5.  
 Freeman, Elizabeth B., *2nd d.* of William —, Esq., of Norwich, to Mr. Adolphus Ackerman, of the Strand; *Norwich*, Oct. 8.  
 Gale, Margaret, *relict* of the late Mr. C. —, to Mr. J. E. Dunn; *Calcutta*, May 16.  
 Gibbs, Rebecca, *only d.* of Thomas —, Esq., to John R. Bergue, Esq., Brompton, Sep. 28.  
 Gibson, Christiana, G. T. *d.* of the late Rev. J. G. —, to the Rev. Thomas Bissland, Chaplain to Lord Bexley; *Holyburn, Haunts*, Oct. 3.  
 Giffard, Barbara, D., *d.* of the late Thomas —, Esq., of Chillington, Staffordshire, to William Lacon, Childe, Esq., Kenlet, Shropshire; *Buxton*, Sep. 26.  
 Goldsmid, Emily, *eld. d.* of A. A. —, Esq., Cavendish-square, to M. Jules Avigdor, of Nice; Oct. 7.



## Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

Smith, Margaret, 2nd d. of Wm. —, Esq., to Mr. James R. Veal, Charles street, Cavendish square; *South Mims*, Oct. 12.

Smith, Catherine, to Mr. Matheson; *Bombay*, July 8.

Ellen, Frances, 2nd. d. of the Lord Bishop of Bombay, to Sir J. W. Awdry; *Poona*, July 24.

Snell, Harriet, to Mr. J. A. Murray; *Calcutta*, July 10.

Southwell, Matilda, 3rd. d. of Viscount —, to R. M. O'Ferrall, Esq., M. P.; *Hindlip, Worcestershire*, Sept. 28.

Spence, Mary, A. L., y. d. of J. —, Esq., to Lieut. Col. Mathias; *Cuttack*, July 2.

Sutherland, Mary, to Mr. Edward Gray; *Agra*, May 15.

Sutton, Elizabeth, eld. d. of the late Rev. John —, rector of Oakley Parva, to Henry Hensman, Esq., of Pytchley; *Weekly, near Kettering*, Oct. 15.

Swift, Harriet, eld. d. of E. L. S., —, Esq., to Morgan Wm. Lloyd, Esq., Madras Army; *Cape of Good Hope*, July 12.

Taylor, Martha Caroline, d. of Capt. —, late of the R. H. G., (Blue), to James B. Birnie, Esq.; *Winkfield Church*, Oct. 5.

Vincent, Charlotte, 3rd d. of the late M. —, of Pondicherry, to Mr. W. F. Taylor; *Vepery*, May 15.

Wallace, Janet, only d. of the late W. M. —, Prince of Wales's Island, to Reginald Frederick Hall, Esq.; *St. Olave, Southwark*, Oct. 5.

Wallas, Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Wallas, Esq., of the island of Madeira, to W. Hinton, Esq., of Greenhill House, Wilts.; by Rev. S. Rarney, at *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields*, Oct. 3.

Whitehill, Jessie E., only d. of Col. —, dec. to Capt. H. C. Teasdale; *Poona*, June 1.

Wilkinson, Rosa, R., eld. d. of Charles —, Esq., of Guernsey, to George William Lenox, Esq., of Tottenham; *Guernsey*, Oct. 17.

### DEATHS.

Since the 5th of last month the following melancholy deaths have occurred amongst members of families of rank—

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.  
His Grace the Duke of Argyll.  
The Marchioness of Salisbury.  
The Earl of Kingston.  
Lord Trimleston.  
Dowager Lady Radstock.  
Viscountess Tamworth.  
Sir S. Warren.  
Sir J. T. Jones, Bart.  
Lady H. Campbell.  
Hon. W. Irby.

Alsop, Sarah, youngest daughter of J. —, Esq., Leek, Staffordshire, aged 22; *Tottenham Green*, October 14.

Arroyave, Anselmo Terry, aged 11 months, infant son of A. de Arroyave, Esq., 42 Tavistock-square; Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

Austen, Lieutenant Thomas, at sea, May 2.

Bacon, Anthony M., aged 16, son of General and Lady —, at school, October 2.

Baines, the Rev. C. J., A.M., for thirty-seven years vicar of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, October 13.

Baldwin, W. Esq., aged 84; at his seat, Stede Hill, Kent, October 9.

Barford, Lucy, relict of the late John —, Esq., of the East-India House, aged 78; at Worthing, October 16.

Bouquet, M. Pierre, aged 60, Manchester-house, Manchester-square, house-steward to General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador; Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

Bree, Robert, M.D., F.R.S., of Park Square, Regent's Park, October 6.

Brenau, John Edward, Esq., M.D., aged 36; at Callaba, July 2.

Brittan, Emma Sophia, aged 15 months; America Square, October 4.

Browne, Samuel, Esq., aged 69; at Chelsea, October 5.

Browning, Miss E., aged 33, 201, Sloane-street, Chelsea, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

Bull, Edwin, Esq., aged 32; at Aston Abbot's, near Aylesbury, September 27.

Calder, Martha, wife of F. W. G. —, Esq., second Life Guards; at Rhiw Rectory, Carnarvonshire, aged 27, October 7.

Cavendish, Henry Charles L., third son of Colonel, the Honourable M. F., after two days' illness, aged 18; at St. Leonard's, October 6.

Chamberlayne, Henrietta C. E., eldest daughter of Joseph —, Esq., aged 14; at Milford House, Hampshire, October 5.

Chichester, John, Esq., M.D., aged 74; Cheltenham, September 30.

Carveck, Marianne B., wife of Thomas —, Esq., of Wyke, Yorkshire, and Highwood-hill, Middlesex; Great Cumberland-street, October 10.

Chippendall, James, Esq., aged 50; at Calcutta, July 7.

Charrevicer, Amelia, daughter of the late Isaac — Esq., of Dominica; at Pimlico, October 11.

Clark, Robert George, Esq., at Brighton, aged 69, of Parliament Street, Westminster, October 5.

Clutton, Mrs., widow of T. —, Esq., aged 87; at Pensax-court, Worcestershire, October 3.

Coldecott, John, Esq., aged 88; Holbrook Grange, Warwickshire, October 10.

Coleman, Frederick, Esq., of Moor-end, Charlton Kings, county of Gloucester, aged 53, October 12.

Constable, Rev. Richard, aged 83, vicar of Cowfold, Sussex, October 5.

Cooper, Francis Yates, Esq.; Madras, May 27.

Couchman, Henry, aged 29; Temple Balsall, Warwickshire, October 5.

Crichlaw, Charlotte, wife of Henry —, Esq., of Barbadoes, aged 39; St. John's Wood, October 10.

Critchett, Richard, Esq., aged 86; Cheltenham, October 21.

Dixon, G. R., Esq., aged 32; Ipswich, October 7.

Forbes, Ensign J. K., aged 21; Lucknow, June 5.

Freeman, Captain John, late of the Honourable East-India Company's Service, aged 61; Wigmore-street, October 8.

Freeman, Lieutenant E. M.; Hoosengabad, June 19.

Greene, the Rev. H. J., A. M., aged 32; Lechfield, October 12.

*Court Magazine Advertising Sheet for November, 1839.*

- Gosling, the Honourable Charlotte, relict of her late William —, Esq.; Portland-place, October 16.
- Gould, Sophia, aged 44; Calcutta, May 25.
- Gray, Thomas, Esq.; Denapore, June 2.
- Glynes, Lydia H., 4th d. of the late C. W —, Esq., of America-square, to Mr. John Freeman, of St. John's Wood; *West Hackney*, Sept. 30.
- Grazebrook, Matilda, y. d. of the late Michael —, of Audnam, Staffordshire, to Richard Brettell, Esq., of Lutley, Salop; *Kingswinford*, Oct. 15.
- Gresley, Elizabeth, y. d. of Richard —, Esq., of Mereden, Warwickshire, to Alexander Clotworthy Dawson, Esq., of Carrickfergus; *Paris*, Oct. 7.
- Grimwood, Rosetta, eld. d. of Thomas —, Halkett, Admiral Sir Peter, bart., G. C.; Petterance, Fife, aged 74, October 7.
- Hall, Captain C. B.; Calcutta, May 18.
- Hancock, Rear-Admiral John Hancock, C.B.; Dover, October 12.
- Hanway, H. Esq., aged 89; 27, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, August 25.
- Harden, Mrs. Elizabeth, aged 82; Stamford-hill, October 11.
- Hartley, Louisa Cecilia, aged 36; Chandernagore.
- Heath, Sherman, fourth son of the late H. F. —, Esq., of Westoe, Durham; Pensacola, United States, aged 27, September 5.
- Henderson, Gilbert, Esq.; Thebes, June 2.
- Hill, James, Esq., of Gray's Inn, London, aged 85, October 9.
- Esq., to Mr. Richard Banks; *Woodbridge*, Oct. 3.
- Hall, Mary Ann, only d. of the late Reginald —, Esq., of Tristang Hall, Essex, to Mr. William Lucas, of Battles-bridge; *Buttsbury*, Oct. 3.
- Heath, Elizabeth, 5th d. of the late A —, Esq., of Camberwell; New-road, to Mr. John Dickson, of Kennington; *Camberwell*, Oct. 1.
- Heath, Fanny J., 2nd d. of Charles —, Esq., to Edward Corbould, Esq., of Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square; *St. Pancras*, Sept. 28.
- Honderson, Margaret, eld. d. of James —, Esq., late Consul-general for Colombia, to Captain George Crossdaile; *Mary-le-bone Church*, Oct. 5.
- Hodges, Frances Mary, eld. d. of William —, Esq., to James, Butler, Esq.; *Chelsea*, Oct. 19.
- Hopewell, Mary, F., eld. d. of B. T. —, Esq., Surgeon, of George-street, Portman-square, dec., to J. B. Armour, Esq.; *Unitarian Chapel, Little Portland-street*, Oct. 19.
- Hore, Elizabeth, y. d. of Edward —, Esq., of Chaldon-Court; *Chaldon*, Oct. 1.
- Jackson, Mary, only d. of John —, Esq., Lancaster, to the Rev. George Kannard, of Clapham-common; *Hawkeshead*, Sept. 26.
- Jesse, Matilda F., d. of E. —, Esq., of Hampton Court, to William Houstown, Esq., late Captain 10th Hussars; *English Embassy, Paris* Oct. 1.
- Jones, Caroline, d. of the late Albert —, Esq., of Champion-hill, Surrey, to Philip Lawrence, Esq., of Hornsey; *Christ Church, Mary-le-bone*, Oct. 19.
- Kempthorne, Charlotte, 3rd d. of James —, Esq., of Bedmin, to Captain H. H. Watts, 26th Madras Infantry; *Bedmin*, Sept. 24.
- Knight, Elizabeth Watson, only child of Mr. E. —, Lambeth, to Mr. G. B. Thorpe, Surgeon, Dronfield, Derbyshire; *St. George's, Bloomsbury*, Oct. 10.
- Lakin, Emma, 3rd d. of the late F. —, Esq., of Putney, to J. H. Davies, Esq., of Sunning-hill; *Humburgh*, Sept. 24.
- Lanc, Eliza, eld. d. of Charles —, Esq., to the Rev. Wm., Watson; M. A. *Loughton, Essex*, Oct. 1.
- Langley, Fanny, 2nd d. of W. —, Esq., of Deptford, to W. Bennett, Esq., of Brixton; *Brighton*, Oct. 14.
- Lippingwell, Emma A., y. d. of K. —, Esq., to John James Ridge, Surgeon; *Croydon*, Oct. 1.
- Mansell, Marianne, eld. d. of the late Rev. H. L. —, Rector of Cosgrove, Northamptonshire, to the Rev. George Weight, B.A., of Oxford; *St. Mary's, Newington*, Oct. 15.
- Maitland, Grace, 3rd d. of the late John —, Esq., of Eccles, Dumfries, to the Vicomte de Chabannes; *Upper Chelsea*, Oct. 5.
- Mead, Anne, eld. d. of the Rev. C. —, to the Rev. A. F. Caemerrer; *Neyoor*, May 27.
- Margetta, Eliza, eld. d. of George —, Esq., to the Rev. W. B. Killock; *Hilton, Huntingdonshire*, Oct. 9.
- Marzetti, Lucy Matilda, 2nd d. of J. F. —, Esq., of Cawood, Van Dieman's Land, to George John Marzetti; *Cawood*, May 9.
- Monteagle, the Honourable Theodosia Alice, d. of Lord and Lady —, to Henry Taylor, Esq.; *St. Leonard's*, Oct. 17.
- Morgan, Mary, 3rd d. of Mr. W. —, Finsbury-place, to Jabez Vines, jun., Esq., of Reading; *St. Bride's*, Oct. 7.
- Nash, Patience, d. of Charles —, Esq., of Pentonville, to Palgrave Simpson, Esq., of Guilford-street; *St. Mark's, Clerkenwell*, Oct. 16.
- Nicholson, Charlotte Sarah, only child of Capt. —, to Le Comte D'Argeavel; *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, Oct. 12.
- Okes, P. H., d. of the Rev. —, to H. G. Caithness, Esq.; *Wynbery*, June 4.
- Owen, Cornelia, d. of Capt. —, to Lieut. J. J. Robinson, R. N.; *Campobello, New Brunswick*, July 9.
- Oxtoby, Emma, 3rd d. of the late John —, Esq., of Mitcham, to Richard Window, Esq., of Pingest House, Henley-on-Thames; *Trinity Church, Islington*, Oct. 1.
- Noble, Caroline, 3rd d. of J. H. —, Esq., to Geo. Warre, Esq.; *Oporto*, Sept. 25.
- Palmer, Anastatia, 2nd d. of the late John —, Esq., of Stamford-rivers, Essex, to Mr. Edmonds, of Paternoster-row; *St. Faith's*, Oct. 19.
- Parker, Eleanor, y. d. of the late Alexander —, Esq., of Great Warley Hall, Essex, to Henry Rose Altorp, Esq., of Islington; *St. John's, Hackney*, Oct. 2.
- Phillips, Mary, only d. of the late Mr. John —, of Eynsford, Kent, to E. J. Ryan, Esq., surgeon, of Farningham; *Keston*.
- Philpot, Jane, y. d. of the late R. —, Esq., of Chichester, to the Rev. G. Maddison, M. A., of Cambridge; *Brighton*, Oct. 12.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Court Magazine.

- Hollingsworth, the Rev. N. J., M.A., of Boldon Rectory, Durham, October 3.  
 Hunter, Dr. C. S. W. F.; Bellary, May 10.  
 Isacke, Hiza; Cannamore, May 28.  
 Jamson, Charles (surgeon); Hyderabad, June 30.  
 Johnson, Mrs. Mary, aged 38; Calcutta, May 25.  
 Jones, Sir T. J. T., bart., aged 46; at his seat, Stanley Hall, Shropshire, October 5.  
 Kamborseen, the Rajah; at hell state, and having left no heir, his property reverts to the East India Company.  
 Keir, Miss Isabella; Toronto, August 9.  
 Kelly, Captain F., formerly of the 96th regiment; Rathmines, near Dublin, October 7.  
 Maclean, Malcolm, Esq., aged 30; Calcutta, May 16.  
 Maiden, Mary Caroline, aged 71, wife of William —; Stratford-green, October 12.  
 Marshall, Mrs. Lacy, late of 181 High Holborn, aged 80; Islington, October 10.  
 Mee, Ensign J. E.; Delhi, June 10.  
 Millet, Lieutenant Nicholas, drowned at sea, April 17.  
 Montagu, Lieutenant, from the bite of a snake; Callaboh, June 21.  
 Morley, William, jun., Esq., Captain Artillery Honourable East India Company; Bombay, in June last.  
 Nicholl, Richard, Esq., Greenhill-grove, Herts, aged 73; Brighton, October 22.  
 Owen, Henry, late of the Honourable East India Company's service; Reading, aged 51, October 13.  
 Peterson, Caroline, to Mr. Wm. Hickey; *Mee-rut, E. I.*, May 9.  
 Pincke, Mary, relict of A. —, Esq., aged 100; Sharstead House, Kent, October 9.  
 Prescott, Colonel Thomas, aged 80; Lausaune, September 20.  
 Prescott, Lieutenant Richard, aged 31; Arcot, July 11.  
 Phillips, Mr. Harry, of New Broad-street, London, aged 73; Worthing, October 3.  
 Prosser, the Rev. Dr. R., aged 92; Belmont, near Hereford, October 8.  
 Radstock, Dowager Lady, widow of the late Admiral Lord —; Park-street, October 10.  
 Robinson, the Honourable Alexander; Dominica, aged 54, September 4.  
 Robinson, Suhana, relict of the late M. —, Esq., Bedford-place, Russell-square; Bowness, September 30.  
 Rajah, the ex of Ladah; Delhi, June 4.  
 Reade, Hester Elizabeth, d. of Wm. —, Esq., to Thomas F. Cook, Esq., A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge; *Cheltenham*; Oct. 3.  
 Ridley, Louisa Mary, *eld. d.* of G. N. —, Esq., to Lieut. Col. the Baron de Rottenburg; *Belville, Upper Canada*, July 1.  
 Rose Anna T., *eld. d.* of P. R., —, Esq., of Banff, to Capt. Amsinck; *Secunderabad*, May 21.  
 Rood, Roger, Esq., aged 71, 4, Clarence Place, Pentonville, Oct, 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Russell, Charlotte Leonora, *eld. d.* of Lieut. Col. —, of the Madras Cavalry, deceased, to the Rev. Richard Croft, *y. s.* of the late Sir R. —; *St. Marylebone Church*, Oct. 15.  
 Ryder, Alicia, widow of the late Rev. —, to the Rev. Robert Beauchamp, B. A.; *St. James's, Westminster*, Sept. 28.  
 Short, Sarah, 2nd d. of J. J. —, Esq., of Wandsworth, to Wm. Cook, Jun., Esq., of King street, Regent-street; *Kennington*, Oct. 3.  
 Simon, Sarah, 2nd d. of the late V. —, Esq., to Lieut. Turnbull; *Bhoog, E. I.*, June 27.  
 Shellott, Captain W. J., aged 38; Calcutta, May 23.  
 Saltwell, Mary, widow of George — Esq., aged 78; Fitzroy-square, October 14.  
 Scholey, George, Esq., aged 82; Clapham-common, October 4; thirty-four years alderman of the ward of Dowgate.  
 Sheppard, Mr. W. aged 21; Calcutta, June 30.  
 Short, Laura, daughter of the late William —, D.D., aged 39; Isle of Wight, October 4.  
 Singh, his Highness M. I., the ruler of the Punjab, aged 60. His body was consumed on a pile made of sandal wood, along with four of his ranees and seven slave girls, at Lahore, June 27.  
 Skinner, Rev. John; the Rectory, Camerton, near Bath; for many years rector of the above place.  
 Smith, Captain Isaac, aged 35; Calcutta, May 19.  
 Snoxell, Maria, wife of E. —, Esq., Watford, Herts, aged 63; Windsor, October 10.  
 Story, Elizabeth, relict of the late Captain —, 20th regiment of foot; Weymouth, October 6.  
 Sukias, Gaspar, Esq., aged 48; at Pnnkabaree, June 8.  
 Thompson, Hannah, wife of Douglas —, Esq., Chiswick, Middlesex, aged 51; Coleford, October 1.  
 Thomas, Elizabeth, wife of S. —, Esq., Ordinance, aged 52; Tower, October 6.  
 Thomas, Mrs.; Madras, May 26.  
 Vernon, S. M., wife of the Rev. B. J., Petersfield, Hants; Lancaster-place, Waterloo-bridge, October 14; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Walker, Frances, wife of Captain W. H. —; East India service, aged 28; Brompton-square, October 23.  
 White, Mr. Robert, aged 37; Calcutta, May 25.  
 Whitmore, Louisa, youngest daughter of T.C. —, Esq., M.P., October 11.  
 Wimbridge, Sara Jane, wife of John —, Esq., at Manchester-square, October 9.  
 Wood, Mr. T., 1, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, aged 50, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Wright, Mrs. Theophilus aged 45 years, 13, Wharton-street, Bagnigge Wells-road, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

### SCALE OF CHARGES FOR EACH INSERTION.

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# THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM



## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

### MEMOIR OF JOANNA PRINCESS OF WALES,

WIFE TO EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE ;  
WITH PARTICULARS OF THE YOUTH OF HER SON  
(afterwards) RICHARD II.,

*Illustrated by whole length portraits splendidly coloured from illuminated miniatures in a  
Psalter formerly belonging to that monarch (probably presented to him by his mother)  
and now in the library of the British Museum.*

#### CHAPTER I.

JOANNA, Princess of Wales, Countess of Kent in her own right, and, from her extraordinary personal beauty surnamed *the Fair Maid of Kent*, though a conspicuous personage in our history through marriage with her cousin the renowned Black Prince—that “gentlest of heroes and noblest of conquerors”—has, however, among the best historians, been the subject of more than one popular error. Her biography is, therefore, a desideratum to those who wish to form clear ideas upon the manners, customs, and chief incidents of that busy and important epoch.

Lofty lineage, chivalrous valour, wealth  
H—DECEMBER, 1839.

and prosperity, with all the adventitious gifts of beauty which so eminently distinguished this illustrious pair, it might well be imagined would have conduced to irradiate each page of Joanna's life with the most brilliant and happy records ; but, alas ! the sunniest of human destinies is at intervals clouded by veiling shadows.

This princess of the proud race of Plantagenet, was grand-daughter to Edward I., of glorious memory, and niece to Edward II. ; there likewise flowed in her veins the French blood royal of St. Louis, by the second queen of Edward I., the Princess Margueritte of France, her grandmother.

Her father, Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth and youngest son of King Edward I. induced by treachery to aid Isabella, queen to Edward II., in dethroning his king and brother, had been appointed guardian to the minor king, Edward III. But when the Earl of Kent saw the infamous proceedings of his sister-in-law with her lover Mortimer, and report declared that Edward II. had been put to a cruel death by this vicious pair, seized with remorse, he looked upon himself as accessory to the murder of his brother, and was prompted by compunction to ascertain, if possible, the particulars of Edward the Second's death, which line of conduct by no means suited the purposes of the queen and her favourite. In order, therefore, to carry on their sinister projects, without molestation, they raised rumours that Edward II. was not really dead but kept in close confinement. The Earl, cheered by an intelligence he was but too anxious to believe, resolved, if his royal brother were alive, to restore him to his throne: but in the state of doubt and remorse in which his mind was plunged, the Earl of Kent determined to have recourse to what he considered infallible means of ascertaining whether Edward II. were alive or dead. Accordingly he consulted a magician, and the juggling oracle declared the king to be alive, and, indeed, placed before him an enchanted mirror in which he was made apparently to see the lost king, who was sitting in a melancholy and abstracted posture. This sight so excited the feelings of the Earl of Kent that he made a vow that he would set the injured monarch free; and thereupon imprudently raising his standard in the name of Edward II. he fell into the snare prepared for him. Taken prisoner he was tried at Woodstock by Mortimer and Isabella for rebellion against Edward III., his nephew,—condemned by their satellites to the block—and hurried to Winchester for execution. The axe had never before fallen on the brother of an English king, and the hearts of the people were all in favour of the victim though the expression of their feelings was restrained by the soldiery. Even that important, though humble functionary of the law, the executioner, hastily quitted his post, nor could any one be found stout enough of heart to

fulfil the bloody office. In this sad state of suspense the prince awaited four hours on the scaffold the momentary sealing of his final doom, and it was not until sunset that the head of this unfortunate scion of royalty was literally hacked off by a man who being under sentence of death and offered a free pardon had been prevailed upon by Mortimer to execute the horrible task.

Thus were left the youthful Joanna and two brothers, suddenly, fatherless.

That domestic tragedy took place in the spring of the year 1330, and as the general date of her birth is given in the year 1328, the subject of this memoir could not then have been much more than a year old, as she was thirty-three years of age when she was married to the Black Prince. From the period of her father's death she resided with her mother. That tragical deed was the climax of the wickedness of the queen mother and her paramour: the young king (Edward III.) and his people saw with indignation the hands of Isabella and Mortimer stained with the blood of two sons of Edward I., and, sanctioning the bold attempt of the brave Sir William Montacute, Mortimer was seized at Nottingham Castle, in company with the infamous Queen: the former was speedily suspended from a gallows at Tyburn, and the latter imprisoned during the long period of three and twenty years.

Joanna had, in childhood been affianced to Thomas, afterwards Lord Holand, then only a mere youth, and being committed to the care of the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, whilst Holand served with the army abroad, the guardians—or most probably the Countess—either not considering such betrothal a serious engagement, or from interested motives seeking to bring about an alliance with their own family, caused a contract of marriage to be drawn up between *the Fair Maid* and the heir of the house of Montague. On her attaining to womanhood, however, Sir Thomas Holand urging his claim to her hand, the matter was brought before the papal chair. After protracted investigations, Clement VI. decided in favour of Holand: the second contract was accordingly annulled, and Joanna was united to the suitor to whom she had been first affianced, and for whom she

formed a strong and lasting affection. Her brother John Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, shortly after this marriage dying without issue, Joanna became Countess of Kent in her own right, and the decease of her husband occurring during the subsequent year, the lovely widow remained the wealthiest lady within the realm.

The only historian who mentions the date of Joanna's first marriage declares she had arrived at the age of twenty-five before she gave her hand to "Sir Thomas Holand, one of Edward the Third's most renowned knights." The reason of her continuing in the maiden state so much longer than was usual in the fourteenth century was probably the passion with which she had inspired the heir to the English throne, the gallant Black Prince. But the nearness of their relationship, and some dislike taken to her character and conduct by Queen Philippa, most probably prevented the union of the lovers; for it could hardly, indeed, have been on account of disparity of age, as many historians assert that Joanna was then only by two years the elder of the two.

Several historians, following Walsingham, a writer well known to have been favourable to the criminal ambition of the aspiring house of Lancaster—have not scrupled to asperse the *Fair* Joanna's reputation by implying that her friends were glad to marry her, no matter to whom—Sir Thomas Holand belonging to a family of no great distinction, and, excepting his personal merit, scarcely to be considered a fitting mate for a daughter of Plantagenet. Notwithstanding her important conquest of that handsome prince, no doubt can exist but that Holand was the object of her preference:—probably her ambition, contending with her love, kept her so long single. The many amiable qualities universally accorded to her, together with her favour and influence with the people, (she having on one occasion passed through a multitude of them in open rebellion without any molestation) present, however, a direct contradiction to her memory being entitled to such obloquy.

At the christening of her eldest son, the Black Prince himself stood godfather, holding him in his arms at the baptismal font; he, therefore, could scarcely have

looked forward to a marriage with her, since this very circumstance, as will be presently seen, placed a third barrier against any future union: yet, notwithstanding, the Prince gave himself up to a hopeless passion, and though he approached his thirtieth year and many princesses were proposed to him, (which long period for a royal celibacy was very uncommon in those days,) yet he refused to enter into matrimonial bonds, affirming that his heart was given where he could not marry.

On the death of Joanna's mother, in the twenty-third year of Edward III., the barony of Wake and Liddel devolved to her.

After having on account of his valour been made one of the knights of the Garter, her husband, Sir Thomas Holand, died in 1360, from fatigues undergone in the French campaign. Prince Edward, still a bachelor, and unalterably attached to his beautiful cousin, had just won the famous battle of Poitiers, and as he was equally adored by the English people and by his royal parents, and positively refused to give his hand to any other person, his wishes were opposed no longer, and the King and Queen gave consent to the union of the heir presumptive to the crown with the lovely dowager countess.

Accordingly, so soon as her year of widowhood expired, the hands of Joanna, the *Fair* and her valiant cousin, were joined in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 10th of October, 1361, in the presence of Queen Philippa his mother, his aunt the Queen of Scots, and most of the nobility then in England, besides a vast concourse of common people.

These particulars may be gathered from the dispensation for their marriage, in which there were several knotty points to be set right by the church. Being related in the third degree of consanguinity, 'the parties were too nearly allied,'—Joanna's father being Edward's great uncle, and the church was not then corrupt enough to grant dispensations, without great difficulty (which law modern philosophers allow to have been founded in deep wisdom), forbidding second cousins to marry; now Joanna was a degree nearer than a second cousin. The next difficulty was an absurd rela-

tionship considered by the church as near "as brother and sister," arising from Edward's sponsorship to Joanna's eldest son, "he held him," says the dispensation, "at the baptismal font;" and lastly 'Joanna's former pre-contract with the Earl of Salisbury,' though that nobleman was dead,—as if that union had not been skilfully dissolved by the divorce.

After Edward and Joanna were united, the prince could have set himself free again had he so pleased, but his whole study was to retain the object of his long cherished affections, and this he obtained by singular pertinacity of purpose. Edward perpetually urged the pope, until at length, a bull, strong and mighty enough to overcome all ecclesiastical demurrers regarding the legality of the marriage, was sent to England.

The Princess of Wales had no family for two or three years, and if we are to believe the words of Henry of Bolingbroke—the ungracious nephew of the Black Prince who threw out many scandals on the memory of his aunt to suit his own ambitious views on the English throne—her husband was jealous of her conduct. The object of these scandals, however, being clearly known, rendered them innocuous.

Soon after the marriage of Joanna with Prince Edward, the king appointed his eldest son Duke of Aquitaine. He did not, however, take immediate possession of his foreign territories, a year being occupied in making preparations for the departure of his family and court, during an interval of which, with his princess, he accompanied his royal father on a long and splendid hunting excursion—a favourite relaxation from the cares of state in those eventful days. In this sporting progress the king was attended by all the members of his own family, most of the high nobles of the land and the French barons left hostages for the ransom of the King of France, who were treated with all that chivalrous generosity, kindness and good feeling which honourable captivity merited at the hand of the victorious monarch. The sylvan fastnesses of Nottinghamshire, Northamptonshire, and Shropshire, were penetrated by the royal and noble hunters, and merry Sherwood once more resounded with the cheer fulnotes of the horn, and the tongues of the "loud-mouthed pack."

The expense lavished upon this diversion made it worthy to be ranked with the costly tournaments and other pageants of those days, and it was succeeded by a round of festivities held at the abode of the Black Prince, at Berkhamstead. There the gallant son and royal father conferred together for the last time previous to the departure of the former for his new duchy of Aquitaine, for which shortly after he set sail accompanied by his lovely consort and a brilliant retinue of knights and gentlemen. Some particulars of their departure may be gathered from Froissart. "I was then in England, in the service of my lady Queen Philippa, and being clerk of her chamber (private secretary), I, John Froissart, author of these chronicles, will here say what, in my younger days, I heard at Berkhamstead, distant from London thirty miles, which at the time I am speaking of belonged to the Prince of Wales, father to King Richard. In the year of our Lord, 1361, as the Prince and Princess of Wales were about to leave England for Aquitaine, to hold there their state, the King of England, Queen Philippa my mistress, the Dukes of Clarence and Lancaster, the Lord Edmund and their children, came to this mansion to take leave of the Prince. During this visit, as I was seated on a bench, I heard the following conversation, from a knight with some ladies to the queen. He told them there was a book in England containing the prophecies of Merlin, called the 'Book of Brute;' according to its contents neither the Prince of Wales nor Duke of Clarence would ever wear the crown of England, but it would fall to the house of Lancaster." When the knight said this, Henry of Bolingbroke was not born. This prophecy I have lived to see verified, for Henry son of the Duke of Lancaster has become King of England."

When the royal pair arrived at Rochelle, the governor of Guienne, the gallant Sir John Chandos, received the Prince and Princess of Wales with great rejoicings. They made progress from city to city, and at Poitiers received the homage of the knights and barons of Poitou and Saintonge. They arrived at last at Bourdeaux and there they held their court in great grandeur.

The eldest son of Joanna was born in

1364, at Angouleme, where, says Froissart, "there were grand entertainments and jousts with forty knights and as many squires, in honour of the Princess who had lately been brought to bed of a handsome son called 'Edward' after his father."

The unfortunate expedition of her lord to Spain in aid of the monster, Pedro the Cruel, took place in the year 1367, and although he proved victorious at the battle of Najara, this false step laid the foundation of his subsequent change of fortune. Previous to his departure, when near her accouchment of their second child, his royal consort became extremely unhappy, predicting ill of the departure of her lord. At length, on Twelfth day 1367, the Princess of Wales was brought to bed of another prince, who from the place of his birth, was called 'Richard of Bourdeaux,' afterwards King of England.

"Time," says the chronicler, "passed away quickly while the prince was collecting stores and waiting the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster, and the princess was brought to bed of a fine boy, through God's grace, on a Wednesday, the Feast of Epiphany, in the year 1367, at eight in the morning. The prince and his household were very much rejoiced at the event. On the following Friday the babe was baptised, about noon, at the holy font of St. Andrew's church in the city of Bourdeaux. The archbishop performed the ceremony, the bishop of Agin and the King of Majorca were the god-fathers. They gave him the name of 'Richard,' he was afterwards King of England, as you shall hear.

"I was sitting at dinner," pursues Froissart, "in the city of Bourdeaux; when King Richard was born, it was on a Wednesday, and just ten o'clock (*early dinner hour indeed!*) At that hour Sir Richard de Pontchardon came in and said to me—

"Froissart! write that it may be remembered that my lady-princess is brought to bed of a fair son, who is born on a Twelfth Day, the Feast of Kings, the son of a king's son, and shall be king himself."

We must remember, for the honour of the prophetic skill of the brave Sir Richard, that the babe's elder brother was a healthy and promising boy.

"The gallant knight foretold the truth,"  
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adds our chronicle, for the young prince was King of England twenty-two years."

We cannot follow the sable warrior in his fruitless expedition to Spain, and will only notice that there was a double cause for anxiety, in the mind of the princess, since her son, Thomas Holland, was to win his first spurs under the auspices of his glorious father-in-law; this young soldier received knighthood at the hand of the Black Prince, at the battle of Najara. The Black Prince was never in health after his campaign in Spain, the hardships and anxiety he suffered from the ingratitude of Pedro had thoroughly undermined his constitution.

The Princess of Wales particularly prided herself on her skill in mediation with regard to the remission of ransoms. Through her interference many conquerors forgave heavy sums which they demanded for the liberation of their captives. This species of benevolence made the Princess very popular with the unfortunate prisoners, but the victors dreaded conversing with her, as may be found by the following anecdote.

She went on progress with the Black Prince and his splendid court to Tarbes, which is situated near Pau, the capital of the Prince of Berne—Gaston de Foix. The Count d'Armagnac was in the neighbourhood, and he owed a ransom of 250,000 francs to Gaston. After visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales at Tarbes, till he considered himself greatly in their favour, he endeavoured to procure the intercession of the princess with Gaston de Foix, in order to have his ransom abated. But the Prince of Wales had a fellow feeling for conquerors who suffered their prisoners to depart on parole with their ransoms unpaid, and made this answer:—

"Count, you were made prisoner by fair deeds of arms, in open battle; you put our cousin the Count de Foix to much trouble in person and the hazard of the fight. Neither my father nor myself would have thanked any one to have asked us to have given back what we honourably and fortunately won at Poitiers, for the which we return thanks to the Lord God."

Not daunted with this repulse, d'Armagnac applied to the Princess of Wales, who readily undertook the office, and as



soon as convenient entreated the Count de Foix to grant her a boon.

"Madam," replied the Count de Foix, "I am but a small gentleman and a very insignificant bachelor (*he was an exceedingly powerful and rich prince and a daring libertine*), therefore I cannot make large gifts, but, if the boon you crave be not more than sixty thousand crowns, I grant it."

Most desirous was the princess to get him to remit the whole, but the wary count guessed what she was after, suspecting the boon was something connected with the ransom of Armagnac. He therefore answered to all her persuasions,—“My lady princess, for a poor knight like me, who am building towns and castles, a gift of sixty thousand crowns is enough to offer you.”

When she found she could not get the promise of any more, she said,

“Count de Foix! it is the ransom of Armagnac I want you to forgive.”

Nevertheless the Count de Foix refused to deduct more than the sixty thousand he had named, and thus the affair ended.

Joanna seems to have been the close attendant of her princely lord during his wars in Aquitaine; she was with him in Angouleme when the Dukes of Berry and Anjou threatened to besiege him.

“The prince,” says Froissart, “who was valour’s self, replied that his enemies should never find him shut up in town or castle, but that he would march and take the field against them. He therefore soon left Angouleme attended by the princess and his infant son Richard.”

Exhausted by impaired health, which was aggravated by the defection of numbers of his hereditary subjects of Aquitaine, the prince, in an unaccountable fit of madness and cruelty, caused the massacre of the citizens of Limoges, thereby casting an indelible blot upon his hitherto stainless character. Moreover, his father, the king, by public proclamation condemned him for unwarrantable acts of oppression, so that, indeed, from the moment when he espoused the cause of Pedro the Cruel in that fatal Spanish expedition, and thereupon departed from the even tenor of his ways, his own fortunes were changed, and nothing went well with him.

It was at this time of misfortune and trouble, that Edward, the eldest son of the Black Prince and Joanna, died in the city of Bordeaux, to the great grief of both his parents. The Prince of Wales had been advised by his surgeon and physicians to depart for England, in the hope of gaining his lost health. Ere he quitted Aquitaine, whilst the ships for his service were in Bordeaux harbour, in the river Garonne, upon his arrival with his princess, and Richard his only surviving and youthful son, he besought his barons of Guienne to serve and obey his brother, the Duke of Lancaster, since, in the hope of recovering his health, he was about to visit England.

The Barons of Guienne, Gascony, Poitou, and Saint Tonge, assented to his request, and swore fealty, and they severally kissed him on the mouth.

The prince tarried not in Bordeaux but embarked with the princess and his son, and arrived without adventure or accident at Southampton. The whole party proceeded forthwith, by the nearest route to Windsor, on horseback, except the prince who was carried thither in a litter. Arrived at the castle, the king received his children very kindly, making also many enquiries respecting the state of Guienne. After the prince had staid some time with his father he retired to his manor of Berkhamstead, twenty miles from London.

The Black Prince had, as Froissart states, nearly recovered his health in the year 1372. In the same year Edward undertook an expedition to Aquitaine which terminated very unsuccessfully. Before his departure it was settled that the young Prince Richard, born at Bordeaux, should be acknowledged heir to the English crown. When, therefore, all the nobles were assembled about the king, the Black Prince caused them to acknowledge that in case of his own death occurring before his father’s, his son, on the decease of Edward III., his grandsire, was to succeed as king of England. This request was cheerfully assented to by the earls, barons, and commonalty of the country, so greatly were they attached, for the prince’s gallantry at home and abroad: it was ratified first in the person of the king, then by the several members of the

royal family, and afterwards by the lords of England.

The Black Prince now gradually declining from complicated disease, was no longer able to visit Guienne or his French provinces, but once again presenting his son Richard to the people of England in full parliament, resigned himself as a victim to the cruel malady then gaining rapidly on him and which terminated his existence in the forty-sixth year of his age.

"In this year," (1376) says Froissart, "on Trinity Sunday, that flower of English knighthood, the Lord Edward of England, Prince of Wales, and of Aquitaine, departed this life in the palace of Westminster, near London. His body was embalmed, placed in a leaden coffin, and kept until the ensuing Michaelmas, that he might be attended to the grave with greater pomp and magnificence, when the parliaments were assembled in London." He was buried in the cathedral of Canterbury, where his tomb, effigy, and armour, are still to be seen.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### Youthful days of Richard II.

It was at the feast of Michaelmas when the remains of the lamented Black Prince were conveyed to Canterbury, attended by the whole body of the parliament which thought itself honoured in following the hearse, so that the prince's funeral might in every respect be conducted in a manner suitable to his great merit and his exalted birth.

No sooner, indeed, was the mournful ceremony over than the king of England caused the young Prince Richard to be acknowledged by all his family and the lords of England assembled, as his successor to the crown, and he made them solemnly swear to observe the same; and on the Christmas day following, he seated him next to himself above even Edmund of Cambridge and Lord Thomas, his sons, that it might be seen he meant him to be king of England after his death. The king himself very shortly after this occurrence died at Sheene, in Surrey.

Froissart records that the King of France and his princes solemnized the obsequies of both Edward III. and his son with the greatest respect at Paris,

for in the estimation of men in those days, they had pursued a valiant course, and their names would be for ever remembered among heroes.

It was at this same palace of Sheene that the widowed Joanna passed her time, for the sons and daughters she had had by Holand had severally married and entered into life as early as was usual at that epoch.

And now to speak of her family by her former marriage.

Her eldest daughter, Joanna, was espoused to John the Valiant, Duke of Brittany, and her youngest daughter, Maud the Fair, was married to Waleran Count St. Pol, one of the petty sovereigns of the Low Countries. Her sons were brave, but of a violent, brutal, and unprincipled character: proud of their close relationship with the infant sovereign of England, they were indefatigable in their efforts to fill his young head with vicious ideas of his own power as an English king, which they meant to abuse as soon as it came into his hands. In these foolish designs Joanna took her share of participation; never renowned for wisdom, of all mothers she was the least qualified to train a young monarch. Her own indulgence of Richard II. was indeed noxious enough, but when seconded by the lawless example of a ruthless ruffian like John Holand, just nine years older than the king, it will readily be acknowledged that the son of the Black Prince had not the slightest chance of being trained to follow the steps of his warlike sire. The natural qualities of the unfortunate Richard must, indeed, have been extremely good to have been assailed by such systematic corruption without exhibiting far more serious consequences. But not only had Joanna and her elder children misled the royal boy, all classes of men then indulged in that round of pernicious indulgence. The son of the Black Prince, exceedingly lovely in person, was the idol of that adulating popularity which so easily besets, and as speedily undermines a royal and youthful heart—that destructive favour which large communities so freely and so slavishly bestow, and as capriciously withdraw from their idols. When the king (then about eleven years of age) entered the metropolis, the lord mayor and citizens presented themselves

at a certain pageant with a gold goblet full of nobles and what the chroniclers call "a pair of dice," and they requested the Princess of Wales to permit the young king to try a cast of luck with them. Had Joanna been blessed with a grain of common sense she would as soon have permitted them to have given the boy a dose of poison: but there was still greater mischief lurking under this unworthy shew. When the dice were thrown they were loaded, so that the young king won the whole of the gold which was in the goblet. Yet these very people, in after life, blamed him for his propensity for gaming. These were new-fashioned follies; for the English princes of the preceding century had been educated under the strict rod of discipline; the difference between the characters of the Black Prince and his son was precisely the difference in the good sense of their mothers.

Before adverting to the popular insurrection which darkened the commencement of Richard the Second's reign, it will be necessary for the better understanding of its nature as well as of the actual condition, social and political, of the working classes of the English people during the latter portion of the fourteenth century, to glance cursorily at their gradual progress from their confirmed serfdom, or feudal slavery in the eleventh century to their struggle to emancipate themselves from the oppressive thralldom of Richard's profligate and exacting nobles. An intelligent French statistician, now resident in London, has taken the following brief but lucid glance at the social condition of the English commonalty during the earlier reigns of the middle ages:—

"The populace of London," says our author, (whose pages we have elsewhere quoted) "was formed of diverse and numerous elements; and it will be necessary to recount to the formation of the city to obtain a clear analytical recognition of them. Under the Roman and Saxon domination, the mass of the population were slaves. Until after the conquest of England by the Normans, London had its slave markets;—these Christianity had the glory of abolishing. A bull, emanating from Rome, commenced that emancipation; but, in 1402, at the great council held at Westminster, it was declared contrary to the laws of humanity and religion to vend slaves openly in the market-places. Slavery, nevertheless, did not cease, for, long subsequent to that epoch, the men and

animals living upon a domain, were considered a part of such property.

"The food allotted to slaves was that left from the repasts of their masters, but the hinds or labourers fed solely on fish, salted herrings, ate with a small portion of bread made from barley, oats, rye, and sometimes acorns.

"The wars of Edward III. tended greatly to the emancipation of the serfs, for that monarch was obliged to enfranchise great numbers of his villeins in order to recruit his army. The black plague of 1348, which caused sad ravages, proved a blessing for those villeins who survived that scourge; one half the population had succumbed under it, hands were wanting for tillage, the labourers demanded double wages, and that exigence gave rise to the statute concerning labourers; a statute which, in some sort, recognized their independence, by fixing the rate at which they might hire themselves. From that date a tacit contract was established between the masters who employed, and the labourers and villeins who were hired.

"The parliament, meanwhile, took especial care not to grant them too much liberty; the villeins and servitors might not change masters, and they found themselves fettered, by the law, to the soil. These measures, although incomplete for their enfranchisement, indicated, however, that a great portion of the labourers and villeins had escaped from the bondage of their feudal lords.

"During the fourteenth century, a great portion of the serfs emancipated themselves. All the great manufacturing towns possessed privileges which favoured such emancipation. Thus, London presented a vast asylum, and so soon as a slave who had fled from his master's dwelling could succeed in escaping from his search and prove that he had been resident in the city during a year and a day, he was by law enfranchised.

"The insurrection of Wat Tyler, concerning the character of which historians have widely differed, shows us what force that floating population had already acquired—bound as it was to no master either in London or its environs. The state of these villeins was deplorable, and the law heaped upon them imposts so unjust and intolerable, that an occasion was alone wanting to cause a revolt. By the Poll-tax granted by Parliament in the year 1380, of four-pence (some say one shilling) per head upon persons above fifteen years of age, the artisans who had neither land nor other property, were required to pay a tax equal to that levied upon the rich. To this injustice, the collectors of the imposts added insolence and brutality.

"Wat, the Tyler, dwelt in the neighbourhood of London, he had a daughter who had not yet attained the age which rendered her liable to the impost. A collector presented himself to demand the tax, not only for Wat,

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but for his daughter whom he asserted was of the age specified by the law; the father protested that his daughter had not yet attained puberty: the collector carried his insolence so far as that he would have forcibly assured himself of the presumed age of the young maiden. Wat, incensed by such brutal conduct, dashed out the collector's brains upon the spot, and quickly summoned all his fellow-villeins to aid him in his defence against this sample of his and their oppressors. A hundred thousand men responded to his appeal, but, by their acts of destruction and barbarity, they fatally sullied the cause of Wat.

"What he originally demanded, however, every man (continues our author) at the present day would demand. Wat Tyler required first the abolition of slavery, freedom of commerce in market-towns, without taxes or imposts, and that the king's tax should be laid upon the soil and not upon the villeins. To these demands, which appeared revolting to the government at that epoch, Wat Tyler and his followers added others as unjust as they were extravagant. This great commotion of the populace menaced the very centre of London.

"The courage of Richard II. and that of the Lord Mayor alone saved the city from the greatest peril which had ever menaced it."

Joanna promoted, in a small degree, the reformation in England; she had been a Wickliffite converted by her brother-in-law John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, to whom she was very partial. This inclination did not, however, prevent her from seeking the shrines of popular saints, since we find she was returning from a pilgrimage at Canterbury when the insurgent populace, under Wat Tyler, took her prisoner; but as the young king, her son, was very popular, and the whole rage of the mob was directed against the regency, the insurgents permitted the Princess of Wales to depart without molestation. Notwithstanding this mark of respect shown towards her, her terror was extreme; she was, indeed, singularly unfortunate in falling into the hands of the insurgents. Scarcely had she arrived at the Tower of London, when a second party of the insurgents, from Essex, laid siege to that fortress, in which also the royal family were then keeping their court, and thus cut off all the supplies of food in their way to the royal residence. The princess and her ladies thereupon distracted the officers of the household with their cries of terror, for

never, at any period of English history, was there such mismanagement in every department about the king's person as in those days.

When Joanna the Fair, with much lamentation, expressed her fears of being starved in the Tower, (for a fresh supply of provisions, indeed, had for a long time failed them) the young king, then about fifteen years of age, resolved to comply with a message sent him by the rude commons, and rode to meet them hoping to pacify them by compliance with the least of their several demands. But the moment Richard rode out with his slender train, the mob on Tower-hill rushed into the fortress. "There were at that time," says Stow, from the chronicle of St. Albans, (our principal guide in this part of our narrative), "within the Tower, six hundred armed valiant persons, expert in arms, beside six hundred archers, all which did quail in stomach and stood as men amazed; for the basest of rustics did presume to enter the king's chamber and that of his mother, the Princess of Wales, and played the wantons, sitting, lying, and sporting them on her bed, and, which is much more saucy, invited her to kiss them, yet durst none withstand them." There are some historians that say the poor princess was forced to comply with this *civil* invitation, and, after permitting the salutation of a few of those clowns, she was carried away, half dead with terror, to the Tower Royal, near Watling Street (a palace now vanished from the face of the earth), and in this fortress, which was considered impregnable, she awaited, in a state resembling distraction, news from the royal boy who had valiantly rode forth to suppress the rebellion.

The risk, on the other hand, encountered by the youthful Richard, was very great, for just after the departure of the princess to a place of security, the bloodthirsty populace had seized on the aged Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and inhumanly butchered him: whilst they were committing this horrid murder the princess effected her escape.

It might have been supposed that a Plantagenet born—a race whose great personal courage in every instance seems to have risen to positive grandeur of soul in the hour of danger—would not have manifested such utter want of firm-

ness, for it was unnatural that a woman of middle age should rely on the protection of a child of fourteen; but the extreme terrors of his mother seem to have rendered young Richard II., for a while at least, a hero. He was fortunate in his first endeavours, by pacifying the Essex men, and sent them home with the promise that they should no longer be bondsmen or serfs. "On the morrow, being Saturday, June 15th, 1381, he went after dinner from the Tower Royal, whither he had been to comfort his mother, to Westminster, to visit the shrine of St. Edward and see whether the rebels had done any mischief. He next visited the chapel called "our Lady of the Pew,"\* and said his prayers therein. Then returning by the suburbs of West Smithfield he found all that place full of Kentish men; "wherefore he sent to shew them that the Essex men, their fellows, had gone home satisfied, and if it liked them to accept the same form of peace he would grant it."

This same mob had just burnt the Temple, and were particularly embittered against all law, and, particularly, lawyers; the mischief they had done there is commemorated in a verse of an old ballad, very piteously setting forth their proceedings,—

"Then to the Temple they did turn,  
The lawyers' books they all did burn,  
And spoiled their lodgings every one,  
With all they laid their hands upon."

Being fresh from this notable exploit, Tyler and his mighty hosts of malcontents, were by no means in a reasonable humour. The following is the dialogue which took place between Tyler and the young king on the leader of the insurgents dashing forward so that his horse touched that on which the royal boy rode, and the first words he spoke to Richard were—

"Sir king, seest thou all yonder people?"

"Yea truly," quoth the king, "wherefore askest thou?"

"Because," said he, "they are all at

my commandment, and have sworn to me their faith and troth to do all I would have them."

"In good time;" replied young Richard, "I believe it well."

Then said Wat Tyler, "Believest thou, king, that these people, and as many more in London, which be at my command, will depart from thee thus without having thy letters." (Charter of enfranchisement.)

"Ye shall have them," said the king, "they are ordained for you and shall be delivered to every one of them."

It was evident that the young king's calm compliance with the demand of Tyler, had put that incensed leader to the trouble of picking a personal quarrel. So turning to Sir John Newton, a gallant soldier who had served under the Black Prince, and was among the few English persons of rank who had not deserted their young monarch, he took offence at his martial appearance, for he bore the king's sword, and sat armed on horseback surveying the scene with scornful demeanour. Addressing the knight rudely, the Tiler told him—

"It would better become him to be on foot in his presence."

Sir John, who had not forgotten his prowess in France, replied—"If such as you are mounted, there can be nothing improper in a knight being on horseback."

At which the Tiler drew his dagger and offered to strike the knight, calling him traitor.

Sir John told him he lied, and drew his dagger, but the king, willing to dismiss the men of Kent, as he had pacified the men of Essex, without bloodshed, bade Sir John Newton alight and give his dagger to the leader of the disaffected. But temporizing only fed the self-esteem of this head of the insurgents, and he insisted upon having Newton's sword.

"It is the king's sword," said Sir John, "thou art not worthy to have it, nor durst thou ask it, if there were no more present but you and I."

"By my faith," said Wat the Tiler, "I will never eat till I have thy head," and with these words he made a rush on the knight.

At that instant came up William Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London, a

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\* This was the Chapel Royal of Westminster Palace, before St. Stephen's was built for that purpose, by Edward III.; and, though St. Stephen's was then finished, this chapel was occasionally visited, as it had therein an image esteemed to be of great sanctity.

bold and high-minded man, with many knights and squires to assist the king.

"My liege," said the lord mayor, "it were a great shame to suffer such a noble knight to be murdered before your face, he ought to be rescued and Tyler the rebel arrested."

"Arrest him, then, in God's name!" said young Richard.

Walworth instantly arrested the further doings of the infuriated leader, and without question, in a most efficacious manner, by aiming a successful blow at the head of his victim with his mace, in such right earnest that the Tiler fell beneath the feet of his horse. An esquire to the king, John Cavendish, instantly alighted from his horse, and, as some will have it, despatched the Tiler, although more opinions hold that the lord mayor did it with his own dagger. Tyler's body was then drawn away into the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, before which, in Smithfield, it seems that this affray commenced. When the insurgents perceived what had happened, they declared that their chief had been treacherously slain, and heartening one another to fight, they bent their bows to avenge his death. But the young king rode courageously up to them, saying,—

"What a work is this my men? What mean ye? Will you shoot at your king? Be not quarrellous, or angry for the death of a traitor; I am your king, I will be your leader. Follow me into the fields and you shall have whatsoever you require."

"The king led the way into the fields, lest the *Commons*, being bitterly bent in mind, should set fire to the houses in Smithfield. The people followed him, uncertain whether they should kill their young sovereign or accept their freedom at his hands. But Richard's conduct was on this occasion admirable and faultless; and, as may be seen in the sequel, marked by sound discretion as well as personal intrepidity. After Walworth had ridden with impetuous haste to the city, and returned with a large body of armed men, the knights demanded of the king leave to charge on the insurgents, and by way of example, kill a few hundreds; the people (as in a parallel case in the present day), seeing themselves surrounded, threw down their arms and cried to Richard for mercy. The young monarch, greatly

to his credit, forbade the men-at-arms to wound the people; "they had obeyed him, he said, and they should not be harmed, and they should have the enfranchisement he had promised, signed and sealed." This having been previously prepared was given to them, and thereupon the urgent folk departed. The king then thanked his valiant Lord Mayor, William Walworth, and conferred upon him, in the open fields, the honour of knighthood, which he had so worthily deserved. Six of his aldermen were likewise knighted.

"Afterwards," say the historians, "Richard, with his company, very orderly entered London to the great joy of the inhabitants and the same evening went to his mother the Princess of Wales, who was safe in the Tower Royal\* in the city. There the princess-mother had remained two days and two nights in great tribulation and amazement. But when she saw the king, her son, she was highly comforted and said,—

"Ah, fair son, what great sorrow I have suffered for you this day!"

The king answered and said—

"Truly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoice and thank God, for I have this day recovered my heritage and the realm of England which I had nigh lost."

Soon after, the princess left London for the dower palace of Havering-atte-Bower; she was too ill to ride on horseback, and was therefore carried in a whirlicote, a sort of open car with two wheels, richly ornamented but rude enough in workmanship; the young king rode by the side of his mother's vehicle on horseback, guarding her into Essex. Such is the most ancient and circumstantial account of this celebrated insurrection, the like of which for daring, and its speedy conclusion, England has not seen until the recent explosion at Newport, in Wales. It was not the young king's fault that the most cruel and appalling executions followed this formidable rebellion of the common people; the council of regency which had mis-managed affairs during the king's minority, consisting of his uncles and some of the higher nobility, returned after the young king had pacified the tumult; they had fled in the time of danger and

\* A street in St. Michael's is still called "Tower Royal" but the Tower is utterly gone.

left their ward to do as he could; but now that the danger was past, they resolved upon wreaking so bloody and brutal a vengeance, that Froissart truly declares, the land was a shamble of butchery, till Richard took occasion at the time of his marriage and the coronation of his queen, Anne of Bohemia, then on the *tapis*, to insist on a general pardon being proclaimed.

On the return of the king's uncle John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, from voluntary exile, for he had withdrawn himself into Scotland at the first outbreak of this insurrection, a serious impeachment for treason was laid against him. The king was most unwilling to believe that there was cause for this, and, moreover, his mother, who had a high value for her brother-in-law, exerted all her powers to reconcile the Duke of Lancaster and her son, so much so indeed, that, says one of our old chroniclers, she spent three or four days riding on horseback from one to the other, although she was grown very corpulent and had some difficulty in riding. Her son John sided furiously with his mother's friend, and in order to dispose of the principal witness against him, got rid of him by an atrocious murder, of which however it does not seem that the Duke of Lancaster was cognisant, although the violent conduct of his partizans gave a strong appearance of unmerited guilt to his conduct.

At the age of sixteen the young king was married to a beautiful and sweet-tempered princess the daughter of the Emperor Charles IV. of Bohemia, called from the kindness of her heart "*Good Queen Anne*." No wonder then that this amiable wife lived in harmony with Joanna, her mother-in-law, from whom must have been imbibed the favourable sentiments of Anne of Bohemia for the early Reformers. When Wickliffe's life was saved so unexpectedly in the year 1382, great ladies of the royal family, it is said, combined their interest to rescue him from the bigotted fury of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the former patron of the Reformer; for the Duke of Lancaster had forsaken him ever since the Palace of the Savoy had been demolished by Wat the Tiler's fanatic mob: but a secret and powerful influence near the throne saved Wickliffe from the council of inquiry which then threatened his life;

which influence emanated from the mother and wife of the young monarch! But never, indeed, did the clergy and high nobility (of those days) forgive Richard II. for the toleration afforded to the incipient reformation of the English church.

Maternal grief and anxiety, occasioned by the misconduct of her youngest son by Holand, was now fast hastening his unhappy and royal parent to the grave. As we have already stated, this ruffian had committed one atrocious murder, and from the commencement of his life to its termination he was the evil genius of his royal brother's destiny. To the brutal propensities of this same John Holand, Earl of Huntingdon, England owes the demoralizing sport of bull-running, which was fixed upon the town of Stamford even by charter,\* and the land has only been freed from this ancient pest since the year 1836.

This is in itself some illustration of the character of the favourite son of Joanna, the embroiler and terror of the English court; for presuming on his brotherhood with the king, and the weak fondness of his mother, he did just what was agreeable in his own eyes. But the earthly career of the principal subject of our Memoir was fast hastening to a close, and the following, abstracted from Froissart, will tell the strange adventure by which it was brought about:—

Richard and his whole army were near York preparing to invade Scotland. At St. John's, Beverley, a favourite squire of Holand's was killed in a squabble in which he had rudely insulted a Bohemian knight belonging to Richard's queen, merely because he was a foreigner; an archer of young Lord

\* Of the inveterate passion which still cleaves to the populace of this ancient town for the ruffianly sport originally inoculated upon it by the sanguinary John Holand, the following paragraph appearing in the *Lincoln Mercury* only a fortnight since, affords a strong instance:—"Notwithstanding the precautionary measures adopted by the local magistracy under the direction of the Secretary of State—the introduction of military and a London police force, the appointment of special constables, and the establishment of mounted scouts to perambulate the open fields—the Stamford bullards on Wednesday contrived to introduce a bull into the town, though only for a very short time." The prompt and effective measures of the magistracy, however, aided by the military and civil force, disappointed all the efforts of the promoters of this brutal pastime.

Stafford's took the foreigner's part, and Holand's squire was killed in the broil. Lord Stafford (as might be expected) connived at the escape of the archer, and John Holand angry at the loss of a squire whose manners so well assimilated with his own, vowed vengeance, saying (in the brutal and impious fashion of those times) that he would neither eat nor drink till he had avenged his squire. He mounted his horse like a madman, and enquiring for the lodgings of the Bohemian knight, Sir Meles, he set out with the intention of killing him, but hearing he was with the Lord Stafford, he rode up and down to find him. As he was thus tearing down a narrow lane he met the Lord Ralph Stafford, but it was so dark he could not distinguish him.

"Who comes here?" he exclaimed.

He was answered, "I am Stafford."

"And I am Holand," cried John, and, added, "Stafford, I am enquiring for thee, for thy servants have murdered my squire, whom I loved so much." Saying which he drew his sword and struck Lord Ralph such a blow as felled him dead, which was a great pity.

"Sir John Holand continued his road, not knowing that he had killed Lord Stafford, although he was aware that he had struck him down in the dark. The servants of Sir Ralph were exceedingly wrath, on seeing their master dead; they began to cry out—

"Holand, you have murdered the son of the Earl of Stafford, heavy will this news be to thee when his father shall know it."

"Be it so," said John Holand, "I had rather have put him to death than one of less rank, for by his I have better revenged the loss of my squire."

Then Sir John hastened to Beverley church to take the sanctuary of St. John.

News was carried to the Earl of Stafford that his son had been unfortunately killed. You may suppose that the father having but one beloved son, young, handsome, and gallant, was beyond measure enraged, and he sent instantly for his friends to have their advice how to avenge his loss on the king's brother. Thus passed the night: in the morning Lord Ralph Stafford was buried in the village church, near which he fell, a great part of the nobles of the English army following, out of respect, for he was greatly loved by them all.

After the funeral, the father, with sixty of the mourners, mounted their steeds and went to the king's quarters. They found him with his uncles and many knights. When the childless Earl of Stafford approached, he cast himself on his knees and thus spoke with tears and anguish of heart:—

"*Thou art King of all England and hast solemnly sworn to maintain the justice of the realm. Thy brother without the slightest reason hath murdered my heir and only son.*

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*I therefore come to demand justice. For the present I will not break up the expedition with the delay and confusion it will cause, or by my honour I would be revenged in so severe a manner that all England should talk of it for a hundred years to come; as it is I will wait till the expedition is over, for I would not like the Scots to rejoice in the misery of the Earl of Stafford."*

The king replied—

"*Be assured I myself will do justice and punish the crime more severely than my barons would venture to do, and never for any brother will I act otherwise."*

The young king was but eighteen when he was placed in this cruel situation. On his return to Wallingford Castle, where his royal mother was, she gave vent to the most passionate entreaties that John Holand's life might be spared; the king remained firm, and a watch was constantly kept about the sanctuary of St. John lest Holand should escape. During five days the princess incessantly implored for her son, until at length nature failed from the agony she suffered, and the young king, dreadful to think it, was next summoned to the deathbed of the mutual parent of himself and the criminal; with floods of tears Richard granted the still urgent and dying request of his compassionate mother, and the life of John Holand was promised to be spared. He was however shortly afterwards banished and his property confiscated: fortunate would it have been for the king had he never returned to England.

A slur has been cast on the fair fame of the Princess of Wales through the ungracious slanders of her ambitious relative, Henry of Lancaster. When he was seeking every pretext to seize the crown from Richard II. he had a very great fancy to do it by a pretence of hereditary right, and this is the story which Froissart says he addressed to the de-throned king when he was in his power—

"The common report in the country is that I have a better right to the crown than you have. This was told to our grandfather, King Edward, when he had you acknowledged heir to the crown (which acknowledgment must have struck the reader as somewhat singular and uncalled for) but his love was so strong for his son, the Prince of Wales, that nothing could make him alter his purpose but that you must be king. But you have always acted so contrary to your father's example, that the rumour is generally believed throughout England, that you are not



the son of the Prince of Wales but of a canon or priest.

"I have heard several knights, who were of the household of my uncle the Prince of Wales, declare that he was jealous of the princess's conduct. She was cousin-german to King Edward, who began to dislike her for not having children by his son, since he had stood godfather to her sons by her former marriage with Sir Thomas Holand. She knew well how to keep the prince in her chains, having through subtlety inticed him to marry, but being fearful of his divorcing her when he would marry again, she had you and a son who died, by a young priest; for at the time of your birth there were many handsome ones in the household of the prince my uncle at Bourdeaux."

This shameless accusation seems only prompted by the ambition of "high vaulting Bolingbroke." It, however, confirms the fact that the union of Edward the Black Prince and Joanna was a love-match to which his royal parents unwillingly consented and that the prince was greatly devoted to his wife.

Joanna does not share the stately tomb of the Black Prince at Canterbury. She made Richard II. promise to bury her at Stamford by the side of her first husband Sir Thomas Holand, and shared the repose of death with the husband whom it is very evident she preferred in life. Richard built a chantry to her memory with endowments for priests to sing masses for the repose of her soul till Dooms-day, which singing, of course, was silenced at the Reformation. An alteration (as Joanna was inclined to Wickliffite doctrines) doubtless very well pleasing to her spirit, if the spirits of the departed are conscious of such doings. Her death took place at Wallingford in the year 1385, and the ninth of the reign of her son King Richard II.

[NOTE.—The reader will find these interesting particulars in M. Alexandre Dumas' tale in subsequent pages of this Number—"the Countess of Salisbury."]

#### *Description of the accompanying Portraits of*

#### JOANNA, PRINCESS OF WALES, AND HER SON, RICHARD II.

Our portraits are engraved from a beautiful limning in water colours illuminating a Psalter once belonging to King Richard II. The original may be seen in the Cottonian Library, British Museum. Joanna the Fair is directing the devotions of her young son Richard. The close-fitting kirtle worn by the princess is nearly covered by the sweeping folds of her crimson velvet mantle; the circlet she wears, as Countess of Kent in her own right, is of bosses of gold set with gems and pointed with spheres, jewelled with precious stones. Instead of wearing the ugly coronets in which the English nobility have been disguised at recent coronations, the ancient magnates rivalled each other by the blaze of jewelry which decorated those insignia of their rank.\* Speaking of coronets, it is well

to mention here, that in the emblazoned dresses of the middle ages the coronet was never borne surmounting the coat of arms as on a modern coach pannel.†

great seal containing our grant in due form of law to all the barons of our realm of England which are peers of the said kingdom and to the heirs male of them respectively, and also to such of them as have their baronies to their heirs to use a cap of red velvet, and rich of gold according to the pattern and description hereunto annexed, viz. the circle of gold to be of the same form and fashion with those circles of gold which are now borne by the other peers, and to have on the top thereof six pearls to distinguish them from the circles or coronets of viscounts, to have to them and every of them who now are or hereafter shall be barons of this our realm of England to have right to sit and vote in our upper house of parliament. Which cap with the circle aforesaid they and every of them, shall have libertie to wear on the day of the coronation of our successors as also to put the same over their coats of arms or elsewhere as they shall think fit and this shall be your warrant.

"Given at our court at Whitehall,

"6th day of July, 1661,

"By His Majesty's command,

"EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"To the Attorney and Solicitor-General."

† Lady Seymour at the late tournament made this mistake. If she looks through our series of portraits taken originally from the life, she will not see a single instance of the coronet sur-

[THE COURT

\* Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, left his daughter Lady Percy, the wife of Hotspur, some good pearls and fair jewels expressly "to make her coronet." By an order of Charles II. the coronets of our nobility were first degraded into the trumpery Brummagein things of silvered balls with velvet nightcaps in which they are now expected to extinguish themselves at coronations;—it ran as follows:

"Charles,—Our will and pleasure is that you prepare a bill for our royal signature to pass our

It was supposed to be on the head of the wearer, as in this instance of Prince Richard, who wears an emblazoned surcoat on which are quartered the royal arms of England and France, fleur-de-lis on azure and three golden lions on *gules* or scarlet. Edward III. was the first of our sovereigns who adopted this quartering in the year 1336, when he assumed the title of King of France, and his grandson wears it as his heir.

On the head of Prince Richard is the circlet of gold worn by the Princes of Wales or their sons. It may also be ob-

mounting the coat of arms emblazoned on female attire. She should have worn the armorial bearings of her husband's family and her own, on the corsage of her dress. But the coronet of the ancient barony of Seymour should have been on her head,—a gold circlet surmounted with a string of pearls without any velvet cap. Such would have been the array of the principal lady at an ancient tournament. This recent and magnificent diversion will have the effect of turning the attention of our nobility to such matters of historical antiquity and costume.

served that there are no velvet caps in these coronets.

There is a lozenge beneath this illumination shewing the armorial bearings of the princess, on the right side is the scutcheon of her husband being the royal arms of England and France quarterly, the lions and fleur-de-lis surmounted by a label shewing he was the eldest son. On the left is the scutcheon of the princess, the arms of her father Edmund Plantagenet, viz. the three lions of England within a bordure of fleur-de-lis, his mother being a princess of France.

The armorial bearings of the Princess of Wales being arranged in a lozenge with those of her husband, gives reason to suppose that this portrait was limned after the death of the Black Prince. Joanna was the first English Princess of Wales. In the same ancient Psalter is a portrait of the Black Prince with his son in the same attitude, he has a coronet of white roses and a black mantle.

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## THE MOUSE TOWER.

### A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

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Doctor Decimus Hook grew alarmingly fat,  
All his garments grew tight, save his clerical hat,  
What the matter could be,  
He knew not—not he,  
And a learned M.D.  
He had call'd in to see  
Seem'd equally puzzled the case to unravel;  
For he only desired the doctor to travel,  
A prescription more pleasant and safe in the giving  
Than advising his patient to part with a *living*,  
So when tythe-day was clear'd  
And his sheep nicely shear'd  
And duly consign'd to a hire ling's care,  
Doctor Decimus started for change of air:  
But before setting out he fix'd where to go—  
He loved Rhenish wine,  
“I'll sail up the Rhine,”  
Said the reverend divine,  
“And see how the vineyards grow.”  
By the steamer dropp'd,  
At Mayence stopp'd  
The learned Doctor Hook;  
All he saw, and all he did there  
Those who've time to read and money to spare  
May read in his own printed book:  
But a lesson he learn'd, when up the stream boating,  
For the sake of its moral is perhaps worth the noting.

### *The Mouse Tower.*

A fine summer's day over Mayence arose,  
But 'twas hastening (like other fine things) to a close ;

Dinner-time was ended too,  
Decimus Hook had nothing to do,  
He sat nodding and winking  
After eating and drinking,

Perhaps a bottle *de trop* of Hockheimer wine,  
So cigars he took  
And a serious book,  
Then hired a boat  
For a rambling float

On the glassy face of the lovely Rhine.

That eve on the stream

In the sunset gleam

The hills of the Rheingau were painted so well  
That shadow from substance 'twere hard to tell,  
Lurett and spire and rock and wood  
Look'd down on themselves in the sparkling flood,  
And full in mid-stream, on a rocky isle,  
Arose the Mouse Tower a ruin'd pile.

Between island and shore

His dripping oar

The boatman upheld in the tower's direction,  
And aroused the divine from his book, or reflection.

"Pray, sir," said he, "have you ever been told  
Of a certain high priest who lived there of old,  
A Bishop of Mayence, who hungry for self,  
Devoured his flock and was ate up himself?"

"How so, my good man?"

"Why sir if I can"—

And the boatman scratch'd his head—

"I'll just think a bit and then I'll see

If I can't tell the tale as 'twas told to me

By my grandam that's lately dead

"When Bishop Hatto the mitre wore  
There came over the Rheingau a famine sore,  
Terrible deeds were done it is said,  
Men who were dying ate up the dead,  
While carrion birds angrily flap'd their wings  
And threaten'd to fall upon living things.

"Then cried Hatto aloud

To the hungry crowd,

'Come hither my sheep, your wants I'll relieve ;

Come, I'll give you your fill,

Come, eat what you will"

But, the Judas ' he laugh'd in his sleeve,

For of all his goodly barns I trow,

Well fill'd with corn to overflow,

One alone was bare

And it was there

The wretches were bid to go.

"On that barn floor

Full many a score

Of famishing creatures stood,

They look'd in vain

For the promised grain

There was nothing but *grained* wood.

*The Mouse Tower :*

"Some sank on the ground, their strength quite gone  
With the hope that alone had led them on,  
The blessed thought of their children's delight—  
To see them return with bread at night.  
In the barn was a man with an evil eye  
Who bid them but wait till by-and-by  
When the bishop would all their wants supply;  
'He'd take care that they never felt hunger more !'  
Then out he went and lock'd the barn door.

'Fire ! Fire !'  
Higher, and higher  
Arose a frantic cry ;  
'Push hard ! push hard !  
The doors are barr'd,  
We're caged like beasts to die !'

"On yonder hill now crown'd with wood  
From the barn the bishop's palace stood  
Full ten leagues off, or more,  
But that frantic cry  
It sounded nigh  
As if close by Hatto's door ;  
The bishop heard—he smiled in scorn :  
'Fewer there'll be  
Of rats,' quoth he,  
'And mice to eat our corn !'  
Ay 'rats and mice !' and the murderer laugh'd  
As a goblet of Rhenish wine he quaff'd ;  
'Rats and mice !' he said with a sneer ;—  
Rats and mice were soon to be words of fear.

"On the Rheingau hills and Mayence town  
In wail and woe has a day gone down  
Since the burning barn lit up the sky,  
And the air was rent by an agonized cry :  
Where yesternight that cry arose  
All is hush'd in the stillness of death's repose,  
And the sky that was red with blazing fire  
Is now black with the smoke of a funeral pyre.

"His bed of down the bishop press'd  
To toss and turn, but not to rest,  
For heavy the load on his guilty breast ;  
All was silent within and around,  
All lay buried in sleep profound,  
When a loud rushing noise, then a hideous sight  
Meets Hatto's eye—he starts with affright  
And his grizzled hair stands stiff, upright—  
From under the arras, from under the door  
Swarming in crowds on the moonlit floor,  
Rats and mice in myriads pour.

"A painted window of gothic mould  
Admitted the light to that chamber old,  
And the moonbeams that pass'd through the crimson panes  
Dyed the floor and the bed with dark red stains :  
As the rattish crew  
Over them flew

With antic gesture and shrilly cry,  
They seem'd in the bishop's guilty eye,  
As racing and ramping they went and came,  
To be writhing and shrieking in blood and flame ;  
And each eye and tusk of the vermin swarm  
Glar'd and grinn'd as from visage of human form,  
To threaten revenge on his guilty head  
For the deeds he had done and the words he had said.

Thus Hatto lay  
Till peep of day,  
When the rattish spectres scour'd away :  
But every night  
Did the awesome sight  
Return again to the bishop's ken.

“ His portly form and his shining face  
Grew thin and pale and wasted apace :  
All that he ate to poison turn'd—  
All that he drank within him burn'd,  
But no penance did he, nor sackcloth wore,  
He revell'd on as he'd done before ;  
Though oft I ween 'midst his reckless glee  
And in scenes of joyous revelry,  
The glass from his trembling hand would fall  
At the sound of a mouse on the tapestried wall.

“ One day in morose and cheerless mood  
From yonder height where his palace stood  
Hatto listlessly gazed on the town below—  
The fruitful vineyards—the river's flow—  
On these when the bishop had look'd awhile  
His scowl relax'd, and a sudden smile  
Shot like a spark from his gloomy eye,  
Nay ! he almost laugh'd—and guess ye why ?  
As he look'd on the river the sun did shine  
On yonder low rock in the midst of the Rhine,  
And says he to himself—‘ By the Kings of Cologne !  
There will I build me a tower of stone ;  
Yes ! I'll go and dwell there surrounded by water,  
Where the devilish rats won't dare to come after.’

“ Yon building arose, and no knight the bower  
Of his ladye bright  
Ever sought at night  
With half the delight  
As the bishop his tower.  
Round the walls he heard the waters creeping,  
And thought he, ‘ to-night I've a chance of sleeping.’  
His beads were thrice told—three aves he said—  
Then in his new chamber repair'd to bed.

“ Next morn in the sky  
The sun was high,  
The river was bright  
And sparkling in light,  
And gothic tower and pinnacled spire  
Were gilt in its rays with reflected fire ;

*The Mouse Tower.*

This was a high and a holy day—  
A gorgeous procession was wending its way  
Towards the cathedral—then paused in its tread  
Awaiting their bishop the train to head.  
His boat, too, was station'd at yonder low door,  
Being order'd to carry the bishop ashore ;  
But the rowers were tired of waiting, I trow,  
Of looking about them, above and below,  
They cast up their eyes to the window high  
Of the chamber where Hatto was known to lie :

On that window-sill sat  
A hideous rat,  
Making ugly grimace  
With his long thin face,  
Stretching out its sharp claws  
From his skinny paws,  
Then took a jump  
And came down plump

And sat himself down in the bishop's place,  
Nodding and waving his skinny hand  
In sign for the boatmen to row to land.  
But their new sort of passenger look'd so queer  
That the stout-hearted rowers quaked for fear,  
And they thought as they gazed on the rattish elf  
He look'd just like the devil or Hatto himself,  
Till one of them utter'd the name of St. Goar  
And gave him a terrible thrust with his oar,  
When he fell overboard and arose no more.

Meantime in the tower the servitors all  
Had long waited in vain for their master's call—  
So long, they declared they would wait no more  
But go and force open his bed-room door.

Then never I ween  
Such a sight was seen  
As that chamber of sin  
Presented within.  
At the sudden alarm,  
Like a loathsome swarm  
Of black carrion flies  
Gigantic in size,

The rats and mice in a body scour'd  
From the carcass of Hatto half-devour'd.

Where his bones are laid is a sculptured stone  
By time defaced and by moss o'ergrown :  
The spot where the bishop's barn once stood  
Is a copse overspread with tangled wood,  
But belated travellers still can spy  
That barn in flames yet raging high.

In the fire appear  
Dark shapes of fear  
In mingled rout  
Flitting about,

Starved men like rats and huge rats like men,  
One a mitre who wears  
Seems to offer up prayers  
To the fiendish tribe

And deny him the mercy denied to them."

### *The Mouse Tower.*

The boatman paused with a splash of his oar—  
Doctor Decimus shiver'd—the night-dews were falling—  
The shadows were deep'ning—he thought them appalling  
    Wrapp'd in his cloak  
    Not a word he spoke,  
And was heartily glad to set foot on shore.

L. W. B.

[NOTE.—The legend of the Mouse Tower is founded on the ensuing passage in "Browne's Travels," published in 1685:—"A little above this we came to a round tower on a rock in the Rhine called the Mouse Tower, built by Hatto Bishop of Mentz in the year 900—who as the story goes, in a time of great scarcity pretending to relieve the poor who wanted bread invited them together into a barn where he burnt them all saying—'They were like rats and mice which would devour the corn;' after which he was so persecuted with rats and mice that thinking to avoid them he caused this tower to be built in the midst of the Rhine, which did not avail him, for they followed him thither also, and at last devoured him."] This Rhine tradition has also furnished Dr. Southey with a subject for a legendary ballad. An interesting description of the locality and its ancient traditions may be found in Snowe's "Legends, Traditions and History of the Rhine."  
Ed.

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### I N V O C A T I O N.

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"Hark! they whisper, angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!"—POPE.

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Come! we call thee from thy lowly dwelling,  
Child of genius, thou shalt weep no more;  
Angel harmonies are round thee swelling—  
Come! they woo thee from earth's troubled shore.

Thou hast borne the cold world's cruel scorning  
With a sad, yet constant heart of love;  
Now a brighter, holier day is dawning,  
And a happier home is thine above.

There, a more resplendent world shall greet thee  
Than hath glitter'd in thy radiant dreams;  
There thy home's long-parted band shall meet thee  
In its valleys, by its halcyon streams.

There, no fetter binds the bird's free pinion—  
There no storms o'ercast the troubled sky—  
There hath peace an undisturb'd dominion,  
Crowned with joys that fade not—neither die.

There, once more, a mother's voice shall bless thee  
In the deep, low tones of deathless love,  
There a sister's arms again caress thee,  
And a father's words thy doubts remove.

All the true, the pure, the gentle-hearted,  
Kindred spirits of one glorious band,  
All whom thou hast loved, the long-departed,  
Wait thy coming in that far-off land.

Child of genius! leave thy lonely dwelling,  
In that land of peace thou'lt weep no more;  
Angel harmonies are round thee swelling—  
Come! they woo thee from earth's troubled shore.

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# KING EDWARD THE THIRD AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

BY M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(Concluded from page 547.)

CHA IX.

(Continued.)

Robert Bruce—The price of blood.

Douglas, nevertheless, carried on his war of partisanship: finding the winter drawing to a close, he set himself again to work, and, accompanied by three hundred soldiers, had landed in the island of Arran, situate between the strait of Kilbrennan and the gulf of the Clyde, surprised the castle of Bratwich, and put to death the governor and a part of the garrison; then, forthwith availing himself of his right of conquest, he shut himself up with his followers in his conquered stronghold, and, faithful to his love of the chase, passed his days in the magnificent forest by which it was surrounded. One day, whilst engaged in the pursuit of a deer, he heard the sound of a horn hard by the thicket into which he had penetrated. Whereupon, pausing, he said to himself:—"The king's horn alone hath that note; the king only soundeth it thus."

At the lapse of another instant a fresh reveille rang forth, Douglas put his steed to the gallop in the direction of the sound, and, at the end of ten minutes riding, found himself face to face with Bruce, who was likewise engaged in the chase. For the three days preceding, the latter had, pursuant to his resolve, quitted the island of Rathlin, and two hours back landed on the shores of Arran. An aged woman who was gathering cockles upon the shore had informed him that the English garrison had been surprised by armed strangers, and that those strangers were at that instant out hunting. Bruce, holding as friendly to him all those who were enemies to the English, had immediately entered upon the same diversion himself; and Douglas recognizing the sound of his horn the two faithful companions were restored to each other.

From that day forwards, evil fortune, outwearied by being withstood with so much courage, slunk to the rearward of him: the long and cruel expiation im-

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posed upon Bruce for the murder of Cumming had been accomplished; and blood, payed back by blood, ceased to cry aloud for vengeance.

The struggle, nevertheless, was a long one: it was necessary to vanquish, turn by turn, force and treason, steel and gold, the sword, and the dagger. Scotland has ever, amongst her cherished national traditions, a host of adventures each more marvellous than the other, in which, sustained by his courage but protected by heaven, Bruce escaped miraculously from the most fearful dangers, profiting by each success to add strength to his party, until, at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, he awaited Edward II. on the plains of Stirling: for during this fierce struggle, Edward I. had died, bequeathing the war to his son, and commanding, in order that the tomb itself should not sever him from his battles, that they should cause his body to be boiled until the flesh was separated from the bone, that they should wrap those his bones in the skin of an ox, and have them carried at the head of the English army each time it marched against the Scots. Whether that he put sufficient confidence in himself, or that the execution of this strange vow appeared a sacrilege to him, Edward II. did not execute the paternal command, for he ordered the body of the deceased king to be deposited in the abbey of Westminster, (where, in our days, his tomb may be seen still to bear the following inscription: *Ci gît le marteau de la nation Ecossaise*,\* and marched against the rebels, who, as we have said, awaited him at Stirling, posted on the bank of the stream Bannockburn, from which the famous battle took its name.

Never had victory declared itself more decisive on the side of the Scots, nor rout more complete for their adversaries. Edward II. fled from the battle with loosened rein, and, pursued by

\* The true inscription is, "Edwardus Primus Scotorum Malleus Hic est. 1308. Pac-tum Serva."



Douglas, drew not bridle until the gates of Dunbar were shut behind him. Thence the governor of the town procured him a boat, by the aid of which, rowing along the Berwick shore, he succeeded in reaching the harbour of Bamborough, where he disembarked.

This victory assured, if not tranquillity, at least the independence of Scotland, until Robert Bruce, although yet young, was attacked by a mortal sickness. We have detailed, at the commencement of this chronicle, the circumstances under which he summoned to the side of his couch his beloved friend Douglas, called by the Scots the *good* Sir James, and by the English the *Black* Douglas, enjoining him to open his body, take thence his heart and carry it into Palestine. This latter request met with no happier fulfilment than did that of Edward I.; but on this occasion, at least, it was not the fault of him who had assented to undertake the vow, that such vow was not accomplished.

Edward II. perished in his turn, assassinated at Berkeley by Gournay and Mautravers upon the ambiguous order of the queen sealed by the bishop of Hertford, and was succeeded by his son, Edward III.

Our readers, have, by the foregoing chapters, arrived at, we trust, a sufficiently just idea of the character of this young prince to imagine that scarcely was he seated on the throne, ere he turned his eyes towards Scotland, that ancient enemy whom, for five long generations the kings of England bound themselves, from father to son, to exterminate, as a hydra.

The moment too was so much the more favourable to recommence the war, seeing that the flower of the Scottish nobility had followed James Douglas in his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and that the crown had passed from the potent head of an old warrior to that of a feeble child of four years old. As, after the Black Douglas, the bravest and most popular of the companions of the late king was Randolph, Earl of Murray, he was nominated regent of the kingdom, and governed Scotland in the name of David II.

Edward, however, had comprehended that all the strength of the Scots proceeded from the deep repugnance they felt, from the Tweed to Pentland Strait,

towards the domination of England. He determined, therefore, not to advance upon the enemy's territory, save under a false banner, and to make an ally of civil war: chance had placed this means at his disposal, and he availed himself of it with his customary ability.

John Baliol, who at first had been crowned king of Scotland, then dethroned by Edward I., had passed over to France and died in that country, leaving a son named Edward Baliol; the king of England cast his eyes upon him, as upon the man whose name was most fitting to set up for a standard, and he placed him at the head of the *disinherited lords*. Two words will suffice to explain to our readers all that is necessary for them to understand by this denomination.

When Scotland was freed from the domination of England, thanks to the courage and perseverance of Robert Bruce, two classes of land-holders preferred claims for the loss of their territorial possessions. One party consisted of those who, subsequent to the conquest, had received those estates of Edward I. and his successors by the title of donation; the others, those who, being allied to the Scottish families, possessed them as heritages. Edward placed Baliol at the head of this party, and still appearing to remain a stranger to that eternal strife, which had come once again to strike upon the Scottish portal, in another name, and under a novel aspect, he supported it with money and troops.

To crown his misfortune, and as though Robert Bruce had borne along with him the happy fortunes of the country, at the moment when Baliol and his army landed in the county of Fife, the regent, attacked by a violent and sudden malady, was dying at Musselburgh, having confided the youthful king to the care of Donald, Earl of March, who was far beneath his predecessor in military and political talents.

The Earl of March had scarcely taken the command of the army, when Edward Baliol landed in Scotland—defied the Earl of Fife—and marching more rapidly even than the news of his victory, arrived in the evening of the next day upon the banks of the Earn, on the other side of which he perceived, by the light of their watch-fires, the camp of the Regent. He commanded his troops to

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halt, and when the fires had, one by one, become extinguished, he crossed the river, penetrated into the very centre of the Scottish tents, and then, finding the entire army asleep and defenceless, began not a combat but a butchery; such, indeed, that at sunrise he was utterly astonished that his soldiers had had time or physical strength to slaughter a multitude so immense, with a detachment which scarcely numbered a third of that it had surprised. Amongst the slain were found the bodies of the regent and twenty-five or thirty lords belonging to the first Scottish nobility.

Then commenced for Scotland an æra of decadence as rapid as its national reconstruction had been slow and laborious under the hands of Robert Bruce. Without waiting to lay siege to, or seize upon, the fortresses, Edward Baliol marched direct for Scone and caused himself to be crowned; once then, king, he rendered his homage to Edward III. as to his lord and master. The latter, from that time, no longer hesitated to lend him ostensible aid, and collecting together a powerful army marched straight to the town of Berwick to which he laid siege. On the other side, Archibald Douglas, brother to the *good* lord James, marched to the succour of the garrison, and halted within two miles of the fortress, upon an eminence called Halidon Hill, from the summit of which the entire English army found itself in this peculiar position—besieging as it was an enemy, it was itself besieged between the garrison of Berwick and the newly arrived force.

The advantage of position was wholly on the side of the Scots; but their days of victory were passed, for once again, the English archers decided the battle: Edward had stationed them in a marsh where the cavalry could not reach them, and whilst they riddled with their arrows such of the Scots as were posted upon the hill and deployed in the form of a half moon like a huge target, Edward charged the rebels at the head of all his chivalry, killed Archibald Douglas, strewed the bodies of his bravest nobles at his side upon the field of battle, and dispersed the rest of the army.

That day, as fatal to Scotland as "Bannockburn" had been favourable to it, snatched from the youthful David all

which had been reconquered by Robert. The proscribed child soon found himself in a similar situation from which a miracle of courage and patience had extricated his father. But this time the chances were indeed different: the most ardent patriots, seeing a young man, without experience, in a position which required all the ability of an experienced warrior, believed themselves condemned by that sovereign will which raises and overthrows empires. Some few men, however, did not despair of saving their country, and continued to watch over Scottish nationality, as over the expiring lamp of a tabernacle; and whilst that Baliol took possession of the kingdom and did homage for it, as vassal, to his suzerain Edward III.,—David Bruce and his consort went to ask, as outlaws, an asylum at the court of France,—these last props of the ancient monarchy remained masters of four castles and one town, in which they continued to fight on, like a body struck with paralysis, with what blood remained in the last arteries of the Scottish nationality. These four men were the knight of Liddesdale, the Earl of March, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalvoisy, and the new regent Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell.

As for Edward, misinterpreting this feeble opposition, he disdained to follow up his conquest to the end, leaving garrisons in all the strongholds; and, master of England and Ireland, suzerain of Scotland, he returned to Westminster, where we found him, at the opening of this chronicle, in the midst of rejoicings, consequent upon his return and the intoxication of victory, pre-occupied with his dawning love for the lovely Alice de Grafton, from which this project of the conquest of France was to tear him away—a project, the execution of which he was even then pursuing in Flanders, and which was fast assuming, thanks to the alliance made with Artaveld and being full nigh entered upon with the lords of the Germanic empire, a character most alarming for Philip of Valois.

It was then that the King of France cast his eyes as we have said, upon David II. and his consort, who had sought refuge, since the year 1332, at his court. Without yet positively declaring himself, Philip cultivated, by their interposition, relations with their valiant

defenders beyond seas, sent money to the regent of Scotland, of which he was pressingly in need, held in readiness a considerable body of troops, of which on occasion, he purposed forming a body guard for the young king when he should deem it seasonable for him to re-enter his kingdom.

He gave orders, moreover, to Pierre Behuchet, (one of the commissioners who had been appointed by him to hear the depositions of witnesses in the process of Count Robert d'Artois, whose exile had been the means of exciting the war then impending, (and whom he had since made his counsellor and treasurer), to repair to the combined fleet of Hugues Quieret, admiral of France, and of Barbevaire, commander of the Genoese galleys, in order to guard the straits and courses between the coasts of England and Flanders.

These precautions taken, he awaited impending events.

Meanwhile, a splendid *fête* was in active preparation at Cologne: that city having been chosen by Edward III. and Louis of Bavaria for the performance of the ceremony of taking possession of the vicarship of the empire by the King of England.

Two thrones had been constructed upon the great square of the city, and as there had not been time to procure the wood necessary for the erection, two butcher's stalls had been employed whose ensanguined stains had been covered with magnificent hangings of velvet embroidered with flowers of gold; upon this throne were two rich fauteuils, the backs of which bore the imperial arms quartered with those of England, in token of union; these latter were charged with those of France. The canopy which, in the form of a dais surmounted this double throne, was that belonging to the audience hall, and had been encurtained with cloth of gold like a royal chamber: all the houses, moreover, were hung and covered over, as upon the holiday of the *Fête-Dieu*, with magnificent carpets and tapestry, of French as well as Oriental manufacture, procured from Arras by way of Flanders, and from Constantinople through Hungary.

On the day appointed for this ceremony, the date of which historians have not recorded, but which they commonly

place at the end of the year 1338, King Edward III., attired in his royal robes, his crown upon his head, his hand grasping a sword instead of a sceptre in token of the avenging mission he was about to enter upon, presented himself, followed by his noblest chivalry, at the gate of Cologne which opened upon the road to Aix-la-Chapelle. He was there awaited by the lords of Gueldres and de Juliers, who, on his coming up, took on either side of him the places relinquished from etiquette by the Bishop of Lincoln and the Earl of Salisbury, the latter faithful to his vow, still having his right eye hidden beneath the scarf of the lovely Alice: they advanced along the streets strewn with foliage, as upon the Palm Sunday, attended by the most magnificent retinue witnessed since the second Frederick's accession to the throne. On reaching the square, they perceived in front of them the stately array awaiting their arrival. On the right hand chair of state was seated Louis of Bavaria, wearing his imperial robes, holding his sceptre in his right hand, and the left resting upon a globe (representing the world), whilst a German knight held high above the royal head a naked sword. Whereupon Edward III. descended from his horse, traversed on foot the space which separated him from the emperor, and ascended the steps of the throne; then, having gained the topmost, as had been agreed upon by the ambassadors, in lieu of kissing his feet, as had been the custom on like occasions, he made obeisance only, and the emperor gave him the accolade. He then seated himself on the throne prepared for him, which stood some few inches lower than that for Louis V.,—the sole mark of inferiority to which Edward III. had consented. Around them were ranged four grand-dukes; three archbishops, thirty-seven counts, an innumerable multitude of barons with coronetted helmets, bannerets bearing banners, knights and esquires. Meanwhile the guards, who closed up the ends of the streets abutting upon the square, quitted their posts and ranged themselves in a circle round the scaffold, leaving the issues free, through which the multitude instantly rushed. Groups of men and women of all ranks walked up every window and aperture com-

manding a glimpse of the square—roofs even were lined with curious spectators, and the emperor and his royal ally found themselves the central objects of a vast amphitheatre which seemed constructed of living human heads.

The emperor next rose from his seat, and, amidst the most profound silence, in a voice so loud and distinct as to be heard by all, pronounced these words:—

“We, most high and right puissant prince Louis V., Duke of Bavaria, Emperor of Germany by the election of the sacred college and by the confirmation of the court of Rome, declare Philip of Valois disloyal, perfidious and base, for having acquired, contrary to his treaties between us, the castle of Crevecoeur in Cambresis, the town of Arleux-en-Puelle, and several other possessions which were ours. We pronounce that by these acts he hath forfeited, and we withdraw from him, the protection of the empire. We transfer this protection to our well beloved son Edward III., King of England and France, whom we charge with the defence of our rights and interests, and, to whom, in token of procurator, we deliver, in sight of you all, the imperial charter, sealed with the double seal of our own arms and those of the empire.”

So saying, Louis V. handed the charter to his chancellor, reseated himself—with his right hand resumed the sceptre—again rested his left upon the globe, and the chancellor having unfolded the charter, read it in his turn with an audible and intelligible voice.

It conferred upon Edward III. the title of vicar and lieutenant of the empire; gave him the power to make laws and execute justice to all in the emperor's name; authorised him to coin monies of gold and of silver, and commanded all princes who took up arms for the emperor, to pay fealty and homage to the King of England. Whereupon shouts of applause rent the air, and war cries pealed from rank to rank; each armed man from duke down to simple esquire, struck his shield with blade of sword or point of lance, and, in the midst of such general enthusiasm, which a declaration of war never failed to excite amongst that valiant chivalry, all the emperor's vassals came, according to their rank, to pay homage and fealty

to Edward III., as they had done to Louis V. of Bavaria, on the occasion of his accession to the throne of Germany.

Scarcely had this ceremony terminated, ere Robert d'Artois, who followed up his work with all the perseverance of active hatred, set out for Mons in Hainault, in order to advise the Earl William that his instructions had been followed, and that all promised to go well. As for the lords of the empire, all the delay they asked of Edward was fifteen days. They fixed, as a rendezvous, upon the town of Malines, a very convenient central point between Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp and Louvain, and (with the exception of the Duke of Brabant, who, in his quality of independent sovereign reserved to himself the right of making his separate declaration at the time and place he might judge fitting,) charged with their defiance against Philip of Valois, the Lord Henry, Bishop of Lincoln, they set out immediately for France.

Eight days afterwards, the messenger of war obtained audience of Philip of Valois, who received him in his castle of Compiègne, surrounded by all his court, having on his right hand the Duke Jean, his son, and on his left Messire Leon de Crainheim, whom he had summoned to him still less to do honour to that noble old knight than, because, knowing beforehand of the Bishop of Lincoln's mission, and convinced that the Duke of Brabant had treated with his enemy, he was desirous that his respondent should be present at this audience. In other respects, all necessary commands had been given that the herald of so great a king and such puissant lords should be received as alike became his rank and mission. On his part, the Bishop of Lincoln advanced into the midst of the assemblage with the dignity of a priest and an ambassador, and without either pride or humility, but with calmness and self-possession, he defied King Philip of France:—

Firstly—In the name of Edward III. as King of England and chief of the lords of his kingdom:

Secondly—In the name of the Duke of Gueldres;

Thirdly—In the name of the Marquis of Juliers;

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Fourthly—In the name of the Lord Robert d'Artois ;

Fifthly—In the name of Lord John of Hainault ;

Sixthly—In the name of the Margrave of Misnia and the East ;

Seventhly—In the name of the Marquis of Brandenburg ;\*

Eighthly—In the name of the Lord of Faquemont ;

Ninthly—In the name of the Lord Arnold de Blankenheim ;

Tenthly and lastly—In the name of the Lord Valerand, Archbishop of Cologne.

King Philip of Valois heard with attention that long enumeration of his aggressors ; then, when it was ended, astonished at not having heard pronounced the defiance of the man whom he most suspected of being adverse to him :—

"Have you nothing to tell me further," said he, "on the part of my cousin the Duke of Brabant ?"

"No, sire," replied the Bishop of Lincoln.

"You see, my lord," exclaimed the old knight with a radiant countenance, "my master hath been faithful to his pledged word."

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my noble hostage," replied the king, extending his hand to his guest ; "but we are not yet at the end of the war. Let us tarry."

Then turning towards the ambassador : "Our court is your's, my lord of Lincoln," said he, "and so long as it may suit you to remain therein will we do you honour and pleasure."

### CHAPTER X.

The accomplishment of the two first Vows.

Our readers must permit us to quit the continent for awhile, where such redoubtable preparations for attack and defence were, on both sides, being completed, (over which though the romance-writer may be permitted to glide, it is however the peremptory duty of the historian to relate in all their details,) in order to cast a *coup d'œil*, on this side of the channel, upon certain other personages figuring in this chronicle, whom, all important as their parts in the stirring action of its drama may be, we may have

appeared momentarily to have forgotten, in order to follow King Edward from his palace at Westminster to the Ruvaert brewery of Jacob Artaveld. These personages are the Queen, Philippa of Hainault and *la belle fiancée* of the Earl of Salisbury, of whom we caught a passing glance, when seated at that royal banquet, so strangely and unceremoniously interrupted by the entrance of Count Robert d'Artois, and by the vows which thereupon followed.

So soon as the departure of the king had been officially made known throughout England, the royal lady Philippa, whose already advanced state of pregnancy awakened the utmost solicitude, and who moreover, agreeably to the strict tenour of her exemplary manner and conduct, would have looked upon all diversion as a fault, however innocent it might have been, in the absence of her lord, had retired with the most intimate members of her court to Nottingham castle. There she passed her time alternately in reading pious books, with the labours of the broidering needle, or discoursing upon chivalry with her ladies of honour, amongst whom her most constant companion and dearest confidante, contrary to that marvellous instinct which women ordinarily possess in discerning a rival, was, ever, Alice de Grafton.

During one of these long winter evenings when it was so delightful, seated before a wide hearth-stone all glowing and sparkling, to hear the wind hurtle against the angles of the ancient towers, whilst our old acquaintance William de Montague made his nocturnal round upon the battlements of the fortress,—seated in a lofty and spacious sleeping chamber, with its carved oaken ceiling, its stiff and sombre tapestries, and gigantic bed of state—after having got rid of, to enjoy exemption from, not the words, but the thoughts, all that idle crowd so wearisome to an over-anxious heart or a preoccupied mind, the two friends, by the light of a lamp whose feeble rays were lost in the wide spreading dusk ere they could reach the gloomy walls, were seated at a table whose massive board was supported by twisted legs of quaint design, covered with a brilliant arras which contrasted strongly in the freshness of its embroideries with the antique hangings of the apartment. After the interchange of a

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\* This nobleman was the son of the emperor Louis of Bavaria.

few words, each had relapsed into profound reverie, the cause of which differing in its results, took rise from the same impulsive point,—the vow that each had made.

That of the queen, it will be remembered, was a terrible one: she had sworn, in the name of our Lord born of the Virgin and who died upon the Cross, to give birth to her babe upon the land alone of France; and that, the day of her delivery being at hand, if she were not capable of keeping her oath, it should cost her her own life and that of the child. She had momentarily yielded to that powerful enthusiasm which had seized upon all the guests: but four months had already flown away since that memorable occasion, the fatal term approached, and hourly was the royal matron too sensibly reminded of the imprudent vow made by the heroic wife.

That of Alice was of a milder nature: she had sworn, it will likewise be remembered, "that the day on which the Earl of Salisbury should return to England after having touched the soil of France, she would bestow on him her heart and person." The moiety of that oath was superfluous—her heart was already long since given, and therefore did she wait with an impatience, equal to that of the queen, the arrival of some messenger from Flanders to announce that hostilities had commenced; and her reverie, though less sorrowful, was not the less isolated and profound; only that each followed the bias impressed upon her mind by its development, which being, to the one a fear—to the other a hope, had wafted them both far into the shadowy land of imagination. The queen saw nought save arid and lugubrious deserts, veiled by a cold grey sky, thickly strewn with tombs: the countess, on the contrary, roamed onwards amidst smiling meads all enamelled with those white and crimson flowers wherewith the chaplets of brides were wont to be woven.

At that moment nine o'clock sounded from the castle belfry, and, awakened by the brazen hammer, each daughter of time seemed to pass in her turn, and wing away on those fluttering wings which bore her so swiftly to eternity. At the first stroke the queen started; then following and counting the rest,

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with a sadness not exempt from terror—

"At such an hour, on such a night, seven years ago," she said with a faltering voice, "this now so silent and tranquil chamber was filled with shrieks and tumult."

"Was it not here," said Alice in turn, drawn from her reverie by the voice of the queen, and making response to her own thoughts rather than to the words she had just heard spoken, "wherein your nuptials were celebrated with our lord King Edward?"

"Yes, yes, 'twas here," murmured she to whom this question was addressed, "but 'twas another event of more recent occurrence to which I made allusion—to a bloody and terrible event, and which also took place in this chamber—to the arrest of Mortimer, the paramour of Queen Isabella."

"Oh!" replied Alice starting in her turn and gazing round her with terror, "oft have I heard whispers touching that tragic history; and, I will c'en avow it, since that we have inhabited this castle I have attempted more than once to obtain some details as to the locality of its occurrence and of the manner after which it was accomplished. But as the king our lord hath restored to his mother her liberty and honours, whether through fear or ignorance, none would give me reply." Then, after a pause—"And you say 'twas here, my lady?" continued Alice, drawing her seat nearer to that of the queen.

"'Tis not for me," replied the latter, "to fathom my husband's secrets, and to seek to divine whether the Lady Isabella tenants at this hour a palace or a gilded prison-house, and whether that infamous Mautravers, who hath been placed in attendance upon her, hath mission to serve her as secretary or gaoler: that which, in his wisdom my lord the king decides, is well decided, and well done. I am his humble spouse and subject, and have nought to say; but, deeds done, are done, for ever. Heaven itself cannot prevent that which once was—having been. Thus I tell you, Alice, 'twas here, in this chamber, seven years since, on such a night and at such an hour was Mortimer arrested, at the moment when, rising from this seat perchance on which I am now seated, and quitting this table on which we are lean-

### *King Edward the Third*

ing, he was about to retire to yon bed, in which for three months past have I not lain in my turn one single night without all the actors who took part in that bloody scene repassing before mine eyes, like a train of pallid phantoms. Besides Alice, the walls have better memory and are often more discreet than men; the former have kept remembrance of all they have witnessed, and lo you, the mouth whereby they have related it to me," continued the queen, as she pointed with her finger to a deep notch made by the edge of a sword in one of the carved pillars supporting the mantel. "'Twas there, where you sit, that Dugdale fell; and if you lift the matting upon which your feet are placed, you will doubtless see the flooring still red with blood; for the struggle was a terrible one, and Mortimer defended himself like a lion."

"But," rejoined Alice, pushing backwards her fauteuil to avoid that spot whereon a human being had passed so rapidly from life to mortal agony, and from that agony to death,—“but what, I pray you, lady, was the veritable fault of Roger Mortimer? It is impossible that King Edward could have punished in so terrible a manner his kinsman, criminal no doubt, but for whom a death so hideous as that he suffered was, perhaps, a punishment too severe."

"But, truly, had he committed other than faults—he had committed crimes, and infamous crimes; he had, by the hands of Gournay and Mastravers, assassinated the king; he had, by false denunciations, caused the head of the Earl of Kent to be stricken off. Master, then, of the whole realm, he was leading the realm to its ruin; when the veritable king, whose power he had usurped and whose will, child as he was, he falsified, grew towards manhood, all by degrees became unveiled and disclosed to him; but army, finance, politics, all were in the hands of the favourite! From the struggle with him, as an enemy, arose the civil war. The king treated him as an assassin and that was enough. One night that the parliament had assembled in yon city, and the queen and Mortimer were shut up in this fortress well guarded by their friends, the king won over the governor, and by a subterranean passage which abutted upon this chamber,

whose aperture I wot not of,\*but that it lies in some concealed portion of this wainscotting, the which I have not been able to discover despite my quest, he hither penetrated at the head of a band of masked men, among whom were Henry Dugdale and Walter de Manny. The queen had already retired to rest, and Roger was about to do likewise, when he suddenly saw a panel slide open; five men wearing masks rushed into the chamber, and whilst two of them ran to the door which they secured inside, the other three advanced upon Mortimer, who, snatching up his sword, felled at the first blow Henry Dugdale, as he stretched forth his hand to seize him. At the same time Isabella springing from her couch, all unmindful of her unattired state and approaching maternity, commanded those men to withdraw themselves, exclaiming that she was the queen. 'Tis well,' said one amongst them taking off his mask; 'but though you be queen, my lady, I am the king.' Isabella uttered a shriek on recognising Edward, and fell senseless on the floor. Meanwhile, Walter de Manny had disarmed Roger; and as the queen's cries had been heard, and the guard having run to the doors and finding them fast, were beginning to batter them in with sword and mace, they carried off Roger Mortimer, bound and gagged, through the subterranean passage, and replaced the wooden panel: so that those who entered found Dugdale dead and the queen in a swoon; but of Roger Mortimer and his captors not a trace. Search was in vain made after him, for the queen dare not say that her son had come himself to arrest her lover at her very bedside. So that no tidings were heard of him until the sentence which condemned him to death was issued, and none beheld him until he appeared upon the scaffold, when the executioner cut open his breast to tear out his heart, the which he cast into a brazier, leaving the body hanging upon a gibbet, where for two days and two nights it was exposed to the gaze and insults of the populace, until that the king, at length granting pardon to the corpse, permitted the Friars Minor of London to bury it in their church. Lo you, what hath passed herein seven years since at this same hour! Did I not say, truly, when I told you 'twas a terrible event?"

"But that subterranean passage?" said Alice; "that concealed panel?"

"I have spoken once only of it to the king, and he answered me that the passage had been walled up, that the panel might no longer be opened."

"And you dare rest in this chamber, my lady!" said Alice.

"What have I to fear, having nought to reproach me of?" said the queen, ill disguising, under the tranquillity of her conscience, the terror which she felt in spite of her strong internal effort to subdue it. "This chamber, moreover, as you have said, holds a double remembrance, and the first is so dear to me that it combats with the second, how fearful soever it may be."

"What noise is that?" cried Alice, seizing the arm of Queen Philippa, intense fear having caused her to forget all respect:—

"Footsteps approaching; nought else. Come, compose yourself, my child."

"The door openeth," stammered Alice.

"Who cometh here?" said the queen turning to the side whence the noise came, but unable to discover in the gloom those by whom it was caused.

"Will her highness permit me to assure her that all is well in the castle of Nottingham, and that she may repose without fear?"

"Ah! 'tis you, William!" cried Alice; "I pray you, come hither."

The young man, nothing expecting this pressing invitation, uttered too in a voice quivering with emotion, at first remained astounded; then springing towards Alice:

"What is it, lady? What aileth you? what desire you of me?"

"Nothing, William," replied Alice, in accents whose intonation she had, this time, been more careful to modulate, "nothing: the Queen Philippa only desireth to know whether you have seen aught suspicious in your this night's round?"

"And what would you that I should meet with of suspicion in this fortress, lady?" replied William with a sigh. "Her highness, the queen, is in the midst of her faithful subjects, and you, my lady? of devoted friends, and I am not happy enough to have occasion to expose my life, in order to spare you even a displeasure."

"Think you we have need to sacrifice

your life to believe in the sincerity of your devotion, Sir William?" said the queen with a smile; "and that it requireth a perilous event to trouble it in order that we may be grateful for the care by which you ensure our tranquillity?"

"No, my lady," replied William, "but proud and happy though I be to remain near you, it shames me not the less at times, at the bottom of heart, for the little I do in thus watching over your safety, which runneth no risk, when the king and so many favoured knights are gone to win renown and return again worthy of those beloved them; whilst I, whom they treat as a mere boy, but who, natheless, feel within me the courage of a man, were I unfortunate enough to love, must needs hide that love in the lowest depths of my soul, recognising me, as they do, unworthy of any response being made thereto."

"Well! calm yourself, William," said the queen, whilst Alice, whom the passion felt by the young bachelor had not escaped, remained silent, "if we wait yet another day without receiving tidings from beyond seas, we will send you thither in quest of them, and nought shall hinder you from doing, ere your return, some goodly enterprise of war, the which you shall relate to us on coming back."

"Oh, lady! lady!" cried William, "if I were happy enough to obtain a like favour of your highness, after heaven and its angels, you would be that being whom I should hold most sacred upon earth."

William de Montague had scarcely uttered these words, which he pronounced with all that accent of enthusiasm peculiar to youth, 'ere the challenge of the sentinel posted above the gateway of the fortress, shouted in a loud voice, was reverberated as far as the chamber in which the two ladies were, and announced that some stranger was approaching the outer gate.

"What is that?" said the queen.

"I know not, but I go to learn, my lady," replied William, "and, your highness permitting, I will come immediately to render account of it."

"Go," said the queen, "we await you."

William obeyed, and the two ladies relapsing into that reverie, from which the clock striking the hour of nine had drawn



them, remained in silence, weaving the thread of their own thoughts, broken by the recital of the catastrophe related by the queen, but which the presence of William, and the conversation consequent thereupon, if not wholly dissipated, had at least deprived of some few of its sorrowful impressions. The result was that, not contemplating the challenge that had just reached their ears as the signal of an event of any importance, they heard not even William's returning footstep: the latter approached the queen, and finding interrogation delayed him—

"I am indeed unfortunate, lady," said he, "and nothing of what I hope for will, doubtless, ever befall me, for lo, the tidings that I should have gone to seek have arrived. I am good for naught save to guard the hoary towers of this old fortress, and must needs resign myself thereto."

"What say'st thou, William?" exclaimed the queen, "and how speakest thou of tidings? should it be some one from the army?"

Alice uttered not a word, but looked at William with an expression so supplicating, that he turned towards her, and replied rather to her silence than to the queen's question, so pressingly interrogative seemed that silence to him—

"There are two men who say, at least, that they come therefrom, and pretend that they are charged with a message from King Edward. Would you that they be admitted to your presence, my lady?"

"On the instant," cried the queen.

"Despite the late hour?" asked William.

"At any hour of day or night, he who comes to me on the part of my lord and master is welcome."

"And doubly welcome I trust me," spoke from the doorway a young and sonorous voice, "is't not so, fair aunt, when the comen names himself Walter de Manny, and that same bringeth good news."

The queen uttered a joyful cry as she rose from her seat extending her hand to the knight, who, bare-headed and disencumbered of his helmet, which on entering he had handed to some page or esquire, advanced towards the two ladies. As for his companion, he remained near to the door, wearing his helmet with the

vizor closed. The queen was so moved that she saw the messenger of happiness kneel before her, and felt his lips pressed upon her hand, without daring to put a single question to him. As for Alice, she trembled in every limb; and William, divining what was in her heart, had leaned himself against the wainscoting.

"That knight hath made a vow, fair aunt, as you too have, my lady Alice who speakest not a word and yet gaze so fixedly on me. Come, assure yourself," continued he, addressing himself to the latter, he is living and that right heartily, albeit he sees daylight with but one eye."

"Thanks," said Alice, at length relieved from the burden which had weighed upon her heart, "thanks. Now tell you us the whereabouts of the king, and where bideeth the army?"

"Ay, ay! say, Walter," quickly rejoined the queen, "the last news that reached us from Flanders, is that of defiance sent to the King Philip of Valvois. What hath happened since?"

"Oh! little matter of import," replied Walter; "only, as maugre those same defiances and pledged words, the lords of the empire delay to hie them to the rendezvous, and as, from day to day, we marked the king's brow grow darker, it came into the minds of Salisbury and your humble knight, that this same gathering sorrow was inspired by remembrance of the vow that you had made, and that despite his impatience, he could not aid you in its acquittal. Therefore, without saying ought to any one, we took us some forty lances from amongst the surest and boldest of our good companions in arms, and, setting out for Brabant, we pricked on so stoutly night and day, that we traversed Hainault, laid Mortagne in ashes as we passed thereby, and leaving Conde to the rearward, crossed the Schelde and went to refresh us at the Abbey of Denain; then, at last, we arrived before a strong and goodly castle which rears its towers in France, and is called Thun l'Eveque. We made the tour of it to examine it at all points, and having seen that it was exactly what you craved, fair aunt, we put our steeds to the gallop, and Salisbury and I entered the courtyard, wherein we found the garrison, which, recognising us for what we, of a verity, were, made

[THE COURT

a show of defiance and broke some few lances not to have semblance of surrendering ere they had struck a blow. Thereupon we, promptly, visited the interior in order to see whether there might not be something to be commanded to be done in order to render it worthy of its destination. The castellan had but just tapestried it anew for his lady's comfort; so that with the aid of Heaven, fair aunt, you will be therein as fully at your ease to bestow another heir upon our lord the king, as though you were in your palace of Westminster or Greenwich. So seeing, incontinently placed we therein good garrison, commanded by my brother, and we returned in all haste to the king to tell him how matters went, and that he had nought more wherewith to disquiet himself."

"Thus then," timidly faltered Alice, "the Earl of Salisbury hath faithfully kept his vow."

"Ay, my lady!" exclaimed the other knight, for the first time breaking silence and advancing towards her as he unfastened his helmet and placed one knee on the ground;—"now will you keep yours?"

Alice involuntarily uttered a shriek. That second knight was Peter of Salisbury, who had returned with one half of his forehead still bound with the scarf Alice had presented to him, and which had not quitted it since the memorable day of the *Vow of the Heron*, as a few drops of congealed blood fallen from a slight wound which he had received on the head, attested.

A fortnight afterwards Queen Philippa landed on the coast of Flanders, accompanied by Walter de Manny, and Peter of Salisbury which had received, in the castle of Wark, the hand of the lovely Alice.

These were the first two *vows* accomplished, of those which had been sworn upon the heron.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The word of a knight.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the lords of the Empire had undertaken this war, they had shown themselves hitherto full tardy in entering upon it. Edward nevertheless evinced infinite patience, and, thanks to the gallant achievement of Walter de Manny, [MAGAZINE.]

had caused the Lady Philippa of Hainault to be conducted under a safe escort to the castle of Thun-l'Evêque, wherein she was, according to her vow, eventually delivered upon the soil of France of a son, who received the name of John, afterwards Duke of Lancaster.\* After recovering from her accouchement the queen repaired to Ghent, where she abode in the castle of the Count of Hainault, in the market-place Vendredi.

All these delays allowed Philip of Valois time to make provision for a war which, to ensure the success hoped for by Edward, ought to have been conducted with all the rapidity and silence of an unexpected invasion. Scarcely had Philip been defied by the lords of the Empire ere, in expectation of that declaration of war, he re-assembled his army in France, opened his negotiations with Scotland, and sent strong garrisons into the country of Cambresis, where the sagacity of Sir Walter Manny and the Earl of Salisbury indicated that the attack would first be made. Meanwhile he caused the earldom of Ponthieu, held by King Edward in right of his mother, to be taken possession of, and dispatched ambassadors to the different lords of the Empire—amongst others to the Earl of Hainault, his nephew, who had just succeeded to the inheritance of his ancestral territory, his father William having died of that attack of the gout which had seized him at the moment of the arrival of the ambassadors from King Edward—to the Duke of Lorraine, the Count de Bar, the Bishop of Metz, and the Lord Adolphus de la Marche, in order that they might not enter into the league forming against him. The four last answered that they had already refused to King Edward the concurrence which he had asked of them. As for the Earl of Hainault, he replied immediately by letters, that he took up arms alike for the Germanic empire and the kingdom of France, and so long as Edward should fight upon the emperor's territories, as Vicar of the Empire, he would remain the ally of Edward; but that, so soon as Edward should enter the realm of France, he would rally round the banner of Philip of Valois, and aid him to defend his

\* This title he assumed in right of his wife and cousin the Lady Blanche of Lancaster.

kingdom, thus ready was he to keep his double engagement towards each of his two lords paramount. At length, Philip apprised Hugues Quieret, Nicholas Be-huchet, and Barbevaire, commanders of his fleet, that threats of defiance had been given, and that war was declared between France and England, and gave them full liberty to send forth their cruisers and do his enemies all possible mischief. These bold pirates needed not to be twice told; they instantly set sail for the English coast, and one certain Sunday morning, whilst all the inhabitants were at mass, entered the harbour of Southampton, landed, took and pilaged the town, carried off maids and matrons, loaded their ships with booty, and then retreating on board, so soon as the tide served, took flight as rapidly as birds of prey—carrying away within their claws the booty upon which they had as unexpectedly as, successfully, pounced.

The King of England, on his part had set out for Malines with all his array, and reached Brussels, in which city the Duke of Brabant had taken up his quarters, in order to learn from the latter how far he might depend upon former promises. There he found Robert d'Artois who, ever indefatigable in his projects of war, had arrived from Hainault. The tidings from that quarter were most satisfactory; the young count, urged by his uncle Jean de Beaumont, had proceeded to arm his followers with all possible dispatch, and held himself in readiness to enter upon the campaign. As for the Duke of Brabant, he appeared still in the same mind; and as Edward told him that his intention was to lay siege to Cambray, he bound himself by oath to rejoin him before that town with twelve hundred lances and eight thousand men-at-arms. This engagement satisfied Edward, who, having received news that the lords of the Empire were advancing on their side, no longer hesitated to put himself upon the march. The first night he took up his quarters in the town of Nivelles, and the second night reached Mons, where he found the young Count William his brother-in-law, and Sir Jean de Beaumont, his marshal, in the territory of Hainault, who was enjoined by his vow to conduct the army as far as the borders of France.

Edward then halted, for two days, at Mons, where he and his retinue, which comprised a score of the greatest barons of England, were sumptuously feasted by the counts and knights inhabiting those parts. During these two days the whole of his troops quartered in the same country rejoined him; so that finding himself at the head of a powerful force, he marched towards Valenciennes, which he entered, taking with him twelve knights only, and leaving his army encamped in the environs of the town: the Count of Hainault had already arrived there, as also Sir Jean de Beaumont, the Lords d'Enghien, de Fagnoelles and de Verchin, and several other noblemen, who all came out at the gates to meet him. The Count of Hainault awaited the arrival of his royal relative at the top of the palace steps, surrounded by his court.

Having reached the outer courtyard, King Edward paused awhile before the grand entrance, whereupon the Bishop of Lincoln being present said:—

“William d'Aussonne, Bishop of Cambray, I admonish you as proctor, on the part of the King of England, Vicar of the Emperor of Rome, that you consent to open the gates of the city of Cambray; and if you shall do otherwise, you will incur forfeit to the empire and we will enter by force.”

No one replied to this summons;—for the Bishop of Cambray was not present—the Bishop of Lincoln therefore continued:—

“Count William of Hainault, we admonish you, on the part of the Emperor of Rome, that with all the force you may be able to muster, you come and assist the King of England, his vicar, before the city of Cambray, the which he is about to besiege.”

The Count of Hainault made answer, —“Willingly will I do that which I am bound to do:”—And, immediately descending the great stairway, the count approached Edward to hold his stirrup whilst he dismounted, and taking the king by the hand conducted him to the grand hall of audience, wherein supper was served up.

The next day the English monarch lodged at Haspre, where he halted two days, awaiting the coming up of his own troops, as well as those of his German

[COURT MAG.]

allies ; here the young Count of Hainault and his uncle, Sir Jean de Beaumont, accompanied by a magnificent array, first joined him ; then arrived the Duke of Gueldres, the Marquis of Juliers, the Margrave of Misnia and the East, the Counts of Mons and de Salm, the Lord of Fauquemont, Sir Arnold de Blankenheim, and a host of other nobles, knights and barons, and their several forces. Seeing his army thus complete, with the exception of the Duke of Brabant's troops, who had promised to join him before Cambray, Edward set forward and took up his position round the city. The day following, the Duke of Brabant arrived, as he had pledged himself, with nine hundred lances, without counting the men-at-arms and a host of other armed men and foot soldiers : he took up a position on the bank of the Schelde opposite the King of England, where a bridge was thrown across the river to afford communication between the two armies. Hereupon Edward sent his challenge to the King of France.

Whilst these preparations were making before Cambray, the lords, impatient to add to their chivalric renown, over-ran the country from Avesnes to Douay, and found all the land "full, fat, and brisk ;" for it was long since war had been carried on in those parts. As they thus rode forward it chanced that Sir Jean de Beaumont, Sir Henry of Flanders, the Lords de Fauquemont, de Beautersens, and de Kuck, followed by some five hundred lances, came before the town of Hannecourt. The inhabitants had already conveyed all their moveables and stores into the fortress belonging to it. Apart from the desire of performing a gallant deed of arms, this circumstance was by no means indifferent to the knights of that period, who looked upon any booty, which might happen to fall into their hands, as a portion of revenue bestowed upon them by providence. Thinking to surprise the city, they advanced hastily upon it ; but bands of warriors having been seen in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants were, therefore, upon their guard. However, there was present, at that time, an abbot of great sagacity and courage, who, like most of the clergy of that period, could wield the lance as skilfully as he could sustain the crucifix, whose goodly person bore indeed, with

equal grace, the breast-plate or the stole. This worthy ecclesiastic at this hour of peril, placed himself at the head of the defensive operations, and ordered a barrier of palisades to be constructed with the utmost expedition, outside the gates of Hannecourt ; leaving, however, a space between the outwork and the gate ; he then ordered all his people to man the ramparts and ascend the turrets, and, having well provided them with stones, quick-lime and every kind of offensive missile then in use, he placed himself at the head of the most valiant men-at-arms he could find, between the barrier and the town, keeping the gate open behind him to leave a safe retreat for his companions. These precautions taken, he awaited the enemy, who shortly appeared, and finding that the town was prepared for the attack, advanced with due precaution, but without encountering any hindrance on the part of those who were expecting them.

At about twenty paces from the walls, Sir Jean de Beaumont, Sir Henry of Flanders, the Lord of Fauquemont and other knights dismounted, as did likewise their men-at-arms, and, closing the vizors of their helmets, drew their swords and resolutely approached the guarded barriers. When those upon the ramparts saw that an assault was meditated, they rained down a shower of stones, logs, and pots of quick lime, upon their assailants ; but as the latter were almost all clad in good armour they continued nevertheless to advance until they had actually reached the barriers ; these they strove to hew down to open for themselves a passage, but they were strong and firmly set in the ground, so that being unprovided with machines, the timbers resisted all their efforts. It was therefore necessary to change their tactics and to begin a fresh attack. The knights accordingly thrust their lances and swords through the intervals of the palisades, spearing and stabbing at those within who defended themselves with valour. Sir Abbot spared not himself, but was foremost in giving and receiving stout blows, whilst those above upon the ramparts continued to shower down stones, beams and fire-pots. It chanced that in the melee, Sir Henry of Flanders and the Abbot of Hannecourt crossed swords together, and as the first was more skilful in the use of this weapon than the lat-

ter, and the latter stronger in the wrist than Sir Henry, the Abbot perceiving the disadvantage, flung down his weapon, and, seizing that of the knight with both hands by the bare blade, he set himself firm upon his legs, drawing his antagonist with great force towards the barriers, who on his part, unwilling to relinquish his sword, was compelled to follow it. The result was that the blade first passed the palisades, then the handle of the sword, and next the knight's arm, whereupon the Abbot quitted hold of the blade and seized the arm which held it, pulling it inside as far as the shoulder, and so rudely, that had the grating been wide enough he would have had his man entirely through. During the whole of this struggle, Sir Henry of Flanders was in the extreme of danger, as he could in no way defend himself; for whilst the Abbot dragged at him with one hand, with the other he struck at him with his dagger, endeavouring to shatter his vizor. His brother knights, on their parts, seeing the peril he ran, went to him and endeavoured to deliver him. In this they at length succeeded; but not before Sir Henry, having had a narrow escape of losing his life, lost his sword, which the Abbot picked up in great triumph, and, as a precious trophy, it was long preserved in the chapter-house in Hennecourt, when forty years afterwards it was shewn to Froissart whilst relating to him by what valiant achievement it had fallen into such keeping. As for the assailants, seeing from this first check that there was nothing to be done, they gave up the attempt and drew off towards Cambray, where they found King Edward, the Duke of Brabant and the lords of the Empire, who had just completed their outworks for the siege and were preparing for the assault. The new comers began their skirmishing and combats anew, for they had to revenge the repulse which their comrades had just sustained, and Sir John of Hainault had to avenge the death of a young knight of Holland, named Herman, whom he greatly loved, and who had been slain in that rash enterprise. Sir John then went to join the company of the Lord of Fauquemont, of the knight, Sir d'Enghien and Sir Walter de Manny, who intended to attack the town at a gate called Robert's gate, whilst the Count William, his nephew, purposed with his

party to make the attack at the St. Quentin gate.

The Count of Hainault it was who, a young bachelor full of ardour to make his first essay, had been foremost to reach the barrier and begin the combat; they had, however, to deal with a town very differently fortified to that of Hennecourt, and with a brave garrison abundantly provided with arms, and artillery. Notwithstanding, therefore, the marvellous prowess shown on the part of the Lord Jean de Beaumont and Sir Walter de Manny, they were repulsed, and returned to their tents well beaten and thoroughly tired, without having gained the slightest advantage.

On the same night news reached the King of England that his adversary, having heard of the arrival before Cambray, had dispatched his constable, Raoul, Count of Eu and Ghines, to St. Quentin, with a strong armed force, to guard that city and the frontiers. The Lords de Courcy and de Ham, moreover, had arrived in their territories, which were situate upon the borders of France; and as the country lying between Quentin and Peronne was thickly strengthened by all the flower of the French chivalry, it was probable that Philip of Valois could not himself long delay making his personal appearance before his cousin of England.

Philip of Valois having, in fact, learned that a herald from the Duke of Brabant had arrived, forthwith granted him audience in the castle of Compiègne, and on this occasion, as on the last, he had summoned beside him his aged and loyal hostage, Leon of Crainheim. The latter, reckoning upon the pledged word of his lord, had in all confidence seated himself near the king, but at the first word of the herald, recognising that his mission had reference to his own people, he had risen from his seat with the intention of retiring from the audience chamber. Thereupon Philip, without taking his eyes off his cousin's envoy, had extended his hand to seize the knight's arm, so that the latter, detained through respect, remained standing in his place and was compelled to hear to the end the defiance given by his master to the king. When the herald had ended his cartel, Philip of Valois, who had, with a smile upon his lips, heard him throughout, turned towards the knight, exclaiming, "Well! Messire de

de Crainheim, what say'st thou to that ?”

“ I say, sire,” replied the aged knight, “ that I have guaranteed my lord of Brabant upon my life, and that, if he hath failed him of his word, I will not fail me of mine.

Five days afterwards, at the moment when King Philip was about to set out for Peronne, they came to tell him that the knight, Leon of Crainheim, to whom he had given leave to return to his master's court, had during that night expired.

The aged knight, unwilling to survive the shame of him whom he represented, had suffered himself to die of hunger.

#### CHAPTER XII.

The challenge—preparations for battle—the chase of the hare—Knights of the Hare—incur-sions of the Scots.

As the siege of Cambray, notwithstanding the courage of the assailants did not make the slightest progress, and the English King having learned that Philip of Valois, after issuing his summons at Peronne, had reached St. Quentin with all his forces, assembled a conclave of his best and worthiest counsellors—amongst whom were the Count Robert d'Artois, Sir Jean de Beaumont, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Earl of Salisbury, the Marquis de Juliers and Walter de Manny—to consult with them whether it were better to continue the siege or march forward to meet his adversary. The discussion was short, for they were of unanimous opinion that the city of Cambray being strongly walled and well manned, nothing could be less certain than its capture ; and that, it would be preferable to bring about an engagement in the open country, than here before a city to waste strength uselessly until the winter, which was fast approaching, had arrived. Command was consequently given for the lords to break up their encampment. Each struck his tents and pavilion, collected his followers under his own banner and put himself on the march, towards Mount St. Martin, a monastery belonging to the diocese of Cambray, situate upon the frontiers of Picardy. As Sir Jean de Beaumont had accomplished his vow by serving the army in the office of marshal as long as it had waged war upon the territories of the Empire or the land of Hainault, he now restored his command to the King of England, who divided it into three marshal-

ships and appointed them to the Earls of Northampton, Gloucester, and Suffolk. As for the office of constable, it was allotted to the Earl of Warwick, who immediately assumed the conduct of the army, which having marched as far as the foot of Mount St. Martin, crossed the Schelde without any hindrance, either on the part of the French or by being compelled to ford the river. Having gained the opposite bank, the Earl of Hainault rode up to Edward, dismounted from his horse, and, placing one knee upon the ground, begged that he would give him leave, according to his pledged word, to join the King of France, in order that he might keep his word as faithfully towards the one as the other monarch ; for, thus as he had served the King of England, his brother-in-law in the Empire, he wished to serve his uncle, the King of France, in that kingdom. Edward, who was aware of his engagement, offered no objection, but raised up the count, saying :

“ God keep you.” Then having taken off his gauntlet, he extended him his hand. William, of Hainault, kissed it, remounted his horse, made a last obeisance to the king, and rode out of the army accompanied by all his friends and men-at-arms, with the exception of his uncle, Jean de Beaumont, who, still under the banner of France, for the aid which he had given to the Queen Isabella, of England, made no scruple of remaining amongst the lords of the Empire, although the allied army had then passed into France.

When the young count William had taken his departure, a second council was held to decide whether it would be advisable to enter the country further, or, whilst awaiting the French army, skirt along Hainault, whence provisions and muniments could reach them daily, without hindrance. Opinions were divided ; but the Duke of Brabant having declared himself strongly in favour of the latter mode of tactics, they all, at length, sided with him ; the English army was, therefore, immediately formed into three battalions ; the first under the command of the marshals, the second under the king in person, and the third under command of the Duke of Brabant. The whole of the army then set forward upon the march, burning with one hand, and pillaging with the other, and performing not more than

three leagues daily, in order, that upon the line traversed, nothing might escape its ravage—towns, villages or farms; so that, in its rear, every thing disappeared, vineyards, forests, harvests, earthly riches and gifts of Heaven, like as it were a devastating torrent which, having swept remorselessly onwards, had left desert and uncultivated all that before had been smiling, fertile and populous.

The army halted from time to time; and, on such occasion, like a flaming dragon extending one of its wings, a troop detached itself from the flanks, deployed towards Picardy, or the Ile-de-France, burning and pillaging several towns, whose conflagrations were seen and whose clamours were heard even in the very heart of the kingdom; thus suffered Origny, St. Benoit and Guise. At length, King Edward having learned from Boheric, an abbey of Citcaux, situate in the diocese of Laon, that King Philip had set out for St. Quentin at the head of more than a hundred thousand men to offer him battle, being unwilling to have the appearance of retreating by continuing to follow a route which widened the distance between him and his enemy, he accordingly retraced his steps, resting that same day on which he received the news, at Fervacques, on the morrow at Montreuil, and the next day took up his quarters at Flamenbergerie, and having found a convenient locality where to post his army, amounting to nearly forty-five thousand men, he determined there to await King Philip, having sufficiently retrograded in the direction by which his enemy was advancing, that he might not be suspected of a desire to avoid a battle.

The King of France, on his part, had indeed set out for St. Quentin; he had marched so far with his army as to reach Vironfosse, and had there halted, commanding all his followers to pitch their tents; his intention was to await at that place the English King, and all his allies, from whom he was only two leagues distant. The Count William of Hainault having now learnt that the King of France was lodged at Vironfosse, rode forward from Quesnoy, where, as yet, he had remained inactive, until he had gained the French army and presented himself before his uncle at the head of five hundred lances. Notwithstanding the magnificent array King Philip gave him at first as uf-

ficiently cold reception; for he could not forget that with the same retinue he had joined the besiegers before Cambray. But the Count William sagely excused himself, saying that he had been forced to obey the Emperor, for whom he had been obliged to take up arms, as he now was for the King of France; the truth of which was so apparent that the king and his council were fully satisfied with his conduct, and ordered a post to be assigned to him in the centre of the army as near as possible to the royal tent.

Edward was not tardy in making himself acquainted with the disposition of his adversary's force and the character of the small space of ground which separated the two armies. He immediately assembled the council composed of the lords of the Empire, his marshals, and barons and prelates of England, asking them whether it was still their resolve to fight, and if so that they would give him the best advice what was necessary to be done at such a crisis. The lords, at his first speaking, looked on in silence, then deferring speech to the Duke of Brabant, that nobleman arose and said, he believed that it was the duty and the honour of all, to fight, whatever might be the inferiority of their numbers, and that they ought, without delay, to dispatch a herald to the King of France, to invite him to give them battle, and name his own day for the purpose. This proposal was received with unanimous applause, and the Duke of Gueldres' herald, who could speak the French language, was charged, in the name of the King of England and the lords of the Empire, to carry defiance to the King of France. The herald instantly mounted his horse with a train worthy of those whom he represented, and after riding forward for only two short hours (so near were the two armies posted to each other), he reached the French out posts, and demanded to be instantly conducted into the royal presence.

The King of France receiving the herald in customary form, surrounded by his council, listened with pleasure to the mission which this prudent messenger had so respectfully executed. Philip of Valois replied, that he fully understood the message, that King Edward had halted and was anxious to give him battle, and accordingly appointed the Friday next following, that being the day after the

morrow, a day in which it would be requisite for him to come to issue; then, taking off from his shoulders his royal mantle, lined with ermine and fastened with a chain of gold, he gave it to the herald in token that he was welcome and that the news which he had brought him was good news. That night the herald returned to Edward's army, related the good cheer which he had received at the hands of the French King, and that the following Friday was fixed upon for battle. This report quickly spread itself amongst the lords of the Empire and the English barons, who until late at night busily occupied themselves in examining their arms and making all needful preparation.

On the morrow, the count of Hainault charged the lords of Tupigny and Fagnuelles, two of the knights in whom he had full confidence for courage and wisdom, to reconnoitre the King of England's battalion. Mounting their fleetest coursers, and, keeping themselves within the covert of a wood which extended along the whole line, they skirted the English army for a long while so closely, that they were able to see all its dispositions. Thus riding, it chanced that the Lord de Fagnuelles's horse, which had been badly bitten, having been struck suddenly on the crupper by the branch of a tree, took fright, and seizing the bit between his teeth in such a manner that he gained the mastery over his rider, carried him out of the wood, and dashing through towards the army of King Edward, bore him into the midst of the Imperial knight's quarters, where he threw him off. The Lord de Fagnuelles was instantly surrounded and taken by five or six Germans, who, as speedily proposed, that as he had not been taken in battle, but by mere accident, they should set him at liberty, provided he would give them good security for the amount of his ransom. The Lord of Fagnuelles then demanded to be conducted before Sir Jean de Beaumont, who marvelled greatly, when coming out of mass, at finding his old and excellent acquaintance at the gate. The prisoner then related to him how he had fallen into the hands of the Germans, and the offer made by those who had held him captive. Sir Jean de Beaumont immediately became guarantee for the sum demanded; and, having invited him to dine, after the dessert was on table, ordered his attendants to bring back his horse and

sword, which he freely gave him, on this condition alone, that he would charge himself with his host's compliments to the Count William, his nephew. The Lord of Fagnuelles having given such promise, returned towards the encampment of his lord, to whom he was able to give certain news of the army of King Edward, having seen it much more closely than he had reckoned upon when setting forth in the morning for his recognizance.

On the same evening, whilst the King of France kept vigil within his tent, a messenger, covered with dust and sadly fatigued, (since from the getting his foot into the stirrup he had daily ridden twenty leagues upon the same horse)—was conducted into Philip's presence. The individual came from the Island of Sicily, and brought letters from Robert, Count of Provence and King of Naples. The French monarch, who knew the learning of his cousin and his science in astrology, had consulted him on the first report of the war reaching him, with a view to know what might be the issue of it. Whereupon King Robert had interrogated by the stars, and in their favourable and malign conjunction, had at different times cast horoscopes upon the fate of the Kings of France and England, and had invariably found that wherever and whenever King Edward should be present in person, King Philip would be beaten and discomfited, with great damage to his kingdom of France; he had written, therefore, to the latter king not to fight, were the number of his troops three to one; the issue of the combat being written beforehand upon the eternal book which the hand of man could in no wise change.

Philip took special care not to communicate the contents of those letters to any one, lest the army might be discouraged; and, notwithstanding the reasons and forbidding warning of his cousin—the Sicilian King, he resolved, if King Edward would give battle, not to retreat one single step, since he, it was, who had fixed the day for it; but, at the same time, not to march in search of him, if his position gave him advantage of ground and sun.

On the morning of the next day, each of the two armies got themselves in readiness and heard mass. The two kings also and many lords made confession and communicated, as it became men to do who were going into battle, and who desired to



hold themselves prepared (if such their destiny should be) to appear before their Maker. After this the chiefs set forward with their troops, following each other in single file upon the borders of wide extending marshes, which were so deep with water and rushes, as not to be crossed without great difficulty, and presenting oft-times a perilous path to the first who ventured that way. At the end of an hour's march, the two armies found themselves in presence of one another, and each king set his battalions in array.

Edward, who had the advantage of position, separated his army into three divisions, all being on foot, having first placed the horses and baggage in a small wood to the rear and fortified his line with waggons and carriages. The first division numbering eight thousand men, displayed twenty-two banners and sixty pennons; it was composed of Germans, under the command of the Duke of Gueldres, the Count of Juliers, the Marquis of Brandenburg, Sir John of Hainault, the Margrave of Misnia, the Count of Mons, the Count of Salin, the Lord de Fauquemont, and Sir Arnold de Blakenheim.

The Duke of Brabant commanded the second, and under him served some Flemish lords, who had rallied round his banner, together with the highest and bravest barons of his territories, so that he found himself at the head of twenty-four banners and eighty pennons, commanding seven thousand men, well attired, armed, and accoutred—all, indeed, bold and brave soldiers.

The third battalion, which was the strongest, had the King of England for its leader; around him were ranged the barons of his nation, and foremost, his cousin, Earl Henry of Derby, son of Lord Henry of Lancaster, the Wryneck, the Bishops of Lincoln and Durham, the Earls of Northampton, Gloucester, Suffolk and Hertford, Lord Robert d'Artois, Lord Reginald of Cobham, the Lords, Louis and Jean de Beauchamp, Lord Hugh Hastings, Sir Walter de Manny, and, finally, the Earl of Salisbury who after a fortnight's brief honeymoon had quitted his young and lovely bride, and now *acquitted of his vow* with both his eyes unbandaged and gleaming with chivalrous ardour, had just eagerly joined the royal army. Above that sea of steel, of which

each man formed a wave, and which advanced like a tide, composed of six thousand men-at-arms and six thousand archers, floated twenty-eight banners and ninety pennons; finally, behind these three divisions, there was a rear guard posted under the command of the Earls of Warwick and Pembroke; Lord Milton and several other good knights being captains therein, and holding themselves in readiness to carry aid to any portion of the van which might become weakened; this rear guard was composed of four thousand men.

As for the King of France, he had around him such a host, and so goodly an array of his best and noblest chivalry, that it was a sight marvellous to look upon; but the detail would be tedious to narrate. When his battalions were armed and set in order upon the ground appointed for them, there were two hundred and twenty-seven banners, five hundred and sixty pennons, four kings, six dukes, thirty-six counts, four thousand knights, and more than sixty thousand men from amongst the lower orders of France, all so entirely armed that they appeared like a sheet of glass in which the sun was mirrored; but that chivalry, so terrible and imposing to gaze upon, was divided upon the strategy of the day; for some said that it would be a shame to have approached so near the enemy without fighting, whilst others considered that it was an error to give battle, since the King of France had all to lose and nought to gain by it: for, should he be defeated, the enemy could at a blow strike into the very heart of the country, whilst if he remained victor, he could not, for all that, conquer England, it being an island; so also with the lords of the Empire, who would be always too strongly supported by Louis V. of Bavaria, their suzerain.

Meanwhile the King of England had mounted a little ambling palfrey, and accompanied by the Lord Robert d'Artois, Lord Reginald of Cobham, and Sir Walter Manny, had ridden in front of all the battalions courteously exhorting the knights and their companions in arms to aid him in the accomplishment of his vow and to support his honour, and pointing out to them the advantage of the position he had chosen, flanked by a wood, defended by a marsh, so that the enemy could not come up to him without being

in a situation of great peril. After he had ridden along each rank and spoken to all, to excite some, and restrain within due bounds the ardour of others, he returned to his own division, set it in array, and commanded that none should advance before the banners of the marshals.

These preparations, on both sides, had taken up nearly the whole morning, and it was close upon the hour of noon, when a hare, frightened by a knight of the English army who had momentarily quitted the ranks, started up from her lair, and ran at full speed amongst the ranks of the French : whereupon several of the knights, seeing that they had time to give chase, began coursing it within the circle of iron by which it was enclosed, shouting as loudly as possible, and pursuing it with great uproar ; the English army which saw the movement but was ignorant of its cause, aroused by the noise, stood on the alert in expectation of instant attack. The king quitted his little palfrey, mounted a tall and powerful warhorse, and held himself in readiness to be present at the first onset. On the other side, the Lords of Gascony and Languedoc, believing the attack was commenced, put on their helmets and drew their swords, whilst the Count of Hainault, thinking that he had no time to lose, and that they were about to come hand to hand, hastened to confer knighthood upon several lords to whom he had promised such favour : so that he dubbed fourteen of them, and they bore to the end of their days the title of *Knights of the Hare*.

All these several incidents consumed a considerable portion of time, and the day had advanced to three o'clock in the afternoon ; the sun was beginning to descend towards the horizon, when a messenger arrived, in time for King Edward, who took his letters and read them without dismounting from his horse ; they bore the signature of the Archbishop of Canterbury, came from the council in England, and announced that the Normans and the Genoese, after having landed at Southampton, pillaging and burning the city, had run in also as far as Dover, advancing even to Norwich, desolating all the English coast for more than forty miles, and so kept the sea that no vessel could land in Flanders : that under such pennon they had captured the two largest ships the English

had hitherto built, called the *Edward* and the *St. Christopher* : which combat had lasted the whole day, and that a thousand Englishmen had been slain in the encounter

This was, as may readily be supposed, most fearful news ; and the same letters, moreover, contained other matters of a nature still more disquieting respecting Scotland : whilst Edward was besieging Cambray, Philip of Valois, as we have said, had sent messengers to the lords who were in favour of the young King David ; they did not bring a strong reinforcement either of men or of arms, but a sum of money sufficiently large to procure both. The head of the embassy, who was a man of high courage and great wisdom, had passed through all the English posts, and had reached as far as the forest of Jedworth, in the shelter of whose fastnesses, as in an inaccessible fortress, were the Earl of Murray, the Earl of Sutherland, Sir Simon Frazer, Sir Alexander Ramsay and Lord William Douglas, nephew of the good Lord James, who, as we have related to our readers, had died in Spain, whilst carrying the heart of his late king to the Holy Land. All these lords felt great joy at the news which reached them from France ; and, as King Philip recommended them to profit by the absence of Edward to excite an insurrection in the kingdom of England (and, thanks to the large sums he had sent, furnished them with the means,) they had, in a very short time, so well sown in good and loyal ground, that an abundant harvest of men and horses had sprung up on all sides : so that, finding himself at the head of a powerful force, although believed by the English governors to be still concealed in the forest of Jeddart like wild beasts in their lairs, they had made a descent upon the lowlands, and furious as a band of wolves, had retaken either by force or surprise, the greater part of the fortresses ; so effectually, indeed, had been their inroad, that now the English, in turn, possessed no more than seven or eight towns and fortresses in Scotland, amongst which were Berwick, Stirling, Roxburg and Edinburgh. This, however, was not all : encouraged by their successes, leaving Berwick behind them, they had crossed the river Tyne, and teavering the ancient Roman wall, pushed on as far as

Durham, to the extremity of the county of Northumberland—a three days march into the kingdom of England—pillaging and laying waste with fire and sword all the country around; after which they had retired by another route without meeting with any opposition to their retreat; so far was any one in England from dreaming that the teeth and claws of the Scottish lion had so quickly regrown in full force and vigour.

Edward perused these letters without suffering his countenance to betray the slightest trace of emotion; and, when he had finished, ordered the messenger to be feasted with the best of cheer and that as rich a recompense should be given him as though he had brought news of a totally opposite nature. At length, he turned his eyes once more towards the army drawn up in order of battle before him, praying in his heart to his Maker that the combat he had so long and so ardently desired and had come so far to seek might be avoided: for once conqueror or conquered, engaged in the heart of the kingdom, or driven back upon the territories of the empire, he could not, without the lapse of a fearfully long period, return to his own country, whither such bold doings on the part of Scotland, required his return. Happily, every thing in the French army tended to the same point and was in exactly the same disposition, and, as the afternoon was drawing to a close, it was probable that the day would pass over without a battle.

Two hours more, indeed, elapsed without any attempt being made on either side to hazard crossing the marsh; and, night having fallen, each army retired within its quarters of the preceding night. King Edward then assembled the members of his council, read aloud the letters he had just received from England, and again asked the advice of the English barons and the lords of the empire: their opinion was unanimous; his presence was of the last importance in London, and it was urgent that he should repair thither without delay. Consequently, profiting by the darkness of the night, he caused the tents and baggage to be packed up, and went with the Duke of Brabant to sleep near Avesnes in Hainault. The next morning the king took leave of the German and Brabant lords,

who remained in arms to guard the country, and he then returned to Brussels with the Duke Jean, his cousin.

On the following day, the King of France, ignorant of what had passed during the night, again quitted his abode, and proceeded to marshal his battalions in the same order as upon the preceding evening; but as he saw no appearance of an enemy, believing that some ambuscade was preparing in the wood which extended along the other side of the marsh, he enquired if any man would volunteer to cross the dangerous path, which neither of the armies had attempted to traverse on the preceding day, and search that wood, whose silence seemed to him most suspicious. Whereupon, a young bachelor\* presented himself for this venturesome enterprise: this was Messire Eustache de Ribeaumont, a scion of an ancient and noble family, who, although scarcely one and twenty years of age, had already served five years in the army; and, as he was about to set forth, King Philip, desirous that if he chanced to fall in the adventure, the brave young man should at least die a knight, commanded him to kneel down; whereupon he armed him, and gave him the accolade with his own hand; and then, all emboldened and elated at this honour, Sir Eustache de Ribeaumont remounted his horse, praying heaven to grant him a rencontre with some enemy, in order that he might shew himself in sight of the king worthy of the favour he had received. He crossed the marsh in view of the whole army, and having reached the other side, placed his lance in the rest, and advanced resolutely towards the wood, within whose covert he quickly disappeared. He explored it thoroughly on all sides; but it was silent and desert as the enchanted forest in which Tancred made a tree trickle with Clorinda's blood; so that having made an effectual search without discovering a trace of those whom he sought, he soon made his appearance beyond the wood, and was seen ascending a hill, from the top of which the whole country could be descried. Having reached the summit, and seeing no one, he thereon planted his lance in token of

\* The word *bachelor*, whence has come *bachelier*, does not signify *bas chevalier*, but a knight who has not the number of *bachelles* of land requisite to display a banner; that is to say, *four bachelles*.

possession, placed his helmet upon it, the long plumes of which streamed upon the wind, and gently rode down again bare headed towards the king, to whom he rendered account of his mission, inviting Philip to follow him, with all the army, to the ground, whereon during the previous evening the battalions of King Edward had been posted. Philip of Valois immediately ordered his vanguard to set itself in motion, and Sir Eustache de Ribeaumont having, as a guide to test the ground, taken the lead of the column, the whole army commenced its march across the marsh, from which many knights had great difficulty to extricate themselves, on account of the weight of their own armour and the mail upon their horses; a sufficient proof that King Philip had acted most prudently in not risking, on the previous evening and in face of his adversary's army, the passage which he then only effected with considerable difficulty, though having neither fear nor cause for apprehension. Sir Eustache de Ribeaumont was not mistaken, all the country had been deserted, and he rode on unmolested at the head of the little troop of which he was leader, to retake from the summit of the hill, the lance and helmet which he had planted there.

As for King Philip, he established himself upon the same spot where Edward had drawn up his battalions, and remained there two whole days; at the end of which time, having learned from the country people that the King of England had retired to Hainault with his barons and the lords of the empire, he most courteously thanked kings, dukes, counts, barons, knights and lords who had come so gallantly equipped to serve him, and, giving them permission to retire whither they chose, returned to St. Quentin, whence he sent his men-at-arms into garrison in the cities of Tournay, Lisle and Douay; matters being thus settled, and seeing that he had nothing more to do upon the marshes and frontiers of his kingdom, he set forth upon his return towards Paris.

As for Edward, he repaired to Antwerp, whence he embarked, leaving as a token of his speedy intention of returning, under the protection of his *gossip* Jacob Artaveld, Queen Philippa, in the city of Ghent, and charging the Counts of Suffolk and Salisbury to hold and defend

Flanders, in the event of King Philip showing himself disposed to punish the services that country had rendered and which he fully reckoned upon being again afforded him: then having gained the open sea without falling in with any of the Norman or Genoese pirates, he sailed onwards in safety, and landed at London the 21st of February 1340, and went on the same day to Westminster, his return thither being a subject of universal joy and thanksgiving for the whole kingdom.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The Earl of Salisbury taken prisoner by the French—King Edward visits Wark Castle incognito.

Since the news received by Edward, on the day appointed for the battle, which battle was not, however, fought, affairs in Scotland had continued to grow worse; and a recent and not less successful enterprise than others preceding it, determined Edward to turn his full attention to that quarter, as one in which danger was the most pressing.

Amongst the number of strongholds that Baliol, on rather Edward, had kept possession of in Scotland, was the Castle of Edinburgh, which was considered to be impregnable; but Sir William Douglas deemed it otherwise, and having assembled the Earl, Patrick of Dunbar, Sir Robert Fraser, formerly tutor to the young King David of Scotland, and Alexander Ramsay, he detailed his project to them, offering either to accomplish it alone, or share the honour and danger of it with them. The more hazardous the enterprise, the greater were its attractions to men like these: they therefore, all agreed to attempt its immediate execution, and adopt wholly Douglas' plan.

Their first care was to make choice of two hundred of the bravest and wildest Highlanders; and having directed them to collect together in small parties, in order not to excite suspicion, upon the coast of Fifeshire, they landed by night with a vessel laden with oats, oatmeal, coal and straw, and the wind being contrary, transported the cargo by means of a boat rowed stoutly by ten men at a time, to within three leagues of Edinburgh: there they separated into two bands, and, retaining only a dozen from

amongst the most determined of the mountaineers, William Douglas, Robert Fraser, and Alexander Ramsay, placed the rest in ambuscade in an old ruined abbey, situate at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, and near enough to hear the signal agreed upon and to enable them to run forward and aid their companions. Then, having attired themselves, as well as their twelve mountaineers, in tattered clothes and torn hats, as poor tradesmen, twelve horses were laden each with a sack, filled with oats, meal or coal; and having arms under their cloaks, they began at daybreak to climb the mountain, the ascent of which was so steep, that if the horses had not been chosen, like the men, from amongst the highland race, they would not have been able to have kept their footing. After unheard-of difficulties they reached half-way up the ascent. Arrived thus far, William Douglas and Robert Fraser quitting the band which remained under the orders of Sir Alexander Ramsay, proceeded on their way, and did not halt until they had reached the drawbridge. As the sentinel intercepted their further advance, they asked to speak with the porter; and on the latter making his appearance they told him that they were merchants who, having learnt that the garrison was on the point of failing in their provisions and fuel, they had out of devotion to Raliol and at the same time to gain a livelihood, risked crossing the bands of Scottish rovers lurking around, and had at length made their way up with twelve horseloads of corn meal and fuel which they were disposed to sell at a fair price. At the same time they led the porter to the brink of the rocky pathway, and showed him the little troop which only awaited a signal to continue its upward route. The porter replied that the garrison would willingly buy provisions, of which it really stood in great need, but that it was yet so early in the morning that he dare not disturb either the governor or the seneschal; but, meanwhile, until the latter rose, if their companions chose to ascend, he would open the outer gate to them. This was all Douglas and Fraser required; they therefore made a signal for the little band to push forwards, whereupon it began the march with such an air of honesty that it was impossible

for suspicion to be awakened. Having reached the platform, the porter himself went before it to show the way to the outer courtyard; there, unclosing the barriers, he told the disguised merchants that they might at all hazards unload their commodities, the probability being that at the price they had stated, they would be purchased from them even to the last sackful. The mountaineers waited not to be twice asked, but, flinging down their sacks on the very threshold of the gateway, they secured themselves against its being shut upon their fellows; then one amongst them having approached close beside the porter who stood holding his bunch of keys, they struck him so sudden and fatal a blow with a dagger, that he fell without uttering a cry. Whereupon all the little troop instantly threw off their tattered attire; Robert Fraser seized the keys, whilst William of Douglas placed his horn to his lips and wound three sharp and lengthened notes.

Such being the appointed signal, the remainder of the band, ambushed in the ruinous abbey, hearing the sound of the well-known horn, rushed from their hiding-place, and scaled the rocks with the celerity and fearlessness of deer and izards of their native mountains. The sentinel, whom the sound of the horn had put upon the alert, guessed the truth, though somewhat tardily, and seeing the second band ascending, shouted with all his might—"Treason! treason! haste, lords! haste, up and to arms!"

At this alarm the castellan, and those within, awoke, and arming themselves from head to foot, ran to the gate to close it; but there they encountered William Douglas and his companions; the sentinel from the outside had also hastened to the portal with the like intention, but Robert Fraser had possessed himself of the keys. At that moment the rest of the band arrived, and it was then high time for the holders of the castle to defend its other gates and no longer waste time in attacking those which their enemies had already taken.

There then, in that narrow court-yard in which all being shut in, one of the two parties must needs succumb, prodigies of valour were achieved, for, in the castellan, the assailants had to encounter a brave knight named Sir Walter of Limousin, who defended himself from barrier to

barrier, and door to door; at last being left with his six esquires only, superior force compelled him to surrender; and King David's generals put in his place a brave Scottish esquire named Simon de Vergy—and, leaving him for a garrison the band who assisted to capture the castle, they departed to engage in other enterprises.

Edward, although he had quitted Flanders, had not by so doing renounced his war against Philip of Valois, or the vow he had made to encamp in sight of the towers of St. Denis; but as the position of England, placed between the Norman corsairs and the Scottish marauders, was sufficiently critical to require the king's return, who by his presence would restore to it some little confidence and courage; Edward was therefore hesitating which of his enemies by sea or land he should first take to task, when he learned the success of the adventurous enterprise so boldly conducted to issue by William of Douglas. From that moment, he no longer hesitated to direct his first care to the frontiers of Scotland, to the garrisons of which he determined upon sending reinforcements, and ere a fortnight had quite passed since his arrival in London, during which he had been occupied in giving instructions to get his fleet in readiness, he set forwards for Appleby and Carlisle, visited all the marches of the kingdom from Brampton to Newcastle, taking with him John de Neville, the governor of the latter town, and advanced as far as Berwick, in which place Baliol had shut himself up, and after some days passed in disputation with him upon the interests of the two kingdoms, here-ascended the right bank of the Tweed as far as Norham, in which castle he left his escort; then, taking as his sole companion John de Neville, he continued to ride forwards half a day's march until by nightfall they came before the gates of Wark Castle.

Herein it was, as the reader may remember, that Alice de Grafton, after having relieved the Earl of Salisbury from his vow, had acquitted herself of her own. Since her husband's departure, she had remained in solitude and isolation, courageously dwelling in that fortress, all exposed as it was to the incursions of the Scots. True, the place was strong and well garrisoned, and was

moreover rigidly guarded by William de Montague.

The youthful castellan, so soon as he had learned that the English knights were asking hospitality for one night in the castle of Wark, anxiously preoccupied as he then was with the capture of Edinburgh castle, hurried himself to receive and interrogate them. Descending, therefore, to the postern, he enquired of the new comers who they were, and what they required. In answer to this, John de Neville raised his vizor without speaking a word, and the Governor of Northumberland met with immediate recognition. As for the knight who accompanied him, he was, he affirmed, a messenger from King Edward, visiting the country along with him, to report whether all things were in good order as regarded the Scots. William de Montague therefore, received them with the prompt deference due to their rank, conducted them to the chamber of honour, and as they had requested the favour of being allowed to pay their homage to the countess, he left them to acquaint the lady chatelaine of their desire.

He had scarcely quitted the apartment ere Edward took off his helmet; but, probably, the care with which he had, till then, kept his vizor closed, was merely an overacted precaution. Two years had elapsed since he had been seen in that part of England, and he had since allowed his hair, beard, and moustachios to grow long, so that those ornamental additions to his visage, which were, by the way, adopted with more or less exaggeration by all the nobles of the day, had sufficiently altered his appearance to admit of any probability of his being recognized, save by his intimates, or by those who were stimulated to such recognition by an interest of hatred or of love. Moreover, he had thus come without any definite intention, conducted solely by that former and latent predilection which he had ever cherished for the beautiful Alice, a sentiment that war and absence had deadened, but not eradicated from his heart, and which had been reawakened in all its primitive force, from the moment of his finding himself in the neighbourhood of the castle inhabited by her. Thus it might be as much to conceal his emotion as to mask his features that he had seated himself in a recess of the hall where

the light scarcely reached him ; so that when William de Montague re-entered, the king, either by chance or design, was placed in such deep shadow that it was impossible to recognise him, had his exterior undergone no alteration. As for John de Neville, he had no motive for concealment, and, wholly ignorant as he was of what was passing in the king's mind, he had ensconced himself in the chimney nook, and was speedily engaged in doing honour to a huge hanap, filled to the brim with hydromel, which two servitors had hastened to place upon the table beside him.

"Well !" said he to William de Montague, interrupting each sentence by carrying the beverage to his lips, as he thus sipped and spoke by turns,—“ what news bring you, my young castellan ? Doth the Countess of Salisbury accord us the favour that we have asked of her, lovely lady that she is, and to the which none hath higher claims than we, if being admirers of beauty be sufficing merit to obtain the boon ?”

“The countess thanks you for your courtesy, my lord,” coldly replied the young man ;—“ but she had retired to her chamber so soon as she received the fatal letters which arrived this very day, and her grief is so great that she trusts it may prove an excuse at your hands, and that you would deign to accept me as her representative.”

“ And might one,” said Edward, “ if unable to console her for her griefs, at least, in order to partake them, know the motive which causeth them, and what may be the so terrible news which these newly arrived letters contain ?”

William started at the sound of that voice, and mechanically advanced one step towards Edward ; he then as suddenly stopped, fixed his eyes, as though his eyes had the faculty of distinguishing the speaker's features amidst the darkness : but he made no reply. The king renewed his question.

“ These letters,” at last resumed William in a tremulous voice, “ contained news that the Count of Salisbury had fallen into the hands of the French ; so that the countess knows not, at this hour, whether he be dead or living.

“ And, when and how, hath he been made prisoner ?” cried Edward, suddenly starting on his feet and giving to his in-

terrogatory all the force and forin of a command.

“ Near to Lille, my lord,” replied William, addressing Edward by a title indifferently given, in those days, to earls, dukes, and kings, “ at the moment when he and the Earl of Suffolk, according to the engagement which they had made, were repairing to the succour of Jacob Artaveld, who was expecting them at a pass called Pont-de-Fer, nigh Tournay which had been the appointed rendezvous.”

“ And hath his capture had none other consequence ?” asked Edward with manifest uneasiness.

“ It hath had that, my lord,” coldly replied William, “ of causing King Edward to lose one of his bravest and most loyal knights.”

“ Ay, ay, certes, and you speak sagely, my young castellan,” uttered Edward, reseating himself, “ the king will be deeply angered when he learns like news ; but the letter spoke only of the earl being prisoner and not dead, is't not so ? Eh, well !—that is not an irremediable misfortune, and I am certain that King Edward will be disposed to make every sacrifice to obtain the ransom of so noble a knight.”

“ The countess, my lord,” resumed William, “ purposed despatching a messenger to the king to-morrow, so fully did she reckon upon the royal favour and benevolence of which you have given instant warrant.”

“ Twere needless to take such pains,” said Edward, “ I will charge myself with the message.”

“ And who may you be, my lord,” returned William, “ that I may transmit, for the grateful remembrance of my noble aunt, the name of him to whom she will owe so great an obligation ?”

“ Twere bootless to tell it you,” said Edward, “ but there is, my lord, John de Neville, who merits all confidence as governor of the province and he will answer for me.”

“ 'Tis well, my lord,” replied William, “ I go to receive the command of the countess, who is now at prayers in her oratory.”

“ Could you,” asked the still unknown monarch, whilst awaiting such reply, “ send hither to us the messenger who brought these same letters ? we have an eager desire, my Lord de Neville and I,

[THE COURT

for news from Flanders, and since he hath come straightway thence will give us of the last."

William bowed in token of assent and left the apartment. Ten minutes afterwards the messenger made his appearance. He was one of the earl's esquires, who had, that very day, arrived from Flanders, and had taken part in the skirmish in which Salisbury and Suffolk were made prisoners.

The departure of Edward for England, and the return of Philip of Valois to Paris, had not, however, caused a cessation of hostilities; the Earls of Suffolk, Salisbury, Northampton and Sir Walter de Manny had remained as we have said, to carry on the war in Flanders, whilst Sir Godemar Dufay, in Tournais, the Lord of Beaujeu, at Mortagne, the Seneschal of Carcassone, in the town of Saint Armand, Sir Aimery de Poitiers, at Douay, the Lord le Gallois de la Beaume, the Lord Devilliers, the Marshal de Mirepoix, and the Lord Moreuil in the city of Cambrai, daily made fresh sorties, hoping thereby to encounter some party or other of the English skirmishers in attacking whom they might have opportunity of displaying feats of valour. It happened, however, one day, after the King of France had departed, who could ill brook the succour which his nephew had given to his enemy, that the several garrisons of Cambrai resolved, each to furnish its contingent, so that their united force comprised full six hundred men-at-arms; then setting forth upon their march at nightfall, and joined by detachments from Chateau-Cambresis and Maumaison, they directed their course towards the town of Haspres, which was strong and well ditched, but not enclosed by gates, although it had ramparts. As, however, war had not yet been declared between Hainault and France, and the Count William was understood, on the contrary, to have regained his royal uncle's favour, the inhabitants entertained neither doubt nor mistrust, so that the French, on entering, found all the inhabitants sleeping tranquilly in their several dwellings. Everything in the town was, therefore, at the full disposal of this confederate band,—gold and silver, clothes and jewels. Having laid hands upon every thing within their reach, these merciless sackers setting fire to the town, the whole city was in a short time con-

sumed and nought but the bare walls left standing—then driving before them horses and carriages laden with pillage, the whole party retraced their steps towards Cambrai.

This disastrous event happening about nine o'clock in the evening, a messenger who was leaving the town at the instant of the French entering it spurred his horse forward with the utmost speed towards Valenciennes, where arriving near midnight, he hastened to inform the Count William, who, like the rest, was indulging in quiet repose, in his hostel of la Salle—his rest undisturbed by dreams—that meanwhile his good town of Haspres had been pillaged and burnt. No sooner, however, had such intelligence reached him, than he leaped from his bed, had his people aroused, and arming himself in all haste, ran to the market-place, and ordered the belfry to keep up a continued peal of alarm. The Count of Hainault, in right willing mind to overtake and punish the enemy for this traitorous surprise, together with a small body which had most speedily armed itself at this soul-stirring appeal, was already far distant from the city, leaving the rest of the citizens as best they could to join him without delay.

Gaining the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the whole country round about, the count beheld a deeply crimsoned horizon in the direction of Magny, from which no doubt remained in his mind that the town was in flames. The sad news, thus confirmed, he speeded him forwards with fresh ardour, and had already made nearly a third of his way, when a second scout came up to tell him that the French had decamped with their booty and prisoners, and that consequently it would be useless for him to advance further.

The count was then nigh Fontenelle nunnery, of which his mother was superior; so that instead of returning to Valenciennes, he went in great soreness of heart to ask hospitality of the abbess, vowing that he would make France pay dearly for this so unjust surprise and wicked devastation of Haspres. His saintly parent exerted her utmost powers of persuasion to calm her maddened son, and to excuse King Philip, her brother; but the Count William, however sound or plausible her arguments might be,



took no heed of her sayings, but swore he would never rest until he had paid back his uncle twofold havoc for the wrong he had done to his people.

Scarcely then had the count returned from Valenciennes, ere he caused letters to be written and despatched to all the knights and prelates of his country, enjoining them to repair to Mons in Hainault on a day therein declared. The news thereof soon reached the ears of the Lord John of Hainault, at his domain of Beaumont, and as he had ever been a firm friend to the King of England, he was speedily armed and mounted to make offer of his services to his nephew, and rode forwards with such good haste that he was at Valenciennes on the morrow, where he found the count in his hostel of la Salle, who, apprised of his arrival, went out to meet him, and without waiting for his near approach, and almost, indeed, before he even caught sight of him, he exclaimed—

“Ah! fair uncle; behold your war with the French right handsomely embellished.”

“Fair nephew,” answered the Lord of Beaumont, “praised be Heaven! for what you have just told me gives me infinite pleasure, albeit these same words may have been thrust forth from your heart owing to this recent annoyance and damage which hath rightly vexed you; but as you were so much inclined for the service of King Philip, it is far from an unprofitable task that you have now gained experience in what fashion he recompenses his faithful servitors. Now cast your eyes towards which ever side you will to enter France, and putting yourself on the road thitherward, I will follow you.”

“Good, good,” replied the count; “remain in the right mind, for I am as eager as you are, and this shall be done right briefly.”

On the morrow of the day appointed for the rendezvous, in which none failed, the Lord Thibaut Gignos, Abbot of Crespy, was effectively charged with letters of defiance from the count and all the seigneurs, barons and knights of the country; and, whilst he carried them to Philip of Valois, the count mustered his men-at-arms, and summoned also all those of Brabant and Flanders; so that by the return of his envoy he had ten

thousand lances ready to engage under his banner; and no sooner were they collected together than the count placed himself at their head, and took the road towards Aubanton, a large, rich, and populous town, carrying on extensive commerce in linens and wools.

Expeditions as they had been, they found not this city unprepared; for the inhabitants were at heart well disposed to defy all the threats and even the armed force of the Count William and his uncle, the Lord of Beaumont. As a precautionary measure, they had already dispatched a messenger to the bailiff of Vermandois to gain his aid; and he answered the call by furnishing nearly three hundred men-at-arms, who were put under the command of the Lord of Vervins, the *vidame* of Chalons and the Lord John de la Bone. He soon discovered that the town was indeed in a sufficiently bad state of defence; but having some few clear days before the arrival of the invaders, they cleared out the ditches, repaired and strengthened the walls, planted barriers beyond the dykes, and awaited the arrival of their enemies. On the Friday following, they were descried issuing from out of the forest of Thierarche; when advanced about a quarter of a league, they were seen to halt upon an eminence with a view to consider upon what side the town was most pregnable, and, having fully reconnoitred, to pitch their tents. On the morrow at break of day, dividing themselves into three companies, one under the banner of the Count William, the second under that of Lord John of Beaumont, the third under that of the Lord of Fauquemont, they advanced steadily towards the town.

The assault commenced with a fury which plainly proved to the inhabitants of the town that the contest was one of dire vengeance and complete extermination, and that in case of defeat no quarter would be given. Instead however of such a prospect intimidating them, it tended to whet their courage, and fill their bosoms with equal desire of vengeance. Showers of arrows and *viretons* rained as it were upon him, yet despite of this the Count of Hainault was the first to reach the barriers, and there found the *vidame* of Chalons and his three sons: the Lord John of Beaumont

attacked almost simultaneously, upon the bridge, the Lord of Vervins, his personal enemy, he indeed who had burned and pillaged his town of Chimay : on both sides the fight was equally terrible. The troops upon the ramparts flung down huge stones and slacked lime, as well as large blocks of wood, upon the devoted heads of those beneath, who, with sturdy blows from their axes, were hewing down the barriers and thrusting away with their lances at all those who boldly defended them : at length one barrier being broken down the assailants were contending hand to hand. At this moment the three young men whom their father had just created knights, desirous of winning their spurs, and, whilst the *vidame* of Chalons confronted the Lord de Fauquemont rushed forwards to attack the Count William ; but the latter was a powerful and adroit knight : at the first sweep of his sword he cut through the shield and breastplate of the eldest, and that so cleanly that the blade came out behind the shoulders of his rash victim. The brothers saw him fall, yet without troubling themselves about lending him useless aid, and feeling certain he was really slain, they in turn still more boldly attacked the count, who with the apparent strength of a giant hotly paid them back their blows with interest. As however they pressed closely on him, the one with a lance, the other with a sword, and as he could not come nigh enough to the youth who was thrusting with the lance, he found himself placed in great peril. Most fortunately, however, perceiving his father sorely pressed by the Lord de Fauquemont, the young knight thought that his brother could singly defend himself, and impelled, moreover, by a deeper sentiment of love towards the one than the other, he rushed to his aid at the moment when the Lord of Fauquemont, armed with a mace, after having overthrown the old warrior, was assailing him with the utmost vigour, and endeavouring to crush his coat of mail which he had been unable to pierce through with his sword. Suddenly attacked from behind by the young knight, the Lord of Fauquemont was forced to abandon the old man and face about to encounter his new antagonist in the person of his son. The people of the town seized the opportunity of dragging the *vidame* of Cha-

lons swooning out of the *mêlée*, who, as soon as his vizor was raised, recovered his senses, and in turn hastened back to the son's succour in like manner as that son had come to his rescue.

Meanwhile the Count of Hainault had continued the conflict with the other son by whom he had been attacked with the lance, and he clearly saw that he could not, without a great effort, rid himself of his antagonist while such a useful weapon remained within his grasp. With a fierce backstroke of his sword he cleft the shaft of his lance so deftly, that the steel-headed end fell into the ground, which it had pierced ; thereupon the young knight flung the remaining fragment of the shaft at a distance from him, as it was of no further use to him, and stooped to pick up an axe which he had placed behind him in case his lance should be thus shivered to pieces. At that instant William of Hainault, calling to his aid his utmost strength and lifting his sword with both hands, dealt his enemy so rude a blow at the back of the head, where the helmet was weakest, that he made a cut into it as though it had only been made of leather, and the blade penetrating into the brain, the young knight fell like an ox beneath the butcher's stroke, without having time to commend his soul to his Maker.

When the father saw that his two sons were thus slaughtered, he seized the third by the arm, and, pulling him backwards, made an effort to re-enter the town ; but the assailants guessing his purpose pressed him so closely that pell-mell they entered along with him.

The Lord of Beaumont had likewise been engaged in an equally valorous combat, for the presence of his enemy the Lord of Vervins had two-fold increased his courage, so that, after an hour's hard fighting, having broken down the palisades by which the town was defended, he was rapidly advancing forward when the Lord of Vervins seeing that this impetuous attack must ultimately fall upon himself and knowing full well that were he unfortunately taken prisoner he could neither hope for mercy nor ransom, he thereupon ordered his fleetest horse which could be obtained to be instantly brought, and before his adversaries had time to obtain their steeds—

which had been stationed a ten minutes' ride distant—he galloped out at the opposite gate; yet, notwithstanding such excessive haste, the horses of the Lord John of Beaumont and his train had been so expeditiously obtained, that, when the Lord of Vervins rode forth, his enemies entered almost at full speed by the opposite side of the town, and with banners streaming to the winds they passed through the city without making a single halt, and speeding their way amidst the flying townsmen, caring to overtake only one single individual, they reached the gate of Vervins at the moment when the object of their pursuit appeared at an angle of the road, enveloped by a cloud of dust. Then thinking that his nephew needed not his presence in the town, the Lord John of Hainault continued his pursuit, calling the Lord of Vervins coward and dastard, and shouting out for him to stop; the other heeded him not, but spurred on his courser so sharply that he reached the gates of his own town, which, happily for him being open, received him, and no sooner had he passed the threshold than they were closed upon his pursuer. Lord John of Hainault on the other hand finding himself thus baffled, retraced his steps, greatly incensed at his enemy who had thus escaped his vengeance, and thereupon he attacked all his soldiers whom he met with on the road, and whom he had passed unheeded whilst pursuing their leader.

The Count William had in the mean time made his way into the besieged town of Aubanton, and still pursuing his enemies who were now rallying upon the market-place, and were displaying their banners and pennons, he there a second time attacked and defeated them, and as none of his opponents attempted to save themselves by flight, they were all either killed or taken: then, collecting all his horses and forage carts together, he loaded them with everything of value, and, following the dread example of his opponents, he set the city on fire in each quarter, that he might utterly destroy that which he could not take away. Having thus reduced the town to a heap of ashes, he withdrew, following the course of the river, and was the next morning riding side by side of his uncle, both being equally delighted with such ample vengeance. They next directed their

steps towards the town of Maubere-Fontaines.

Intelligence of what had happened speedily reached the ears of Philip of Valois, who immediately ordered his son, the Duke of Normandy, to repair forthwith to Hainault with as many men as he could muster, and with fire and sword lay waste, to the uttermost, his cousin's territories; he also sent fresh instructions to Hugues Quieret, Behuchet and Barbeſaire so to guard the coasts of Flanders as wholly to prevent King Edward from effecting a landing.

When the inhabitants of Douay, Lille and Tournay saw how matters stood, they collected together a thousand men-at-arms and three hundred crossbowmen, to make by forced marches a passage through the country of Flanders: setting out accordingly from Tournay, the instant such intention was formed, they arrived at sunrise within sight of Courtray, which finding too strong and well guarded to be carried by a *coup-de-main*, they contented themselves with pillaging and burning the fauxbourgs, and then immediately withdrew beyond the river Lys with all the booty they could secure.

This was, truly, a direct attack upon the good folk of Flanders; and grievous complaints were soon made to Jacob Artaveld, who then held office in the city of Ghent. Thereupon Artaveld sent his summons to all the good towns of Flanders, and he particularly informed the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk who were fighting under the banners of the King of England, entreating them to join him at an appointed day between the towns of Audenarde and Tournay, at the Pont-de-Fer.

The two English Earls replied that they would be present, and in order to keep their promise lost no time in departing, taking with them the Lord Wafſart de la Croix as their guide, he being well acquainted with the country, having long waged war therein; but it chanced that the people of Lille were somehow or other aware that this expedition elsewhere comprised at the most not more than fifty lances and forty crossbowmen, and issuing from the city to the number of nearly fifteen hundred men, they posted three several parties in ambush, that whichever way the Earls of Suffolk and

Salisbury might pass, that they should not be able to escape them. All these arrangements would, however, have led to no result, for the Lord Wafflart had conducted his party by a cross-road, which had led them by a different route than that fixed upon, had not a newly-made trench chanced to run across it. Lord Wafflart remained for awhile much disconcerted at seeing the newly-made and deep trench; at length he advised the knights to return without further troubling themselves about the rendezvous; for, said he, in every other direction save that in which they had come, and which it was evident they could no longer follow, each step of their progress would place them in greater peril. The knights, however, turning a deaf ear to his arguments, and, even laughing heartily at the fears of their guide, commanded him to take some other route, and himself lead the way, as they were under engagement to Jacob Artaveld, and would not on any account fail in keeping the promise they had made to him. Thereupon Lord Wafflart yielded, yet not without making a last effort to stay their progress, ere they were about to resume their march.

"Gallant lords," said he to them, "true it is that you have taken me as your guide, and, charged with your safe conduct, I will do my best to conduct you by the best route, whilst I have the honour of your company; yet I forewarn you that should the men of Lille chance to be lying in ambuscade for us, as in such case resistance would be useless, I shall endeavour to provide for my personal safety, and that with all possible celerity."

At these words the knights redoubled their laughter, and answered his lordship that, provided he marched a-head and put them in the way leading to the Pont de Fer, they would hold him as at once excused, for all that he might think fit to do, should a rencontre take place. Laughing and marvelling whether the prediction of Wafflart would be verified, they were continuing their route, when just as they had entered a ravine, thickly skirted on either side with brushwood and tall, spreading trees, there suddenly arose a bright gleam on all sides of them from the polished helmets of a body of crossbow-men, who assailed them with

loud shouts of—"Death! death! to the Englishers!"—and joining deeds with words, they rained upon the knights a thick shower of missiles from their bows and crossbows. At the first onset, at the whistle of the first arrow, Lord Wafflart, seeing that his anticipations were about to be fulfilled, turned his horse's head, and separating himself from the main body, whilst calling to the knights to follow his example, he rode off, as he said he would, at full gallop; none however heeded his words, and as he rode away, turning round his head, he saw them dismounting, the better to defend themselves. This he said was all he knew of the matter, he having almost immediately lost sight of the combatants, and none following him. Thus was the earl's esquire apprised of the ill that had befallen his master, and been the means of conveying the sorrowful tidings to the countess who was in England.

King Edward and Lord John de Neville listened with great interest during the whole circumstantial account of these events in Flanders; for since they had done duty side by side along the marshes in Scotland, they were wholly ignorant of what had happened beyond seas. The king, having liberally rewarded the messenger for his diligence in the performance of his mission, forthwith dismissed him, and remained in anxious expectation of the return of William de Montague. The night rapidly advanced, yet William did not make his appearance: the hour of midnight at length chimed. John de Neville and Edward thereupon withdrew to their respective chambers. The king, however, instead of undressing himself or lying down to rest, contented himself with only taking off his haubergeon, pacing up and down the room with quick and agitated steps. Evil thoughts had taken possession of his heart, for he thought that the earl, a prisoner or perchance dead, had left his lovely wife defenceless and at his mercy. Thus he continued, with his arms folded, to traverse the still and spacious apartment—his heart being filled with evil longings—stopping at intervals before a window commanding the extremity of a wing of the interior portion of the building which formed an angle with his chamber, that he might gaze at the

small oggee-arched casement through whose stained-glass panes streamed the softened rays of a distant oratory lamp. There Alice, who had refused to receive him, knowing perhaps who he was, was offering up to her Maker, in all the love and candour of her soul, her heartfelt prayers for her husband whether he were prisoner or dead. Then Edward, with his head supported between his hands upon the deep embrasure of the window-sill and with gaze riveted upon the ruddy light, in his mind's eye beheld that fair countenance, which he had hitherto seen wreathed only in smiles, writhing under paroxysms of grief and bathed in tears,—yet did she only appear to him more captivating than ever:—for jealousy doubly awakens feelings of love, and at such instant he felt that it would have afforded him an unknown and unheard of joy, to have kissed away those tears which were then so abundantly flowing for another.

Impressed with these notions, he formed the resolution of seeing and conversing with the countess, were it only for an instant, in order that he might yet again, after so long a campaign, be charmed by the sweet harmonious accents of her voice: the light still continued to shine widely from the oratory, through the bodies and robes of mantled saints, streaming forth in varied hues of ruby and sapphire upon the midnight gloom.

He pictured to himself that—before yonder gleaming lamp—there knelt that woman, whom, for three long years he had adored, without even having revealed his passion by one whispered word; then unintentionally, nay unwittingly, but impelled by an irresistible influence, he opened the door of his apartment, and groping his way along the dark corridor, he descried before him, at a certain turn at the extremity, and across a long cloister, a ray of bright light issuing from a half-opened door, as it fell in broken lines upon the projecting angles of the wall, and the passage floor. Edward now advanced on tip-toe, whilst he scarcely even drew his breath, and proceeded as far as the entrance to the little chapel; having gained the threshold, he quickly perceived the countess kneeling upon the marble pavement, immediately before the

altar, her arms hanging motionless at her sides and her head drooping upon the *prie-Dieu*, whilst a male attendant leaned against a pillar, so motionless of frame, indeed, that he might have been taken for a sculptured effigy; however, perceiving some one advancing, and as though he had detached himself from the stone, he raised his arm in token of enjoining silence, then moving towards Edward, he proceeded across the emblazoned flagstones, with steps as noiseless as those of a phantom, and in that mute sentinel the king recognized William de Montague.

"I came to seek an answer, sir knight," said the former, "seeing that you did not bring me one, and knowing not what cause might have detained you."

"Behold! my lord," said William,—  
"all weepingly and 'midst her prayers,  
hath that angel fallen asleep."

"Ay," returned Edward, "and keep you watch until she awaken?"

"I keep watch over her slumbers, my lord," said William, "'tis a duty confided to me by the earl, and which is to' night a task the more sacred, inasmuch as at this hour, perchance, he looketh downward from heaven to witness my acquittance of it."

"And wilt pass the night here?" asked Edward.

"I remain here, at least, until she again unclothe her eyes;—then, my lord, what would you that I should say upon your part."

"Tell her," replied Edward, "that the prayer she hath this night addressed to heaven hath been heard upon earth, and that King Edward swears to her by his honour, that if the Earl of Salisbury be living, he shall be put to ransom, and if dead, his memory shall be avenged."

So saying, the king slowly retraced his steps, regained his chamber, his soul more than ever filled with sentiments of guilty passion; and, having flung himself upon his bed without divesting himself of his attire, he awoke, at earliest break of day, the Lord John de Neville, and quitted the castle of the Countess of Salisbury without having once spoken with her, content, under the imperious circumstances, to await the future, and whatever might arise therefrom.

CHAPTER XIV.

Edward's victory.

Arrived in London, Edward found that his orders had been executed, and his fleet manned. Now he had a double motive for returning to Flanders; for beside his own project, he had to succour his own brother-in-law; who, on his account, had rushed into that unequal struggle of count against king; moreover, it was indispensable, that he should take over with him an entire court of ladies of honour and chamberlains for the service of the queen, who still remained in the good city of Ghent under the protection of Jacob Artaveld, and in addition to such train, a strong reinforcement of archers and men-at-arms, in order to continue the war, even though the lords of the Empire should abandon him, which he began to fear might indeed happen from certain letters which he had from Louis V. of Bavaria, who offered to be intermediary to bring about a truce between him and the King of France.

Embarking on the 22nd June and setting sail with one of the finest fleets that was ever seen, he sailed down the river Thames, and took to sea in such grand state, that it might not improperly have been thought that he was about to attempt the conquest of a world. He continued his course for two days. At the close of the second day he descried stretching along the line of the Flemish coast, between Blakenbury and Sluys, a forest of masts, belonging to vessels of every size and description. He instantly, therefore, called to him the pilot; who, like himself, was gazing at this unexpected sight, and asked him what such an appearance could mean. Whereupon he replied, that he believed indeed it was the French and Norman armament that was sweeping the coast for King Philip, who awaited the return of the King of England to Flanders with the intention of preventing his disembarkation.

"Thus, then, lo you!" said Edward, attentively listening to his words. "those yonder are the same fellows who took my two great ships, the *Edward* and *St. Christopher*, and who pillaged and burned my good town of Southampton.

"Those are they of a verity," replied the pilot.

"In that case," answered Edward, "let us go no further, for long while have I coveted the opportunity of meeting with

them:—and now, that we have fallen in with them, we will at once e'en give them battle, and if it please God and St. George, we will make them, in one day, pay for all the rapine and pillagings they have, for three years past, done against us. Cast anchor, therefore, where we now are, and keep strict watch throughout the night, in order that they may not escape us."

Ere the pilot could execute the commands he had received, the king formed his plan of attack, so that by the next morning, on weighing anchor, the whole fleet had assumed the proper position, and had only to advance and fight. Aided by the shades of night, which concealed every manœuvre he was making from his adversaries, he had placed the strongest ships in front, and, between each vessel filled with knights and men-at-arms, one having archers only; and further, on both wings, a line of bow-men, to harass the enemy on whichever point might prove to be needful; then, having sent on board a particular ship—known to be a swift sailer—all the countesses, baronesses, knights' and gentlemen's wives, who were going to attend on the queen at Ghent, he gave them a guard of three hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers; next having passed from vessel to vessel, he recommended each to take good care of the king's honour during the approaching conflict, and, when he had received good assurance from all, he returned to repose on board the royal bark, in order to be fresh and vigorous to fight in person on the morrow.

At day-break the king arose and went upon deck; every thing was in the same order as upon the preceding evening, and the French and Normans, far from attempting to flee, had, on their parts, made every disposition to meet him in battle. Edward saw, at the first glance, that their position was ill taken; for, with the exception of a few vessels detached from the fleet, the others were crowded together near the shore, which impeded their movements; and, the event requiring it, would needs hinder themselves from freely manœuvring. He then proceeded to count all the larger ships, and found that there were one hundred and forty, besides barks, and on board of the former there were forty thousand men—Normans, Picards and Genoese.

After the king and his marshal had made these observations, they perceived that if they advanced in the line along which they were then placed, namely, from west to east, they would have the sun in their faces; a position which would hinder the archers from taking aim, and deprive the English armament of the great superiority that body would otherwise afford the fleet over their opponents; the king, therefore, ordered them to tack about, so as to have the wind on their quarter—and to make sail until they had passed the French fleet by nearly half a league; then to run down upon it before the wind with the sun at their backs. These movements were simultaneously executed; though the fleet, unable to use its sails, advanced by the use of the long oars; seeing which, the Normans, Picards and Genoese sent forth loud and long-continued cries and yells; for they had seen, by his banner, that the king himself was with the fleet, and, they thought it was gaining the offing to seek safety by flight; but, in this they were quickly undeceived, for the vessels wore heavily round; at the same moment, the wind having freshened, the sails of Edward's fleet were hoisted, and the whole fleet having effected the required movement, returned to cast anchor, amidst the closely packed French vessels,—preserving the order of battle laid down by King Edward and his marshal on the preceding night.

The admirals of the French fleet seeing that they had deceived themselves as to the flight of their enemy, made in their turn every preparation for the threatened combat; they accordingly sent forwards, as an advanced redoubt, the great *St. Christopher*, a vessel taken during the previous year from the English, and thickly crowded it with Genoese cross-bowmen, to protect them whilst they skirmished with the whole of the enemy's line, their trumpets and clarions sounding as an announcement that they were in readiness, and that they accepted the combat with equal eagerness.

The fight was now begun, by an exchange of bolts and arrows, between those of the large ship, *Christopher*, and the English archers; but King Edward having quickly perceived that his enemies had placed almost all their bowmen in that one vessel, saw evidently that it was the first necessary to be taken by him: he,

therefore, caused his own ship to be provided with long grappling irons attached to the ends of chains, and he now advanced in person, direct against the archers, commanding the rest of the fleet to engage vessel to vessel, and hand to hand, along the entire line. He had indeed collected around him his best chivalry—the Earls of Derby, Hertford, Huntingdon, and Gloucester, the Count Robert d'Artois, Sirs Reginald de Cobham, Richard Stafford and Walter de Manny, all of whom sheathed *cap-à-pied*, in their war panoply, the arrows and *viretons* of the cross-bowmen and Genoese archers, sped only harmlessly against them. In this order they still advanced majestically without deviating from their line, sword in hand and banners displayed; and when they were within reach, the grapples and cramps were flung forth and the two vessels were brought together with a terrible crash. At the same time a bridge was lowered from one deck to the other, and the knights rushed on board the *Christopher*. Whereupon a fearful struggle commenced; for there was no means of escape, and though the Genoese archers were less strongly armed, they were four times more numerous than those who attacked them; moreover when they saw that it would be a hand in hand engagement, except for those who were stationed in the tops and who rained down on their adversaries below a thick shower of arrows, the others had seized upon axes, maces and pikes, and were defending themselves with good courage; for Genoa was at that period a powerful city, reigning especially over the sea, which its navigation and its commerce had rendered familiar ever since the twelfth century. Brave soldiers and good sailors, however, as they were, they were not the less compelled to yield; for those who attacked them were of the first chivalry throughout the world, and they had so thoroughly secured the two vessels to each other, that the strife assumed all the appearance of a combat on land. Contending foot to foot, from prow to poop with that wall of iron formed by the knights, and which it was alike impossible to batter down or cleave asunder, the archers found themselves heaped together aft, and cramped in all their movements; they were sacrificed even by their very numbers, being exposed, without other armour than their

quilted jackets or leather jerkins to the terrible blows of those long swords so highly tempered as to cut through even steel and iron, their only alternative was to surrender, die upon deck, or leap into the sea. Many chose the latter; for lightly attired as they were, they might swim away and gain the shore, which it was impossible for the knights to do, who, once fallen into the water, must forthwith sink, to the bottom, being carried downwards by the weight of their armour. Amid the discharge of their enemies' arrows, the fugitives were seen to reach the ships of their countrymen, who eagerly received them on board their vessels. Some few, indeed, by swimming out to a distance reached the decks in safety, but, by far the greater number was killed in passing by the English bowmen, who found it an easy aim to shoot those who were thus compelled to do so.

No wonder then that the dread great ship was forthwith recognised. Edward filled it with archers, and quitting his own vessel for the *Christopher*, which was stronger than any other for defence, he there unfurled his banner, and again advanced right against the Genoese.

Now, the fight became general along the entire line, and it was maintained, on both sides, with equal bravery. The French and Norman vessels, lashed to the English ship by grapples, every deck became the arena of a separate struggle. This was a mode of combat greatly to the disadvantage of the French; for their entire fleet was composed of seamen, unaccustomed to fight with short swords, daggers, and pikes; whilst the English fleet consisted of transports, filled with land troops, and lined with archers, whose missiles took effect at a distance; and of knights, who, when the moment for boarding arrived, derived great advantage from their steel armour of proof, and long swords. Barbevaire had, alone, foreseen this superiority; and, instead of allowing his ship to be jammed up like the others, he had continued to keep clear without; so that, when he saw the Picards and Normans worsted, instead of advancing to their aid, and thereby causing a diversion, he crowded all sail before the wind, and gained the open sea. Meanwhile the good folk of Flanders, at the noise of the battle, had crowded the shore, and man-

ning boats and barges gave their aid to their English allies. In this manner the Normans and Picards, attacked seawards, found themselves likewise cut off from a retreat landwards, by hindrance of the Flemings; but, as they were loyal and brave fellows, they fought desperately, without thought of surrendering, so that the battle, which had commenced at *primes* lasted until *high noon*, that is to say, from six o'clock in the morning till noon. By that hour all was lost for the combined fleet, and, from the action of Sluys, the English commenced that series of brilliant naval victories, of which Trafalgar and Aboukir are so renowned a part.

From amongst those forty thousand Normans, Picards, and Genoese, none escaped, save the keen-sighted few who gained the open sea. The rest were all of them either taken, slain, or drowned. As for Hugues Quieret, he was murdered in cold blood, soon after the battle, and as the chroniclers of the period record, Behuchet, who better understood a bill of lading than waging war at sea, was hanged as a pirate from the main-mast of his own vessel.

King Edward, indeed, who, in this affair, had fairly risked his person, and with the same undaunted recklessness as the bravest of his knights, was wounded in the thigh by a cross-bow bolt, yet he remained during a day and night with his fleet, amidst a tremendous din of drums, trumpets, cymbals and other kinds of musical instruments; so that, as Froissart says, "one could not have heard God thunder." At this noise, all the good folks of the villages and towns flocked to the shore; and on the morrow (the 26th) the king and all his followers went into port and landed, after having utterly destroyed the French fleet; not, indeed, as if the hand of man had effected it, but as if an Almighty arm had, by some dire shipwreck, hurled men and vessels to the bottom of the sea. This done, Edward and all his chivalry lost no time in proceeding, on foot and bare-headed, upon a pilgrimage, to our Lady of Ardenbourg, where the king heard mass and dined; then, mounting his horse, he went that same day to Ghent, where the lady Philippa,\* his queen, anxiously awaited him, and gave him right joyful reception.

\* See this Portrait and Memoir last month.



## King Edward the Third

Edward's first care, immediately after his arrival, that he might acquit himself of his pledged word, was to ascertain what had become of the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk. He then learned, that after a desperate resistance, they had both been taken; and after being first conducted to prison at Lille, were sent thence into France to King Philip, who was highly delighted to retain two such valiant knights in his power, and swore that he would ransom them neither for gold nor silver, but only in exchange, and for some nobleman equal in rank and valour. Edward, therefore, deemed that, at such a period, it was utterly useless to make any overture upon the subject, more especially as the King of France, exceedingly angered, as he might naturally be, at the loss of the battle of Sluys, would not be in a likely mood to do any thing approaching to the agreeable, for his cousin of England; he, therefore, turned his attention to summoning a parliament at Willeworde, at whose sitting it would be necessary to renew the alliance between Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. The day fixed for the meeting of parliament was the 10th of July then next ensuing.

At the appointed time, King Edward, the Duke John of Brabant and the Count William, repaired to Willeworde, accompanied by the Duke of Guildres, the Marquis of Juliers, Lord John of Beaumont, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Count of Mons, Lord Robert d'Artois and the Lord of Fauquemont. There they found Jacob Artaveld with four citizens from each of the principal cities of Flanders who formed his council, and, with his concurrence, they agreed to each important point under deliberation, which he afterwards confirmed with his royal signature and made proclamation thereof. It then decided that the three countries, viz. : Flanders, Hainault and Brabant should, from that day forward, aid and comfort one another in each and every thing; so that, if one of the three became embroiled, no matter about what or with whom, (a right holy tripartite alliance!) the others were to give all needful succour; and that, in the event of a breach between any two of them, the third should assist in bringing about a pacification; and, if that did not suffice, they were to ask the mediation of the King of England, who, as guaran-

tee for their good faith, would doubtless not fail to appease their quarrels. All these things were sworn to "between" the hands of Edward; and, in remembrance of such treaty and as a symbol of alliance between the three countries, a coin was struck which was to have equal currency in Brabant, Flanders, and Hainault, and which bore the names of the confederates or allies, and received the designation of "The confederates."

It was also further determined, that towards the fast of St. Magdalene, King Edward should leave Flanders with his whole army and lay siege to Tournay.

King Philip, on the other hand, who had joined the banner of the Duke John, his son, at Arras, and who remained with his forces simply in the quality of a knight, having learned all the decisions of the parliament of Willeworde, despatched the Count Raoul d'Eu, constable of France, his two marshals, Lords Robert Bertrand and Mathieu de la Tric, the seneschal of Poitou, the Count de Ghine, the Count de Foix and his brothers, the Count Aimery de Narbonne, the Count Aymery de Poitiers, the Lords Geoffroy de Chagny, Girard de Montfaucon, Jean de Landas and the Seigneur of Chatillon,—and, in fact, the flower of the kingdom, into the meanest town, entreating them to hold it stoutly for their honour and his own, that no damage might be done to that large and handsome city, one of the portals of France; and judging that the moment had then arrived for making a decisive blow, he set out for Scotland, with a strong band of knights, well furnished with arms and money, accompanied too by David Bruce and his wife, who, for seven previous years, had remained at the court of France, whilst their partizans had, by degrees, reconquered that kingdom for them, according to our narration in the preceding chapter.

Whilst all these preparations for war were being made, and from Brittany to the heart of the Germanic Empire, every man dreamed solely of battle, two spirits only, like angels of peace, hovering above all these embattled hosts, longed for the termination of such bloody struggles. One of these was that King surnamed *the Good*, then still called the *King of Sicily*, although he no longer possessed that island,—lost by his grandfather,

Charles of Anjou, on the day of the memorable *Sicilian Vespers*, and who had sent letters, urging King Philip not to give King Edward battle, seeing that he had read in the stars that every rencontre between those two princes would prove fatal to France ;—the other was the Lady Jeanne of Valois, sister of King Philip and mother of the young Count of Hainault, who was sorely grieved to behold swords drawn between her son and brother—uncle, and nephew. Having such mutual and charitable understanding, those heralds of peace corresponded by letters, until the King of Naples deemed the matter of sufficient importance for himself to quit his kingdom and repair to Pope Clement IV., at Avignon, to entreat his interference in the quarrel : he was a king less rare in those days than in our own—who, himself, literary, loved and patronized letters, comprehending that intelligence is the day-spring of kingdoms, and that there can be no great and illustrious reign, which is not illuminated by the divine rays of poetry ; when, therefore, it was resolved by all Italy that the crown of laurel should adorn the brows of Petrarch, the King of Naples, had been chosen by the poet himself for a self-imposed examination ; hence it arose that, from this bias towards literature (smattering howsoever of pedantry) coupled with his regard for men of letters, rather than from territorial influence and the glory of his arms, that he obtained his reputation of his being the *Greatest King of Christianity*. So, likewise, it happened, and from precisely the same circumstances to Francis I. and Louis XIV., whom the broad ægis of the poets still shields against the attacks of malevolent historians. The pope and cardinals had, moreover, entered fully into the war which ultimately proved so fatal to both kingdoms ; so that, assured of full support on the part of the pontiff, he had returned to his beautiful natal land, and reposing contentedly under its bland and cloudless sky, there to read over again the verses of the sublime Dante, and to crown Petrarch.

Edward, meanwhile, ignorant of all these events, had, to fulfil his pledge, quitted the city of Ghent just as the grain began to ripen, accompanied by an army composed of two prelates, seven earls, twenty bannerets, two hundred knights,

four thousand men-at-arms, and nine thousand archers, without reckoning a host of foot soldiers who could not amount to less, than from fifteen to eighteen thousand men. Scarcely had he encamped before the city, in front of the gate St. Martin, than his cousin, John of Brabant, joined him with twenty thousand knights squires and soldiers, fixing his camp at the Pont-a-Rhine, near the monastery of St. Nicholas. Then followed him Count William of Hainault, the flower of his country's chivalry, with a strong force of Dutchmen and Zealanders, taking up the position between the King of England and the Duke of Brabant ; next followed Jacquemart Artaveld, with more than sixty thousand men, who erected their tents nigh to the gate St. Fontaine, upon both banks of the Schelde, and threw a bridge across, to establish a free and speedy communication at pleasure ; then finally, the lords of the Empire, the Duke of Gueldres, the Marquis of Juliers, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Margrave of Misnia and the East, the Count of Mons, the Lords of Fauquemont, Messire Arnold de Blankenheim, and all the Germans, who, having extended their lines in the direction of Hainault, finished by surrounding the city with a wall of iron of well nigh two leagues in circumference.

The siege was continued for eleven weeks, during which many rude assaults took place and the most valiant men on both sides performed noble feats of arms, which, indeed, led to no result ; from time to time, however, a band detached itself from the main body, tired of thus remaining inactive before these strong walls, and proceeded to burn some castle, pillage a town, or else violate an abbey of nuns. During these proceedings, the Pope of Avignon had despatched a Cardinal with letters to the King of France, strongly exhorting him to enter upon a treaty of peace, while the Lady Jeanne de Valois, who, as we have already stated, was sister of Philip, and mother-in-law of Edward, went from camp to camp, embracing the knees of both princes, adjuring them to effect a truce, and in default of her son, who was so enraged that he would listen to nothing of the sort, urging as mediators between them, John of Beaumont and the Marquis of Juliers. With the latter, indeed, she

## King Edward the Third

succeeded so well, that he wrote an account of his interview to the Emperor ; who, thereupon, a second time, despatched a messenger to Edward, still offering him, as he had previously done, to put an end to the war between himself and the King of France, such a war, indeed, as could be productive of no advantage, save that of ruining the country in which, for two years past, it had been waged.

On the part of Edward, more especially, peace was altogether impossible : he had his *vow* to accomplish. There then remained only the simple question of a cessation of hostility ; and the Lady Jeanne de Valois having engaged so warmly in the cause of pacification, and seeing that she could obtain nothing more, prevailed, at length, upon both kings, to fix a day upon which each of the two powers should send four representatives, furnished with full credentials, in confident reliance, that whatever they effected should be ratified by their sovereigns. A day was then fixed for the purpose, and a place chosen, in a chapel standing in the open country, called Esplechin. On the appointed day the plenipotentiaries, and also the Lady Jeanne de Valois assembled in the chapel, where each heard mass. There then met, for once, in good fellowship, on the part of Philip of France, the Lord John, King of Bohemia, Charles d'Alencon, the king's brother, the Bishop of Liege, the Count of Flanders, and the Count d'Armagnac : and on the part of King Edward, the Duke John of Brabant, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Duke of Gueldres, the Marquis of Juliers and the Lord John of Beaumont.

The conference lasted four days. During the first day, such little chance of understanding was there, that the envoys were about, finally, to separate, when the Lady Jeanne so entreated them upon this point and that, that they promised to reassemble the next day. The morrow the discussions were accordingly renewed, and, towards the close of the day, the plenipotentiaries appeared likely to agree upon some points, but it was at so late an hour that there was not time to commit to writing those points upon which they were unanimous : they, therefore, pledged themselves to return on the following day to perfect what they intended, and arrange other matters still under debate. The third day they met again in

conference, and on this occasion, to the great joy of the Lady Jeanne, the treaties on both sides were agreed to, and ratified for the space of a year.

The news of this truce spread on the very same day amongst the two armies, and was received by the Brabanters and Hainaulters with great joy ; for, they had sustained the whole burden of the war for two years past : nor were the people of Tournay less rejoiced at it ; for the knowings of famine had begun to be felt amongst them, so far as to compel them to send out of the town all their poor and elderly people, and other idle mouths. The night, therefore, was passed in lighting huge bonfires throughout the camp, and upon the ramparts, with great shouts of rejoicing between besiegers and besieged. At the break of day, the latter joyfully struck and packed up their tents, loading their cars therewith ; and having covered them with tarpauling, they took their departure singing, like merry and contented reapers, who had finished a successful harvest.

As for King Edward, he returned to Ghent to rejoin the Lady Philippa, and, crossing the sea with her, disembarked at London on the 30th of November of the same year.

### CHAPTER XV.

David Bruce's dose of extreme popularity and the violent cure for it.

How great soever the pains taken by the Lady Jeanne de Valois to obtain the signing of the treaty of Tournay, it was evident that this truce resembled rather one of those moments of repose indulged in by two wrestlers that their combat may be continued with renewed vigour, than with any serious intention to lay the solid foundation of a peace ; moreover at the return of Edward from London, two causes, the one pre-existing, the other nascent, were about to bring the matter, which was ineffectively agitated in Flanders by force of arms, upon two other quarters of Europe, where, however well disguised the point at issue might be, it was nevertheless easy for an eye experienced in the political negotiations of that epoch to recognise each as having one common origin.

The first of these causes was the return of King David Bruce into his kingdom. After a successful passage on

board a vessel commanded by Malcolm Fleming of Cummirnald he had landed with the Lady Jane of England his consort, at Inverbervie in Kincardineshire, where he had been received with great pomp by the Scotch nobility, immediately upon his arrival at Saint Johnstown. No sooner was his return known than the news was conveyed in every direction, so that, the whole country, moved with an ardent desire again to behold their monarch, who had been absent from his kingdom during the long period of seven years, so crowded around him, wherever he went, that they totally prevented him from making his way through the streets when he left his residence; and like a rolling tide they followed so closely on his footsteps when he regained his residence, that those behind carried forward those before, in a body, even into his very apartments.

Such indications of ardent attachment were for awhile most gratifying to the heart of the young king, but this perpetual adoration which beset him everywhere, became, at length, so irksome, that one day the crowd having penetrated even into his dining apartment—surrounding him with the ordinary importunity—giving way to a momentary irritation, he seized a mace from one of the guards and felled to the ground a poor unoffending highlander who, prompted by the desire of seeing of what cloth his coat was made, had touched that garment. This royal explosion was, however, attended by the happiest results. From that day forward, David Bruce, less persecuted by the curious, found leisure to occupy himself with the affairs of his kingdom.

His first care was to send messengers to all his friends, in order that they might hasten to aid him in his war with the King of England, entreating them to exert themselves for him, now present, as they had done with so much devotion during his absence. The readiest to answer this appeal was the Earl of Orkney, his brother-in-law, the small princes of the Hebrides and Orkneys, the knights of Sweden and Norway, and, in a word, upwards of sixty thousand foot soldiers, and three thousand men-at-arms.

The second of these causes, on the contrary, was, as we have said, wholly  
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fortuitous and unforeseen, and had taken rise in the kingdom of France itself. On returning from the siege of Tournay, John III. surnamed *the good*, Duke of Brittany, who had quitted his province at the command of King Philip, and had rejoined his lord with a finer and more imposing array than that of any other prince, fell sick, in camp, of so serious a disorder that he was forced to keep his bed with but little chance of recovery. This calamity was still further increased from the circumstance of the Duke of Brittany having no child, and his duchy having no direct heir.

In lieu of male issue, however, he had two brothers, one, born of the same parents as himself, who dying in 1334 left an only daughter, named Jeanne, who was married to the Count Charles of Blois; the other, John Count of Montford, a son of the same father, but born of the second marriage of Arthur II. with Violante of Dreux. Having neither offspring nor hope of progeny, the Duke of Brittany had considered that this daughter was better entitled to succeed him in his possessions than his half brother, or other surviving relative, so that he had promised her his duchy of Brittany and had given her in marriage to Charles de Blois, nephew of Philip de Valois, hoping that this august alliance would undeceive John de Montfort who, he shrewdly suspected, had an eye to his duchy. The dying man judged rightly on this head, for he was scarcely dead and the news conveyed to his brother, than the latter, although wholly dispossessed by his brother's will, immediately repaired to Nantes, the capital of Brittany, and by dint of largesses to the citizens and surrounding peasantry, so well succeeded that he was received by them as duke and lord, and they rendered to him both fealty and homage. That ceremony over, the count departed, leaving his countess-wife at Nantes, whose only protection was her own manly and lion-like heart, himself going to Limoges, where it was well known that the deceased duke had deposited all the wealth which, for many years past, he had amassed. There the like welcome and rejoicing attended his entry into that city, as at Nantes, and, after having been grandly entertained by the authorities, clergy and inhabitants of the place, all

of whom did homage to him as to their lord, the treasure in question was readily given to him—so much so, that after stopping as long as seemed agreeable to him at Limoges, he set out for Nantes, where he employed this great treasure in raising an army of foot and horse. When this force comprised as many men as he deemed necessary for his purpose, he took the field with the intention of conquering the whole province, and successively captured Brest, Rennes, Auray, Vannes, Hennebon and Carhaix; and having garrisoned these places, he embarked at Coredon, crossing the sea, and landed at Chertsey; and having learnt that the king was at Windsor, he went thither to visit him without delay, telling him all that had recently happened, and his fears that Philip would dispossess him of his duchy; and in the end he proposed to do homage to Edward, if he would but maintain him in his possessions.

This offer on the part of the Count of Montford chimed in but too well with Edward's policy not to meet with ready acquiescence on the part of the latter. He reflected, that when the truce ended, he would thus secure to himself a free passage into France through Brittany; and as he had witnessed the triumphant joy of the Brabanters and the lords of the empire on the suspension of hostilities by the truce, he greatly doubted that within a year's time they would manifest any willingness again to take up arms in a similar cause. He, therefore, granted to the Count de Montford all he desired; and, in presence of the English barons and the retinue which the count had brought with him, the latter placed his hands *between* those of the king, as his act of homage for the duchy, Edward promising Montford on the other hand that he would defend and maintain him as his vassal, against every enemy, were it even the King of France who should venture to attack him. Whilst this occurred, Charles of Blois who we have already said, on the part of his wife was entitled to the same duchy, had arrived at Paris to lay a complaint before Philip his uncle of this act of spoliation on the part of the Count de Montford. Philip, quickly perceiving the vast importance of this matter, had assembled together his council of twelve peers, that

they might aid him in deciding what was necessary to be done. It was then resolved that the king ought to cite the Count de Montford to appear before them in order that they might hear what answer he had to make to this grievous accusation against him. Thereupon messengers were dispatched, who found him upon his return from London, banqueting in great magnificence at Nantes. With marked prudence and most respectful manner, they communicated to him the mission with which they were charged. The count, having patiently listened to them, made answer, that it was his wish to yield ready obedience to the king's mandate: he then entertained the messengers sumptuously, and at their departure made them presents of such value that they could not have received richer had they been intended for a king.

When the time for appearing before Philip arrived, Montford, magnificently apparelled, set out for Nantes attended by a noble retinue of knights and esquires, and pushed forward in such good earnest that he entered Paris with an armed train, four hundred strong. Unceasingly guarded by his men-at-arms, he took up his lodgings at his hostel during that day and the following night. On the morrow, mounting his horse, and attended by the same cavalcade, he betook himself to the court wherein Philip, the Count Charles de Blois and the first lords and barons of the kingdom were awaiting his appearance.

Upon his arrival the Count de Montford dismounted, and slowly ascending the flight of stairs entered the chamber in which the court sat; next having made obeisance to the lords and barons, he at length approached and humbly bowed before the king; then raising his head:—

"Sire," said he, with calmness, and like a man who had made a firm resolve, happen what might, "you have summoned me hither by your mandate and good pleasure, and here I am."

"Count de Montford," replied the king, "I recognise your good will in coming hither and I shall not be unmindful of it, but much I wonder me how and wherefore you have dared to possess yourself of the duchy of Brittany, to the which, you have not any the slightest claim; disinheriting likewise that

same maiden who is nearer than you in the succession; and how, moreover, you have dared to render homage to my adversary King Edward, if it be true as hath been told me?"

"Dear sir," replied the count, again making obeisance, "you deceive yourself, methinks, touching this question of my rights: I know none nearer of kin to my brother, lately deceased without heir, than I who am here present. If, however, contrary to my expectation, you shall determine that another is better entitled to the succession, I am too much your subject, in all loyalty and fealty, not to acquiesce in your judgment and submit to it freely and willingly: but with respect to my homage to King Edward, you have been misinformed—which is all I have to say upon that matter."

"'Tis well," replied the king, "and you have said sufficient to satisfy me. I command you, then, by virtue of that you hold and hope to hold from me, not to quit the city of Paris for the space of fifteen days, at which time the barons and twelve peers will have adjudged as to your consanguinity, and will decide whether you or the Count Charles de Blois hath the better right of inheritance. Know farther that if you act contrary to this, you will vex and greatly enrage me; I pray God, therefore, that he retain you in his holy keeping."

"Sire," said the count, "be it even as thou wilt." He then withdrew and returned to his hostel to dinner.

Instead, however, of placing himself at table, pensive and full of care he retired to his chamber, pondering, that if he awaited the decision of the peers and barons, judgment might perchance turn to his disadvantage, for it was no difficult matter to foretell that the king would be more favourably disposed towards the Count Charles de Blois, his nephew, than towards him who was in no degree related to him. Besides should this decision be unfavourable it was most likely that the king would at once detain him until he had restored every thing—cities, towns, and castles, as well also as the great treasure he had found, some portion of which he had moreover expended. Thus deliberating, it appeared to him, the wiser and more prudent course, to hie back to Brittany,

although he might vex and enrage the king, than patiently to remain at Paris awaiting the result of so dubious an adventure. Having formed this resolution, he quitted Par's the same evening attended by two knights, only, to lull suspicion, and recommending the rest of his retinue to depart in the same manner as he had done by small parties at night, and quietly return to Brittany, where he himself would be, even before Philip had the slightest knowledge of his having quitted his hostel at Paris. Nevertheless he had hardly arrived ere he became fully alive to the danger of his position, and without losing an instant, aided by his wife, who, instead of discouraging him in his rebellious projects, spirited him on unceasingly, he revisited all the towns and fortresses which had submitted to him, placed in them strong garrisons, experienced commanders, and provisions for a prolonged siege. Then, when he had thus ordered and arranged all that was necessary, he returned to Nantes to receive the welcome of his countess and the citizens, who greatly loved them both, by reason of the large presents and the courtesy he had lavished upon them.

It will even now be easily conceived how great must have been the rage, both of the King of France and the Count Charles de Blois, when they learned the departure of the Count de Montfort. Without, however, deciding on taking measures against him, they, quietly, awaited the arrival of the fifteenth day on which the count and barons were to give their decision respecting the Duchy of Brittany. Charles de Blois had always possessed a good claim, yet, dating from the time of the Count de Montfort's departure, no doubt existed but that the termination of the suit would be favourable to him.

Thus, then, it happened:—the Count Charles de Montfort was declared dispossessed of the claim, and the Duchy of Brittany was unanimously adjudged to the Count Charles de Blois; but that, indeed, was not the question—the matter was, how he was to get it back again. Now the full judgment of the barons had been scarcely delivered ere the king summoned before him Charles de Blois;—

"l'air nephew," said he, "they have just adjudged to you a wide and rich

inheritance ; hasten you then and endeavour, on your part, to reconquer it from him who wrongfully holds it ; moreover, entreat all your friends that they give you their help in this time of urgent need. As for myself, I will not be backward in serving you, and besides the gold and silver that I shall place at your disposal, and to which you can help yourself as far as may be necessary for your purpose, I will desire my son, the Duke of Normandy, to take the chief command for you, but above all, I recommend and entreat you to hasten your movements, for if the English King, our adversary, to whom the Count of Montfort has paid homage, should enter your duchy, he might work sore mischief to both of us, for he cannot have a more convenient and accessible entrance into our realm of France.

Lord Charles of Blois exceedingly rejoiced at these words, made reverential obeisance to his uncle, thanking him for his good will ; then, turning towards the peers and barons, he prayed his cousin the Duke of Normandy, the Count of Alençon his uncle, the Count of Blois his brother, the Dukes of Burgundy, and Bourbon, the Lord Louis of Spain, the Jacques de Bourbon, Count and constable of France, the Count de Ghines, the Viscount de Rohan, in fine—all the princes, counts, barons and lords who were then present, to lend him aid in the formidable struggle he was about to enter upon, which all fully promised, saying that they would willingly accompany him and their lord the Duke of Normandy ; then each retired to his quarters to make his purveyances, and apparel himself as might be requisite, ere their departure for so distant a country.

As it was known that King Phillip had the interests of his nephew at heart, every thing was quickly in readiness, so that, towards the commencement of the year 1341, the barons and lords who were to march under the banner of the Duke of Normandy assembled together in the town of Augers, whence, every preparation being complete, they speedily set out for Ancenis, which on that side, formed the frontier of the kingdom.

Having made a three days' halt there, in order to number and inspect their force, they found themselves at the head of three thousand men-at-arms, without reckoning the Genoese ; so that, judging

themselves sufficiently strong, they boldly entered the county of Brittany, and proceeded to lay siege to Chantoniaux. The first attempt made against the fortress proved disastrous, especially to the Genoese, who being eagerly desirous of displaying their prowess, adventured themselves rashly, and experienced immense loss. But by degrees, the besiegers having taken the trouble of constructing machines, the assaults was repeated at regular intervals ; and as those in the front found themselves pressed with such unceasing ardour, without any hope of succour, they surrendered to the French lords, who gave quarter to them, and, drawing a good augury from this beginning, marched direct upon Nantes, within which town their enemy, the Count de Montfort, had shut himself. Arrived before the town, they erected their tents and pavilions round the walls, in regular and imposing order, as the French lords were then wont to do ; and those of the town, on their side, encouraged and inspired by the Count de Montfort and Messire Herve de Leon, who commanded the soldiers, prepared to present a firm and sturdy defence to their assailants.

Hostilities commenced by skirmishes of small import, followed at length by an adventure which had consequences so serious, that we will devote a short space to the narration.

One morning that a party of the count's soldiers, and a few burghers of the town had issued forth to make a recognizance of the environs, they fell in with a convoy, composed of fifteen carriages laden with provisions and stores, repairing to the army, under the conduct of sixty men. As those of the town were nearly two hundred strong, they advanced without hesitation, killed part of the escort, put the rest to flight, and, turning round the waggons, were proceeding with them towards the city. The news of the enterprise, notwithstanding the speed made by the men of Nantes, was carried to the army, by the fugitives, before they could regain the city gates. Whereupon each forthwith armed himself,—those soonest ready, mounted their horses, and overtook the convoy near the barrier. There the combat was renewed, and that right furiously, for the army hastened up in such numbers that the soldiers and burghers were on the point of being overwhelmed,

[THE COURT

when a detachment, sent out by the garrison, went to their aid, and renewed the battle. Whereupon a few of the latter, whilst their comrades were engaged hand to hand, unharnessed the horses and drove them towards the town, so that, in the event of the French proving victors, they should be unable, at any rate, to carry off the waggons. The struggle was still maintained with obstinate fury around them, when such strong reinforcements joined those from the army, that the soldiers and burghers, perceiving from the top of the ramparts their friends giving way, rushed out with great clamour and in considerable numbers, throwing themselves in a disorderly manner into the midst of the *mêlée*. Messire Herve de Leon, therefore, seeing, by their irregular mode of fighting, that they could not hold out long, ordered a retreat. The men-at-arms, accustomed to the manœuvring of military commands, instantly obeyed with order and precision; but the burghers, ignorant of these kind of tactics, found themselves engaged in the very centre of the French force, without leader, and consequently without unity either for attack or defence. The result was that many were slain and a great number taken, whilst the soldiers, fighting on the retreat in good order, regained the city with the loss only of a few men, whereas the burghers numbered full a hundred killed, two hundred wounded and as many taken prisoners."

Great discontent sprung up from this adventure between the burghers and the men-at-arms, who they alleged, had abandoned them on that occasion. So that, equally to save their property, which they daily saw destroyed without the walls, as to ransom their fathers, children, or friends who were prisoners, they opened secret negotiations with Duke John, promising, that if their lives and property were safely guaranteed and an engagement to return their relations and friends, they would open one of the gates, in order that the French lords might enter the town, and seize the Count de Montfort in his castle. These offers were too advantageous to meet with refusal at the hands of the Duke of Normandy. The agreement was ratified; and, on the appointed day, the French finding the gate open, went straight to the castle, and ere the Count de Montfort

could think about defending himself, seized and took him to the camp, without, as had been threatened, any damage resulting to the town. Charles de Blois immediately placed a strong garrison in Nantes, and returned with his prisoner to Philip of Valois, who was right glad to have the brand which had lighted up that fatal war, in his hands: and, having imprisoned the Count de Montfort in the town of Louvre, he therein detained him prisoner, as guilty of forfeiture and treason.

Whilst these events were passing at Nantes and at Paris, toward the end of December of the year 1341, Edward, who knew that hostilities had commenced between Brittany and France, was making preparations according to promise, to send troops to his vassal, when John de Neville, rode one morning into Newcastle, of which place, as we have said, he was governor, to inform the king that he had at that moment too much to do with his own affairs to think in any way of meddling with those of other people.

King David, it has been mentioned, had issued his mandate, and all his partisans had hastened to answer the summons, either out of love for him or hatred to Edward: the result was that his army having speedily amounted to sixty-five thousand men, amongst which might be reckoned three thousand men at arms,\* the king entered England, leaving on his left the castle of Roxburgh, which held out for the English, and the town of Berwick, where Edward Balliol, his competitor for the throne of Scotland, had shut himself up, and went to encamp before the fortress of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This expedition was not entered upon under happy auspices; for the same night on which King David arrived, a body of the besieged sallied forth from a postern, penetrated as far as the centre of the Scottish camp, and surprising the Earl of Murray in his bed, brought him prisoner into the city. He was a brave knight, who had inherited from his father, regent during the minority of David, a

\* In computing the numbers of an army, every man-at-arms should be counted as three; for each had his squire to bear his lance, &c., and also his body squire.

Villaret, in his History of France, says that three thousand men-at-arms amounted to nearly twelve thousand.—Ed.



strong and adhering love for his king and country. On the morrow David ordered the assault to be made ; but, after a two hour's combat at the barriers of the town, he was forced to retire with great loss to his followers, and took the way towards Durham.

Scarcely had John de Neville, who commanded the fortress of Newcastle, seen the backs of his enemies, ere he sprang upon one of his fleetest coursers, and, taking bye roads, known only to the inhabitants of those parts, in five days he reached Chertsey, where the King of England then was staying. He was the first messenger who carried Edward the news of this marriage. The latter, in his turn, hastened to issue his mandate : it embodied an appeal to all Englishmen above the age of fifteen years and under sixty. But, eager to judge himself of the strength and projects of the enemy's army, he appointed a rendezvous for his knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, on the marshes of Northumberland, and set out by sea for Berwick. Scarcely had he arrived there ere he learnt that Durham had been taken by assault, and that the whole of the inhabitants had been put to death without ransom or quarter, even monks, women and children, who, without regarding the sanctity of the place, had met a grave in the church wherein they had sought shelter.

The arrival of the King at Berwick, all desolate as it was, sufficed to determine David Bruce upon a retreat : he withdrew, therefore, towards the Scottish frontiers, reached the Tweed, and, as the night was advancing, pitched his camp at some little distance from the castle of Wark, in which the lovely Alice de Grafton awaited the return of her husband, a prison of war at the Chatelet of Paris. That northern fortress, for it merited such name in every respect, was defended by our old acquaintance, William of Montague and a hundred brave men-at-arms. The young bachelor, who, during the four years that had elapsed, had attained manhood, could not be aware of the so high presence of the enemy, without feeling inspired by the warlike ardour of the time. He therefore took with him forty good companions well armed and mounted, and falling upon the rear of the Scottish army, just as it had entered a defile, he slew two hundred

men, and carried off a hundred and twenty horse-loads of men, jewels, and attire ; the cries of the wounded, the clangour of arms, resounded along the entire line of the army, which seemed to shiver as though formed only of a single body, and it reached as far as William of Douglas, who was leading the vanguard ; the serpent whose tail had been trodden upon sprang round ready to devour the little troop ; but it had already beaten a retreat with its prisoners and booty.

William of Douglas set forward in pursuit of William de Montague, and struck his lance against the barriers at the moment when they were closed behind the marauders. Douglas engaged in a combat with those upon the ramparts. The knights of Sweden, and Norway, the princes of the Orkneys and Hebrides, seeing the escalade undertaken, ran to the assistance of the besiegers ; at last David Bruce himself, with the rest of the army, came to mingle in the combat ; it proved long and bloody. The castle was vigorously attacked, but as stoutly defended ; the two Williams performing prodigies of valour. At length, the king seeing that without engines of war no progress could be made, and that the bravest of soldiers were lying dead at the foot of the ramparts, ordered that hastily-commenced assault to cease. But the combatants were so furiously engaged in the battle, particularly Douglas, whom William of Montague had recognised by the bleeding heart which he bore on his escutcheon, and whom he defied and railed at from the top of the wall, that David was compelled to promise that he would not withdraw from before the castle without having avenged his followers and recovered the booty carried off ; the which being suffered was considered by all as a disgrace, of which each bore his share.

The assailants then retired to about two bow-shots distance from the castle walls, carrying with them their wounded, and the slain of rank. As for the rest, they left them at the foot of the ramparts. A portion of the army immediately began to draw its lines, pitch its tents, and to put into working order its engines and instruments of war required for the morrow's assault ; whilst the other occupied itself with no less important duties, cooking their sheep whole in cow-skins : and,

upon the flat iron plate which was carried by each horseman, heated over the fire, they baked their several portions of meal, which quickly acted upon by the heat assumed the consistence of a cake. By this mode of living during a campaign, the Scots dispensed with the occasion for dragging in their train that ponderous burden of ovens and cauldrons which formerly created such delay to troops on a march. These troops were now, therefore, able, whether during incursion or retreat, to make forced marches of from eighteen to twenty miles, and thus completely to distance their enemies.

Such was the scene enacted at about a thousand paces from the walls of Wark Castle—a scene of bustle and animation which strangely went hand in hand with that which was exhibited around of carnage and death, for the entire space from the foot of the ramparts to the first lines of the camp had been the arena of the battle-field, on which the wounded humble soldier or retainer was suffered to pass away the remnant of his short days, none accounting him to be of sufficient value to be picked up and transferred from his gory bed to a place of refuge. Thus, at intervals, from that sombre plain, and borne upon the wind, arose, as from the last deep gulf, shrieks, moans, and inarticulate sounds, that seemed not to belong to any earthly tongue, thrilling indeed, with horror, the heart of the very bravest sentinel upon the ramparts. Then would a fiery arrow wing its way through the air like a falling star, to bury itself still blazing in the earth, and for an instant cast a strong and lurid glare over some portion of the battle-ensanguined plain. The object of the besieged in repeating this manœuvre, at every quarter of an hour, was even to hinder those of the camp from lending assistance to the wounded, and the wounded from joining their more fortunate comrades; for if by the light of those warlike torches some prostrate victim on that funereal plain were seen, with reviving hope, or new energy to raise himself, that instant he was made a mark for the English archers, so sure, in those days, of their aim, that each boasted, for the number of his arrows, of carrying twelve dead Scots suspended in his quiver; the wounded wretch therefore who had collected all his re-

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maining strength, hoping to drag himself towards his living comrades, fell stricken by a fresh wound, for whom, indeed, death had but half its work to do. At times also that trembling flickering light gave, by its vacillations, the semblance of life, even to motionless carcases, as some arrow, launched aimlessly, was seen to bury itself in a lifeless body.

It was, indeed, a spectacle to rivet a soldier's attention; and yet above the main entrance-gate of Wark Castle a young man, in complete armour, kept ward, his helmet at his feet, without appearing to receive any impression from the soul-harrowing scene passing beneath him. So utterly, indeed, was he absorbed in thought, as not even to perceive that a female form, which from its lightly falling footstep, might indeed have been taken for a spectre, had reached the platform by an inner staircase, and approached the very spot where he was seated. Arrived at the distance of a few paces, she stopped hesitatingly, and, leaning against an embrasure, remained wholly motionless for some minutes, when the challenge of the guard resounded from another wing of the castle, and passing from sentinel to sentinel, reached the young man who, turning round to pass it in alternation to the side opposite to that whence he had received it, then for the first moment distinguished, at a lance-length from him, that female garbed in white—mute and motionless as a statue. Thereupon the half-uttered cry died unfinished from his lips as though he would advance towards the object he had so unexpectedly seen near him; but he as quickly paused as if enchained to the spot by a sentiment which a superficial observer might have taken to have arisen from respect. The sentinel finding, at that moment, that his challenge had not been returned, shouted it a second time with increased energy. Thereupon the young man, and in a voice whose faltering tone was yet sensibly recognizable to an acute ear, he repeated that nocturnal cry of vigilance, and it gradually sank inarticulate in the distance along the parapets, until it ended at the same spot whence it first arose.

"'Tis well, my young castellan," thereupon breathed, in a soft voice, the white apparition as it approached the young bachelor,—“I find that you keep good

ward, and that we are in safety. We began to doubt of it, however, on seeing that one might come so nigh you without being perceived."

"Ay, 'tis indeed unpardonable of me, lady," replied the young man,—“not that mine ear was unmindful of your coming—for those mists which float hither from Scotland, less lightly glide across heaven than you over earth—but for the not having instinctively divined your presence—of a truth, I did not believe myself so dull at heart!”

“And wherefore,” continued the lady smilingly, “hath not my fair nephew appeared at our supper board, at which I have just done the honours to our brave knights? Methinks he hath this day performed sufficiently rude exercises to have earned an appetite.”

“Because, my lady, I would remit to none the care to watch over the charge which hath been confided to me. Should I have one instant's ease were I not here!”

“I thought Messire William,” continued the countess archly, “that it might be you were doing penance in expiation for the blunder which hath drawn this army about our ears. If such be, indeed, the motive that hath kept you aloof from us, I hold your self-imposed punishment, but too well merited to abate a jot of its rigour. As, however, we have need of your prudent experience in council, place some one at your post for the present, and you shall resume it after having given us your advice touching our now perilous strait.”

“And upon what deliberate they?” eagerly inquired William,—“I trust it is no question of surrender, and that they forget not that I am castellan herein, and consequently master of this fortress in all matters of war so long as the absence of my uncle of Salisbury shall continue.”

“Gracious heavens! who hath spoken to you of capitulation, sir governor! Rest assured, none hath dreamt of such a thing, and on my part, the courage displayed by me during the day's assault, ought, methinks, to place one utterly beyond the reach of such a suspicion.”

“Yes, yes, 'tis true indeed,” said William clasping his hands together, as he would have done before a holy image, “you are noble, brave and beautiful as are the Valkyries, those daughters of Odin, who, in the songs of the Saxon

bards, visited the battle-fields to welcome from earth the souls of dying warriors.”

“Ay, but I have not like them a white coarser breathing terror through his nostrils, and a golden lance which overthroweth all that it toucheth; the which follows, that all calm though I be, or may appear to others, towards yourself, William, I will cease to feign further, and will tear off that mask of hope, in order that you may be conscious of all my inquietude. Calculate, if you can, of how many thousand men that host is composed which now surrounds us; mark in what terrible preparations they are occupied; then glance from them to ourselves; reckon our defenders, and examine into our means of defence! William, it were imprudent for us to rely upon our own strength solely.”

“With the aid of heaven, however, it must needs suffice us, my lady,” replied William proudly, “and, methinks, that two or three assaults like that of to-day, would make our enemies, however numerous, lose not only all hope of taking us, but even from thinking of attempting it. Look, look,—an instant back, you defied me to count the living, essay now then to number me the dead.”

As he spoke, an arrow which had a lighted match affixed, shot from the walls, burying itself in the centre of that plain so thickly bestrewn with bodies, and which extended, as we have said, from the foot of the ramparts to the lines of the camp. Alice followed with her eyes the meteor of war, which, continuing to burn even when it had reached the ground, illumined for a while a circle of considerable extent. Towards the extremity of that circle and on the side nearest the camp, there might be descried, (thanks indeed to such lurid glare,) a man who went from body to body, as though he sought to recognise some one among the slain; at length he knelt down near one of them, and raised its head, when lo! a whizzing sound sang through the air, a cry arose, the man sprang upon his feet as with the intention of fleeing, but as immediately fell by the side of him whom he had gone to seek; one moment after, the shaft having ceased to burn, the aspect of every thing again relapsed into obscurity; but the moanings of the dying still arose from time to time, amidst that awful gloom,

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and then in turn died; as their spirit, perchance, vanished away, so this light became extinct and dread silence, with dread darkness reigned supreme.

William, at that moment, felt the trembling Alice hang heavily upon his arm, and he himself could not refrain from turning his head all shudderingly from that scene of horror towards the interior of the fortress; for through the steel plates of his gauntlet had he felt the feverish glow of those clinging hands: then the limbs of the beauteous countess refused their support, and had he not supported her, she would have fallen.

"Oh!" ejaculated the now partially reviving countess, passing her hand across her fair brow, "how fearful a sight is a battle-field! During the light of day 'tis nothing in comparison to this. You know well how calm and brave I then was. Ah! well—those men whom I saw fall amidst the noise and carnage of the strife, those cries which I heard—less grievously affected me than hath the fall of that unhappy one, who was seeking the body perhaps of a father, a son, or a friend, to render him the sacred duties of sepulture,—or that expiring groan which escaped from his breast. Hark, hark—hear you not again those hideous groans?"

"It is but too true, lady," replied William; "full many men who are stretched upon that bloody bed, of which you have just caught a hasty glimpse, have not yet rendered up their breath, and are now in their last agony. They are *soldiers*;—such needs must be their end."

"Oh! for a warrior, to die amidst the strife and clangour of battle, in the sight of his brethren in arms, and his noble chiefs, and the joyful burst of trumpets sounding 'victory,' 'tis naught; but to perish slowly and miserably, far from all one loves, and by whom one is loved, in a night so dark that it seems even that heaven itself hath shut out this dire scene of man's contention and wickedness from view, to die biting and tearing a strange soil moistened with one's blood. . . . Oh! 'tis a death fit for a parricide, for a heretic, or a condemned malefactor! . . . And when I think that the world has something still worse yet than such a death! . . . Oh! William! one may fain lose courage, and with faint heart shudder and tremble."

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"What would'st say?" cried William in a voice of alarm.

"Have you not heard tell of the atrocities committed at Durham? Have you not heard how all hath been pitilessly devoured by those Scottish wolves rushing from their forest and mountain lairs—all—aged men, children, even women, and that the few whom they spared, of these latter, have the rather to execrate the fate that reserved them from the embrace of death?"

"You have not the like fear, I trust! Fear not! we will all die even to the last man of our band, and they shall reach you only when they can tread upon my corpse."

"I know that, too well William," replied Alice tranquilly; "but afterwards? . . . The castle will not the less be taken; at the last moment the courage to slay myself may fail me, for I am a woman, and consequently, am alike feeble of heart and arm in the face of death!"

"Well, well!" faltered out William, "'tis I who . . . Oh! wretch that I am, of what am I thinking? what was I about to say?"

"Thanks, William," said Alice, extending her hand to the young bachelor, "my forethought hath awakened yours; 'tis well; my husband hath placed me under your protection with far more anxiety, I will avouch it, for my honour than for my life: if you cannot restore me to him living and unspotted as you received me from him, you will at least restore me dead and pure, and he will say that you have, if not faithfully, at least valiantly fulfilled your duty: and, living or dead, he will be grateful to you or to your memory for it; but this is a last extremity, William, and perchance there yet may be a means . . ."

"The which?" cried the young man without giving her time to finish her speech.

"They say the king is at Berwick, where he is collecting an army; Berwick is only a day's journey hence."

"Would you ask succour from Edward, my lady?" asked William growing pale with anxiety.

"And he will grant it me, I feel certain," continued the countess.

"Oh! *Sang-Dieu*! I doubt not of it," sharply retorted William. "And you will receive him into this castle, lady?"

"Is he not my sovereign and my master? Is he not that lord to whom my husband hath sworn fealty and homage? and if he grant my prayer, if he come to my assistance, and I stand indebted to him for life, and more than life perchance, will he not have a further claim upon my gratitude?"

"Ay, ay, and to your *love*," muttered William, striking his forehead with his steel gauntlet.

"Sir!" exclaimed the countess with chilling and haughty intonation.

"Oh, pardon! pardon!" cried the young bachelor, "you are ignorant of that, my lady; for virtue carries a veil. But had you watched his looks as I did when they were fixed upon you—had you studied the sound of his voice when he spoke of you—had you seen him grow alternately red and pale in approaching you, and had you awakened that night, when I kept watch near you—oh! no longer would you doubt of that man's love. And that man is a—king."

"What matters it," said Alice, "that the insensate passion which I have the misfortune of inspiring comes from one in a higher or a lower station than mine own? I too well love my noble spouse to be assured that no seductive art can make me fail in the vows of fidelity which I have sworn towards him, and however good the opinion I may have of mine own comeliness, I deem not that 't will ever give birth to a passion strong enough to impel those attainted by it to resort to violence. Thus, therefore, William, if you have none other objection to urge against the means I have proposed to you, that will not be a motive for me to abandon my intention, and I beg of you to see if, amongst the habitants of this castle, there be one with sufficient courage and devotion to traverse the Scottish camp, and carry my request to the King of England."

"I know one who would die at a sign from you, lady, and who will welcome death but too cravingly in your service," replied William sorrowfully; "deign then to descend to the hall wherein the knights await you in council. Indite your letters, and, in one quarter of an hour hence the messenger will be ready."

The countess pressed the hand of William in token of her thanks, and disappeared from the platform, as lightly and

as noiselessly, as she had gained it. William followed her with his eyes until the instant of her gliding down the turret staircase afforded him the last glimpse of her lovely form. Then, walking forwards a short distance, he summoned an esquire upon whose fidelity and vigilance he knew he could well rely, stationed him at his post, and, placing his helmet upon his head, withdrew, uttering a heavy sigh.

The countess had descended to the hall wherein the knights were awaiting her, and emended, by their advice, the letters which she had addressed to the king. She had just sealed them as William de Montague entered. The brief space of time that had elapsed had sufficed him to make a total change in his attire; and instead of his ponderous panoply of war, he wore a parti-coloured jerkin fashioned like that of an archer, a sort of legging with alternate black and azure stripes, light buskins and a small velvet cap, which completed his costume. His arms consisted of a short sword resembling a *couteau de chasse*, an ivory bow and a quiver amply filled with arrows. He approached the countess, and bowing to her said—"Are the letters ready, my lady?"

"Wherefore ask you? What matters it to thee?" cried the knights; "would'st thou thyself take charge of such a message?"

"Fair gentles," replied William, apparently unheeding this remark, "I have so great confidence in your courage and loyalty, that to you I leave the full defence of this castle. As for myself, a desire hath possessed me, for love of my lady and yourselves, to peril my person in this adventure; for I have a presentiment that it will terminate to my honour and your own, and that I shall herein conduct King Edward ere you are compelled to capitulate."

The knights applauded this resolution of the young castellan, and the countess presented the dispatches to William, who received them on his bended knee.

"I shall pray for you," said Alice.

"Heaven grant me grace to die during your prayer!" replied William; "the portals of bliss will then receive me."

At that moment the castle clock struck, and the challenge of the guard was again

heard, as it was repeated along the rampart line : "Sentinels, keep ward !"

"Midnight !" cried William, who had counted each stroke of the bell ; "not a minute must be lost." Saying which he rushed out of the hall.

CHAPTER XVI.

The besieged Countess seeks aid of Edward.

William thus departing to execute the mission of the Countess of Salisbury, quitted Wark Castle by a postern, and taking with him neither squire nor varlet, he ventured forth upon the field of battle, which he crossed without accident. The night was dark and rainy, and consequently favourable for his enterprise, and he reached as far even as the enemy's entrenchments without attracting notice. The sky showering down its torrents of rain kept indeed the Scots in their tents, and having cleared the palisades, he found himself even within their camp ; then feeling doubtful whether he might escape therefrom as easily as he had entered he struck towards the east, instead of penetrating further in a straight direction, and keeping to the left, in which point lay the banks of the Tweed, and, thinking rightly, that if discovered, that river, all rapid and swollen as it was, would afford him, though a dangerous, yet nevertheless a practicable means of providing in time of need for his safety. At the distance then of nearly a hundred paces, he gained the river side, and proceeded with precaution along the slippery and wooded bank.

He had thus slowly made his way during some ten minutes, when a noise he thought had caught his ear : instantly he set himself to listen with all the attention of a man whose life depended on the acute perception of this organ of sense. The noise proved to be caused by a troop of mounted soldiers who were advancing in a direct line towards him, following like himself the same bank of the Tweed. To throw himself upon the right into the camp, was to lose this the only apparent chance of safety which he had adopted ; and he chose as the safer alternative to glide amongst the tall rushes and brushwood closer to the river's edge, which lined the river's brink.

Firmly grasping the roots of some tree  
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projecting over the impetuous stream he found concealment in a large chasm, hollowed between the bank and the torrent, which boiled and roared beneath him ; the noise of the troubled waters for an instant covered that made by the armed troop, and at first he thought he had deceived himself, but the neighing of a horse quickly proved to him the contrary. In a few seconds he caught the sound of voices, and almost immediately afterwards was able to distinguish some sentences of the conversation. William's first movement was to be fully certain that his sword might be readily drawn from its scabbard ; he then directed his gaze towards the stream, and saw that he had merely to loosen his hold of the branches to which he clung, and drop himself into the current. Thus sure of being able to fight or fly according to the urgency of the case, he again lent his whole attention to the noise, which gradually became more distinct by near approach.

"And you think, captain," said one of the troop, who from the authoritative tone his voice assumed was easily recognised as the chief of the horsemen, "that thanks to this infernal night, during which the workers cannot labour, our engines of war will not be ready until to-morrow after noon?"

"So at least, my lord, the officer of the working party hath assured me," answered in a respectful tone, the person interrogated.

"I will sorely delay the assault," impatiently remarked the first interlocutor, "Gregor! . . ."

"My lord," replied another voice.

"To-morrow morning thou shalt take my banner, and, preceded by a trumpet, thou shalt nail my glove upon the castle gate, and thou shalt defy William de Montague to come forth and break, in honour of God and of his lady, a lance against William of Douglas."

"I shall do your bidding, my lord," replied the esquire.

At that moment the patrol of the night commanded by Douglas had reached the very spot where William lay concealed, so near to his path, that Douglas by extending his sword, might have touched the individual whom he intended to provoke to combat on the morrow, whom, he little dreamed, was so close at hand.

On the occasion too, the animal shewed the superior acuteness of its sensation over man's ; for on passing close to William, the steed which carried Douglas stopped suddenly, stretched out its neck, and sought with its expanding nostrils the hiding place of the young and adventurous bachelor, who felt the warm and hurried vapour they emitted, strike upon his face.

"What is it, Fingal?" said Douglas, fixing himself firmly in his saddle.

"Who goes there?" cried Gregor, striking the bushes with his sword.

"Some loud snoring fish, or some fox seeking forage at the expense of our larder," said the captain with a laugh.

"Would you that I dismount, my lord?" asked Gregor.

"No," replied Douglas; "'tis not worthy the trouble, and Rasing is right. Come, Fingal," continued he, striking him with the spur; "onwards!—we have no time to lose. And thou shalt add," continued he, turning towards Gregor "that I offer him all the advantages of ground and of sun."

"As for that same latter condition, my lord," said the captain, "I think you may safely pledge yourself with small risk of consequences."

"Well then, provided he accept," carelessly replied Douglas, whose voice began to grow faint in the distance, "thou shalt leave him free to make choice of all and every condition."

William heard no more, either that the conversation had ceased, or that the distance was too great; he returned his blade into the sheath, which he had half drawn, rushed along the margin of the river, and continued his route without encountering other obstacle than that of the outer ditch hastily dug by the soldiers. Strong and agile as a highlander, he cleared it at a bound, and found himself outside the camp.

William had walked onwards for upwards of two hours, when the first gleam of day-light began to tinge the tops of the mountain, round whose base wound the narrow pathway he was pursuing. By degrees the light was seen reflected against the inclined plane of the hills; at the same time, a dense fog, which had covered the valley during the night, began to rise like the waves of an ascending sea; during a few seconds the mist re-

mained thus floating between William and the horizon, it seemed to his gaze, as loth to leave the earth; at length it rose aloft like the curtain of a theatre, allowing the eye to discern through its vapoury gauze a landscape illuminated by that dawn-like semi tint which belongs not to night neither is it that of day. Then, amidst that limpid and poetical atmosphere, the burden of a Scottish air was faintly heard. William at once recognised the shrill tones of a highland pibroch, and instantly arresting his steps, he bent forward to listen. At the same moment, about four hundred paces from him, on the summit of a little eminence, formed by the winding of the pathway, he saw two Scotch soldiers make their appearance, conducting a string of oxen, which they had doubtless just stolen from some neighbouring farm; one of the two was mounted upon a small hackney, and was goading forward the oxen with the point of his lance.

William, on perceiving them, strung the bow which he carried in his left hand, drew an arrow from his quiver, and, placing himself in the centre of the path, waited until they came within the reach of shaft and voice; the Scots, on their part made preparations for defence. Those preparations were so much the more urgent on both sides, that the nature of the ground offered no other passage save the pathway along which the travellers were advancing, walled in as they were on one side by the steep talus of the mountain, and on the other by the river.

The Scots, however, seeing William stand still, continued to advance; this the latter permitted them to do; then when he saw them at the distance of about one hundred and fifty paces, he extended his hand towards the foremost.

"Ho! sir Redshanks," shouted he in the Gallic language, which, thanks to his vicinity to the frontiers, he spoke like a highlander, "not one step further forwards until we have explained matters."

"What want you?" replied the Scot, who hearing his own language spoken, knew not whether to consider William in the light of a friend or an enemy.

"Firstly, friend reiver, I want the gallo way on which thou ridest," returned William, addressing him who was goading forward the oxen, "seeing that I have a long day's march before me, whereas thou

hast, at most, only two miles, ere thou reachest the camp."

"And if I were not disposed to give it thee, what then?" asked the Scot.

"On my soul," said William, "I would e'en taken it by force."

The Scot set up a shout of laughter, and without further reply urged forward his beasts with the point of his lance. William, on his side, thinking that it was only loss of time to parley longer, fitted an arrow to his bow-string, the Scot observing the hostile movement of the young bachelor, and, perceiving its consequences, leaped promptly from off the horse, seized the ox by the tail, and, imitating the tactic of his comrade, by making a rampart of the animal's body, continued to advance.

"Ah! ah!" said William, who could not help laughing at the ruse, "it seems that my steed will cost me two arrows more than I reckoned upon paying for him; no matter, I would not grudge me yet a dearer price for him in this my present need."

So saying he slowly and steadily raised the left arm; then, with two fingers of the right hand, he drew the cord towards him as though he would make both ends of the bow meet; for an instant he appeared motionless as a statue—an archer curved in stone; suddenly the arrow sped onwards with a whiz, and buried more than half its length in the shoulder of one of the oxen which formed a living shield to the two Scottish reivers.

The animal, mortally wounded, at first stopped, trembled in every limb, staggered, and then, uttering a terrible roar, rushed forward at a speed with which the swiftest horse could not have competed: but at the distance of about thirty paces, his limbs failed under him, and he fell upon his knees, still continuing to advance by the help of his hind legs, ploughing up the earth with his horns, and ending by himself burying the arrow in his breast as far as the feathers:—it was the last effort of his agony; his hind legs failed him in their turn, he fell, got up again, tumbled heavily a second time, stretched out his neck, and, emitting a plaintive bellow, instantly expired.

Short as had been this interval, William had already drawn a second arrow from his quiver and adjusted it upon his bow string. Such precaution was not

idle; for the Scot seeing himself without cover, had leaped once more on the back of his hackney and made straight up to the young bachelor; the latter raised his deadly bow a second time; but his adversary so stooped under the neck of the hackney, that it would have been impossible for the most skilful archers to have touched the man without risking the life of the animal. William was on the point of relinquishing his bow and seizing his sword, when on reaching the carcass of the slain ox, the startled horse made a plunge and presented the flank of his rider: it was but for an instant, but that instant was sufficient for the sure and rapid eye of the young bachelor—the arrow sped, the Scot fell, his breast pierced by his adversary's shaft. The horse terrified, continued his road, neighing and plunging; but on coming within ten paces of William, the latter whistled in the peculiar manner, after which the Scottish horseman is accustomed to call his half-tamed mountain steed; the animal, at this well known language, stopped, pricking up his ears. William raised the whistle a second time as the beast drew near him, then instead of further flight, he halted and himself presented his back to his new master, who sprang across it with the greatest agility, and directed his attention to the second Scot, who, being wounded in his turn, fell upon his knees and begged for mercy.

"Willingly," said William; "for, if I needed a horse I equally want a messenger. Swear to me, therefore, that thou wilt faithfully accomplish the commission that I am about to give thee, and I will spare thy life."

The soldier gave the required oath.

"Tis well," said William, "first thou shalt go seek David of Scotland, and tell him that William de Montague, castellan of Wark Castle, hath passed through his camp last night, and that thou didst meet with him going in quest of King Edward, who is at Berwick, and that 'twas he who hath slain thy comrade and wounded thee; then thou shalt repair to the quarters of Douglas, and apprise him that William Montague hath overheard his challenge, hath accepted it, and, presuming that he will not await his return, engages himself to proceed to indicate the arms, place and condition of combat. Lastly, that thou shalt upon this spot slay



thy remaining ox, so that neither thou nor any other belonging to the army profit by his flesh. Now arise and do as I have bidden thee; thou art free."

So saying, William of Montague put his horse to the gallop, and continued to ride with such speed that, five hours afterwards, he descried the town of Berwick. He therein found Edward who had collected together a considerable army.

Scarcely was the king apprized of the danger menacing the countess, than he issued his command to arm. That very evening the whole army put itself upon the march; it was composed of six thousand men-at-arms, ten thousand archers, and sixty thousand foot soldiers. But when nearly midway, losing all patience at the slowness of the advance, on account of so large a body of infantry, he chose a thousand from amongst his bravest knights, ordered the like number of archers to hang themselves on to the manes of their knights' steeds, and, placing himself with William de Montague, at the head of this little troop, he himself set an example by urging his horse to its fullest speed. Just before day broke, William recognized, by the carcasses of the two oxen, the spot of his previous evening's combat with the Scots. An hour afterwards, and as the first ruddy rays of sunshine streaked the heavens, they reached an eminence whence the castle and environs were described; but, as William had foreseen, the Scots had not waited for the coming up of Edward, and, during the night, David Bruce had raised the siege;—the camp was found utterly deserted.

Within five minutes of their arrival at the spot just indicated, from certain movements discernible upon the ramparts, William de Montague saw that they had been recognised: consequently Edward and himself put their horses to the gallop, and, accompanied by twenty-five knights only, they rode through every portion of the enemy's camp. Loud shouts of joy speedily hailed their approach. At length, as they were on the point of dismounting from their warsteeds, the portals opened, and the Countess of Salisbury, magnificently attired and more beautiful than ever, came out to meet the king, and, placing one knee on the ground proceeded to proffer him her grateful thanks for the succour he

brought her; but Edward immediately raised her up, whilst the power of speech wholly failed him, so full was his heart of what he dare not utter to her ear, and walking gently by her side, both entered the castle hand in hand.

The Countess of Salisbury herself conducted the king into the richly furnished apartment she had prepared for his reception; but notwithstanding all her care and infinite attentions, Edward continued to preserve the same rigid taciturnity; only that he gazed at hers perpetually and so ardently, that Alice, abashed, and feeling the blood crimsoning her cheeks, softly disengaged her hand from the royal grasp. Edward heaved a sigh, and then walking towards a window leaned pensively upon its embrasure. The countess profiting instantly by her liberty hastened to bestow upon the other knights a gracious welcome, and in order to give to her servitors the requisite orders for preparing a repast, quitted the apartment leaving the monarch to his solitary meditations. In her progress through the hall the countess met William, who was busily informing himself of the various details respecting the departure of the Scottish army. The wounded reiver had doubtless faithfully delivered his message; for about ten o'clock of that morning, those in the castle having witnessed a great commotion throughout the camp, had hastened to man the ramparts, thinking that the enemy was about to attempt a fresh assault; but they soon found that such preparations had another and totally different object: whereupon it was evident to them that the Scots had received intelligence of the succour, expected by the besieged, having arrived, and this certainty infused new courage into their hearts. Finally, towards the hour of vespers, the army put itself upon its march, and, passing from beyond arrow-shot distance, it had defiled before the castle, in search of a ford which lay above it. The besieged had kept up a loud clamour with their trumpets and cymbals; but there was as yet no indication from David Bruce of having heard that warlike appeal, and, towards evening, the last trace of the Scottish army had disappeared from their sight.

Approaching William, the countess added her felicitations to those of the

gallant knights who had stood in defence of the castle; for imprudent and adventurous as he was, the young bachelor had carried out his enterprize with a dexterous skill and a cool courage worthy of its prosperous termination. She invited him to recruit himself at the festal board; but William refused the invitation of his lovely aunt, the countess, alleging the fatigue of the twofold journey which he had performed. The pretext was sufficiently plausible to gain credence or, at least, have the appearance of doing so. Alice, therefore, insisted no farther, and repaired with her guests to the hall in which the meal had been prepared.

The king had not yet descended from his sleeping chamber: Alice gave orders for the customary signal of "*corne l'eau*" to be made, to warn him that all was in readiness and awaiting only his gracious pleasure; the summons was, however, unheeded. The king did not make his appearance, and the countess proceeded in search of the royal guest; he was at the same spot where she had left him, still motionless, with his gaze pensively fixed upon the wide extending, richly wooded, and beautiful landscape, far stretching from the open casement; but it was self-evident from her unheeded approach, that no object before him engaged one particle of his mental cognizance. Edward at length becoming aware of her presence, heaved a sigh as he extended his hand, the countess bent her knee to the ground, and took the royal hand to salute it with a kiss; but Edward as immediately withdrew it, and, turning again towards Alice, he fixed his gaze fully upon her. Alice felt the blush again suffuse her cheek and brow; but far more embarrassed by that silence than by his conversation, she decided upon being the first to break it.

"Dear sir," she smilingly uttered, "what causeth thee to muse thus deeply? Saving your grace, it is not to you that such abstraction seemeth fitting, but rather to your enemies, who have not dared to await your coming. Come, my lord, a truce to your warlike meditations, and deign to honour our humble board that we may receive you thereat with wassail and rejoicing."

"Beautous Alice," said the king, "press me not to seat myself at table; for, on my soul, you will have in me but

a sorry guest. Yes, I am come hither, filled with thoughts of war; but the sight of this castle hath given birth to others of a totally opposite nature, and those are so intense, that I know of nought which may erase them from my heart."

"Come, my lord, come," said Alice; "the grateful thanks of those whom your arrival hath saved will divert the current of your thoughts, which, as you yourself avow, have only taken rise within the present hour. Heaven, you perceive, hath made you to be the most formidable of Christian princes. At your approach your enemies have fled, and their entrance into your kingdom, far from redounding to their glory, hath turned to their confusion, from the way they have quitted it. Come, my lord, chase away all these grave anxieties, and descend to the hall wherein your knights await you."

"I am deceived, my lady," continued the king, still retaining his immovable posture and devouring Alice with his eyes; "I am strongly mistaken in telling you that the sight of this castle hath excited in my brain the thoughts that preoccupy me: I ought rather to say they have re-awakened them; for they but slept, although I thought them extinct. They are the same which absorbed my mind and heart—now some four years past, when Robert d'Artois entered the banquetting hall of Westminster Palace, bearing that fatal heron upon which we all vowed our vows. Ah indeed! when I pronounced that of waging war upon France, I was far from divining that single vow which you were about to make, you!—you have more religiously kept yours than I have fulfilled mine; for that hath not been a serious one which we have waged, whilst *that*, by you contracted, lady, is a tie eternal and indissoluble! . . . ."

"Permit me to remind you, sir,—that this marriage was made by your consent and will; and in proof thereof, remember that you added on that occasion the gift of the Earl of Salisbury to the title of baron already borne by my husband,"

"Ay, ay," said Edward laughing, "I was that silly; for I knew not then all he was robbing me of, and I acted towards him as between a friend and faith-

ful subject, in lieu of punishing him as a traitor. . . . ."

"You cannot forget," mildly interrupted Alice, "that that traitor is at this very hour a prisoner in the Chatelet at Paris, if I permit myself to recall it to your recollection, my lord; but you appear to have forgotten it: I think, notwithstanding, that the earl's absence must needs have left a void both in your councils and in the ranks of your army."

"Why speak to me of my councils and my armies, Alice? What boots me my kingdom? what gaineth me my war? I am indeed unhappy, if, maugre all that I have told you, you still believe that my weightiness hath existence from like causes. No, Alice, all these might have been of some importance to me even yesterday; for yesterday, I had not again caught sight of you;—but to day. . . . ."

Alice made one step backwards, the king extended his hand towards her, but without daring to touch her person. That gesture, however, had its effect.

"To day," continued Edward, "on what deem you that I ponder, if 'tis not on you, whom I see again more lovely than ere I quitted you? . . . upon you whom I have loved sadly and solitarily during four long years, during which I have indeed made all possible effort to forget you? But no, in my palace, under my tent, in the midst of the melec, my soul was in England, my heart with you. Oh! Alice! Alice! when one loves with like passion, it behoves one to be loved in turn, or perish from such passion."

"Oh! my lord!" cried Alice growing deadly pale, "my lord, you are my king, you are my guest: is it lawful for you thus to make abuse of your twofold power,—your double title? To seduce me, you cannot hope it, my lord; and how otherwise would you that I should love you? Oh! you, who are so great a prince! you, who are so noble a knight! No, such a thought hath not possessed you,—avow that it hath not!—Of dishonouring the man whom you call your friend, and, especially, when that man hath served you so valiantly, that he is, for your quarrel with the king of France, at this hour a prisoner at Paris? 'Oh! certes, my lord! you would be bitterly blamed for such an action, if you unhappily committed it: and, for myself, if even the thought came into my heart to love ano-

ther man save my lord, the earl, ah, sir! it would be your duty not only to reprehend me for it, but further to see justice executed upon my person to give to other women an example to be loyal to husbands who are so to their king!"

So saying, Alice prepared to quit the apartment, but the king rushed towards her and retained her by the arm; at the same instant the tapestry covering the portal was raised and William de Montague appeared on the threshold.

"My lord," said he to Edward, "as therein where bides the king there is no longer either governor or castellan, seeing that every city and every fortress is the king's, deign in your goodness to vouchsafe us this night's watchword: for at this hour, and so long as you of your especial grace, do us the honour to remain here, 'tis you who must answer to the Earl of Salisbury for the life and honour of all those who inhabit the castle."

A gleam of anger, as quickly extinct as kindled, flashed in the eyes of the king—his forehead lowered into a frown, and his gaze wandered to the tapestry which had been raised so opportunely, as though he would enquire how long William had been hidden behind it. But speedily each sign of discontent disappeared, the one after the other, and gave place to an unruffled state of serenity.

"You are right, messire," was his reply to the young bachelor in a tone of voice in which it was impossible to remark the slightest inequality, "the watchword for this day and this night shall be '*loyalty*,' and I trust me no one will forget it. Go then and transmit it to the officers of the guard, and join you us at table: I have special instructions to give you; fail not, therefore, in this matter, for on the morrow I must again set forth."

Whilst William was bowing low in token of respect and obedience, at the conclusion of this important communication, Edward again respectfully offered his hand to the mute and trembling countess.

"Lady," said he as they descended the stairs which led to the banquetting hall,—“on my soul I am an unhappy man: not only have I the weight of a kingdom upon me, but two deadly wars to sustain, and have moreover family secrets, the remembrance of which still casts over the present its mourning veil. In your love

I hoped to have lightened the gloom of my weary days, and lo! I have lost that hope which is the sun of my life. On the morrow I quit you, and when, alas! shall I see you again?"

"Dear sir," replied the countess, "the absence of my husband compels me to live in retirement; absence is a temporary death and a season of mourning. I shall see none again until the earl's return."

"But," cried Edward, "I am about to make high festival at Windsor on occasion of founding and dedicating a chapel to blessed Saint George. Who will be queen of the tournament if you come not?"

"Sir," replied the countess, "it will be great honour and pleasure for me to go, if my husband conduct me thither."

"And without him, my lady?"

"I will not go."

Edward and the countess, therefore, entered the hall in silence, each taking their appropriate seat at the board. The meal was, however, but a further occasion of sorrow; for the king remaining mute, no one dared to break the chilling silence, which seemed to be thus necessarily imposed upon the whole company. Alice too dared not even raise her eyes, so instinctively conscious was she of the king's gaze being fixed upon her. Fortunately none of the guests could conjecture the reason of such constraint, whilst some believed that Edward's abstraction was consequent upon the Scots having escaped him;—so little indeed did they divine the true cause which lay deep in his heart from that passion, which having from the first so strongly possessed his fancy entailed at its every approach of its most unwilling object such harassing and compunctious struggles.

This awful tranquillity was, however, broken towards the end of the repast, when William of Montague entered the hall, and approaching Edward without being seen, the latter, still pensive, paid attention to his presence.

"My lord," said he, "the watchword has been given to the outer and inner posts, and I now await your commands."

"'Tis well, my young bachelor," said Edward, slowly raising his head, "you are so adroit a messenger that I am about to charge you with a new commission. Hold yourself in readiness to join the Scottish army and place a letter in the hands

of Robert Bruce who commands it: choose in the stables from amongst the swiftest steeds, and such train as may be deemed fitting to ensure your safety."

"Sir," replied William, "I have my battle destrier, which speedeth fast or slow, even as my voice urgeth or restraineth him; I have my sword and dagger which hath even yet sufficed me for attack or defence:—I need nought else."

"'Tis well," said the king, "go then and prepare thyself."

William left the hall accordingly.

"The lady countess permitting," continued Edward, "I will write this letter in her presence?"

The countess made sign to a page who speedily placed before Edward pen, ink, parchment, wax and a skein of red silk for attaching the seal.

When Edward had written, he arose, and making the tour of the table, went to present the missive to the countess. The latter read it with increasing emotion; then, as she rapidly caught the sense of the last lines, she flung herself at Edward's feet; for the letter offered David Bruce to exchange the Earl of Murray against the Earl of Salisbury: and although the latter nobleman was prisoner to the King of France and the Scottish King, yet it was probable that David Bruce, by means of his relationship with Philip of Valois, would thus easily obtain from him the liberation of the Earl of Salisbury.

Edward seemed for an instant to feed with rapture upon the mingled sorrow and gratitude which beamed from the radiant eyes of the lovely Alice; for he judged during the momentary sway of passion over the better part of his nature, that it was the sole sentiment allied to tenderness, which he might ever expect her to evince; then, turning away his head, with an unconscious sigh, his gaze fell upon William de Montague already apparelled and in readiness to start on his mission. Gently disengaging his hand from those of the kneeling countess, the king returned slowly to his seat, folded the letter, fastened it with a thread of silk, and, drawing a ring from his finger by way of signet applied it to the wax, which received from it sufficient impress to bear a recognisable impression.

"Master William," said Edward, "here is the letter: spur hard and far until you

### *King Edward the Third*

come up with David of Scotland, were it to the further frontier of his kingdom; you will place those dispatches in his royal hands, and you will bring me answer hereto at London, where I am about to await your return. Thereupon, in recompence of your loyal services, will we proceed to the ceremony of investing you with knighthood, in order that you may splinter a lance in the tourney at which I have good hope, the Earl of Salisbury will be one of the doughty tenants, and his fair countess 'the queen.'"

So saying, Edward coldly bowed to the countess, without waiting for further thanks, and William, first withdrawing to his chamber, set out without loss of time, and pushing his courser to its utmost speed, at the end of a six days' hard riding came up with the Scotch army at Stirling. There he immediately made himself known and was shortly conducted into the presence of the king.

William of Douglas was near him. The young bachelor, bending his knee to the ground, presented his despatches to David. The latter perused the contents with satisfaction and passed into an adjoining chamber to answer them. William of Montague and William of Douglas found themselves, therefore, left alone together. The two young men, who were just commencing their rival career of glory and chivalry, instantly exchanged a fiery glance, and looked haughtily at each other for some time without either proffering a word. William of Douglas was the first to break silence.

"You have heard,—how I know not, messire," said he to his youthful enemy, "that it was my intention to have given you challenge before the walls of Wark, and to break a lance with you, as the now sitting deed I wot of to perform before the eyes of the beauteous lady Alice and the noble King David.

"Ay, messire," replied William smiling, and know I also that I could nowhere find you on my return, and that 'twas not until this very hour that I could come up with you. The sport was of a nature too inviting to refrain from hastening hither to tell you by word of mouth that I accepted it."

"You know," rejoined Douglas disdainfully, "that to you have I left the choice of time and place;—'tis, therefore, your part to choose, and that the soonest."

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"Unfortunately, messire, the mission wherewith I am charged compels me to adjourn our affair; but if it so please you, there will be high festival given anon by King Edward at his castle of Windsor. The place and condition of combat shall be that and those of all."

"You forget, messire, that we are at war with England."

"I bring letters which propose a truce. In which event, as I am, at this present, forthwith about to be armed a knight by the hand of King Edward, I shall request a boon of him, the which, certes, he will not refuse me: and this same shall be a safe conduct for you, messire."

"In such case, this a settled matter," replied Douglas, "and I rely upon your memory."

At that moment two pages entered; they came to seek William de Montague in order to conduct him to the quarters which had been prepared for him and appropriated to his use so long as he remained at Stirling. He instantly followed the messengers; but at the moment when he was about to cross the threshold of the door, he again turned to confront his future adversary.

"At Windsor, then?" said William de Montague.

"At Windsor!" echoed William of Douglas.

The two young men interchanged a haughty though courteous salutation, and William quitted the apartment. During the same evening he received a reply from David Bruce, which promised King Edward his intervention towards effecting the liberty of the Earl of Salisbury; and, notwithstanding, the instances of pressing hospitality from his royal host, day-break of the following morning saw him on his road to London. As, however, Wark Castle lay in his way, he paused to make a brief visit within its walls, yet throughout the entire day he could not gain sight of the countess. As for King Edward, he had taken his departure, as he had himself purposed, on the morning succeeding to the scene narrated in this chapter.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Desertion of the supporters of the Countess de Monfort.

On his arrival at London, King Edward had found a message awaiting him  
[THE COURT

from the Countess of Montfort, reclaiming the promise he had given her husband on receiving his homage. To strengthen still further this treaty, the countess preferred a request for the hand of one of the royal daughters of England as a bride for her son, who would bear the title of Duchess of Brittany. Nothing at that moment could have given Edward greater pleasure than such a proposition. Brittany was one of the noblest duchies throughout Europe, and once bound by relationship, he would find, on that side, France open to him, a portal to which had been closed on the side of Normandy. By such means of aggression, Edward would likewise remain faithful to his vow. The spirit of war, quenched as it was on the one side, could now be revived on the other; and the English leopard ceased to attack his enemy in front that he might more securely gnaw him upon the flank.

Edward accordingly summoned to his council his faithful companion in arms, Walter de Manny, commanding him to take a strong and sure band of knights, men-at-arms, and archers, and proceed with them to the succour of the Countess of Montfort.\* Walter raised his banner, and speedily there rallied round it a vast number of renowned knights, who, panting to signalise themselves in arms, eagerly longed to have the opportunity of engaging in fresh exploits and new adventures. They therefore embarked without delay, taking with them six thousand archers. Delayed, however, by an adverse wind, they beat about during sixty days at sea, during which time, also, matters had grown, hourly, worse in Brittany, with the Countess of Montfort.

To return now to the affairs of the King of France. Charles of Blois, after taking Nantes and sending Jean of Montfort prisoner to Paris, imagined that he had actually regained his dukedom. But he soon discovered, on the contrary, that the fiercest was yet to be struggled for. The countess was at Rennes. She had, as Froissart affirms, the heart of a hero in a woman's frame: so that instead of bewailing the loss of her husband whom she thought dead, she resolved to avenge

his memory. She therefore bade them ring the alarm bell, assembled the soldiers and the townsmen upon the marketplace, and showed herself upon the balcony of the castle, holding her son in her arms. Both were welcomed with joyful acclamations, for the countess and her husband had dispensed bountiful gifts amongst the citizens who were inspired by the recollection of those favours. Such popular demonstration had the natural effect of redoubling her courage; and, raising her infant aloft in her arms, she showed him to all the assembled populace; saying:—

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! be not disheartened through the loss of the earl; he is but one man. Have faith then in Heaven and reliance upon the future. We possess, thanks be to God, both money and courage, and in place of the chief we have lost, I will give you another who shall be his avenger, and with whom you shall have no fault to find."

By this, she made allusion to the expected succour from England which she fondly hoped would be commended by Edward in person.

Such exhortations, accompanied as they were by largesses, greatly encouraged the inhabitants of Rennes; and the countess seeing that they were resolved to defend themselves stoutly, left William de Cadoudal with them as governor of the place, and she was afforded full freedom to go from town to town, and from garrison to garrison with her little boy in her arms, to animate all hearts in her favour. At length having infused fresh courage into the souls of all her people, and received oaths of fealty from every mouth, she went to shut herself up in the town of Henebon near the sea, a large and fortified place, where making every preparation for defence, she resolved patiently to await the arrival of the expected tidings from England.

Meanwhile the French lords, headed by the Lord Charles of Blois, and having Sir Louis of Spain as their marshal, after leaving a garrison in Nantes, had proceeded to lay siege to the City of Rennes. But stoutly as this place was attacked the defence was no less bravely maintained, until at length the townsmen, growing weary of a labour to which they were as unfitted as unaccustomed, re-

\* See the Portrait (No. 56) and Memoir of this heroine, Marguerite of Flanders, wife of Jeanne de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, Oct. 1837.—*Lady's Magazine*.

solved to surrender up the city, despite the remonstrances of the governor, and one night entering the castle, they seized William de Cadoudal, and cast him into prison. Immediately after this, they sent deputies to the Lord Charles of Blois, with proposals to surrender up the city, on the sole condition that the partizans of the Countess of Montfort might retire from the place under safe conduct of their lives and valuables. The bargain was of too advantageous a nature for Charles of Blois to refuse it. The envoys, therefore, returned to their native city, and as the townsmen were in a large majority and masters of every thing, they proclaimed the capitulation as determined upon, offering on the part of Lord Charles of Blois such recompense to William de Cadoudal as he might choose to name, if he would take part with the French. But the noble Breton refused every offer, solely requiring of the townsmen, who had violated their oaths, to restore him his horse and arms. When, then, these had been brought and restored to him, he rode through the city with the few brave men still faithful to him, and set forth on his road to apprise the countess, shut up, as we have said, in the town of Hennebon, that her enemies were masters of Rennes.

The French, on their side, who still had the count in their power, imagined that, if they could only vanquish the countess and her son, the war would speedily be at an end, marched direct upon Hennebon. One morning, therefore, towards the middle of the month of May, the sentinels were heard shouting the alarm:—"To arms!"—the French army being descried upon the horizon.

The countess had with her the Bishop of Leon, in Brittany, his nephew Sir Herve, who had recently defended the town of Nantes, Sir Yoes de Tresquidi, the Lord of Landreman, the Castellan de Gingainup, the two brothers de Quirich, Sir Oliver, and Sir Henry de Spinefort. At that signal of war all ran upon the ramparts; whilst the countess, at the tolling of the great bell, hastened through the streets of the town, wearing armour and mounted upon a war-horse. When the French, therefore, drew nigh to the place, they found the town not only well fortified with barriers and thick walls, but well armed with experienced soldiers and valiant captains. They, therefore, halted

out of reach of arrowshot, and pitched their camp with an earnestness which evinced full determination of commencing a vigorous siege. Whilst the French troops were thus occupied, some young Genoese, Spanish and French, approached the barriers to skirmish in the event of the townsmen giving them an opportunity. The latter were not of a metal unwilling to be worked upon. Forthwith they sallied forth, in nearly equal force, and the encounter began with a vigour and fury that gave full promise of its being maintained with equal perseverance and obstinacy, on both sides. After two or three hours hard fighting, the besiegers were the first to be compelled to beat a retreat, having, and particularly from amongst the Genoese, who were the most adventurous, a considerable number of their comrades dead upon the field battle.

On the morrow the French lords held a council, and decided on the day following they would attack the barriers with all their joint forces in order to see what front the Bretons would shew on the occasion. Towards the hour of primes, therefore, the French quitted their tents, and proceeded to the assault of the barriers. Those belonging to the town opened the gates and came forth courageously to defend the outworks. The assault, which commenced immediately, was continued with the same fury, as exhibited upon the previous day, until the hour of nones, when, the French, repulsed a second time, were obliged to fall back, leaving a multitude of dead, and carrying off a great number of wounded. On seeing this, the French lords, who had all quitted their camp, to gaze at the combat as they would at a spectacle of a less serious nature, gave vent to great outbursts of rage, and ordered their men to recommence the assault with a reinforcement of fresh troops. Those of Hennebon, on their side, already encouraged by their first success, returned to the combat with good heart and hope. Whilst each, therefore, was essaying his utmost, whether assailant or assailed, the countess, who had ascended to the top of a turret to see how her people were behaving, then first perceived that all the French lords and knights had quitted their tents and pavilions to draw closer to the field of battle: she too, therefore, immediately descended from her watch tower, sprang upon

her horse, collected together three hundred from amongst the most valiant and best mounted of her men-at-arms, and sallying out with this troop from a gate opposite to the side in which the fight was raging,—making a detour, she, as quickly as unexpectedly came upon the rear of the French lord's encampment, guarded by only a few pages and varlets who fleeing at her approach, left her in full possession. Each horseman being provided with a lighted torch, now proceeded to apply his hand to the canvass of the tents and woodwork of the pavilions, and the whole was speedily enveloped in flames. The lords perceiving a huge column of smoke arising from the centre of their camp, and hearing the cries of "Treason! treason!" shouted by their scared attendants, for an instant quitted the assault of the barriers to defend themselves against that unexpected attack on their rear, and, throwing themselves into the encampment, they descried the countess and her people retreating towards Auray, for that bold-hearted lady had judged that, once discovered, it would be impracticable for her to re-enter Hennebon. A single glance sufficed to assure Sir Louis of Spain of the weak force of those who had just created such an alarm throughout the whole army, and leaping upon his horse with about five hundred men-at-arms he made a fruitless chase after them. The countess and her people were, however, too far in advance, and the marshal only succeeded in overtaking some few of the worst mounted, who being unable to keep pace with the rest were either killed or taken. As for the lady herself, safe and sound, with about two hundred and eighty of her followers, she reached the castle of Auray, a fortress said to have been originally built by King Arthur and which was strongly garrisoned.

Scarcely, however, had they recovered from their surpris, ere the French Lords finding themselves without tents or lodgings, resolved upon erecting others nearer to the town. They, therefore, cut down almost an entire forest, which lay at a short distance from Hennebon, and commenced the construction of barracks therewith,—railing at the townsmen to go seek for their lost countess until, in fact, those within walls finding, indeed, that she made not her appearance, were

led to believe that some mishap had really befallen her, until they themselves began to entertain serious apprehensions. The Countess on her part felt equally certain that they would be sorely perplexed and disheartened by her absence; she, therefore, reinforced her troop by all the men-at-arms she deemed needless for the defence of Auray—left as commandant of the garrison Sirs Henry and Oliver de Spinefort, upon whom she had the firmest reliance, and, once more placing herself at the head of her little band, which then amounted to five hundred brave fellows, she set out towards midnight, and, favoured by the darkness, skirting in silence along the French lines, she reached the gate of Hennebon by the same road which she had taken on sallying forth. Scarcely was it shut behind her, ere the news of her arrival spread like wild fire in every direction of the town. Whereupon the drums rolled, and the trumpets sounded, keeping up altogether such a din that the besiegers starting from their slumbers lost not an instant in arming themselves, nothing doubting but that their camp was attacked. Finding that nothing of the kind had happened, they determined, all being equipped and in readiness to attempt a fresh attack. Those within the wall, elevated and inspired alike by their past successes as by the unhopd for return of the countess, with their accustomed alacrity, exhibited no unwillingness, so that the French had scarcely arrived under the ramparts, ere the Bretons ascended to the barriers. But a similar result attended the efforts of the besiegers as upon former occasions, and after a combat which had been maintained from day break until an hour after noon, the French Lords were obliged to retire; so plainly was it apparent that they were losing their men uselessly without any chance of success.

They then decided upon another mode of procedure; men were not wanting for the purpose, but rather engines of war, they therefore separated the army into two divisions: the one, which, under the command of the Lord Charles of Blois, went to besiege Auray; the other, commanded by Sir Louis of Spain, which remained before Hennebon. A troop was also despatched to bring up to the last mentioned force twelve large engines left by the French at Rennes. The disposi-



tions indicated were promptly taken—the Lord Charles of Blois setting out for Auray, whilst Sir Louis of Spain remained in the town, contenting himself with converting the siege into a blockade until the catapults, rams, and other machines were brought up.

This labour occupied eight days, and the besieged, having no idea of the cause of such reaction, continually from the top of the battlement rallied their adversaries upon their inactivity. At length, however, they comprehended the reason of all the great delay seeing the moving towers and those gigantic engines which at that epoch formed the battering train necessary for the prosecution of a siege. The French lost no time, but, immediately putting their machines into effective action, began to rain a deluge of stones upon the town, which not only crushed those who ventured into the streets, but demolished roofs and windows and buildings. On seeing this, the courage hitherto displayed by the inhabitants began to fail them, and the Bishop of Leon, who in his quality of churchman might be well excused from manifesting a less ardent deference than those did whose profession was war, began to insinuate to the burghers of Hennebont that it would be more prudent to treat with the Lord Charles of Blois than thus continue to defend a cause against which so potent a lord as the King of France had taken up arms. Propositions which address themselves directly, to private and material interests are not long in finding a ready echo: at first murmurs arose, next capitulation and a treaty were spoken of aloud, so openly as to reach the ears of the countess, who, being in momentary expectation of the promised succour from England, entreated the lords and burghers not to take any resolution before three days had expired. The panic spread by the bishop was great, that those men who had sworn to defend the town, to the last extremity, looked upon the delay required of them by the countess as awfully long; some, however, insisted that this request should be accorded; whilst, others on the contrary were desirous of surrendering the very next day. The whole night was spent in these discussions, and, certainly, if the French had taken the resolve of making another assault, they might easily have possessed themselves of the

town which had already cost them the sacrifice of so many of their men; but they were ignorant of what was going on within walls—and continued without making any very powerful and general attack, to batter incessantly in the breach. The bishop's party in the town, at length, carried the question, and the discussion became merely confined to whom should be entrusted the charge of hearing the message to Sir Louis of Spain, when the countess, who had withdrawn to her chamber, not knowing whether she would be left free to quit the town with her son or not, perceived, on looking from the window, the sea all covered with ships. At the spectacle, a shriek of joy escaped her, and running to the balcony of the castle:—

"Gentlemen," said she to the burghers and men-at-arms who had in great numbers thronged beneath her window "talk no more of capitulating, for lo! I see my succour, and if still you doubt, ascend the ramparts and look upon the sea."

The countess conjectured rightly. Scarcely had the whole body of tumultuous and refractory townsmen perceived that friendly fleet composed of more than forty vessels, large and small, but all well cased, than their courage revived, and by one of those reactions so common to multitudes, they became enraged at the Bishop of Leon for betraying them into such a demonstration of cowardice. The latter personage perceiving that he had involved himself into a dangerous dilemma, hastened, therefore, to make his escape by one of the town gates, in which flight he was accompanied by his nephew, Sir Herve de Leon. Both repairing direct to Sir Louis of Spain, they apprised him of the aid which so disagreeably to his disadvantage had opportunely arrived in for the salvation of the countess. As for that noble hearted lady, no sooner had he discried the vessels in port, than he sallied forth to give right welcome to the brave warriors who were thus so seasonably conveyed to her shores and, on whom, under such distressing circumstances, she had even reason to look rather as saviours than as mere allies.

Sleeping chambers for the lords had been prepared in the castle, and also quarters for the archers in the town, and all alike were received with joyful acclamations and equal tokens of gratitude.

Each townsman joyfully, indeed, set his best cheer before his English guests, and the countess invited hers to dine on the morrow. Sir Walter de Manny, who was as gallant a gentleman towards the ladies as he was a valorous knight before the enemy, took care not to decline so courteous an offer, and the countess, on her part, who to all the adventurous soul of the warrior added a spice of womanish coquetry, did the honours of her table to the English lords and gentlemen, which made them deem themselves signally fortunate in having crossed the sea to afford succour to so charming an ally.

After dinner, the countess conducted her guests to the top of a lofty tower, whence they could descry the whole of the French encampment. The besiegers on their parts continued to devastate the city by perpetual showers of stones, so that it was most pitiable to behold the damage done to the houses : the countess could not behold this destruction without greatly pitying the poor people who so grievously suffered in her cause. Walter de Manny seeing her so afflicted, and eager to show himself, at the first possible opportunity, worthy of the hospitality he had received at her hands ; exclaimed, turning to the English and Breton knights, " gentlemen, are you not minded to go and hew down that accursed machine which causeth unto our fair hostess so great annoyance ? If it be so with ye, gentlemen, say the word and the thing shall be done."

" By our Lady-of-Guerrande, you say well, Sir Walter," replied Sir Yves de Trisignidi, " and, for my part, I will not fail you in this our first emprise."

" Nor I, certes !" cried the lord of Landernau ; " and it shall not be said that you have crossed the sea to do our need : set yourself to the work, gallant knight, and with all our power will we aid you."

The English knights, on their part, joyfully welcomed the proposition made by their captain and withdrew to arm themselves ; but the countess insisted upon arming Sir Walter de Manny with her own hands ; this offer the young knight most gratefully accepted ; but the matter was accomplished much sooner than he had hoped for ; for the countess was as well skilled in the science of

arms as any noble page or accomplished esquire.

When the knights were ready, they took with them three hundred archers picked from the most expert of their body, and caused the gate nearest to the machines to be unbarred : scarcely had it been flung open ere the archers scattered themselves across the plain, shooting with their wonted dexterity ; so that such of the guard, who did not seek instant flight, fell round their machines, pierced by the long shafts of their assailants ; behind them rode the knights, who, with their heavy battle-axes and two-handed swords, soon hacked to pieces the largest and most formidable of those engines of destruction ; as for the others they filled them with combustible materials and set fire of them on fire : then, spurring towards the barracks, two and two, they penetrated to the centre of the camp before the French had time to put themselves into a state of defence, flinging their burning torches into the huts as they rode by at full speed ; so that in an instant, from the different points at once, the flames and smoke speedily announced to those of the town that the enterprise was in good train.

This was all that the English and Breton knights sought to effect ; they, therefore, retired in good order, when they saw the approach of a French troop, which having hastily got under arms, hastened to pursue them with great clamour and loud defiance. The knights thereupon put their steeds to the gallop ; but Walter de Manny, on the contrary, reined in his, saying that " he hoped he might never again hear the soft name of *bon-ami* pronounced by the lips of his ladye-love, if he re-entered the town without having overthrown some of those who had the audacity thus to pursue him. So saying, he wheeled about, and brandishing his sword, rode straight towards them. Seeing this, the two brothers de Leynondal, Sir Yves de Trisignidi, Sir Walerand de Landernau, and some others followed the bold example ; whereupon a veritable tussle commenced ; for others coming to the assistance of their comrades, replaced their slain and wounded by fresh combatants ; so that superior force compelled Sir Walter de Manny and his companions to fight upon the retreat, which they did in good order, leaving behind them a great number of

Frenchmen slain, and some few of their number killed or wounded. Having reached the ditch and barriers, they turned about face, in order to give time to their scattered archers to regain the town, on which the French attempted to pursue them; but those of the archers who had not followed their companions, ran to the walls, and thence rained down such a shower of arrows, that they were, in turn, compelled to retreat out of arrow-shot, leaving upon the field of battle a considerable number of men and horses. The English and Bretons then quietly retired within the barriers, and at the foot of the castle stairway, the knights found the countess, who insisted on removing their helmets with her own fair hands, and embraced them one after the other, whilst she thanked them heartily for the great succour which they had afforded her.

On that same night, the besiegers, seeing their enemies' reinforcement had arrived, and considering that it would be impossible for them to take the town, deprived as they were of their battering machines, decided in council of war to raise the siege, and proceed to join the Lord Charles of Blois; this purpose they executed at day-break the next morning, amidst the shouts and hootings of Bretons and English. Having arrived before the castle of Auray, they related what had happened to them, how urgent they had considered it to raise the siege. The Lord Charles of Blois excused them very graciously, but not requiring this accession of force, dispatched Sir Louis of Spain and all his company to besiege the town of Bignan, which held out in favour of the countess.

Sir Louis set out, accordingly, upon the march with his cavalcade; but towards noon of the first day, he desisted not far from the road, the castle of Conquest, a strong fortress held likewise by retainers of the Earl of Montfort, and having for castellan, a Lombard knight, a bold and hardy warrior, named Mansion. Sir Louis could not pass so near a Breton garrison without attempting to take his revenge upon it; he therefore bade his troops halt, and commenced his preparation for an assault; those within the castle, on their side, shewed a bold front, and when the enemy drew near the walls, made so gallant a defence, that night fell

ere the assailants could effect any conquest whatever: Sir Louis then commanded the retreat to be sounded, and proceeded to encamp his force all round the fortress.

As the castle of Conquest was only a few leagues from Hennebon, the news promptly reached Walter de Manny of what was going on before the walls; the knight then collected his friends together, consulting with them whether they did not think it would be a noble adventure for them to go and attack Sir Louis of Spain, and force him to raise the siege. Their opinion was that no enterprise could possibly be more glorious and procure them greater honour; they therefore set forwards, that very evening, under the guidance of their adventurous leader, and spurred on so fast and far, that on the morrow at the hour of *nones* they arrived in sight of the fortress. But it was too late, the castle had been taken on the previous evening and the garrison put to the sword. As for Sir Louis of Spain, he had continued his way towards Bignan, leaving in his conquered fortress a fresh castellan with sixty brave companions for its defence.

As the enterprise had failed of its object, and the English lords talked of returning to Hennebon, Walter de Manny declared that they had gone too far to ride back again without ascertaining what sort of people had been left in that castle. He accordingly made the circuit of it, and perceiving the breach by which Sir Louis of Spain had entered on the preceding evening, and which the new garrison had not yet time to close, he dismounted from his horse, invited his companions to do likewise, and, leaving their steeds in the hands of their esquires and varlets, they marched sword in hand towards that aperture. The Spaniards on their side advanced to defend it, but they were not equal in numbers or courage: after an hour's fighting, the besieged were beaten; and Walter de Manny entered the castle by the same breach which Louis of Spain had previously made. As for the garrison they were put to the edge of the sword, with the exception of ten men to whom the English knights gave quarter; then seeing that the place would be held with great difficulty, that same evening they retraced their steps towards Hennebon,

*The Conclusion of the Countess of Salisbury will be given in the Number for January to follow on and be bound up with the Index in the present half-yearly volume.*

## Monthly Critic.

*On the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity.*  
By J. RAY, M.D., and D. SPILLAN, M.D.

The real aim of this excellent and highly-interesting treatise is that of communicating to legalists the opinions of medical physiologists regarding every species of mental disease which afflicts human nature. Every rational being will feel the good sense of the following passage :—

A natural classification of the various forms of insanity, though of secondary importance in regard to its medical treatment, will be of eminent service to the legal inquirer, by enlarging his notions of its phenomena, and enabling him to discriminate, where discrimination is necessary to the attainment of important ends. The deplorable consequences of knowing but one kind of insanity, and of erecting that into a standard, whereby every other is to be compared and tested, are too common in the records of criminal jurisprudence ; and it is time that it were well understood, that the philosophy of such a method is no better than would be that of the physician, who should recognise no diseases of the stomach, for instance, but such as proceed from inflammation, and reject all others as anomalous and unworthy of attention.

This extract is given from the main body of the work written by Dr. Ray, but it is preceded by a Preliminary View by Dr. Spillan who is a worthy fellow-labourer in the good cause : the following passage will give some idea of the powers of reasoning and eloquence which he has brought to bear on this most important subject :—

In addition to the obstacles to the progress of knowledge respecting other diseases, there has been this also in regard to insanity, that, being considered as resulting from a direct exercise of divine power, and not from the operation of the ordinary laws of nature, and thus associated with mysterious and supernatural phenomena confessedly above our comprehension, inquiry has been discouraged at the very threshold, by the fear of presumption, or, at least, of fruitless labour. To this superstition we may look as the parent of many of the false and absurd notions, that prevailed relative to this disease, and especially of the reckless and inhuman treatment, once universally bestowed on its unfortunate subjects. Instead of the kindness and care, so usually manifested towards the sick, as if

it were a natural right for them to receive it ; instead of the untiring vigilance, the soothing attention, the lively solicitude of relatives and friends ; the patient, afflicted with the severest of diseases, and most of all dependent for the issue of his fate on others, received nothing but looks of loathing, was banished from all that was ever dear to him, and suffered to remain in his seclusion uncared for and forgotten. In those receptacles, were living beings, bearing the image and prescription of men, were cut off from all the sympathies of fellow-men, and were rapidly completing the ruin of their immortal nature, there were scenes of barbarity and moral desolation, which no force of language can adequately describe. The world owes an immense debt of gratitude to the celebrated Pinel, who, with an ardour of philanthropy, that no discouragement could quench, and a courage that no apprehension of danger could daunt, succeeded, at last, in removing the chains of the maniac, and establishing his claims to all the liberty and comfort, which his malady had left him capable of enjoying. With the new aspect, thus presented, of the moral and intellectual condition of this portion of our race, the medical jurisprudence of insanity became invested with an interest, that has led to its most important improvements.

Our authors are convinced phrenologists, although they do not use phrenological language, and for a very sensible reason, because those only who study the science could comprehend them, and their labours are addressed to all Englishmen capable of being on a jury, no less than to all the members of an enlightened community. Without wishing to cast any imputation on the sagacity of the bar it is our sincere belief that a plain unprejudiced person anxious to do his duty and decide for the best is more likely to enter into and do justice to the views of Dr. Ray than advocates trained to the habit of examining facts rather with the intention of raising arguments for or against a theory than the desire of discovering the truth and welcoming it with simplicity of spirit. That Dr. Ray holds in small esteem both the laws regarding insanity and the views even of our most celebrated existing legalists concerning their administration, the following extract will show :—

The doctrine of moral insanity has been as yet unfavourably received by judicial authorities, not certainly for want of sufficient facts to support it, but probably from that common tendency of the mind, to resist innovations upon old and generally received views. If, a quarter of a century ago, one of the highest law-officers of Great Britain pronounced the manifestation of "systematic correctness of an action," a proof of sanity sufficient to render all others unnecessary, it is not surprising, that the idea of moral insanity has been considered by the legal profession, as having sprung from the teeming brains of medical theorists. In the fulness of this spirit, Mr. Chitty declares, that, "unless a jury should be satisfied that the *mental faculties* have been *perverted*, or at least the faculties of reason and judgment, it is believed, that the subject of such a *moral insanity*, as it is termed, would not be protected from criminal punishment;" and, in the trial of Howison for the murder of the widow Geddes at King's Cramond, Scotland, two or three years since, moral insanity, which was pleaded in his defence, was declared by the court to be a "groundless theory." Such opinions, from quarters, where a modest teachableness would have been more becoming than an arrogant contempt for the results of other men's inquiries, involuntarily suggest to the mind a comparison of their authors with the saintly persecutors of Galileo, who resolved, by solemn statutes, that nature always had operated and always should operate in accordance with their views of propriety and truth.

Never was a volume written which appealed more completely to public good sense than the present, and as there are few Englishmen who by the constitution of their country are not liable to be called upon to decide as jurymen in this embarrassing and difficult species of jurisdiction, we especially recommend it, if they would do justice in cases of such awful responsibility. There is another class to whom the tremendous truths contained in this volume would form a most salutary study—we mean all those who have a tendency towards that dreadful gulph to which the physical inflammation of an over-excited brain *may* IN A MOMENT hurry them. It seems difficult of belief that the *virtuous* occupation of *intense* study should lead to such dreadful results, yet so it is, and the martyr-student who despises or ill-treats the precious and beautiful structure which God in his infinite goodness has built as a dwelling-place of the immortal soul to reside in, suffers nearly as much as those who permit the cravings of the earthy

partner to obtain the mastery. The truth is this, and if Dr. Ray had chosen to enter into a definition of the causes of insanity he would have allowed the same, every person who has a predominant faculty in the brain which obtains an unconscious mastery over him is *morally* insane; and if that faculty be used too often physical inflammation takes place, and the unfortunate sufferer *becomes a maniac*; he may recover by the help of nature or by *early* and judicious medical treatment, but the particular portion of the brain which has been dilapidated by the burning rage of fever, like a room in which a conflagration has happened becomes more or less an inconvenient habitation in its various chambers or recesses wherein the immortal spirit shall transact its affairs, and that department of the brain seldom gives healthy results, though the soul may transact the business of thought and action *skilfully* enough in the *compartments* AS YET *unimpaired*. Thus we consider that every human being whose head is phrenologically ill-balanced is a monomaniac, yet those only are mad who have undergone physical inflammation of the brain. How carefully then ought all causes to be avoided which might lead to such excitement! For it is considered a virtuous line of conduct entirely to sacrifice the wants and comforts of the body to mental pursuits; yet assuredly the over-exercise of the ideal and scientific organs though a grievous error in judgment, is not that disgusting folly there is in the over-indulgence of the animal faculties which is often if not oftener the parent of madness. Nevertheless if a healthful balance is not preserved between the claims of the soul and those of the body either one or the other will suffer severely, and madness or other disorganization be the consequence. Mrs. Sigourney in her beautiful "Farewell of the Soul to the Body"—(which is as much superior to its pagan precursor by the Emperor Adrian, as is the christian code to heathen philosophy)—she, we say, is the only writer of genius who has brought this truth home to the minds of general readers. She supposes the soul at the moment of its departure acknowledging its transgressions to its earthly partner—

If thou didst sometimes check my course  
And with thy trifling, clog my force

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I knew thou wert the weaker one,  
*The vase of clay—the trembling clod*  
*Constrained to hold the breath of God!*  
 If ever I have caused thee pain,  
 The beating heart, the burning brain,  
 Or with my vigils turned thee pale,  
 And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail,  
 Forgive, forgive! thy task doth cease  
 Friend! lover! let us part in peace!

And this strife—this trembling of the vase of clay which holds with difficulty the immortal spirit breathed into it by God himself is the origin of most moral mania. How carefully education ought therefore to consider the great point of teaching the human creature to “possess its soul in peace;” this is not done by the undue sacrifice of either soul or body, but by preserving the balance true between the animal and the spiritual faculties. *The study of phrenology is the only cure, or better still, the only preventive of moral mania.* There is a degree of indignation on this subject in the concluding remarks of Dr. Spillan's Preliminary Views in which we heartily coincide; he says most justly—

The only metaphysical system of modern times, which professes to be founded on the observation of nature, and which really does explain the phenomena of insanity, with a clearness and verisimilitude, that strongly corroborate its proofs, was so far from being joyfully welcomed, that it is still confined to a sect, and is regarded by the world at large, as one of those strange vagaries, in which the human mind has sometimes loved to indulge. So true it is, that in theory, all mankind are agreed in encouraging and applauding the humblest attempt to enlarge the sphere of our ideas, while, in practice, it often seems, as if they were no less agreed to crush them, by means of every weapon, that wit, argument, and calumny, can furnish. In the course of this work, the reader will have frequent occasions to see how the popular misconceptions, —which are too much adopted by professional men—of the nature of various forms of mental derangement, have been deduced and fostered by the current and metaphysical doctrines, and thus may have some means of judging, for himself, how far the imperfect notions of insanity, that are yet prevalent, may be attributed to the cause above assigned.

One of the points which Dr. Ray is the most earnest to enforce is that the law should consider all those unjust and cruel hatreds,\* which often arise in families

without any apparent cause and influence testamentary dispositions, as moral mania; there are several most important cases quoted, and one in particular—which is a truly horrible exemplar of monomania in a learned and religious man, the father too of a family, taking an unnatural (though by no means uncommon) hatred towards his excellent daughter, (as when deprived of the full faculty of reason individuals of this class generally hate most those whom they previously loved dearest,) and also as an excellent precedent in law—it is at page 223.

After a careful perusal of this important work, we arrive at the full conviction that it is composed by benefactors to the human race. The authors claim for it the credit of being the only complete work of the kind in our language, and to which they are fully entitled; it merits universal attention from the public, and we doubt not it will be very generally read, as it is moreover full of most readable matter.

*Londres, Ancien et Moderne, or Reserches sur l'Etat Physical et Social;* par A. M. BUREAUD-RIOFREY, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris, de la Société de Londres de la Société Anatomique d'Edinbourg, &c. &c., Newman Street.

Human health and happiness have already been essentially promoted by Dr. Bureaud-Riofrey's popular works on Physical Education, published in our own language, and we now find him again in the literary field, in a department where the harvest is peculiarly abundant. He has devoted the present pamphlet, written in his own language and published at Paris, to an able analysis on the physical state of London, its atmosphere and social usages, as far as may effect the health of its inhabitants.

other practical matters, might afford a good pattern to England with all her pride; among other regulations full of deep wisdom the Dutch will not permit any one to bequeath more than one-third of his property away from his family or nearest relatives, and this law has been found to promote domestic happiness as it prevents those acquisitive jealousies which often rage in families. And by the law of Scotland care is very properly taken to provide for children whom the unjustifiable acts of a living unnatural parent would otherwise deprive of all means of subsistence, although no legal procedure has declared that father to be insane.—Ed.

\* The domestic legislation of Holland in regard to the management of the poor, and  
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If national prejudice can be sufficiently set aside, much may be learned from the observations of an intelligent foreigner, well enough acquainted with our manners and customs, and sufficiently long resident amongst us, to avoid mistakes which so often render ludicrous the remarks made by strangers when discussing our insular statistics.

The present treatise comprises a memoir of the medical art in London from the earliest times, by writing which the clever author has added a very curious and entertaining chapter to the history of the British metropolis.

But the real object of the work is to give information to the public of England and France, concerning the differences which the London atmosphere produces in patients both English and foreign.

"An Englishman," we translate from our author, "grave by his habits of life, and the influence of his rigorous sky, feels not like the French, the Italians, or the Spaniards, the want of a golden sun, nor is like those continentals pierced with the inclemency of his climate. But I who am embrowned by the influence of the sun of the south, who have seen French ladies weep for very sadness at the aspect of the gloomy sky above them, I have been insensibly led to make comparisons and observe upon it. Assuredly one need not be a physician to feel this atmosphere which like iron bites to the bone. Who has not felt at times, while inhabiting London, the effect of its debilitating atmosphere? Who has not complained of the sudden changes of temperature, and, during the winter, of those fogs which often envelope at high noon, two millions of human beings in the dense medium of a palpable twilight, and who has not felt in the eyes, the nostrils, and the throat, the irritating effects of these thick and impure fogs?"

"I would not," he continues, "reserve entirely for my own use the fruits of my researches and my experience. I have a double end of utility in this work, both for my continental brethren, and for those physicians who like me, practising in this immense metropolis, require to be acquainted with the physical constitution of the inhabitants and the influence of the local climate, not only on the health, but on the maladies of strangers.

"Physicians will then better compre-

hend that the English when travelling on the continent require to be treated *à l'anglaise*, for their constitution does not change, as they change their place, with every relay of post-horses.

"On the other side as Claremont, a French physician, who wrote in the 17th century justly observes, 'If a Frenchman (resident in London) call me in to prescribe for a malady, and wants to be treated as he is at Paris, I say to him; Give me the sky, the soil, the water, the aliment of Paris, and I will prescribe for you after the Parisian mode.'

These observations we have translated in order to shew the plan and object of this brilliant little work, but we likewise must make our countrymen acquainted with the opinions of this most intelligent observer regarding the chief cause of the plagues which have desolated London at frequent intervals, especially during the 15th and 16th and 17th centuries, these he declares to have originated in the foul practice of burying the dead in churches and burial grounds within the limits of the metropolis, a vile custom, whose continuance was first broken by the formation of the Harrow Road Cemetery by George Frederick Carden, from whose papers in the British Museum he had gathered so many of the valuable and interesting particulars which he has embodied in his pamphlet. The urgent need of such an example may be confirmed by the following passages from this pamphlet. "The Romans, it is well known, pursued in England the sagacious practice of burying the dead at a distance from the habitations of the living."

"The maps, says M. Bureaud-Riofrey, preserved of London within the walls (or Roman London) shew that the cemeteries were situate at the outskirts of the city."

"In the 18th century the usage of burying corpses in cities and round churches first commenced in England; and in the 11th century A rebbishop Lanfranc had the imprudence to permit dead bodies to be deposited in the vaults of churches and even under the altars. The monks and clergy, authorised by this precedent, made the interment of the dead in churches a source of *great riches to themselves*, but at the same time, it became the cause of *malady to the living*."

Our intelligent author proceeds to shew that from the accumulation of impurities

of this kind, London became in a few centuries reeking with infection, and to that degree did putridity influence the air during certain seasons, obnoxious to human health (which are constantly occurring in cycles of years) that London, in the space of centuries, was ravaged by seventeen great plagues. Nor can the origin of these pestilences be reasonably traced to the east or foreign importation. There existed in London and in all ancient cities ever since the 11th century, great layers of infection which superstition and selfish interest had retained from this early period, these were to be found in civic burying grounds and vaults of churches. When we remember that London, in the time of Elizabeth, had already extended itself so far as to comprehend within its boundaries the ancient suburban cemeteries of the Roma Augusta; and that the burying ground of Charterhouse, where were engulfed fifty thousand victims of the plague, was surrounded by dwellings; that not only did cemeteries pertain to churches, but vast independent cemeteries were in the heart of the city, where corpses were consigned in graves scarcely covered with earth. Likewise in the vaults of churches were deposited dead bodies, merely enclosed between four ill-joined planks. If we recall all these facts, I may safely,' says the close observing doctor, 'assert that Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and indigenous Britons, all repose pell mell in the mud of London. Thus the city, in the middle ages, was a vast sepulchre for containing entire generations whose corpses slowly decomposed in the cold and humid soil waiting for occasional visitations of *violent heat* to disengage and send afloat among the living inhabitants various degrees of pestilential miasma."

This is a strong picture, the more striking because it is strictly true, and the force of the truth is daily more and more striking to the public. Nor have matters greatly mended in regard to interments, for fashionable as the Harrow Cemetery has become, urban interments still prevail to a frightful and hideous degree and will continue till the *English government* (which never makes a sanatory legislation excepting when forced by direct necessity) *shall forbid burials within the limits of the metropolis.*

M. Bureau-Riofrey has exhibited the  
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possession of a degree of information and antiquarian historical knowledge in his intelligent work, that it well deserves entire translation, and our limited space does but scanty justice to its merits.

*The Redeemer.* A Poem, by W. HOWORTH,  
Author of the Cry of the Poor. Tilt.

A more rapid progress towards poetical excellence we have never witnessed since Mr. Howorth's first publication, called the Cry of the Poor, to the elegant and melodious style of verse displayed in this poem. We are pleased in owning this gentleman as a favourite contributor, and the public cannot but be aware that his genius was matured and fostered in our pages.

If Mr. Howorth had not chosen for this his principal poem, a subject the most arduous that could have been undertaken by mortal man, the same he would have acquired would doubtless have been more universal and complete; but, at the same time, in all probability less gratifying to his feelings, since his whole heart and soul seem wrapped in the devotional fervour raised by tracing the mission and sufferings of the Saviour, upon earth.

That our poet has failed in the most difficult passages of his lofty aim many will aver, but perfect success could scarcely be expected when we find that he has followed scripture through all the mysteries of redemption: he has failed, because scripture itself, in language the most simple and sublime, has told a history that no man ought to have *endeavoured* to have put in other words; yet the collateral passages in this poem are so redolent of poetic beauty, that we can scarcely wish our friend had been less daring. Witness the two following exquisite stanzas, not chosen with much seeking from a wide extent of barren verbiage, but really taken from passages rich and glowing with beauty, such as cannot be wholly cast away upon even the present unpoetical age.

O Earth, thou canst display no lovelier  
scene  
Than a young mother, on whose bosom lies  
Her first-born pledge of love; with soul  
serene,  
And tears of gladness glistening in her  
eyes.



Yielding to God her grateful sacrifice  
For the benignant care so freely given,  
Which bade her from the pains of travail  
rise,  
Like a reviving rose that turns towards  
heaven  
When the fierce storm is past by which  
'twas tost and riven.

But never more shall earthly mother's  
breast  
Kindle with holy raptures such as thine,  
O sainted mother! Virgin ever blest!  
Ne'er such a babe a mother's arms en-  
twine!  
And never more the temple's sacred  
shrine  
So pure, so great, so rich an offering  
bear!  
Never shall incense sweeter, more di-  
vine,  
Impart its hallowed fragrance to the air,  
Than trembled from thy lips in soul-felt  
praise and prayer!

The weakest portion of the poem is the actual paraphrase of scripture used in tracing the life of the Redeemer through the gospels, from his birth to his sacrifice. The ascension is the finest among those scenes, for the simple reason that it is less individually defined in holy writ, and there is, therefore, more scope for the poet. The following lines are very fine and comprise both religious and moral truth:—

What are the proud achievements; what  
the sum  
Of knowledge, thou, Philosophy, hast  
brought  
From the deep regions hid beyond the  
tomb,  
Which there, unled by Heaven, thy genius  
sought?  
A visionary guess, or dazzling doubt—  
That more uncertain made uncertainty;  
And o'er the "hidden things" thou  
found'st not out,  
Entwin'd a thicker web of mystery—  
Is all thou couldst reveal, is all we owe to  
thee.

True, thou didst dream—for 'twas but all  
a dream—  
A latent spark of immortality  
Dwelt in the man's clay-built frame, whose  
quenchless gleam  
Was all too subtle for thy alchemy;  
That, when from its vile tabernacle free,  
Should glow for ever in thy fabled heaven  
Of carnal joys and sensual ecstasy,  
Though ever from its sensual portion  
riven—  
Such was the only hope to thy blind votaries  
given.

But never didst thou frame the lofty  
thought—  
'Twas far beyond thy feeble power to  
soar—  
That bone should to its kindred bone be  
brought,  
And dust be moulded into flesh once more,  
Though scattered by the winds, earth's  
surface o'er,  
To move, and breathe, and bound with  
life again,  
A brighter, nobler being than before,  
And girt with strength too potent for  
Death's chain;  
Yea, fashioned to survive Eternity's long  
reign!

Glory to Him who brought this truth to  
light:  
Glory to Him who formed Redemption's  
scheme!  
Let every heart and every voice unite  
To swell the chorus of the grateful theme,  
Copious and full as ocean's boundless  
stream:  
For He was Man, and, as a Man, He died;  
For He was God, and mighty to redeem;  
His blood the claim of justice satisfied,  
And from the tomb He rose, the God and  
man allied!

Verses occasionally occur which are not altogether unworthy a follower of Milton; the descriptive passages of the poem are in many instances exquisitely beautiful, and are likewise highly finished and polished, with great melody of versification, in which last excellence Mr. Howorth has made rapid progress since last publication. The following is a specimen of great beauty of description and of metaphor:—

Twilight advanced, but,—like a timid girl,  
To meet the gaze of vulgar eyes afraid,—  
Walked 'neath th' o'er-arching palms, till  
showers of pearl,  
Which, trickling through the leaves,  
sweet music made,  
Forced her, reluctant, from the grateful  
shade,  
To shake the orient treasures from her  
hair;  
Then on the breeze her silvery robe she  
laid,  
Which gently spread it o'er the landscape  
fair,  
And eve's rich hues shut out, and sunset's  
softening glare.

The faults which most easily beset our poet are those ever-attendant on rapidity of construction. A poem of the length of the Redeemer would have occupied a

poet of the seventeenth century, *half a life*, but those who build verses rapidly in the course of a few months cannot be expected to infuse sufficient nerve therein to construct them for immortality. Instances of hurried carelessness appear in the paraphrastic passages of the poem : we will not undertake the ungracious task of quoting them, yet we trust our warning will be sufficient to arouse the watchfulness of a mind possessing no common share of candour and energy, and we may venture to predict that this poem is not doomed to sink unnoticed, but will be hailed with a very wide share of popularity as soon as its quality is known by a religious public.

*Love. A Play in Five Acts ;*  
By J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

None but a successful author dared have named a drama "Love." Thanks however to the lovely genius of James Sheridan Knowles and the perversity of the female sex, Love has not proved so very cloying a banquet as there was reason to apprehend from the dead flatness of the name. One heroine of this drama is mischievously in love, and the other vixenishly in love, but we are happy to say they contrive to lead their lovers a very intolerable life during five very long acts (in print, but not in action). Our readers must, therefore, observe that we are now reviewing the reading play, and not that prepared for acting.

As for the cra in which the play is cast, that is an enigma ; our nearest approximation, however, to a guess is, that it is somewhere in tournament-times. The place is likewise a mystery not solved by the author, but we presume it is in Russia, the only country where women were empresses in their own right, and serfs belonged to the soil ; still there is a pretty considerable discrepancy between the Russian empresses of the last century and the times of tournaments ; and we cannot reconcile the empress, the serf and the tournament in any historical harmony. Let that however pass. It seems then, by the story, that there was somewhere a certain duke, who had a certain countess for an only daughter and heiress, who had a very handsome secretary, learned, brave, and amiable, but still a serf. This person she

treats with the most insufferable insolence ; so brutal indeed is the countess to this Huon that she takes from us all our sympathy in her after fate, and we came to the simple conclusion, that a woman, so very arrogant and ill-behaved, must have a very bad heart, and be beyond the pale of consideration. Yet all the time it seems, that she is tormenting Huon because she loves him ; this is the lady whom we consider to be vixenishly in love.

The other heroine is Catherine, supposed to be an illegitimate daughter of the late duke, born in serf-hood, but freed by her father and endowed by his will with great riches. Catherine is very pretty, but jealous of her own riches, she has a great fancy to know whether any one among her numerous lovers is fond of her for herself, and to ascertain this important point she disguises herself like a youth—her own cousin, and goes swaggering about with switch and sword questioning her own lovers what they think of her, and she finds by their replies that they all court her for her wealth, excepting a very poor knight, Sir Rupert, who says nothing but

"She is a woman,"

but as he adds nothing mercenary to this oracular sentence, Catherine thinks he is worth the trial, and commences a series of experiments upon the heart of the poor mortal which we can very well imagine many women might devise, but which we do not think that any man could stand, without shewing more frailty than did Sir Rupert. However it has pleased Mr. Sheridan Knowles to shew specimens of the exquisite constancy and truth in love of his own sex—taking for his axiom we presume, that poets succeed best in fiction.

We have now sketched the situations of the four characters who sustain the chief action of the drama, and indeed there are but four characters in the whole piece, the other speakers being merely accessories, without any distinct qualifications.

The first scene introduces us to Catherine and her household ; she discusses with her confidante Christina her intention in assuming masculine attire and the results which confirm her in her love for Sir Rupert ; we learn by it some

insight into the character of the countess who is attached to Catherine as a sort of humble relative. The next is a scene between the countess and her unfortunate slave and lover, Huon, in which she behaves in a manner that deprives us of all sympathy, from her hateful ungenerous disposition. We can have no possible objection to woman tormenting a lover—but good heavens! let her not forget that she is a gentlewoman; never did any woman with a spark of friendship in her bosom, ever thus act to any creature she loved—No—no Knowles, it is impossible!

Perhaps the best scene in the drama occurs in that of the thunder-storm.

It seems that the intolerable arrogance of the countess has rid her of all her ostensible lovers, except Prince Frederick of Milan whose confidant Count Ulrick suspects the love of the countess for her bondsman, and as this dialogue may be considered the key note of the drama, struck on the chord of "love," we commence our extracts from this point:

ULRICK.

You may have rival  
Unknown to him. Love joys in mystery;  
And when you think it countless miles away,  
Is lurking close at hand.

FREDERICK.

You are still in fault.  
She has no favour'd lover—cannot have.  
The thing is out of chance, impossible!

ULRICK.

Call nought impossible, till thou hast proved  
That passion hath essay'd it, and been foil'd;  
And set this down—nature is nature still,  
And, thought to swerve, is at the bottom true.  
Thy mistress is not stone, but flesh and  
blood,

Wherein doth lodge the juice of sympathy;  
Which, more refined in woman than in man,  
In woman, aways it measurelessly stronger!  
The essence of the sex is that wherein  
We win a gift of their sweet forms and  
souls—

The tenderness for some especial one  
Who then 'midst millions, seems to stand  
alone.

That being absent, then there is no sex!  
So where sex is, that also must be there—  
As where the sun, also the light and heat,  
So of two issues, set thy mind to one—  
She has found the man, who stands 'mongst  
millions sole,  
Or he is yet to find, and thou not he.

FREDERICK.

Thou nam'st two issues—I can find a third.

ULRICK.

Where is it?

FREDERICK.

Here. As many streams will go  
To make one river up, one passion oft  
Predominant, all others will absorb.

ULRICK.

What passion, swoln in her, drinks up the  
rest?

FREDERICK.

Pride.

ULRICK.

Of her beauty, or her rank, or what?

FREDERICK.

Pride of herself! intolerant of all  
Equality—nor that its bounds alone—  
Oppressive to the thing that is beneath her.  
Say that she waves me off when I advance,  
She spurns the serf that bows to her at dis-  
tance.

Suitor and secretary fare alike.

I woo for scorn, he for no better serves—  
Nay, rather worse comes off.

ULRICK.

Her secretary?

FREDERICK.

The only one of all his wretched class  
Her presence brooks; for he is useful to her,  
Reads with a music, as a lute did talk:  
Writes, as a graver did the letters trace:  
Translates dark languages—for learning  
which  
She hath a strange conceit: is wise in rare  
Philosophy: hath mastery besides  
Of all sweet instruments that men assay—  
The hautboy, viol, lute.

ULRICK.

A useful man  
Your highness draws! What kind of thing  
is he  
To look upon?

FREDERICK.

'Faith, proper, sir, in trunk,  
Feature, and limb; to envy, though a serf.  
But, err I not, a most unhappy man,  
And, for his service, weary of his life.

ULRICK.

O love, a wilful, wayward thing thou art!  
'Twere strange! 'twere very strange!

FREDERICK.

What? what were strange?  
What said'st thou now, apostrophising love?

ULRICK.

I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,  
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!  
Which makes its sport of persons and of sea-  
sons,  
Takes his own way, no matter right or wrong.  
It is the bee that finds the honey out,  
Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the  
nectarous store.  
And 'tis an arrant masquer.

It is a hypocrite!—looks every way

[THE COURT

But that, where lie its thoughts!—will openly  
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;  
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is  
love;

Would fain convince you it is very rock  
When it is water! ice when it is fire!  
Is oft his own dupe, like a thorough cheat;  
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;  
Holds up its head, purses its brow, and looks  
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself  
That it is high disdain—till suddenly  
It falls on its knees, making most piteous  
suit

With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,  
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses  
That it is love, true love, nothing but love!

The suspicions of Ulrick are all confirmed by the conduct of the Countess; she is with Catherine, and most of the *dramatis personæ* at a hawking party, and having huffed and insulted Huon in her usually savage manner, he leans against a tree, at a distance, dejectedly; a storm comes on, and Huon is struck down by the electric fluid, and the Countess, thrown off her guard, betrays her passion for him indubitably. This is done with great genius, it is the most natural scene in the play. The Countess remains near the tree where Huon has posted himself and nothing can draw her away. Catherine her favourite endears to do so.

CATHERINE.

Apace  
The storm comes on. 'Twill soon be over-  
head!  
Ay! there's the thunder now, and loud  
enough.  
She heard not. Call to her again. She hears  
That you accost her.

SIR RUPERT.

She is fond of you.

CATHERINE.

Yes; but you mark'd her scorn of Huon,  
now!

SIR RUPERT.

Madam! Madam! Pray you  
Come from beneath the trees. It lightens  
fast—  
A bolt may strike you, madam!

COUNTESS.

I do hear you, sir.

ULRICK.

The peril of the serf transfixes her!  
Her life, be sure, is only part of his!  
A common act of charity it were  
Command him thence; but, conscious of the  
cause,  
Stronger than charity, would prompt the  
act,

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And fearing to betray it worse than death,  
She perils her own life! It is not right  
To leave her there—go to her—take her  
thence!

FREDERICK.

Your pardon, lad, but you must not brave  
The lightning. Come into the open space:  
There's shelter, with less chance of penalty,  
Beneath this time-worn ruin.

(Thunder and lightning.)

Heavens, how near!

Almost together came the clap and flash!  
The trees are all on fire—the serf is struck!

[Huon staggers from the tree—the  
Countess rushes to him, clasping  
him.

COUNTESS.

No! no!—O Heaven, he's dead! why would  
he stand

Beneath the trees!—What, Huon!—speak  
to me!

Show me thou hear'st me! Let me see  
some signs

Of life! Why, Huon! Huon!—He is dead!

ULRICK.

Lady, he is not dead, but only stunn'd.  
'Twas but a shock, altho' a heavy one.  
His colour comes—you see his eye-lids ope!—  
So please you, leave the charge of him to  
me.

COUNTESS.

I thank you, sir—am sorry such a load  
Should burden you. Would some of my  
attendants

Were here, to ease you on't. How dread a  
thing

Is death, when sight on't makes one not  
one's self!

Grows it not lighter, sirs?—Ay, there's the  
sky.

Almost as soon as come, the storm is gone.  
Pray leave him to himself. 'Twas but a  
shock;

It shames me, such a load should burthen  
you.

ULRICK.

As yet, he cannot stand.

COUNTESS.

Indeed?—O!—ay!—

It was a heavy shock. I have a horror,  
And always had, of lightning. Do you know  
It takes away my wits? Did you not feel  
As I did, Catherine, when they thought the  
lightning

Had kill'd the serf? A dreadful thing is  
death!

And most of all, by lightning! where is my  
hawk?

O, they had charge to bring him after me,  
And here they come. Let's meet them, Ca-  
therine.

[Going, stops and turns to look at Huon.

ULRICK.

He still grows better, madam.

COUNTESS.

Who, sir?—O,  
The serf?—Why, Catherine, where's your hawk?

CATHERINE.

I have lost it.

COUNTESS.

I hope the lightning has not struck him.

After this incident the Countess is in an agony lest the world should discover her secret; this is soon done, for Ulrick, like an ill-natured old court-gossip as he is, carries the tale to her father, the Duke. In a scene of great strength the Duke declares to Huon that he shall either marry another woman or die. Huon becomes desperate, confesses his love for the Countess, and resolves to die rather than wed another—the Duke leaves him with the marriage contract before him to consider whether he will be content to wed Catherine within the hour, or, die—for Catherine is the bride resolved on by his master. The Countess enters, and this scene of deep passion ensues.

COUNTESS (*interposing*).

Stop, Huon!—What's the matter?

HUON.

Huon—Huon!

Didst thou say Huon—and with gentleness?  
Madam—my mistress—I am your slave!—I  
am nothing  
But the poor serf!

COUNTESS.

See if that door is free  
From listeners.

HUON (*going to the door*).

There is no one here.

COUNTESS.

Come in,  
And shut it again.

HUON.

'Tis shut.

COUNTESS.

Now, what's the matter  
With my father and you?

HUON.

He bade me sign that paper,  
And I refused.

COUNTESS.

HUON. (*hands the paper, and watches the  
COUNTESS while she reads*).

How her eye fastens on the writing—seems  
To grasp it, as her hand the paper! What!  
Did she start? She did! O, wherefore?  
What is this?

Her sweet face, that just now was all a calm,  
Shows signs of brooding tempest! Yes, 'tis  
on—

Lowers on her brow, and flashes on her  
cheek,

Like cloud and lightning. How her bosom  
heaves!

What makes it heave? She has let the pa-  
per drop,

Yet there she stands as tho' she held it yet!  
And where but now all was astir—now, all  
Again is stillness! Dare I speak to her?

She is not 'like to faint—no—no—she  
breathes!

Her haughty spirit wakes in her again,  
Towering, alas, as ne'er it did before.

COUNTESS (*after a violent struggle, giving  
way*).

Huon, I die!

HUON.

Heavens!—Mercy!

COUNTESS (*bursting into tears*).

It is over.

Do not speak to me! Let my tears flow on!

HUON.

Flow they for me?

COUNTESS.

I told you not to speak.

HUON.

Sweet Heaven! your voice is tears;  
Your looks are tears; your air, your motions,  
all

Are tears! floods! floods! to those that course  
your cheeks,  
And fall more bright than diamonds on the  
hands

Which now I clasp to thee in supplication,  
That thou wilt deign this once vouchsafe me  
audience,

To give my fatal passion vent before thee—  
For years pent up within my wretched  
breast—

COUNTESS.

Huon, peace—

I know thou lov'st me.

Thou know'st it, dost thou?

And say'st it!—and mildly say'st it!

Not with a tone of scorn, not with a threat,  
Nor accent yet of cold indifference

For the poor serf, who, body, soul, and all,  
Not being worth a tithe of thee, yet dares  
To love thee!—dares to wish for thee!—yes,

wish,

Altho' he knows thee out of reach of him,  
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million  
times

Beyond the sun! The poor despised serf,  
Despised of himself—of thee—of every one—  
Thou see'st he loves thee, and thou deign'st  
to say it!

Say it with pity—with most tender pity!

Behold'st him kneeling at thy feet, and  
know'st

The passion throws him there, and suffer'st  
him

To stay there!—Let him die there! Let him  
die

At thy feet!

[*Falls at her feet.*

[THE COURT

The Countess uses her power by making Huon sign the paper, and gives proof of her indifference to her suspicious father by insisting on witnessing the marriage of Huon with her favourite Catherine, that very night in the castle of the chapel. Huon obeys, and Catherine makes no objection; but, previously to the marriage, the Countess requests, that as the bride is already free, Huon may receive his emancipation from her father; a very needful and important step.

When the parties return from the marriage they find the Duke has died suddenly, and the bride and bridegroom take advantage of the confusion to run away,—that is, from each other, as neither were willing parties to this scheme of wedlock. Then occurs a *dead* pause in the interest of the piece, and many weary scenes follow, which are only enlivened by the presence of Catherine in her boy's dress.

SIR CONRAD.

Well sir, what's your news?  
Where's Catherine?

CATHERINE.

Absorbed in solving, sir,  
A knotty point.

SIR CONRAD.

A knotty point; what is't;

CATHERINE.

The measure of a lover's patience, sir.

SIR OTTO.

Does she not come?

CATHERINE.

Not till that point is solved.  
Now, could you solve it for her, she might  
come

The sooner.

SIR OTTO.

'Tis an hour.

SIR CONRAD.

A day.

SIR OTTO.

A week.

SIR CONRAD.

A month.

SIR OTTO.

A year.

CATHERINE (to SIR RUPERT).

Will you not make a guess?

SIR RUPERT (*sighing*).

It is a life!

CATHERINE.

Can't you go further, sir?

Try if you can. Lovers do miracles:

'Tis said they do, I never saw them though,  
Nor met with those that did.

At last it is announced, for the time  
embraces many months, that the absent  
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Huon has distinguished himself in the Hungarian war, and has become a great favourite with the reigning Empress. In short he follows in her suite to a tournament which is to decide the fate of the Countess: for the victor in the lists, by virtue of her father's will, is to claim her hand, else must she retire to a convent. The Countess, who has been in a greater state of distress and perplexity, than could reasonably be expected at the absence of Catherine's husband, is now in an agony of jealousy of the Empress, who is surmised to be in love with Huon and meditating marriage with him. The Countess sends for Huon and positively courts him in an angry fashion, receiving very short answers. She then resolves to retire into a convent, and resigns her rank into the hands of the Empress; during a scene conceived with talent, but too much diluted by words—at length, the Empress puts her out of pain, by informing her that she had fixed upon the Countess for the bride of Huon who is himself engaged in the tournament, in the hopes of winning her, for he has now become knight and noble. His victory is supposed to be a very easy matter, as Huon had always overthrown his opponents. There is, however, as the proverb says, "many a slip between the cup and the lip;" and Huon thinking more of his lady-love than of his lance or his steed, is at this passage unhorsed by his rival, the Prince of Milan. A new distress now besets the lovers, and here an ingenious denouement shows itself very cleverly, yet it is as usual stifled with words. The Countess cannot marry the victor in the tournament, because she is already the wife of another man; for by the connivance of Catherine and the priest, she has married Huon in the chapel without his being aware of the circumstance, for the Countess' name was Catherine as well as that of her friend, both being veiled. This accounts for Catherine's passive acquiescence in the marriage with Huon, which step, moreover, gave her an opportunity of further tormenting and proving Sir Rupert, to whom she now gives her hand, and thus the play ends, very happily.

Its chief fault is being overburdened with verbiage; and the play is far better on the stage, on this account, than in print. The dramatic author has, how-

ever, this advantage, that it is scarcely possible for it to appear on any stage, excepting the one to which it is devoted, without a reporter takes it down in shorthand. As it stands, it is an interesting poem, but no reader, however vivacious, could keep the attention of a party, alive, if it were read aloud from the printed copy, which we consider to be the grand test of dramatic worth, and which is, indeed, far more trying to the author than theatrical representation. It is our decided opinion that Mr. Knowles injures his dramatic reputation by suffering the play to be printed in its present wire-drawn state. It is, however, a drama of great merit, and though far from faultless, will sustain the high reputation its author has deservedly acquired.

*The Sea Captain, or the Birthwright.* A Drama in Five Acts, by the Author of the "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," &c. Saunders and Ottley.

Our best dramatists have been active during the last year, and if they proceed with the spirit and genius which has marked their recent career, they will soon leave no just cause for lamentation over the degraded state of the English stage. Dramatic poetry has been listened to, and eagerly approved by the public on the boards of our theatres. The bad taste of the players has been as a snow-bed for the English drama during the last half century. They cut, they mangled, they patched Shakspeare according to their own devices; they likewise endeavoured to establish a monopoly among themselves of dramatic authorship; they got up tinsel shews and inane follies, till the public left them to amuse themselves, and authors of genius left them to write for themselves. They have learned wisdom by bitter experience, but the tide of fashion is now flowing back to the theatres, and good and original dramas are now witnessed by audiences of refined taste.

Sir Edward Bulwer's *Sea Captain* has, on the other hand, been pursuing a prosperous course as an acting play: and it has now appealed to the bar of criticism for judgment, as a literary composition: for be it remembered that a drama, however successful it may be

on the boards, ranks not other than a clever pantomime, until it has been read and dispassionately considered by reviewers.

The scene of the present drama opens with the machinations of Sir Maurice Beever—his attempts to cut off the life of a certain gallant Sea Captain, who is the hero of the play. Norman is known by Sir Maurice, although he does not himself know it, to be the true heir to the Earldom of Arundel. The time is in the days of Elizabeth (when by the way there was both a real Earl and a real Baron of Arundel—historical characters of some importance), the place, the coast of Devonshire.

Sir Maurice is a cousin to Lady Arundel, a countess in her own right, and (next to her acknowledged son) the ostensible heir to her wealth and honours. Sir Maurice is well drawn with a dash of Luke in Massinger's *City*, Madam, in his composition, but the character is not glaringly borrowed.

The Lady Arundel, besides her spoilt wilful heir, the handsome Lord Ashdale, has another son by her first husband. This husband was a page of her fathers, whom she married in her early youth; her son by him she never acknowledged, and, indeed, sent him away after her husband was murdered in the neighbouring chape, by the agency of the earl, her father, by the hand of Glaussen, a pirate, a person whose situation with the abducted heir, somewhat assimilates to that of Dirk Hatterick and Harry Bertram. But if Glaussen hath not a tithe of the strength of his poet's type; yet, in justice, let us say that Norman is far superior in manly spirit and interest to Harry Bertram, Scott's nominal hero in *Guy Mannering*.

Norman who is the abducted heir, comes in his vessel to the coast of Devonshire to look after a fair girl who owns the somewhat affected name of Violet; a young kinswoman of Lady Arundel and then resident with her. Norman has won the heart of Viola by saving her in one of his cruises from an Algerine. Young Lord Ashdale is in love, not very honourably, with his dependant cousin to the indignation of his lady mother. These are the situations of the principal persons when the play opens. Lord Ashdale's passion for his cousin is defined in the following lines:

LADY ARUNDEL.

My son,  
She is no bride for Arundel's young heir.

ASHDALE.

Who spoke of brides?—Can we not gaze on  
Beauty

Save by the torch of Hymen?—To be gallant,  
Breathe out a score of sighs, or vows, or  
sonnets—

Mirror the changes in that Heaven called  
"Woman"—

And smoothe our language to a dainty  
sadness ;—

All this—

LADY ARUNDEL.

Is love!—

ASHDALE.

No—No—*amusement*, mother.

The first act sees Norman restored to Violet ; in the second he is graciously received by Lady Arundel, who is much pleased to find that her *protégée* has helped herself to another lover, and is *not* attached to her precious Ashdale. In the course of conversation during a scene arranged with great art and true dramatic skill, Captain Norman telling the adventures of his youth, unconsciously reveals to his unnatural mother that he is her living son, whom she had supposed to be dead, or unk in the lowest obscurity. Here the tragic passion of the drama begins ; Lady Arundel is alarmed at finding that the elder brother of her spoilt darling, Lord Ashdale, has not only returned, but is an inking of the residence of the old priest Onslow, who had married her to her first husband and had the care of the boy, who holds, indeed, the proofs of his birth ; yet she is agonised at hearing the cruel sufferings which the murderous designs of Sir Maurice had entailed upon her disowned boy. This extract is a fine and strong specimen of the beauty of this scene.

NORMAN.

Day dawn'd, and glittering in the sun, be-  
hold

A sail—a flag !

VIOLET.

Well, well.

NORMAN.

It pass'd away,  
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and  
famine ;

And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and  
sought

To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that  
gnaw'd

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Into the flesh, and drop into the deep ;  
And then methought I saw, beneath the  
clear

And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving  
thing.

With watchful glassy eyes,—the ocean-mon-  
ster

That follows ships for prey. Then life once  
more

Grew sweet, and with a strain'd and horrent  
gaze,

And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense  
Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep—

In which still—still—those livid eyes met  
mine—

Fell on me, and——

VIOLET.

Go on !

NORMAN.

I woke, and heard  
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent  
upon me :

I lay on deck—escaped the ghastly death ;  
For God had watch'd the sleeper !

While this is going on the old villain, Sir Maurice, is very earnestly employed making Ashdale jealous of Captain Norman. There is a good deal of humour and spirit in the character of the old miser ; traits which add infinitely to the near semblance of nature : the following *morceau* well illustrates this worthy :

ASHDALE.

Home, home, Anatomy, and drive  
The mice from thy larder.

SIR MAURICE.

Mice !—Zounds, how can I  
Keep mice?—I can't afford it—they were  
starved

To death an age ago !—the last was found,  
Come Christmas three years, stretched beside  
a bone

In that same larder—so consumed and worn  
By pious fast—'twas awful to behold it !

I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,  
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning  
To thieves and beggars. (*Aside*) Shall I  
be avenged—

Shall I—for this? Come, come my pretty  
Percy ;

I'll tell thee why thou strid'st about a lion :—  
Dogs would invade thy bone. This stranger  
loves

Thy Violet.

ASHDALE.

Loves her !

SIR MAURICE.

And will win her too—  
Unless I help thee—for (but mum!—no word  
of it)

Thy mother backs his suit.—Thou art no  
match



My innocent Percy, for a single woman ;  
But two—a virgin and a widow—would  
Have made King Solomon himself a ninny.

In the next act Gaussen, bribed by Sir Maurice, murders Onslow the priest, with the intention of robbing him of the proofs of Norman's birth. Norman interrupts the murderer, but the priest only survives long enough to resign to Norman the papers which prove his birthright. Norman has just agreed with Lady Arundel (who dreads the opposition of Ashdale), to run away with Violet, and, after marrying her at the old chapel, by the means of his sea chaplain, to carry his wife on board his ship, and sail from the coast far from the pursuit of Lord Ashdale ; but these papers reveal to Norman his birth, and confirm, what his early remembrance had already prompted, that Lady Arundel is his mother. He returns, in the fourth act, and seeks her, when a scene of great beauty ensues, in which Lady Arundel owns him for her son, but shudders at disinheriting her darling and revealing the crime of her father in murdering her first husband. Norman, satisfied at being owned by his mother, generously resigns the papers given by Onslow to her, and bids her farewell, meaning to take away Violet, and leave his mother and brother undisturbed in their original position.

In the next act a double plot is developed, the which Sir Maurice, the mover of all the mischief, has prompted Lord Ashdale (who is exceedingly willing and desirous to marry Violet now she is on the point of being married to somebody else) to personate Norman in the dark, and marry Violet, while the old wretch has laid a plan to assassinate both brothers, if they should survive their jealous enmity and the strife which is likely to ensue, when both heirs being cut off, the old miser would be Earl of Arundel.

Here follows a good deal of melo-dramatic shuffling and scrambling in the dark and by torchlight, not very intelligible to a reader, but telling well to the eye and affording good stage effect. In the midst of this, Norman saves his brother's life, gets back his rightful love and kills Gaussen, who had previously killed Norman's father and the priest, besides tormenting him in his youth ; truly Gaussen wanted killing a long time before.

Then comes a beautiful and affecting *eclaircissement* between the brothers : we have not, however, room for the whole of this scene, but it is calculated to give extreme pleasure to readers of taste,

LADY ARUNDEL.

Approach,  
Percy, my son!—Lord Ashdale now no  
more—  
Behold thy brother! Ay, the conscience  
wings  
Out truth at last :—Thine elder, the sole heir  
To this ill-fated house !

ASHDALE.

This is delirium !

LADY ARUNDEL.

It is not so, irreverent one ! Herc, Arthur,  
Into thy hands I do restore the proofs  
That re-assert thy rights—my eldest born,  
By long-conceal'd, but holiest wedlock with  
Arthur Le Mesnil ! To his breast, my Percy !  
There is none nobler !

NORMAN.

Wilt thou not, my brother ?

Whate'er is mine—

ASHDALE.

Is *thine*—And dost thou deem  
That I will fawn, a beggar, on thy bounty ?  
Lackey thy heels, and crawl for crumbs that  
fall  
From the rich, bounteous, elder brother's  
board ?  
Ha, ha ! I'd rather couch with the wild  
boar,  
And starve on acorns, than the world should  
cry,  
“ See once proud Ashdale, the meek younger  
brother !”

LADY ARUNDEL.

Percy, my best-loved !

ASHDALE.

Mother, is it so ?

Say that thou didst but sport upon my pride,  
That thou would'st try me ! Speak !

LADY ARUNDEL.

Alas, alas,

It is the truth !

ASHDALE.

All is unravell'd now !

I ask no proofs—thy looks suffice for proof !  
I will not hear a tale, perhaps of shame !  
So, a long farewell, mother !

LADY ARUNDEL.

Do not leave me !

Oh, do not leave me ! Think how I have  
loved thee !  
How, for thy sake, I sinn'd against my soul,  
And veil'd, and barr'd, and would have  
crush'd his rights,  
All, all for thee !

VIOLET (*timidly*).

We are young—we love each other ;  
We do not want title and gold, my Norman !

LADY ARUNDEL.

Say you forgive—and yet, what have *you* to  
pardon ?

ASHDALE.

Everything, madam. Had you shaped my  
youth

Unto the pauper lot which waits me now,  
I had not nursed desires, and pamper'd wants,  
Into a second nature : my good sword,  
And my free heart, the genii of my for-  
tunes.

Oh, thou hast wrong'd me foully !

NORMAN.

Shame, boy, shame !

Dost thou with ruthless and ungrateful taunts  
Answer these agonizing tears ! Ah, mother,  
I loved thee more than he does !—Thou re-  
pentest !

Thou tak'st her hand !—Forgive him !

(*Solemnly.*)

My father dead !

I never saw thee living ; but methinks  
Thy presence fills my soul !—Poor trembling  
mourner !

If, as I feel, that low-born father loved thee  
Not for thy gold and lands—from yonder  
grave

His spirit would chide 'the son who for such  
gauds

Would make the bond and pledge of the love  
he bore thee

A source of shame and sorrow—not of so-  
lace !

Hear him then speak in me !—as lightly as  
I, from this mantle, shake the glistening dews,  
So my soul shakes off the unwholesome  
thoughts

Born of the clod and earth.—

(*Goes to the torches.*)

Look ye—all dead !

My sire—the priest—all who attest my rights !  
With a calm hand, unto this flame I yield

What next, these scrolls !—and as the fire  
consumes them,

So wither all that henceforth can dismay  
Or haunt thy heart, my mother !—

Sir Maurice, disappointed of his mur-  
derous intentions, retires to meet dis-  
grace and destitution, while Norman,  
after destroying the proofs of his birth,  
receives Violet as his wife with a large  
portion, and Lord Ashdale remains in  
possession of his heirship with his mother's  
honour unscathed, and every body as  
happy as can be reasonably expected.

And thus ends a fine spirited drama  
which well deserves to be successful.  
The sentiments, unlike some of those in  
Bulwer's novels, are right-hearted, frank,  
and manly ; indeed, there cannot be a

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fault found with the moral of the drama,  
which abounds in beautiful poetry as well  
as stirring situations. The great faults  
of Richelieu and La Valliere are avoided ;  
these were comprised in prosaic meta-  
physical speeches, rivalling in length  
those of Voltaire's *Alzire*. Bulwer has  
greatly improved in the colloquial de-  
partment of his profession as a dramatist.  
We think it was an error in taste to  
appropriate to mere fiction such an his-  
torical name as Arundel was, in the  
reign of Elizabeth. All the real old  
nobility of England, whether they be  
titled or untitled, who are allied to the  
great stems of Howard and Wardour,  
cannot witness this play without finding  
it greatly divested of the deception which  
is likely to arise from this circumstance.  
Such a mistake is *natural* enough to a  
*parvenu* author, but not to one sprung  
from a good manorial county family as  
Bulwer is. English county maps fur-  
nish so many well-sounding unappropri-  
ated names and titles, fitting rather noted  
places than noted personages, that it is  
absurd in fictionists to seize upon real  
names ; and when those names were  
possessed by noted historical characters  
in the same era which has been appro-  
priated by a popular play or novel writer,  
a double confusion takes place in the  
minds of the readers, and perhaps a still  
more fatal misapprehension in those of  
spectators.

For the rest, the historical costume of  
the times is well preserved. Norman is  
the real sea captain of the days of Eliza-  
beth—more privateer than naval officer  
with a roving commission, which was  
very apt to gain for him the name of  
piracy from the enemies of the Virgin  
Queen. Such was the sea captain of  
Elizabeth's era, and the more generous  
features of the character are well defined  
by Bulwer in Norman, who is, with the  
exception of his unreasonable fit of pec-  
tishness and jealousy in the concluding  
scene, a character almost perfect.

There is considerable strength thrown  
into the character of Lady Arundel, who  
is thus described by Violet :—

You know not

The Dame of Arundel—her *name* has terror !  
Men whisper sorcery where her dark eye falls ;  
Her lonely lamp outlives Night's latest star,  
And o'er her beauty some dark memory  
glooms,

Too proud for penitence—too stern for sorrow—  
Ah! my lost father!—

Violet herself is a very pretty, well behaved damsel, with no faults at all.

The four distinct characters are, Sir Maurice, Lady Arundel, and the two brothers, Norman and Ashdale.

Sir Edward Bulwer has now seized the true tone of the drama; and if he would keep up to the pitch, let him not write too speedily for his strength.

*Chemistry no Mystery.* By JOHN SCOFFERN.

We have had great satisfaction in perusing this pretty practical book, the most agreeable and entertaining of any scientific work ever offered to the juvenile public. It is replete with curious anecdotes and clever experiments, and admirably adapted for a Christmas present, for 'the rising' generation. We select this from its many well illustrated and useful experiments,

"Most of you, I dare say, have seen nitric acid, or aquafortis, although you may be unacquainted with the method of preparing it. Into a half-pint stoppered glass retort I put about half-an-ounce of saltpetre, the chemical name for which is nitrate of potash, and I pour upon it half-an-ounce, by weight, of strong oil-of-vitriol, which, in chemical language is called sulphuric acid. I now place the retort upon a chemical stand, and put its neck into a clean Florence flask.

The retort must be made hot and the flask, or receiver, keep very cool. For the purpose of applying heat I shall use a spirit lamp; and I think the best way of keeping the receiver cool is to cover it with blotting paper, which is preserved wet by the continual dripping of cold water. It does not matter how this water is made to drop: I might effect it by squeezing over the flask a wet sponge; but the most convenient method is to place above it a funnel, into the neck of which is inserted a notched cork, and which is filled with water; by this little contrivance the flask may be preserved quite cold.

I now apply to the retort the flame of a spirit-lamp, and in a very few minutes nitric acid, or aquafortis will condense in the flask.

Suppose we now have the theory of the process. Saltpetre, or nitrate of potash, is composed of nitric acid and potash; oil-of-vitriol, of sulphuric acid and water: sulphuric acid takes away the potash to form sulphate of potash, and nitric acid passes over in combination with water. Aquafortis and nitric acid, then, are only two names for

the same thing, or, to speak more correctly, aquafortis is nitric acid, combined with water.\*

There has now passed over as much nitric acid as is necessary for our purpose, and we will proceed with it to try some of its properties.

In the first place, then, I wish you to observe it is very nearly colourless: the aquafortis of commerce, I grant, sometimes appears red, but this is owing to an impurity; we have succeeded in manufacturing a purer article. \*I wish you also to remark that nitric acid has a very strong and penetrating smell.

I now dip into this acid a piece of blue litmus paper, which you observe is immediately reddened: this is a test for acids in general, most of which redden litmus paper.

Here is a little crystal of a substance called *morphia*, on which I drop some nitric acid; see how red the morphia becomes.

I have, unintentionally, spilt a little of this acid on my finger, which will soon be stained yellow in consequence: this staining of substances yellow is, indeed, very characteristic of nitric acid, and sometimes applied to purposes which are exceedingly useful. Have you not observed those yellow borders which surround baize table-covers? they are produced by the action of nitric acid.

I now drop a little of the acid on a piece of copper, and red fumes immediately appear.

You would then be certain that a liquid was nitric acid if it stained animal substances yellow, reddened morphia, and produced red fumes when dropped upon copper.

Nitric acid is a substance of great importance: it is used very largely in medicine and the arts; and without it the scientific chemist would be unable to conduct some of his most important operations.

The volume is got up very nicely, and is full of useful wood cuts, the Laughing Gas is illustrated by Cruikshank, but the little vignette is still droller, representing a giant and dwarf forced out of their booth at a fair by the mischief of a boy who had put in the poor giant's den a basin of sulphuretted gas, the smell of which drove the giant and the dwarf from their professional retirement and they came out holding their noses, into the open fair, so that all the fair-goers saw them for nothing.

\* It is impossible to obtain nitric acid in an isolated form. It must be combined with *something*, or else it cannot exist: this *something*, may be water. Consequently, aquafortis is the simplest form under which we can obtain nitric acid, being a union of the actual acid and water.

*Edgina, An Historical Poem* by J. B. WORRELL.

An unaffected admiration for virtue seems a leading principle in the mind of the author of *Edgina*, and when this is the case, the critical pen must needs be disarmed of at least half its severity. The faults of the poem are those of inexperience, for it is, probably, a first attempt. The story is founded on the love of the heir of our great Alfred for a shepherd girl, an historical fact, at once very interesting and little known. Our young author is too fond of classical allusions and invocations of the name of Phœbus and other divinities of Greece and Rome, not very familiar to Saxon peasant-girls! nor has he the slightest knowledge of historical costume, or the manners and usages of our Anglo Saxon ancestors. Strange liberties are likewise taken with our language—*who'n* for *who in*, and *men'als* for *menials*, look as incomprehensibly as the sound; such errors must be amended before we can offer an extract from any poem.

*A Catechism of the Natural History of Man*,  
By JAMES NICOL. Oliver and Boyd.

The deductions in this little work are clear and rational; it is calculated to awaken the human intellect, and, at the same time, has the high merit of abstaining from wild theory, for it proceeds hand in hand with facts. The following specimen substantiates our observation, and is a good sample of the publication:—

Q. When is it probable that man first appeared on the earth?

A. Sacred and profane history and several natural phenomena combine in proving that this is a very recent event.

Q. How is this shown by profane history?

A. Notwithstanding the extravagant chronology of some nations, as the Egyptians, Chinese, and Hindoos, their true or well-authenticated history does not extend farther back than three or four hundred years, when we find them just emerging from barbarism, and laying the foundation of fixed societies and kingdoms.

Q. Is this confirmed by the history of art and science?

A. It is; on going back for about the same interval, we observe them in the first rude and imperfect condition, proving their very recent origin.

Q.—DECEMBER, 1839.

Q. Are there any geological facts confirmatory of the modern creation of man?

A. We have strong negative evidence of this fact, no remains of man occurring except in the most recent geological formations, whilst those of several existing species and genera of animals are found in a far earlier part of the series.

Q. May not the bones of men have decayed more easily and rapidly than those of other animals?

A. No; in old battle fields they are equally fresh and strong with those of the horses slain at the same time.

*Henry of Guise, or the States of Blois.* In 3 vols. By G. R. JAMES. Longman & Co.

We are glad to meet Mr. James once more on the old chivalresque ground where he won his first fame. His subject is the famous Duke of Guise, the leader of the league in the sixteenth century; but hero, as he undoubtedly was, we own that his share in the black day of St. Bartholomew prevents our taking that interest in him which the great qualities he manifested in every other scene of his eventful life would have imperatively commanded. This only stain on the memory of Guise is not included within the limits of Mr. James's story, for it commences with the latter years of Henry III., when Guise was pursuing a career of glory, and, we think, inclined to a course of honest patriotism. Mr. James evidently views the character of this great man in the same light, and urges as a proof, in his preface, the abstinence of Guise from seizing the crown when it tottered on the head of the insane Henry III. If Mr. James had remembered that the House of Lorraine were the elder representatives of the line of Charlemagne, a point which they and the line of Capet *never* forgot, this line of conduct would have appeared still more magnanimous in Henry of Guise.

The ostensible romance hangs on the adventures of Marie de Clairvant, a supposed great niece of the Duke of Guise, who is rescued from the German bands of the Huguenots by Charles de Montsereau, a younger brother of a noble French house, who with his brother and tutor all fall in love with the fair Marie, and contend very earnestly through the story, for the possession of her hand, till the murder of Guise terminates at once

the romance, and decidés the fate of the lovers, and very happily for Marie is married to the man of her choice. We will not further anticipate the interest created for the reader, excepting to say that, whenever Henry of Guise, or his unhappy kinsman Henry III. appear on the stage, the scenes are always extremely lively and attractive. Henry III. owed all his excentricities and follies to a brain fever, so violent as to deprive him for many days of his reason, and from which, unfortunately for France, he recovered, with his fine mind a wreck. This Historical fact Mr. James has not noted, nor was he forced to do so, as he was not writing a memoir. The following *morceau* is a true transcript of the conqueror of Yarnac and Moncontour after this dark cloud had passed over his mind. In fact, Sully declares that Henry III. usually received his visitors in private, with a basket of little puppies slung round his neck. There can be no doubt he was not only morally but physically insane.

"But above all, do not let him forget the crowns, Villequier. Let them be prepared. —Nay, smile not, I have a scheme for the purpose, which will mature itself in time. But no good plan should ever be buried, and it should always be formed of elements as ductile as warm wax, that it may fix itself into the mould of circumstances. It will mature itself in time, Villequier; it will mature itself in time. But now to this terrible business."

"Pray, Sire, what is that?" demanded Villequier with some alarm, for since his arrival at Blois, Henry had shown so much more activity and application to serious matters, that even his favourite had forgotten his character. "Pray what terrible business does your Majesty speak of?"

"Have you not heard," exclaimed the King, "have you not heard, that the boat was upset in coming down the Loire—the boat with the parrots and monkeys; and my great beautiful black ape, Ridolin-din-din, was nearly drowned, and has caught such a cold, that it is feared he will die!—Sweet creature, he is a beauty, and in his woollen nightcap and long gown, is not all unlike my mother. Poor fellow, have you not heard him coughing in the room beyond? I must go and give him some confection of quinces."

The most pleasing scene from the purely imaginative portion of the romance is the purchase of the page Ignati, by Charles de Monsoreau; as, this com-

prises a song peculiarly available for musical purposes we make it our principal extract.

The party which now approached consisted of two men, a woman, and a boy. The two men were ferocious-looking persons enough, with dresses of gay colours, embroidered with tinsel, and each bearing in his girdle a dagger, the meretricious ornaments of which seemed adopted for the purpose of persuading people that it was there only for show, though in reality the sharp broad blade of highly-tempered steel was very well calculated to effect any murderous purpose. The woman had once, perhaps, been pretty, and her now decked out charms, blighted perhaps by vice as much as faded by time, with every ornament within her reach. The boy, however, was the personage of the group certainly the most interesting. He preceded his brethren along the street, playing on a small pipe, from which he produced most exquisite sounds; while a small spaniel dog ran on before him, and from time to time stood upon his hind legs, much to the amusement of the children and women that followed the musicians.

The truth is, the whole band had been lodging at the other end of the village, in one of those little public houses called, in those days, *Répues*; but hearing of the arrival of a body of gay cavaliers at the larger inn, they were coming up in haste to see how many sous their music could extract from the pockets of the troop. The two elder men and the woman were pushing in at once into the auberge, without taking any note of the young Count de Logeres, whom they looked upon as a mere idler at an inn-door; but the boy stopped, and, uncovering his dark curly head, gazed for a moment in the count's face, with eyes full of fire and intelligence.

He had scarcely paused a moment, however, when one of the men returning, caught him violently by the arm, exclaiming, "What are you lingering for, idle fool?" and struck him a blow upon the face with the open hand, which left the print of his fingers upon the boy's young cheek. The boy neither wept nor complained, but stood with his hands by his sides, a dark and bitter frown upon his brow, and a flashing fire in his eye, which showed that his passive calmness proceeded from no want of indignant sensibility to the injury. The blow might very likely have been repeated, had not the man's eye, at that moment, fallen upon Charles of Monsoreau, and perceived in his countenance a look of angry indignation, while his apparel and bearing at once showed that he was superior to the party whom the musicians had met with within.

"Come in, Ignati," cried the musician, with somewhat of a foreign accent; "either

play on your pipe to the gentleman here, or come and help us to sing to the company within doors."

"I will not go it," said the boy, "unless you make me; but I will sing the gentleman a song here, if he likes it."

"Ay, do, do," said the man; "sing him that Gaillard song with the chorus."

"I am in no mood, my poor boy," said Charles of Montsoreau, "to take pleasure in your music. My heart is too sad for your gay sounds. There is something for you, however. Go in, and sing to the lighter hearts within."

And giving him a small piece of money, he was turning away; but the boy drew closer to him, and looking up in his face with a sweet and kindly smile, pressed him to hear his music.

"Oh let me sing to you," he said, "let me sing to you, noble gentleman. You don't know what music can do for a sad heart. It often makes mine less heavy; and I will choose you a song, where even the gay words are sad, so that they shall not be harsh to the most sorrowful ear."

"Well, my good boy," replied the count, "if you must sing, let it be so; but you must expect me to listen but lightly, for I have many things to think of."

The boy instantly laid down his pipe on a bench by the door, and lifting his two hands gracefully, which had before been clasped together, he looked up for a minute to the sky, and then began his song, as follows:—

#### S O N G.

Gué, gué, well-a-day!  
Dost thou remember brighter hours  
Shining upon thy happy way,  
Like morning sunshine upon dewy flowers?  
Oh, join my lay,  
And with me say,  
Gué, gué, well-a-day!

Gué, gué, well-a-day!  
Has fortune's favour left thee  
(Ebbing fast away),  
Like stranded vessel by a summer sea?  
Oh, join my lay,  
And with me say,  
Gué, gué, well-a-day!

Gué, gué, well-a-day!  
Have the eyes that once were smiling  
Now learnt to stray,  
Other hearts as fond as thine beguiling?  
Then join my lay,  
And with me say,  
Gué, gué, well-a-day!

Gué, gué, well-a-day!  
Has love's blossom suffered blight  
'Neath misfortune grey,  
Like flow'rs in the frost of a wintry night?  
Oh, join my lay,  
And with me say,  
Gué, gué, well-a-day!

MAGAZINE.]

This exclamation *Gué gué!* is an evident corruption of the Italian *guai*, meaning *woe*, an explanation Mr. James ought not to have left us to make, as that knowledge adds much to the beauty and sense of the lyric. Probably the author picked up his harmonious burden in the south of France without thinking of tracing its corrupted state.

The romance proceeds through many a powerful scene to its climax in the death of the hero of Guise, this is Mr. James' version of that celebrated scene.

A moment or two after, he took a turn or two up and down the room, and seemed perfectly recovered; and as he was about to resume his seat, the door of the passage leading to the king's chamber was opened, and the secretary of state, Revol, entered, saying, "Monseigneur, his Majesty wishes to speak a word with your highness before the business of the council commences. You will find him in the old cabinet to the left."

Revol was as pale as death. But the Duke of Guise took not the slightest notice; and, passing through the door, which St. Prix held open for him and closed after him, he advanced towards the chamber of the King.

On entering it, he saw Laugnac seated upon the coffer at the farther end of the room; and he remarked, with an angry frown, that the king's attendant did not rise when he entered. He said nothing, however, but turned towards the door of the old cabinet, which was too low to suffer him to pass without bowing his head. He accordingly stooped for the purpose; and, raising the tapestry with his left hand, while he held his hat in the right, he passed on.

He had scarcely taken a step into the cabinet, however, when he at once saw several men in arms standing round. At the same moment there was a sound close to him; and, springing from behind the arras a fierce and powerful man, named St. Malines, rushed upon him.

The Duke dropped his hat, and moved his hand towards his sword; but at the same moment some one seized the hilt with both hands, and St. Malines struck him a blow with a knife over the left shoulder, burying the weapon in his bosom.

Another and another blow succeeded from the hands of those around him: the blood rushed up into his mouth and throat; but still, with prodigious power, he seized two of those who were assailing him, and dashing them headlong to the ground, exclaiming at the same time, "Ah, traitors!"

Rushing towards the door, he dragged another along with him into the chamber of the king, and seeing Laugnac still there, and marking him as the instigator of his

murder, with a brow awful in the struggle of the strong spirit against the power of death, with hands clenched, and teeth set, he darted towards him.

Ere he had taken two steps, however, his brain reeled, his eyes lost their sight, and Laugnac starting up, saw, by the fearful swimming of those visionless orbs, that the terrible deed was fully accomplished, that the life of Guise was at an end; and though the Duke still rushed forward upon him with the convulsive impulse of his last sensation, the captain of the quarante-cinq did not even unsheath his sword, but merely struck him a light blow with the weapon in the scabbard, and Guise fell headlong on the carpet by the king's bedside.

The sound of that deep heavy fall was enough, and Henry, coming forth from the cabinet, gazed for several minutes earnestly upon the dead man, while the dark blood rushed forth, and formed a pool round the monarch's feet.

The countenance of every one there present, lips and cheek alike, were as white as parchment, and for two or three minutes not a word was spoken, till at length the King exclaimed, "What a height he was! He seems to me taller even dead than living!"

Then setting his foot upon the dead man's neck, he cruelly repeated the cruel words which Guise himself had used at the death of Coligny, "Venomous beast, thou shalt spit forth no more poison!"

Henry's real words were "*Mon Dieu mais il est grand!*" which we always considered as inspired more by the mental grandeur of expression even in death, than the corporeal height of the murdered Guise. Dumas, in his view of the antiquities of Blois, mentions that the huge fire-place is still pointed out where, after the murder, the bodies of the Duke of Guise and his brother were consumed.

But the power of executing sketches of a picturesque age is not James' only excellence the fabric of his work is always good and pure; no startling prohibition is ever laid on his volumes by those who wish well to the young and innocent. Sometimes his speeches may be too lengthy and his narrative heavy, for these are the infirmities of his style, although less apparent in this work than in any of his preceding ones; but there lurks no thorn, no sting among his brilliant and attractive passages—all is noble-minded and upright in sentiment, no insidious shaft is ever aimed at the moral influence of virtue in woman over the heart and conduct of man as is so frequently

apparent in the works of Byron and Bulwer. Had Mr. James never written anything excepting this true and beautiful apothegm he would deserve for ever to be considered as the friend of the female sex.

The mind of a pure and high-souled woman is the most terrible touchstone which the conversation of any man can meet with. If there be baser matter in it, however strong and specious may be the gilding, that test is sure to discover it. We mistake, greatly, I am sure, when we think that the simplicity of innocence deprives us of the power of detecting evil. We may know its existence, though we do not know its particular nature, and our own purity, like Ithuriel's spear, detects the demon under whatever shape he lurk.

With this justly earned praise we bid him, for a season, again farewell.

*The Encyclopædia of Field Sports.* By  
DELABIER BLAINE. Part I.

This work, executed with great skill and research, combines directions for catching and killing all sorts of creatures, whether in heaven or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, as well as a valuable and entertaining digest of zoology. Thus, those who would learn to catch prey are insensibly led to a knowledge of natural history. In a word, we have no doubt of the success of the *Encyclopædia of Field Sports*, if it progresses with the talent herein displayed. It is illustrated with innumerable marginal wood cuts, representing as well the animals as the best modes of capturing them.

*The Comic Almanack for 1840.* Till.

The *Comic Almanack* is the only true comic annual that ever was devised and executed, for its very nature and plan gives that variety the want of which to our minds threw a cape over Hood, and began to make it hang heavy. But what with the follies and fashionable manias of the last year, and the anticipations of the next, the *Comic Almanack* is a genuine magazine of fun; nothing is forced—all is downright hearty laughter. A leaf of odds and ends every month gives enough of miscellaneous drolleries, and the best illustration by the way appertains to this department. One at

least is a genuine Cruickshank ; this is the Law-court — November ; in the others, though possessing much comic merit, and particularly in execution, we do not recognise the sharp quaint touches of the inimitable George ; he has certainly not put them on the block himself. We say we like the little bits illustrating the miscellaneous drolleries much better than the rest. Lord Brougham's wig and gown and block flying away in fiendish guise is a neat caricature of himself ; and the fun in the first leaf is worth the price of the book. It is devoted to the Dog Act. We give a selection from the lyric as a specimen of the clever way in which the whole is handled :—

It is a bully mouth, whose vapouring flies  
Wherever man is found, or woman walks ;  
An equal favourite of disguise and Guys,  
Assassin patron both of knives and Faukes !

Densely impervious is its dark-winged air,  
Driver of soot from roofs and chimney  
stacks ;

London its fort—it is accounted there  
*The Great Emancipator of the blacks !*

Smoke is its sister, and assister too ;  
Protean creature, taking every form,—  
Now gently rising from an Irish stew,  
Now rushing from a steamer in a storm !

Smoke ; lo ! it curleth from the Meeshain fine,  
Say it dissolves—so is mere sham to boot—  
Clearly ascended from the female line,  
At all events it comes from a *she root* !

Now it runs up a pipe, with odorous charms,  
Bringing effluvia from the flue : who dips  
In heraldry, will see its coat of arms  
Should bear the barber's motto of "*Eclipse*."

Smoke will have sway ; a very dingy yoke  
It keeps us under, and 'tis time we broke it ;  
Alas ! we can't, and e'en our very joke,  
Reader, we find is nothing till you smoke it.

Smoke and November, then, go hand in hand,  
Till time dismiss them thro' his "chaos"  
gates ;

Time is a man of taste, he clears the land,  
And just like smoke itself—he vapour hates !

The little black wood cuts are capital ; the Speaker of the House of Commons is dismissing the truck petition with a suitable kick, while a counter petition in another little diamond of a design, is humbly presented by one of the canine community, who is making pendant paws in a most supplicating attitude.

\* Sir Walter Scott (modestly confessed by the author).

MAGAZINE.]

The hieroglyphic is truly delightful ; our Queen Victoria is sitting in glory, with an arrow in her heart just shot by a mustachised cupid (who, by the way, is not to be compared to some American cupids we have just seen in Mr. Hervicus' portfolio) ; all the constellations are kicking up a real row of joy with piping and dancing ; other cupids are making a fire with a great heap of hearts, burning discord and all our national quarrels, while an imp of exceeding drollery representing Jack Frost is warming himself by the fire,—we do not see but what the hieroglyphic of the inimitable George is as likely to prove prophetic for the coming year as the dolorous one put forth by the superannuated Moore's Almanac. It certainly will if all the world are put in as good humour as we have been by the fun of this almanac. The principal tale is continued through twelve scenes ; it is in Hood's best style ; a real lively story, in which the late tournament and many other manias of the last year are agreeably satirised. Altogether the Comic Almanac is a capital hit for 1840.

Nothing's.—By E. DARBY, JUN.—Churton.

With a degree of modesty really unusual in a more than uncommonly egotistical era, the author of this very pleasing collection of poems has named his volume "*Nothing's* : " but we can assure the world, (which has, by-the-bye, met with several of them in our pages) that they will find among its contents several very agreeable somethings. It is difficult to select the flowers of this volume without repeating poems which we have previously printed, for the volume is chiefly gathered from the author's contributions to our magazine. The commencing stanzas will, however, at the same time, prove the merits of the work, and present a pleasing lyric, new to our readers.

#### LOVE—A SONG.

Oh ! say not love is but a name,  
A flower that ne'er on earth can blossom ;  
Oh ! say not love's too pure a flame  
To burn within a mortal bosom.  
A portion of its brightness, lent  
From the great Fount of Light above,  
To cheer our pilgrimage is sent :  
"For love is Heaven and Heaven is love."\*



Oh ! say not love is like a star  
That shineth only to betray ;  
A light that glimmers from afar  
To lead our wandering steps astray,  
No, holy love—the gift of Heaven—  
(Brooding as o'er her nest the dove)  
To woman's saintly soul is given :  
" For love is Heaven and Heaven is love."

Oh ! say not love is but a dream,  
A wish, a phantasy elysian,  
Which on our sleeping thoughts doth gleam.  
Oh, no—"it not an empty vision :  
It lives, on earth, in woman's breast,  
Lives, brighter still, in Heaven above,  
And lights the realms of endless rest.—  
" For love in Heaven and Heaven is love."

As a song-writer, Mr. Darby deserves, and we think will attain, distinction. His lines have that melody and musical arrangement so easily adapted to notes ; his lyric to a pale beauty is a proof of our assertion ; but there is a thought in the second verse we should not like to see transferred to our pages, which would not dispose us to view even the freedoms of the magnificent muse of Moore with indulgence.

*Pocket Diary for 1840.* Under this title to public acceptance, *The National Endowment and Assurance Company*, in Arthur street, west, London Bridge, where copies may be obtained, have provided, in due mercantile form, a blank diary, having only the days of the month and week mentioned, as a pocket companion during the year. As a little gift, this is a present acceptably and usefully arranged ; but it is rendered valuable to the public by having the tables of the Society's assurance clearly and comprehensively arranged ; essays upon assurance, &c. ; tables of the general mortality of all mankind, &c. &c. ; that we assure all our readers, that in asking for the favor of copies, they will greatly content themselves in all the business affairs of home outlay and transaction, as well as in the important matters of assurance generally.

A new explanatory, astronomical, commercial, and general Almanack. Harvey and Darton. This little Almanack fully sustains the extensive range of its title. It is valuable for its chronological tables of fasts and festivals, and great events of past times ; deduces its observations from the honest observations of able astrologers, and is wholly free from that most quackish, and, to say the very least of it, intollerable nonsense, PREDICTION. The table of the kings and queens of England will at this time be accessible, without delaying the justly-earned praises to which the publishers are entitled. Before a penny be thrown away upon trash (a sad encouragement to the venders,) let this which

costs, indeed, one whole shilling ! be first inspected by an intending purchaser. Dirt cheap is the reigning mania of the day ; but a purchaser often finds that that for which he has paid his money, he could have picked up almost for nothing any where.

*The Sporting Almanac for 1840.* Churton. —This Almanac embellished with many appropriate plates, gives also tables of facts and events and enlarges with much skill, useful, and entertaining composition upon the various matters connected with the sporting world, a sphere in which so many of our readers take an earnest delight. "Curling" is a good and interesting plate illustrative of that, particularly Scottish, game. We extract from a well condensed paper entitled "vicious horses," not because the matter is new, but because its substance cannot be too well remembered, and that which applies to four legged animals may very often be well thought of in the training and management of bipeds of the human species,—“ However, let it be well remembered, that the horse is much stronger than the human subject, and that, therefore, if we were to contend with him, mind should supply the place of matter, skill should counteract the efforts of brute force. If severe flagellation or beating be employed for the purpose of correcting vice in a horse, the animal understands the mode of combat, and if vanquished, will not fail to renew the fight : when, however, the contest is conducted skilfully on the part of the man, the horse does not understand the mode of proceeding, becomes alarmed and surrenders to a system against which he knows not how to defend himself."

*Oliver and Boys' three penny Almanac and daily Remembrancer.* Simpkin and Co. —This the last, but not the least nor the largest, of our almanacs, is a present from Edinburgh. It is all letter press, and embraces besides a diary of important events, almost every other business requisite ; some, particularly Scottish, others, general, as the lists of houses of peers and commons, &c. Devoting good time and space to the fairs of Scotland, the almanac has hit upon the requirements of a large body of busy men by whom it will be particularly appreciated.

*Gilbert's modern Atlas of the Earth.* Grattan.—This map is neatly executed on a very convenient (4to.) scale. We have only part the 1st before us, and shall certainly regret, if like many other appearances of utility, the rest of the earth be not completed. There was recently dropped, from the want of support, a very nice and clever publication, entitled "Outlines of Sculpture," which we lately noticed:—we wish our readers, who love sculpture and the arts, would kindly put forth a fostering hand—as the parties are all strangers to us—the publishers are in St. Martin's Court, but any bookseller would procure the work for inspection or approval by asking for "Outlines of Sculpture."

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 804.—*Dinner and Evening Dress.*  
*First Figure.* Dress of white crape or gauze over a pink satin under dress. Corsage tight and *à pointe*, with very deep draperies *à la Sévigné* (see plate), sleeves very short, the top or shoulder part set in fluted plaits, the remainder consists of a light drapery, full but very short, for it will be seen by the plate that it does not quite cover the elbow; it is cut in the form of the Venetian sleeve, and looped up in the front of the arm, displaying a short plain white satin sleeve underneath, finished with a *ruche* of blonde. The skirt of the dress, which is very full, is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce of white blonde, and is about two or three inches shorter than the pink satin skirt (see plate), and is looped up at the right side with a gold *agraffe*. A similar ornament retains the fullness of the drapery in the centre of the front of the corsage, and camcos ornament the sleeves and shoulders. The hair is in full and immensely long tufts of ringlets *à la muncini*, the back hair is dressed low, and retains a bunch of pink feathers which droop to the left side. Short white kid gloves, with a *ruche* of satin ribbon at top, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, gold neck-lace and cross.

*Second Figure.* Turban of straw colour gauze trimmed with silver lace, the ends falling to the left side, and a silver tassel towards the back at the right (see plate); the hair is in smooth bands brought low at the sides of the face, the ends braided and turned up; gold *féronnière*. Dress cloak of black satin, trimmed round the bottom with

a very deep lace. The cape, which is cut *en palatine*, is of rich blue satin figured, *broché*, or *damassé*, and trimmed with deep lace, the same as that on the bottom of the cloak. It does not come up high to the throat (see plate), and is fastened with a long blue silk cord and tassels. Black satin shoes; white kid gloves. The only part of the dress visible is a deep flounce of white lace.

No. 805.—*Walking and Carriage Costume.*  
 Hat of *gros bleu* satin. The front is very small, *très évassée*, and sits quite round to the face, nearly meeting under the chin, and the corners rounded off. A rich bunch of white feathers, tipped with blue, droops at the left side, and small half wreaths of roses are underneath the front. The dress is of pink *poux de soie*. Manteau of brown satin, wadded, and lined throughout with *gros bleu* silk. This cloak is cut like a loose wrapping gown, taken in at the waist to a *ceinture* (band), and has loose sleeves cut on the straight way of the material. The cape is cut out of a very large half square, rounded at the back (see plate), and the ends falling very low in front; it is caught up on the shoulders with long straps, and at the back is a capuchon or hood, finished at the lower corner by a silk tassel. *Les paremens* (facings) are of blue satin of the exact shade of the lining. Collar of *guipure* brooch, hair in bands, the ends braided and turned up; black shoes; pale yellow gloves.

The *Second Figure* gives the back of the manteau; it is made in merinos (pearl grey), with very light green lining. Pink satin hat.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, November 25, 1839.

*A la fin, ma chère ami*, I am happy to tell you that our gaieties are beginning. This dreary weather has driven all our *belle châtélaines* into Paris, so dame fashion has returned, and our *modistes* and *couturières* are as busy as possible with their new inventions. Amongst other novelties, black velvet corsages are coming in; they are worn with white skirts, and will soon be adopted with coloured crape, silk, or satin ones. They look very elegant I assure you, and I have seen some in preparation for orange, pink, and crimson satin skirts, which are to have flounces of black lace. I make no doubt that before the winter is over we shall see corsages of velvet and satin of every other colour besides black, and with white crape or

organdi skirts, trimmed with ribbons and flowers to match. One can scarcely see a prettier costume *de bal*, especially for the young and lovely who delight in the amusements of the ball-room. These corsages are all made *à pointe*, but the point is the slightest thing in the world: it does not reach one inch below the waist—of course you understand the corsage is quite plain and tight to the figure, and they are generally without the draperies. The dresses are worn *tres décolletée* (very low in the neck), at present, particularly in the back; indeed, some of our *élégantes* just now expose their backs and shoulders as much as it is possible to do. Let us hope that the English ladies will not adopt a fashion so little consistent with their native modesty. The sleeves are remarkably

short, reaching only a few inches below the shoulder, and then the gloves are so short, that they will only cover the wrists, so the entire arm is uncovered: this is very well when the arm is beautiful and the owner likes to show it, but unfortunately all our ladies are not gifted with sufficient discrimination to judge of their own beauty or want of beauty, and the consequence is, that for one pretty arm we see fifty yellow, boney, ill-turned members exposed to view, which, if slightly concealed by a light elegant drape, would have led us to believe that there was something lovely beneath. But to return to the form of the sleeves. The sleeves of these velvet corsages are perfectly plain and tight, with a cuff of *guipure* turned up half way over the sleeve: these are far more elegant and *distingué* than those with a quantity of full puffings and trimmings. In dinner dress, long full sleeves of white tulle, gauze, or crape, are joined on below, or rather beneath the short black one; these thin sleeves may be finished at the wrist by a black velvet *poignet*, or a wristband of itself covered with a bracelet. Do you comprehend that the white sleeve must not cover the black one, but merely commence where the other ends? Another fashion which will be *de rigueur* this winter is fur trimming. Flounces, except lace and blonde in full dress, are grown so common and vulgar, that no lady of *bon ton* will be seen with one now; therefore fur trimmings have replaced flounces in the *beau monde*. Marten will be worn on velvet morning dresses, and in full dress swansdown and chinchilla will be most in favour; indeed, nothing can be more elegant than three rows of either of the latter upon a *velours épinglé* or satin dress. Ermine for dark velvets in *grande toilette*, and marten for white satin. Velvet shawls are likewise to be trimmed with fur.

I need not repeat, that wadded silk and satin dresses, such as I described in my last, are daily becoming more necessary as the winter advances.

Black cashmere shawls, half squares, have replaced the light silk summer ones so much worn lately. The ground of these shawls is perfectly plain; they are wadded, and lined with coloured silk: orange, cherry colour, deep blue, or light green. A deep rich torse fringe of black silk goes round.

Short *pelisses*, something between a cloak and a shawl, are very fashionable; they are cut rather like a cloak on the crossway out of a half square, but are sufficiently sloped out at the neck to permit them to cross in front if necessary. The back corner is rounded, the front and ends like those of a shawl. They have either a small cape, or what is more fashionable, a *capuchon* or hood, not a pointed hood, like the *bermouss* cloaks, which I have already told you of, but very much in the style of the hoods belonging to the dress of

the capuchin friars, and which takes its name from that monastic garb.

Hats—Velvet hats are again in fashion; the prettiest are ornamented with black lace, which is very fashionable, and feathers; ribbon is seldom put on velvet bonnets at present, the bows, &c. being of velvet the same as the bonnet. The next fashionable material to velvet is *gros d'Afrique*, a rich satiny ribbed material, resembling *velours épinglé*; these hats are trimmed with handsome satin ribbon, and have either a plume of knotted feathers, or a bunch of velvet flowers on one side. The hats are worn very small; the fronts sit quite round to the face, and nearly meet under the chin; they are very much up in front; the crowns are small, and lay back as flat as possible on a line with the front. The ornaments underneath are velvet flowers. Turbans will be worn this winter. I send you the model of one of the most elegant that has appeared. Feathers are very generally worn by our nobility, both in hats and in full dress *coiffure*. Turbans, caps, half-caps, and dress hats, are all ornamented with frathers; *les plumes nouées* (knotted feathers), are the most fashionable; the ends are generally tipped with a different colour.

Flowers—The only flowers worn are those made of velvet, and some of them are very beautiful; mixed *bouquets* are those preferred.

Caps—The present fashion for caps is very pretty; the cauls are very small, and sit almost close to the head. The borders are very full and deep at the sides; they come very low, and are intermixed with small *bouquets* of velvet flowers; those called the bell borders are amongst the most fashionable; the ribbons for caps are of satin.

Hair—The present style of *coiffure* for the front hair, is either long ringlets in very full tufts, *à la mancini*, plain bands, or bands with the ends braided and turned up again. The back hair is worn so low behind that it touches the back of the neck, being coiled up in braids at the very roots of the hair. Sometimes it forms a figure of eight placed the cross way; at others the braids are twisted over each other, forming one large mass; pearls, or a gold chain are frequently twisted into these braids, and the feathers or flowers spring from this mass, and droop towards the left ear. *Féronnières* are still fashionable.

Colours—The prevailing colours for hats are limited to two shades at present—namely, *bleu de sèvres* and *gris perle*; for dresses, *bleu de sèvres*, pearl-grey, and light nut-brown. The *bleu de sèvres* is a very beautiful shade of deep blue, approaching to purple.

Now, *chérie*, I shall say farewell\* for this year.

*Aime-moi toujours,*

L. de F—.

[THE COURT



## THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

October 30.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, rode out on horseback in the Park in the afternoon, the Royal party at the castle riding out at the same time. H. S. H. the Prince Ernest was labouring under indisposition.

Nov. 1.—Windsor:—The Queen was present at the review of the 2nd regiment of Life Guards and the Rifle Corps in the Little Park. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were on horseback, attended by a numerous suite. Rain was frequently falling, and the weather was very unpropitious.

3.—(Sunday).—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, attended divine service in St. George's Chapel.

5.—Windsor:—Her Majesty and the Royal party did not take their usual ride.

6.—Windsor:—The Queen walked for some time on the terrace of the Castle, and also in the slopes. Her Majesty was attended by the ladies in waiting and several of the gentlemen of her suite.

7.—Windsor:—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge arrived on a visit to the Queen.

9.—Windsor:—The Queen, accompanied by Prince Ernest and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, rode out in the direction of Englefield Green. The Royal party returned home through the Park.

10.—(Sunday).—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Mother, the Princess Ernest and Albert of Saxe Coburg, attended divine service in St. George's Chapel.

11.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, viewed the inspection of the Rifle Brigade by Col. Brown, from the East Terrace. Prince Ernest and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, attended by Count Kalowrath and Baron Alvensleben, inspected the troops.

12.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, rode out on horseback during the afternoon through the long walk to the forest drives and the Green Park.

13.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, attended by several of the Royal visitors and suite, promenaded for some time on the East Terrace of the Castle and the Slopes.

14.—Windsor:—The Princess Ernest and Albert, attended by Lord Alfred Paget, querry to Her Majesty, Count Kalowrath and Baron Alvensleben, took their departure via Dover. Prince George of Cambridge landed in the afternoon from Rotterdam.

15.—Windsor:—The Queen held a Privy Council at Windsor Castle. The Earl of Errol kissed hands on being appointed Lord Steward

of Her Majesty's Household, and received his wand of office.

16.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by Viscount Ebrington, and attended by her usual suite, left the Castle at half past five o'clock in the afternoon for a ride in the Green Park.

17.—Sunday.—Windsor:—The Queen attended divine service at St. George's Chapel Royal.

18.—Windsor:—Their R. H. H. the Duke and Duchess, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge arrived at the Castle, and after lunching with Her Majesty, returned to Kew.

19.—Windsor:—Her Majesty did not quit the Castle during the day.

20.—Her Majesty, accompanied by her R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and attended by Lady Barham, arrived in town in the afternoon from Windsor Castle. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty shortly after her arrival.

21.—H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia Matilda, visited Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. Viscount Melbourne and Sir John Hobhouse had audiences of the Queen.

22.—The Princess Sophia visited Her Majesty. The Marquis of Normanby, Viscounts Ebrington and Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, had audiences of the Queen.

23.—The Queen held a Privy Council for the reception of Her Majesty's declaration on the subject of her intended marriage with his Serene Highness Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha. The Council was attended by

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.	Earl of Durham.
Abp. of Canterbury.	Earl Ripon.
Lord Chancellor.	Viscount Castlereagh.
Lord President.	Lord J. Russell.
Lord Privy Seal.	Viscount Strangford.
Duke of Norfolk.	Viscount Palmerston.
Duke of Devonshire.	Viscount Melbourne.
Duke of Montrose.	Viscount Bessford.
Duke of Wellington.	Viscount Ebrington.
Marquis of Salisbury.	Lord Burghersh.
Marquis of Anglesey.	Bishop of London.
Marquis of Normanby.	Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.
Lord Chamberlain.	Lord Holland.
Earl of Surrey.	Lord Ellenborough.
Earl of Albemarle.	Lord Hill.
Earl of Jersey.	Lord Bexley.
Earl of Errol.	Lord Bloomfield.
Earl of Tankerville.	Lord Wharcliffe.
Earl Minto.	Lord Lyndhurst.
Earl Howe.	Lord Cowley.
Earl Amherst.	Lord Wynford.

Lord Brougham.  
Lord Ashburton.  
Lord Hatherton.  
Lord Langdale.  
Lord Montague.  
The Speaker.  
Hon. T. P. Courtenay.  
Hon. H. Pierrepont.  
Sir Robert Peel, Bt.  
Sir Gore Ouseley, Bt.  
Henry Goulburn.  
Ld. Ch. Justice Tindal.  
Sir W. Alexander.  
Sir George Cockburn.  
Mr. S. Lushington.  
Mr. Herries.  
Mr. Vice-Chancellor.  
Sir George Murray.  
Sir Henry Hardinge.  
Sir Robert Adair.

Sir Brook Taylor.  
Hon. T. Erskine.  
Sir E. H. East, Bt.  
Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bt.  
Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt.  
Edward Ellice.  
Mr. Baron Parke.  
Sir A. Johnston.  
Mr. Justice Bosanquet.  
Sir E. Knatchbull, Bt.  
Mr. Plant.  
Mr. William Peel.  
Mr. Lalouchere.  
Hon. George S. Byng.  
Dr. Lushington.  
Sir George Grey, Bt.  
Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.  
and  
Mr. Macaulay.

all of whom — with very few exceptions — appeared in naval, military, or official costumes, the members of orders of knighthood wearing their respective ensigns. When the Council had assembled, the Queen entered the chamber from an ante-room. Her Majesty retired after reading the following declaration.

"I have caused you to be summoned at the present time in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people, and the happiness of my future life.

"It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interests of my country.

"I have thought fit to make this resolution known to you at the earliest period, in order that you may be fully apprised of a matter so highly important to me and to my kingdom, and which I persuade myself will be most acceptable to all my loving subjects."

Whereupon all the Privy Councillors present made it their humble request to Her Majesty that Her Majesty's most gracious declaration to them might be made public; which Her Majesty was pleased to order accordingly. C. C. GRAEVILLE.

In the afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, left town for Windsor Castle.

24.—(Sunday).—The Princess Augusta attended divine service during the morning, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

25.—Windsor:—Her Majesty did not take her usual equestrian exercise in the Park.

26.—Windsor:—Her Majesty promenaded for some time on the East Terrace of the Castle, attended by Lady Barham.

27.—Windsor:—H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester gave a *dejeuner* and ball at Glou-

cester House to a large party of the juvenile nobility and gentry on the occasion of the birth-day of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, when H. R. H. completed her 16th year.

#### WALKS, RIDES AND DRIVES, &c.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Nov. 10, 11, 20.  
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Nov. 12.  
H. S. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Nov. 8, 12.  
Viscount Melbourne, Oct. 30. Nov. 11.  
Lady Charlotte Dundas, Oct. 30. Nov. 11, 12.  
Hon. Major Keppel, Nov. 12.  
Baroness Lehzen, Oct. 30. Nov. 12.  
Miss Quentlin, Oct. 30. Nov. 12.  
Sir G. Quentlin, Nov. 12.  
Hon. Miss Cocks, Nov. 11.  
Sir W. Lumley, Nov. 12.  
Hon. Col. Grey, Oct. 30.  
Hon. Mrs. Grey, Oct. 30.  
Count Kalowarth, Nov. 1.  
Baron Alvensleben, Nov. 12.  
Lady Caroline Barrington, Nov. 11.  
Sir H. Seymour, Oct. 30.  
Dow. Lady Lyttelton, Nov. 11.  
Visct. Torrington, Nov. 11, 12.  
Hon. Miss Murray, No. 12.  
Marquis of Headfort, Nov. 12.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

T. R. S. H. H. Duke and Duch. Cambridge, Nov. 7, 8.  
Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Nov. 7, 8.  
Princess Mary of Cambridge, Nov. 8.  
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Nov. 1, 7, 8, 12, 17, 20, 26.  
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Nov. 7, 8, 19.  
H. S. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Nov. 7, 8, 12.  
Count Albert Esterhazy, Nov. 7, 8.  
Viscount Melbourne, Nov. 7, 8, 1, 13, 17, 20, 22, 28.  
Viscount Palmerston, Nov. 7, 8, 12, 17.  
Sir John Hobhouse, Nov. 22.  
Lady Charlotte Dundas, Nov. 1, 7, 8, 10, 12, 17.  
Baroness Lehzen, Nov. 7, 8, 10, 12, 17, 20, 26.  
Col. Armstrong, Nov. 26.  
Hon. Miss Cocks, Nov. 1, 3, 7, 8, 10, 12, 17, 20, 26.  
Hon. Major Keppel, Nov. 1, 7, 8, 10.  
Col. Wemyss, Nov. 17.  
Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Nov. 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 20, 21, 22.  
Earl and Countess Paget, Nov. 26.  
Ladies Eleanora and Constance Paget, Nov. 6, 7, 11, 12, 17, 26.  
Lady Fanny Howard, Nov. 17, 20, 26.  
Earl of Surrey, Nov. 25.  
Sir W. Lumley, Nov. 12, 17, 20.  
Hon. Col. Grey, Nov. 1.  
Hon. Mrs. Grey, Nov. 3.  
Hon. G. Byng, Nov. 20.  
Lord A. Paget, Nov. 7, 8, 10, 12, 17, 20, 26.  
Lady C. Barrington, Nov. 7, 8, 10.  
Baron Alvensleben, Nov. 7, 8, 10, 12.  
Count Kalowarth, Nov. 7, 8, 10, 12.  
Hon. C. A. Murray, Nov. 7, 8, 12, 17, 26.  
Lady Gardiner, Nov. 12, 17, 26.  
Dow. Lady Lyttelton, Nov. 1, 3, 8.

Dow. Countess and Lady F. Cowper, Nov. 3.  
 Lord G. Paget, Nov. 3, 26.\*  
 Miss Quentin, Nov. 1.  
 Visct. Torrington, Nov. 1, 7, 8, 10, 12.  
 Sir G. Quentin, Nov. 1.  
 Lady Seymour, Nov. 1.  
 Rev. D. Markham, Nov. 6.  
 Earl of Errol, Nov. 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 21, 22, 26.  
 Earl of March, Nov. 7, 8.  
 Lady Lyttleton, No. 7.  
 Miss Kerr, Nov. 7, 8.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Nov. 7, 8, 10, 12, 17, 20, 26.  
 Baron Knesbeck, Nov. 7, 8. r

Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Nov. 11, 12,  
 17, 20, 21, 26.  
 Lord and Lady Ashley, Nov. 11, 12.  
 Lady Barham, Nov. 12, 17, 26.  
 Lord Barham, Nov. 21.  
 Marquis of Headfort, Nov. 12, 17, 20.  
 Visct. Ebrington, Nov. 17.  
 Lord Clarence Paget, Nov. 21.  
 Rt. Hon. G. S. and Lady Agnes Byng, Nov.  
 21, 22.  
 Mr. Rich, Nov. 22.  
 Marquis of Anglesea, Nov. 25.  
 Sir Henry Wheatley, Nov. 28.

*The Family & Faith of H.S.H. Prince Albert.*  
 —The elder line of the house of Saxe-Coburg has continued faithfully attached to the Protestant religion from the Reformation, when its head, the Elector of Saxony, protected Luther. There have been in the family some apostacies, but they have never tainted the elder line, the line from which Prince Albert is descended. This will be seen by the following genealogical sketch, commencing with the last reigning Prince, Francis, before whose time the family had remained uniformly Protestant:—

#### SAXE COBURG GOTHA.

##### RELIGION—PROTESTANT.

##### REIGNING DUKE.

Ernest, born January 2, 1784, succeeded his father Francis, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld Coburg on December 9, 1806, in the duchy, created by the second convention at Paris, Prince Lichtenburg, and, by the convention of November 12, 1826, Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha. His Highness married July 31, 1817, Louisa, daughter of Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Gotha Altenburg (from whom he is separated), and has issue, Ernest, Hereditary Prince, born June 21, 1818; Albert, born August 26, 1819.

##### BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE DUKE.

Ferdinand George (Papist), born March 28, 1785, Lieutenant Field Marshal in the Austrian service, and *propriétaire* of the 8th Regiment of Hussars; married January 2, 1816, Maria, daughter of Prince Francis Joseph, of Kohary, born July 2, 1797, and has issue—

Ferdinand, born October 29, 1816; married to the Queen of Portugal.

Augustus, born June 13, 1818.

Leopold, born January 31, 1824.

Victoria, born February 14, 1822.

Leopold George, born December 16, 1799; espoused May 2, 1816, her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales, only daughter of His Majesty King George IV. of Great Britain and Ireland. The lamented Princess died November 6, 1817. —King of the Belgians.

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Sophia Frederica, born August 19, 1778; married February 22, 1834, to Count Emanuel de Mensdorf, Chamberlain to the Emperor, Major-General in the Austrian service, and Governor of the fortress of Mentz.

Juliana Henrietta, born September 23, 1781; married February 26, 1796, to the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, from whom her Highness was separated, Apr. 2, 1820.

Victoria Maria Louisa, born August 17, 1786; married December 21, 1803, to Enrich Charles Prince of Leiningen, by whom (who died July 14, 1814) she has issue:—

Charles Frederick, born September 15, 1804, present Prince Leiningen; married February 13, 1829, Maria, daughter of the late Count Maximilian of Klebelsburg.

Anne Feodorowna, born December 7, 1807; married February 8, 1828, to Ernest Christian Charles, present Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Her Highness espoused, secondly, July 11, 1818, his Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George III. of Great Britain, by whom (who died January 23, 1820), she has an only child Queen Alexandrina Victoria, born May 24, 1819.

##### MOTHER OF THE DUKE.

Duchess Dowager Augusta Carolina, daughter of Henry XXIV., Prince of Reuss • Ebersdorf, born January 19, 1757; married June 13, 1777.

It will be seen by this sketch that Ferdinand, the uncle of Prince Albert, and, let us add also, the uncle of Queen Victoria, was the first apostate of the family. His children were all educated Papists; the eldest of them is the husband of the Queen of Portugal. The motives of this unfortunate man's lapse may be collected from the fact, that he was a second brother of no very affluent house, and so slenderly provided with an income, that he was glad to accept of service in the Austrian army, in which he now holds the rank of Field Marshal, after long service; in 1816 he married the heiress

of the Polish Prince Francis Joseph Kohary, and upon his marriage was compelled to become a Papist by the terms of his marriage contract.

It is right that the British public should be informed upon this matter, because an opinion has gone abroad, that Prince Albert is the brother of the Queen of Portugal's husband, and therefore likely to be a Papist, or indifferent to religion; whereas he stands

in exactly the same degree of relationship to that Popish Prince with our own Queen, and is no more to be suspected of Popery in consequence of the apostacy of his cousin, or rather uncle (for the younger Ferdinand was always a Papist), than is her Majesty.

It is right always to remark, that the apostacy of the Field Marshal is not of very recent date; so that it cannot be justly referred to modern Liberalism,

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S O N N E T.

Sweet bird! it must be happy that it lends  
Such cadence to the air; perhaps it sings  
The countless beauties of created things,  
And that delightful melody transcends  
The eloquence of love to one who lends  
His soul to love's impassion'd utterings.  
'Tis Nature's minstrel then! and wildly flings  
It's musings forth, and many a whisper blends  
In concert with the music of that lay;  
For not in festive halls thou lovest to be;  
But where some gentle streamlet melts away,  
And hill and dale are thine, and thou art free!  
Where pride can never mock, nor pow'r decay—  
There is the bower of thy minstrelsy!

H. C.

## **General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.**

*Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.*

[In every case it would be well to furnish the number of the public register as well as the name of the church, chapel, or place where each particular ceremony is performed.]

### **BIRTHS.**

- Ackers, lady of James—, Esq., of a son; the Heath near Ludlow, Nov. 6.  
Alexander, lady of James—, Esq., of a daughter; Chelsea, Nov. 12.  
Ashwell, lady of William—, Esq., of twin daughters; Nov. 23.  
Atkins, lady of E. M—, Esq., of a daughter; Kingston, Nov. 11.  
Baskerville, lady of Henry—, Esq., of a son and heir; Cheltenham, Nov. 9.  
Barrow, lady of Charles —, Esq., of a son; Upper Clapton, Nov. 13.  
Baker, lady of W—, Esq., of a son; Porchester place, Connaught square, Nov. 20.  
Bainbridge, lady of John H—, Esq., of a daughter; Black Rock, near Cork, Oct. 31.  
Bourne, lady of J. G. H—, Esq., Chief Justice of Newfoundland, of a son; St. John's. Sept. 22.
- Bonar, lady of Andrew—, Esq., of a daughter; Chester terrace, Regent's Park, Nov. 2.  
Brooke, lady of Robert—, Esq., of a son; Bath, Nov. 24.  
Bright, lady of James—, Esq., of a son; Wimbledon, Nov. 22.  
Bridgeman, lady of the Hon. and Rev. Henry —, of a daughter; at Frankfort.  
Bunbury, lady of R. H—, Esq., *R.N.*, of a son; Malta, Oct. 8.  
Carnell, lady of Thomas—, Esq., of a daughter; Seven Oaks, Oct. 31.  
Carter, lady of W—, Esq., of a daughter; Kingston-on Thames, Nov. 4.  
Chapman, lady of Capt. Allred—, of a daughter; Bayswater, Nov. 11.  
Clark, lady of W—, Esq., of Cliffe-house, Yorkshire, of a son; Walworth, Nov. 16.  
Close, lady of the Rev. R. W—, of Woodhouse Eves, Leicestershire, of a son; Nov. 7.

[THE COURT

*Court Magazine Advertising Sheet, for November, 1839.*

Colchester, Lady, of a daughter (still born); Kidbrooke, Sussex, Nov. 18.  
 Corbett, Mrs. A., of a daughter; South Wellingham Rectory, Lincolnshire, Oct. 30.  
 Cowburn, lady of W——, Esq., of a son; Sydenham.  
 Cox, lady of George H. R., of a son; Spondon, Derbyshire, Nov. 15.  
 Cruikshank, lady of Major, of a son; Croydon, Nov. 9.  
 Eckley, lady of J. E——, Esq., of a daughter; Credenhill Court, Herefordshire, Nov. 24.  
 Fielder, lady of J. N——, Esq., of a daughter; Chertsey, Nov. 17.  
 Freeling, Lady, of a son; Connaught place, Nov. 12.  
 Gascoigne, lady of Lieut. Colonel——, of a daughter; Dale Park, Sussex, Nov. 4.  
 Gilliat, lady of John K——, Esq., of a son; Clapham Common, Nov. 9.  
 Glyn, lady of George Carr——, Esq., of a son; Mitrehere, Nov. 20.  
 Graham, lady of William——, Esq., of a daughter; Rome.  
 Hall, lady of Ambrose W——, Esq., of a daughter; Cambridge, Nov. 8.  
 Hankey, Mrs. Stephen A., of a son; Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, Nov. 21.  
 Hodgson, lady of John——, Esq., of a son; South Lambeth, Nov. 22.  
 Horne, lady of James Thomas——, Esq., of a son; Wilton Crescent, Nov. 4.  
 Hunter, lady of Walter J——, Esq., Bonbay C. S., of a daughter; Edinburgh, Nov. 20.  
 Hunt, lady of Robert H. C——, Esq., of a daughter; Nottingham-place, Nov. 11.  
 Kirby, lady of George G. K——, Esq., of a daughter; Hammersmith, Nov. 13.  
 Lawrence, Mrs., of Ealing Park, of a daughter; Nov. 1.  
 Liddle, lady of George——, Esq., Princes street, of a son; Nov. 3.  
 Lovell, lady of Edwin——, Esq., of a son; Dinder, Somerset, Nov. 14.  
 Mangles, lady of Ross D——, Esq., of a daughter; Upper Wimpole street, Nov. 20.  
 Marshall, lady of Mr. Richard——, jun., of Stationers-hall-court, London, of a daughter; on board the Duke of Argyll, in the Bay of Biscay, Sept. 18.  
 M'Neill, lady of Alex.——, Esq., jun., of a son; Edinburgh, Nov. 15.  
 Mildred, lady of Daniel——, Esq., of a daughter (still born); Woodford, Essex, Nov. 7.  
 Mills, lady of John——, Esq., of a son; Salisbury, Nov. 17.  
 Moore, lady of George Augustus——, of a son; Brighton, Nov. 10.  
 Nutt, lady of Major——, of a daughter; Frankfort on the Maine, Oct. 29.  
 Oakes, lady of Lieut. Col., of a son; Horstanton, Norfolk, Nov. 2.  
 Pattison, lady of Jacob H——, Esq., of a daughter; Witham, Essex, Nov. 19.  
 Pearson, lady of Robert Henry——, Esq., of a son; Brompton, Nov. 1.  
 Penfold, lady of Thos. Edward——, Esq., of a son; Harpur-street, Nov. 10.  
 Phillips, lady of Charles——, Esq., of a daughter; Camberwell-grove, Nov. 16.  
 Phillott, lady of Arthur——, Esq., of a daughter; Bedford-street, Bedford-square, Nov. 2.

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Pilcher, lady of John G——, Esq., of a daughter; Stockwell Park, Oct. 30.  
 Pringle, lady of Mark——, Esq., of a son Oakendean, Nov. 8.  
 Rudge, lady of Edward John——, Esq., of a son; Upper Harley-street, Nov. 26.  
 Scarlett, lady of J. W——, Esq., of a son; Rome, Oct. 19.  
 Sheaffe, lady of Lieut., of a daughter; Sydney, March 16.  
 Shirley, lady of Henry——, Esq., of a son; Ham Court, Worcestershire, Oct. 27.  
 Stedman, lady of Chas. Henry——, Esq., of a son; Watford, Herts. Nov. 13.  
 Story, lady of A. B——, Esq., of a daughter; Charlotte-street, Grosvenor-square, Nov. 5.  
 Stow, lady of S. B——, Esq., of a daughter; Blackheath, Nov. 23.  
 Tabor, lady of J. A——, Esq., of a daughter; Colchester, Nov. 12.  
 Thomson, widow of the late Andrew Henry Poulett T——, Esq., of a son; East Sheen, Nov. 11.  
 Vericas, lady of R. A——, Esq., of a son; Burton Crescent, Nov. 18.  
 Wallinger, lady of Arnold——, Esq., of a daughter; Torrington-square, Nov. 13.  
 Watson, lady of J. B——, Esq., of a son; Manchester-street, Manchester-square, Nov. 1.  
 Wells, lady of T. W——, Esq., of a daughter; Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Nov. 18.  
 Weyer, Van de, lady of the Belgian minister, of a son; Portland-place, Nov. 20.  
 Wilson, lady of Alfred——, Esq., of a daughter; Stamford Hill, Nov. 4.  
 Woodman, lady of Joseph——, Esq., of a daughter; Leighton, Nov. 17.  
 Zinzau, lady of Robert——, Esq., of a son; Edmonton, Nov. 6.

MARRIAGES.

Anderson, Mary G., *eld. d.* of the late Patrick——, Esq., to Capt. Henry V. Glegg, E. I. Company's Service; Arbroath, Nov. 16.  
 Armstrong, Sarah Anne, *eld. d.* of the late Dr.——, of Russell-square, to the Rev. Henry Rawlinson, of Symondsbury, Dorset; Durham, Nov. 21.  
 Barham, Mary, *d.* of the late Joseph——, Esq., and lady Caroline Barham, niece of the Earl of Thanet, to Gustavo Gaggiotti, Esq.; St. George's, Hanover-square, Nov. 20.  
 Bishop, Anna, *d.* of the late William——, Esq., Regent's-park, to William Balfour, Esq.; Kernal, E. I.  
 Chalklin, Margaret F. M., *d.* of the late W.——, Esq., to F. W. Willesford, Esq., of Sloane-street; Islington, Nov. 5.  
 Chaplin, Mary, *2nd d.* of the late John——, Esq., to C. W. Wellsher, Esq.; Saffron Waldron, Oct. 29.  
 Coleman, Catherine, *only d.* of Thomas——, Esq., to I. Sidebottom, Esq.; Camberwell, Nov. 14.  
 Cox, Frances, *2nd d.* of John——, Esq., of Philadelphia, to General I. P. Henderson, Minister from Texas; St. George's, Hanover-square, Oct. 30.  
 Conyers, Charlotte Elizabeth, *2nd d.* of Henry John——, Esq., of Copped-hall, Essex, to Richard J. Eaton, Esq., M.P.; Epping Church, Nov. 26.



## *Births, Marriages, and Deaths;*

Davis, Fanny, *widow* of the late J. H. —, Esq., of Salisbury, to James W. Thomas, Esq.; Stroud, Oct. 31.

Davies, Ann, *y. d.* of Robert —, Esq., to John Meek Britten, Esq., of Clapham-common, Nov. 8.

Delight, Frances, *eld. d.* of E. —, Esq., to Henry Belfield, Esq., of Notting-hill; Teddington, Nov. 20.

Dean, Emma, *y. d.* of J. —, Esq., of Tottenham, to G. W. Rider, Esq.; Kennington, Nov. 27.

Dickens, Francis Eleanora, *2nd d.* of Thomas —, Esq., of Kilburn Priory, to G. Pollexfen, Esq.; Bombay, Oct. 3.

Dougan, Rosalie Adelaide, *y. d.* of the late John —, Esq., to G. R. Nixon, Esq.; Pinner, Middlesex, Sept. 21.

Ease, Catherina Elizabeth, *y. d.* of the late Frederick —, Esq., to William Vickers, Esq.; *St. Pancras Church*, Nov. 2.

Edwards, Selina, *eld. d.* of Thomas H. —, Esq., to Lewis G. Hamilton, Esq., of the island of Teneriffe; Madeira, Oct. 21.

Fairfax, Miss, of Peckham, to the Rev. W. R. Sims, Rector of West Bergholt; Camberwell, Nov. 12.

Grant, Jane, *eld. d.* of J. M. —, Esq., to W. Unwin, Esq.; Gleninoveston, Oct. 29.

Graves, Sophia Elizabeth, *eld. d.* of G. L. —, Esq., Gibson's-square, to Thomas Henry Elam, Esq., of Leicester-square; Islington, Nov. 23.

Hadden, Emma Susannah, *eld. d.* of G. —, Esq., to Frederick Engelhardt, Esq., of Clapton; Herne, Kent, Nov. 21.

Horneman, Louisa Adelaide, *2nd d.* of the late H. F. —, Esq., to John Brown, Esq., of Blackheath-park; Islington, Nov. 16.

Hunt, Mary, *eld. d.* of the late Mr. H. —, of Aylesbury, to Richard Rowland, Esq., of Cresslow, Bucks; Aylesbury, Nov. 21.

Jackson, Eliza Sykes, *3d d.* of the late William —, Esq., to Nicholas Lychyer, Esq., of Plymouth; Marlborough, Devon, Nov. 21.

Kemphorne, Charlotte, *3d d.* of the late James —, Esq., to Capt. H. H. Watts; Bodmin, Sept. 24.

Lansley, Eliza M., *eld. d.* of the late Major —, to Henry Penton, Esq.; Thurles, Oct. 21.

Lardner, Angela H., *d.* of James —, Esq., to Henry R. Dennys, 20th Regiment Bengal Infantry; *St. Olave's*, Nov. 19.

Lumb, Harriet, *only d.* of William —, Esq., Meadow-house, near Whitehaven, to the Rev. S. Key, of Water-Fulford, Yorkshire; Nov. 20.

Lewis, Sarah Ann, *y. d.* of W. H. —, Esq., of Hackney, to T. S. Laurence, Esq.; Bethnal-green, Nov. 27.

Lynd, Grace B. W., *2nd d.* of the late Charles —, Esq., county Tyrone, to the Rev. Arthur Buller; Old Melverton, Warwickshire, Nov. 11.

Magill, Margaret, *relict* of the late James —, Esq., to Lieut. D'Oyley William Battley; Dublin, Oct. 28.

Morewood, Rosalinda, *d.* of Samuel —, Esq., of Dublin, to Henry C. Faulkner, Esq.; Hoxton, Nov. 4.

Montefiore, Sarah, *d.* of the late Joseph —, Esq., to M. A. Goldsmid, Esq., of Glo'ster-place; at Kennington.

Marson, Louisa Sarah, *y. d.* of the late T. W. —, Esq., of Newington, Surrey, to the Rev. Henry Palmer, *St. James's-square*, Westminster; Nov. 14.

Moore, Eliza Mary, *d.* of Col. William —, to Frederick Broughton, Esq., of the Wands-worth-road; Nov. 21.

Neil, Helen R., *3d d.* of Geo. —, Esq., to John Batchart, Esq., Surgeon; Borrowfield, near Montrose, Nov. 5.

Onions, Caroline, *y. d.* of the late John —, Esq., to Mr. W. Stapley; Tonbridge Wells, Oct. 18.

Payne, Ann Jane, *eld. d.* of Randolph —, Esq., of Wandsworth, to the Rev. Edward Geare, of Exeter; Battersea, Nov. 26.

Powis, Amelia T., *only d.* of J. W. —, Esq., of Bootle, near Liverpool, to Geo. Wheeler, Esq., of Harley-place; *St. Pancras*, Nov. 15.

Present, Sarah Elizabeth, *eld. d.* of the late Capt. —, to Major-General Cleland; *St. Marylebone*, Oct. 21.

Rumhall, Frances Charlotte, *eld. d.* of the late Thomas —, Esq., of Bushy, Herts, to the Rev. R. C. Dillon, D.D.; *St. George's*, Hanover-square, Nov. 26.

Russell, Charlotte Leonora, *eld. d.* of the late Col. —, to the Rev. Richard Croft; *St. Marylebone*, Oct. 15.

Scollick, Sarah, *2d d.* of Jonathan —, Esq., to William Gosling, Esq.; Battersea, Nov. 7.

Silver, Fanny, *eld. d.* of S. W. —, Esq., to Frank, Hockin, Esq., of Hartland-quay, Devon; *Marylebone*, Nov. 21.

Teneh, Lydia, *d.* of R. —, Esq., to T. Lloyd, Esq., M.D., of Ludlow, Salop; Woolton-hill, Nov. 14.

Trevclan, Susanna, *y. d.* of the late W. —, Esq., to John Dangerfield, Esq.; Brompton, August 30.

Veitch, Sarah A., *d.* of Henry —, Esq., of Madeira, to Capt. Vedal, *R. N.*; Bromley, in Kent.

Wall, Harriet Mary, *eld. d.* of the late John —, Esq., to George H. Lake, Esq., Keppel-street, Russell-square; *St. Pancras*, Nov. 9.

Willan, Christiana Isabella, *eld. d.* of the late J. K. D. —, Esq., of Twyford Abbey, to Walter Richard Barnes, Esq., only son of Mr. and Lady Barnes; *Isle of Wight*, Nov. 12.

Wynne, Mary, *only child* of Major M. —, of Egarth-house, Denbighshire, to James Goodrich, Esq.; Oct. 30.

Wyatt, Anne Elizabeth, *2d d.* of the late Thomas —, Esq., of East Barnett, Herts, to George Henry Woodward, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law; Brighton, Nov. 27.

## DEATHS.

Allardyce, Alexander, Esq.; Cochin, July 18.

Allen, Cassandra, *widow* of the late F. A. —, Esq., of Soho-square, aged 80; Haverstock-hill, November 15.

Andrews, Mrs., *relict* of the late Rev. James A. —, L. L. D., F. R. S.; Minto-street, Edinburgh, November 8.

Arrogave, Anselmo Terry, son of Senór Don Anselmode Arroyave, of 42, Tavistock-square, aged 11 months; Oct. 23, buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

Ashe, Rev. Edward, A.M., rector of Harn-hill; Madeira, November 14.

Dixon, Anne Maria 35, York-square, Regent's-park, aged 40, wife of John Dixon, Esq., of Bardon, near Leyburn, Yorkshire; Oct. 17 buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Balmanno, Alexander, Esq., aged 76; Notting-hill, November 14.  
 Barclay, Sir Robert, bart.; at Moka, Mauri-tius, August 14.  
 Barclay, William, Esq., formerly of Leicester-square, aged 79; November 5.  
 Barter, Elizabeth, relict of the late Benjamin B. —, Esq., aged 73; Clifton, Bristol, November 18.  
 Boyley, Hannah, wife of William B. —, Esq.; Shrewsbury, November 14.  
 Beadnell, Lieutenant Alfred; Secunderabad, August 8.  
 Beckett, Charles, Esq., aged 71; Brighton, Nov. 15.  
 Bell, Anna Elizabeth, relict of the late G. B. —, Esq., aged 74; Stratford-green, Nov. 14.  
 Beech, Sarah, relict of the late John B. —, Esq., aged 78; Chelsea, Nov. 16.  
 Bevan, Sarah, relict of John —, Esq., aged 86; Epsom, Nov. 14.  
 Bloomfield, Eliza, wife of Horatio —, Esq.; Poplar, Nov. 19.  
 Bolton, Georgiana Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Captain George —; Ashstead, Nov. 11.  
 Boteler, Charlotte, wife of William F. —, Esq., Queen's Counsel, aged 57; Eastry, Kent, Nov. 18.  
 Broadfoot, Helen, relict of the late Rev. Wil-liam —; Myddleton-square, Nov. 20.  
 Brown, Bartholomew, Esq., aged 66; Colches-ter, Nov. 13.  
 Burnell, Mrs., wife of Richard —, Esq.; Clapham, Surrey, Nov. 16.  
 Bullock, Lieutenant Robert, 44th N. I.; Bel-lary, August 20.  
 Burnes, Harriet, daughter of David —, Esq., surgeon, &c.; Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square, Nov. 27.  
 Calder, Sophia, daughter of the late Alexan-der —, Esq.; Windsor, Nov. 15.  
 Carnaby, Dr. William, aged 67; Middlesex-place, Nov. 7.  
 Churchill, Harriet Ann, widow of the late Major-General Horace —; Genoa, Oct. 31.  
 Clayton, Richard Walker, Esq., son of the late Admiral —; Camberwell, Nov. 2.  
 Cliffe, Anne F., only child of E. H. —, Esq., Sidney; Alberton, Essex, November 14.  
 Cockledge, Joseph, Esq., aged 50; Kensington, Nov. 22.  
 Collins, James, Esq.; Stamford-hill, Nov. 5.  
 Drew, Isabella, only daughter of the late James —, Esq.; Clifton, Gloucestershire, Nov. 2.  
 Duncan, Mary, relict of the late Charles —, Esq.; Greenwich, Nov. 18.  
 Dyne, Maria, wife of the Rev. John B. —; Highgate, Nov. 16.  
 Edwin, son of B. R. Faulkner, Esq., of 23, Newnan-street, Oxford-street, aged 18; Nov. 6.  
 Ellis, Sir William Charles, M.D.; Southall-park, October 24.  
 Fryer, Elizabeth, widow of the late William —, Esq., aged 69; Wimborne, Dorset, Nov. 16.

Ford, Margaret, relict of John —, Esq.; Bath, Nov. 11.  
 Galloway, Elizabeth, relict of James —, Esq., aged 72; Nov. 6.  
 Garrett, Daniel, Esq., aged 74; Dawlish, Nov. 3.  
 Geldart, Rev. James, L.L.D., aged 79 rector of Kirk-deighton; Yorkshire, Nov. 12.  
 Goldschmidt, Mrs. A., relict of the late L. A. —, Esq.; Paris, Nov. 5.  
 Gordon, Sir Frances, bart., aged 76; Lismorc, Aberdeenshire, Nov. 9.  
 Gunston, George W., Esq., aged 52; Gravesend, Nov. 18.  
 Gordon, William, Esq., aged 67; Aberdour, Nov. 11.  
 Gooch, Richard, third son of Thomas —, Esq.; Stockwell, Nov. 10.  
 Hales, William, Esq., aged 85; Camberwell, Nov. 19.  
 Hauken, George, Esq., aged 81; Lausanne, Nov. 3.  
 Hanson, John, Esq., aged 80; Russell-square, Nov. 22.  
 Harriott, William Henry, Esq., Sussex-place, Regent's-park, suddenly; Nov. 4.  
 Hawes, John Daniel Esq., 78, Brook-street, aged 38; Nov. 7, buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Hele, The Rev. Robert H. S., rector of Bride, Sussex, aged 85; Hastings, Nov. 18.  
 Hill, Eliza, wife of Arthur —, Esq.; Bruce Castle, Tottenham, Nov. 15.  
 Hill, Mrs., Ellen Tilt, Bruce Castle, Totten-ham, aged 33; Nov. 15, buried in the *High-gate Cemetery*.  
 Hinton, Archibald K., Esq.; Bath, Nov. 14.  
 Hertslet, Anna Maria Elizabeth, daughter of Charles —, Esq., aged 15; Norfolk-street, Strand, Nov. 9.  
 Hogg, Agnes, wife of Major-General, W. —, deeply lamented, aged 39; Wimbledon, Nov. 5.  
 Hoggart, Mary, relict of the late Robert —, Esq., aged 90; Brighton, Nov. 26.  
 Hubbard, Thomas, Esq.; Woodside, near Liv-erpool, Nov. 11.  
 Hughes, Louisa Berthia, daughter of the late William —, Esq.; Seven Oaks, Nov. 11.  
 Hutchinson, Joshua, Esq., aged 75; Highbury-park, Nov. 19.  
 Jones, Emily, eldest daughter of the late Tho-mas —, Esq., of Temple Cloud, Somerset; Greenwich, Nov. 25.  
 Kilgour, George, Esq., aged 73; Woburn-place, Nov. 13.  
 Keith, George, Esq., aged 78; Alfred-place, Bedford-square, Nov. 8.  
 Kilcour, George, Esq., 25, Woburn-place, Rus-sell-square, aged 72; Nov. 13, buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Lacy, James, Esq.; Laverstock, near Salisbury, Nov. 7.  
 Lebb, Sarah, wife of William —, Esq.; Al-dersgate-street, Nov. 18.  
 Lempriere, John, Esq., aged 81; Kensington, Nov. 24.  
 Maclean, Mrs., relict of the late John —, Esq., aged 83; Cheltenham, Nov. 18.  
 Malthy, Eleanor, daughter of the late Thomas —, Esq., of Upper Harley-street; St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Nov. 21.

## *Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Court Magazine.*

- Mehiux, John, Esq., aged 90; Hans'-place, Nov. 4.
- Mildred, Emily, wife of Daniel —, Esq.; Woodford, Essex, Nov. 12.
- Mills, Sarah, widow of the late Thomas —, Esq., aged 75; Euston-square, Nov. 10.
- Milman, Elizabeth H., daughter of Sir William —, bart., aged 18; Pinner-grove, Nov. 4.
- Moore, John, Esq., aged 42; Calcutta, Sept. 11.
- Mourgue, Letitia R., at the residence of her son-in-law, John Charles Constable, Esq., aged 87; Oak-house, Battersea, Nov. 21.
- Murray, Mrs., Mary, Hampstead-road, aged 68, niece of the late Dr. Disney, of Hyde, Inglestone, Essex; buried in November in the *Highgate Cemetery*.
- Parker, Henrietta, wife of Thomas A. W. —, Esq., M.P. for Oxfordshire, of inflammatory fever, aged 21, four months after her marriage; Woodstock, Nov. 19.
- Percy, Sarah, daughter of the late Rev. Joseph —, of Woolwich, Oct. 30.
- Phelps, Edward B., second son of Charles —, Esq., aged 18; Briggins Park, Herts, Nov. 7.
- Phillips, Captain Charles, R.N., near Haverford West; Oct. 21.
- Powell, John F., Esq., aged 68; Bedford, Nov. 9.
- Prendergast, lady of Thomas —, Esq., Madras Civil Service; Edinburgh, Nov. 15.
- Pruen, Ashmead, Esq., Coroner; Madras, lately.
- Remnant, James, Esq., aged 68; Hampstead, Nov. 9.
- Rickards, Eleanor, relict of the late George —, Esq.; Piccadilly, November 26.
- Ricardo, Mrs., daughter of the late David —, Esq., M.P.; Edgeware-road, Nov. 16.
- Roberts, Edward Thomas, son of Colonel —, R.A., aged 19; on board the ship Maitland, on his passage home.
- Robinson, Fanny, third daughter of W. S. —, Esq.; Croydon, Nov. 18.
- Rooper, Caroline, wife of the Rev. W. H. —, M.A., aged 30; Abbot's Repton Rectory, Hunts., Nov. 10.
- Thompson, Thomas, Esq., aged 60, of the Inner Temple; Nov. 16.
- Samuel, Moses, Esq., late of the city of Bath, aged 98; Canonbury, Oct. 31.
- Scott, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas —, Esq.; Branton, near Barnstaple, Devon, Nov. 3.
- Simpson, Captain Edward; Kamptec, July 30.
- Smith, Major Lewis, formerly of the Madras Establishment, aged 56; Upper Woburn-place, Nov. 21.
- Smith, Stephen James, Esq., aged 69; Hors-ham, Nov. 18.
- Smith, Joshua S. S., Esq., aged 77; Bayswater, Nov. 17.
- Smythe, J. G., 27th N. I.; Ellore, July 24.
- Smythe, Lieutenant-Colonel E. L., 17th L. C.; Madras, August 17.
- Smythe, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Lloyd, having served in the Madras Cavalry for thirty-six years; Madras, August 15.
- Soames, Henry, Esq., aged 73, at his son's house; Clapton, Nov. 13.
- Soper, William, Esq., aged 85; Nov. 7; and on the 10th his Widow, aged 79, having only survived her husband sixty-three hours; Rotherhithe.
- Spitta, Catherine, only surviving daughter of the late Charles L. —, Esq.; Clapham, Nov. 25.
- Statham, Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of the Rev. S. F. —, aged 18; Harrow, Nov. 8.
- Stanbrough, Elizabeth, relict of William —, Esq., aged 84; Isleworth, Nov. 11.
- Stewart, Robert, Esq., late of Calcutta; Brompton-square, Nov. 21.
- Steward, Catherine, wife of S. E. —, Esq., of Leamington Spa; Rotterdam, Nov. 19.
- Straight, M. C. V., wife of K. M. —, Esq., of Great James-street, Bedford-row, aged 18; Shawford, Somerset, Nov. 3.
- Stewart, Eliza Mary, youngest daughter of the late Sir Michael —, bart.; Argowan, Nov. 3.
- Stubbs, George, Esq., on his passage from Calcutta, aged 27; May 20.
- Sullivan, Right Honourable John, aged 91; Riching's Lodge, Colnbrook; Oct. 31.
- Swayne, Robert, Esq., aged 43; Liverpool, Nov. 14.
- Twigg, Mrs. Jane, relict of the Rev. Thomas —, vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street; Nov. 17.
- Thompson, Maynard Eliza, wife of James —, Esq., aged 28; Southwark-street, Nov. 8.
- Trotter, Adam, Esq., aged 59; Ramsgate, Nov. 8.
- Watson, Henry, Esq.; Barnes Common, Nov. 23.
- Wilson, F. B., relict of the late Alexander —, Esq.; Ramsgate, Oct. 28.
- Worthington, Hugo, Esq., aged 61; Altrincham, Cheshire, Nov. 7.
- Wormsley, Francis, wife of W. H. — Esq.; Arcot, July 18.
- Watson, John, Esq., aged 71; Twickenham, Nov. 17.
- Welsh, wife of Major-General James —; Waltair, E.I. July 24.
- Welsh, Sarah, wife of Major-General —, aged 61; Waltaine, E. I., July 24.
- Weybridge, Mrs., relict of the late Rev. Francis —, aged 88; Kensington, Nov. 24.
- Willins, Lieutenant H. I., 30th N. I.; Tanjore, July 31.
- Yates, Frederick, only child of Frederick —, Esq., aged 4 years; Westminster, Nov. 13.

### SCALE OF CHARGES FOR EACH INSERTION.

- For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines..... Three Shillings.  
 For a Birth or Death not exceeding Three Lines..... Two Shillings.  
 For Monumental Inscriptions, each Line..... Sixpence.

[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 52, Princes-street, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan-street, Glasgow; Mrs. Meyler, Abbey-Churchyard, Bath; No. 61, Boulevard St. Martin, Paris; Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta; and could be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom.

Reckless of consequences, and still bent upon discovering the hidden treasure, crossing the Elicona, he once again entered the well-known path, and following it in its windings, in a short time he reached the spot which had brought upon him such great calamity; there, however, he saw only a pool, wherein, instead of the sought-for treasures, "he beheld only the golden images of the stars, and crossing the stream in despair, he sat down until day-break, tossing about the mould and rock here and there with his staff, when suddenly its point stuck fast in something.

"Stooping down to ascertain the cause, he discovered a small metal ring, at the sight of which all his former hopes instantaneously revived. First looking around to observe whether he was again watched, he hastily cleared away the mud with his hands and saw before him the top of an iron chest. It was fast locked, but with one of the pick-axes which he found in the grass where he and his companions had left them, he at length burst it open, and behold it was filled with gold. Not one piece, however, did Teodulo appropriate to himself. He closed the lid, covered it over with mud and weeds, and returning in the evening to the village, revealed the fact to his companions. They were easily persuaded to set the law once more at defiance, and in the course of that night the contents of the chest fairly divided, were deposited in the cottages of Teodulo and his friends. It will readily be imagined that no obstacle to Teodulo's union with Angelica now remained. His marriage was immediately solemnized, upon which the humble fisherman was transformed into a landed proprietor, and took up his quarters in the aristocratic domicile of Messer Marco Petronelli.

"Five or six years after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, I passed a few days with my friend Salter at San Felice, on our way from Palermo to Messina. Being both great admirers of Catholic churches—of the treasures of art they contain, and still more of the laudable spirit that keeps them open at all hours to the devotion and piety of the natives and strangers, we strolled up early in the morning to the romantic little hill on which the shrine of San Felice is situated. On approaching the edifice, we overtook a gentleman who appeared to be proceeding thither on the same errand as ourselves. Having crossed the churchyard, we beheld, on turning round a projecting buttress, a sight far transcending the merits of any picture in Sicily. It was a mother with her two children, who having been paying her devotions at the shrine of the Virgin, was now issuing forth into the morning air,

her heart filled with love and holy joy, and her face beaming brightly with maternal tenderness. Her eldest child, pressing close to her side on the right hand, pulled sportively at the end of her kerchief. The younger, a lovely boy of about two years old, was seated on her left shoulder, and had evidently been playing with the tangles of her hair. Upon him the mother's eyes were bent upwards with a look of inexpressible love. Her fair neck and exquisite countenance were lighted up with the beams of the morning sun, while a black cross, the symbol of her faith, hung suspended from her bosom. My friend, passionately admiring whatever is beautiful, exclaimed, 'Would to Heaven I might be permitted to sketch the lady as she stands!' The stranger, who was within hearing, turned round sharply, and eyeing us from head to foot, observed with evident pleasure and animation, 'Why so you may, sir, for 'tis my wife.'

"The pencil was immediately out, and on a card which the artist carried in his pocket, the first sketch of the beautiful picture, a representation of which the reader here beholds. The acquaintance commenced in this casual rencontre did not terminate here. Messer Teodulo, for it was he, invited us to his home, where we remained several weeks, admiring at once the sweetness and delicacy of his wife and children, and the moral beauty and noble spirit of affection which brooded over the whole household. From the lips of the happy pair themselves, confirmed by the testimony of their parents, did we learn the particulars of the foregoing narrative. Many were the sketches which the enthusiastic artist made both of mother and children, while I, who could command 'he instrumentality of no material pencil, allowed their loveliness to engrave itself on my heart, to be represented by such colours of language as are at my disposal. Thus has the reader been introduced to Angelica and Teodulo, from whom we, with much satisfaction, learned that both Basillo and Firmino were married and prosperous; while Damiano continued a sullen bachelor. Such, upon honest and upright minds were the felicitous results of the *PLAGUE TREASURE*."

Mr. Harrison, the editor, has a very light domestic love story, entitled "*The Painter*," which the frontispiece illustrates. We do not admire his taste in poetry, and we think he is too apt to mistake singularity for a new sort of genius. Neither ought he to praise his poets in the preface—that is the critic's part if they deserve it. His own approval and praise are manifested by the insertion of the contributions.

And here we will allude to the preface in this work, which is edited by that

gentleman. "If there be," says the editor, "any difference, in the feelings with which he comes forward with another volume, it consists in the increased pride and confidence with which, while he hopes the prose will at least bear comparison with former years, he points to its *poetical* contents!!! "Poetry," he continues, "is the department which he has ever cultivated with scrupulous care, and, he flatters himself, *never* with so much *success* as in the present instance."

Shall we as reviewers, because a pretty book is presented to us, (one so indeed in its general matter, quantity of engravings, type and finish,) flatter too? or shall we without scruple present a specimen of this choice poetry to the editor's surely awakening judgment. Mistaken friendship, rather than an opinion of its possessing merit, must indeed have gained his heart to have suffered him to have given his approval of some of such intolerable trash. If we are over severe, not the editor, but ourselves will have to answer for it—but we think we are piloting the contributors and benefitting the expectant purchasers of the year 1841, as well as, in the end, the publisher's themselves by a service of the greatest value, else would we not have taken so much pains in the doing it. We know full well that good and beautiful poetry is a very rare article in the present day, nor would we have been thus warm in the editorial conflict, had not the editor himself challenged the opinions of every reviewer, who, by friendly or contemptuous silence might seem to agree in the merit of so unjustly lauded poetical contributions of "Friendship's Offering," thinking them all the while beneath criticism. Read this,

TO C. H.

WITH MY FIRST BOOK.

Thou wilt not spurn my gift; although it be  
My earliest venture on that sea of storms  
Where young Ambition fondly dares to launch  
His argosy of hope in quest of fame.  
My voyage hath been a long one; and, alas!  
My bark, unpiloted by genius' star,  
Is drifting havenless; the deathless prize  
As distant now as ever. Let it pass—  
For, though the laurel will not grace my  
grave,  
This "frail memorial" will haply keep  
My memory green in many a heart that  
loved me,

And, it may be, in thine—when he, whose  
hand  
Hath idly traced the perishable page,  
Is crumbling ashes, and his fame—a dream.

We are far also from liking "The Bride," another poetical contribution.

Neither to our taste is the "Scythian Guest," by J. R. Christchurch, Oxford, although stated to be the author of the Scythian Banquet Song, "*which was much quoted by the periodicals last year.*" The story is founded upon the ancient history that when the master of a Scythian family died, he was placed in his state chariot and carried to visit every one of his blood relations, when each of them gave him and his attendants a splendid feast. The first verse opens with the feast. Here is the second:—

"He comes—urged on by shout and lash,  
His favourite courser flies;  
There's phrenzy in its drooping dash,  
And sorrow in its eyes.  
Close on its hoofs the chariots crash,  
Their shook reins ring—their axles flash—  
The charioteers are wild and rash;  
Panting and cloven, the swift air feels  
The red breath of the whirling wheels,  
Hissing with heat, and drunk with speed  
Of wild delight, that seems to feed  
Upon the fire of its own flying;  
Yet he for whom they race is lying  
Motionless in his chariot, and still,  
Like one of weak desire or fettered will.  
Is it the sun-lulled sleep of weariness  
That weighs upon him? Lo! there is no  
stress  
Of slumber on his eyelids—some slow trance  
Seems dwelling o'er the darkness of his  
glance;  
Its depth is quiet, and its keenness cold  
As an eagle's, quench'd with light'ning—  
the close fold  
Of his strong arms is listless, like the twine  
Of withered weed along the waving line  
Of flowing streams; and o'er his face a  
strange  
Deep shadow is cast, which doth not move  
nor change."

At the fifth verse the author seems to be at home and at ease. There is a smattering of genius, but the whole wants good taste and simplicity; faults the (young) author will never mend if he be unduly praised. He has for his own great disadvantage made Byron's "lean days" too much his study.

"The Poet's Heritage," a contribution, which is particularly mentioned,

runs very prettily towards the latter part, about a third of the whole ; but we find nought in the beginning suitable to the subject, nor worthy of the great pains bestowed upon it by the editor.

"For me my soul shall build a palace home,  
Blue-roofed above by ether's ample dome,  
Where flowers shall drink the rainbow's  
tearful ray,  
And silver fountains warble night and day.  
Bright shapes of love shall throng around  
me there,  
Incarnate visions of the wise and fair ;  
There Lesbian Sappho, fresh from out the  
surge,  
Shall oft repeat, poor swan ! her ocean dirge ;  
And ministering spirits round me flock,  
Like those which soothed Prometheus on  
his rock.  
The stars shall make me music as they roll,  
And Jove's own nectar mantle in a bowl  
Fresh dewed by Hebe's lip ! Oh, who would  
lie  
Among the shards of earth, and never try  
One bold and skyward flight ? Poor spirit  
bird,  
Whose dust-defiled plumes have never stirred  
Toward their ether-home ! say, wherefore  
build  
Thine own eternal prison cage, and gild  
Its bars thus gaily ? Know'st not even he,  
The small mechanic of the mulberry-tree,  
Who spins around, in many a patient fold,  
His filmy shroud of vegetable gold,—  
Dreams of some future time, when from the  
gloom  
That curtains round his ante-natal tomb,  
The sun shall wake to life a gorgeous thing  
With robe of feathered show, and Psyche  
wing  
A child of light and air, and insect dove,  
Whose all of life is dedicate to love.

Open to all the application lies,  
Go to the worm, thou sluggard, and be  
wise !"

Now pass we on to the last poetical contribution editorially commended. It is by Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods," "Royston Gower," and "Fair Rosamond" which deserves all that has been said of it. We can only here quote one verse and we do so for the beautiful imagery in the sixth line :—

"See how the roof from clustering columns  
sprung,  
Like some high forest-walk embowered  
and lone ;  
No branch is there in wild disorder flung,  
But each arched bough has with its fellow  
grown,  
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Looking as if, while they in beauty hung,  
Their growth was checked, and changed  
at once to stone ;  
The bundled stems of each low arm bereft  
And their wide-spreading boughs for span-  
ning arches left."

In conclusion, we trust that our comments, if just, may tend to render the next year's Friendship's Offering still more acceptable, and if over severe, that such was the service we intended, and ere we close the book, as a last peep, we cannot help feeling an awakening interest for the Scythian mother :—her smiles, and those of her intelligent infant are growing fast to win our hearts and urge our pen to write in commendation of that which is so prettily and nobly presented to us.

#### *Forget-me-not, for 1840.*

The illustrations of the "Forget-me-not," for the year 1840, commence with a whole length likeness of the Queen, drawn and engraved by Hall ; next follows Count Egmont surrendering to the Duke of Alba, which is full of work, engraved by Hall. The principal female figure in "The Masquerade" is spirited and elegant ; it is drawn by T. Corbould, and engraved by Rolls. 'The Princes in the Tower' would be an excellent plate, were it not for some extraordinary defect in the lower side of the cheek, and indeed the face itself, of Prince Richard ; the whole details of the chamber are well worthy of Leslie, but the lamplight surely could not fall as it does on the back of one of the princes, on the foot of the bed, and on the off side of the other prince ; we suspect the lamp was not lighted when the artist made the design, though far be it from us to say that he worked in the dark. The light falling as it appears to do in the print, must have also lit up the opposite side of the room, which excepting a ray on the face of a pendant picture, is in absolute darkness. We like very much the Eve of the Fisherman, and the mechanical rays are well darted. The maiden's face and figure are good, although spoilt by the badly finished wrist and hand, and Leon's face is too archly feminine, even for a cooing fishermarr ; the dog, too, leaps right merrily and playfully before them,

but the *catsie* would, for "grandeur," surprise even the exhibitors of Smithfield.

We present the Eve of the Bridal, by Mrs. Walker, as a short and agreeable outline of the bridal history.

### THE EVE OF THE BRIDAL.

BY MRS. WALKER.

"The gorgeous light wanes fast away,  
Yet still the heavens look bright and gay,  
For clouds are floating o'er the sky,  
Of rosy, golden, purple dye,  
'Through which the stars burst one by one,  
To tend and watch the setting sun.

"On balmy flower, and verdant leaf,  
Lie glittering tears—oh! not of grief—  
For who could wish the silver dews,  
Which mingle with their rainbow hues,  
Were chased away!—or deem the stain,  
Like earthly tears, the type of pain!

"The breeze steals softly from the west,  
And rocks the trees to transient rest,  
Within whose deep and sheltering boughs,  
The nightingale pours forth her vows.

"It is the soft and silent hour,  
When mighty Love hath mightiest power  
To bind the heart, subdue the will,  
Bid Reason's cold stern voice be still.  
Oh! never sounds in Beauty's ear  
The whisper'd word so sweet and dear,  
As when the gathering shadows hide  
The tell-tale cheek, which Feeling's tide,  
In one full happy, joyous gush,  
Hath tinted with a crimson blush!

"So calm, so still, the scene around,  
Almost the heart's own echoes sound!  
How many a breast, on eve like this,  
Is steeped in rapture—filled with bliss!  
But, 'mong thy maidens, sunny France,  
No eye beams forth a brighter glance,  
No bosom owns a deeper spell  
Of holy joy, than thine, Estelle!  
The loved one wanders by thy side,  
He who the morrow claims thee bride.

"Though wooed and won in humble guise,  
A lowly peasant in thine eyes,  
Ere yet another sun is pale,  
Fair damsel, thou shalt hear a tale  
Of fond deceit—shalt learn that Fate  
Hath destined thee to wealth and state.  
But not more dear will Leon be  
With pomp and power, Estelle, to thee,  
Than now, when, Fortune's gifts above,  
Thou deem'st thine only dower is—Love!"

"The Ascent of the Virgin" has two excellent figures. One angel seems, however, to be in thrall, as if in the hands of some earthly attitudinarian; we should be inclined to think that the figure alluded to is a novel introduction, the rest a copy from some picture of much merit: it is painted by J. R. Herbert.

In "Adeline," the soft insinuating  
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Adeline! we little expected to have met with a lovely creature the heart-broken child of sorrow and suffering.

The picture "from the life" is cleverly drawn by Miss J. Adams, and the face in particular is engraved by G. Adcock with great softness and effect. Now, gentle reader, peruse the melancholy history of this damsel, who, born to luxury, from no fault of her own, had to support herself by undertaking the arduous, ill requited, ill repaid, and unjustly depreciated duties of a governess. We trust, however, that there are few such hearts as those of the head of the house in which it was Adeline's lot to be instructress. The narrative thus commences—

"Proceed we now to select a few passages from the daily life of the governess. In a back room of the dullest house of one of the dullest streets in London, stands a young and lovely female, surrounded by a group of children of different sexes, and of ages varying from four to fourteen. So fair, so mild, so gentle, is the presiding genius of the apartment, that it might have seemed a temple dedicated to peace and concord, but for the circumstance that any thing but peace reigned within its walls. A tall, genteel girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, in a state of great excitement, and with a face rosy red, but by no means celestially so, is engaged in a violent contest with her brother, three years her junior, whose clenched fist, firmly set teeth, and labouring breath, prove that the demons of passion and of pride have him just now completely in their power. A book, the severed leaves of which lie scattered around, while the stronger backs are firmly grasped by each determined combatant, is evidently the subject of dispute. The younger brothers and sisters, ranged on either side, though they are yet taking no active part in the fray, show by the heightened colour on their cheeks that they are only waiting for a signal to begin: while the governess, in a voice intended to be authoritative, but which is really far too feminine to be heard in such a Babel of sounds, is vainly endeavouring to restore order.

Suddenly the door opens. A majestic and well-dressed form appears. There is a momentary pause, but it is the lull that precedes the raging of the tempest. The faces of the excited belligerents are turned fearlessly towards their parent. The maternal arms are open to receive them, and, with ill-judged fondness, the mother presses her offending children to her heart. "Miss Lascelles," begins the governess, in an exultatory tone—but the lady frowns a frown of the deepest anger, and, in accents which suppressed passion have rendered even more

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shrill and sharp than usual, refuses to hear aught against her daughter.

"Tell me not," she exclaims, rudely interrupting; "tell me not of Miss Lascelles. She is, when properly managed, the most amiable, the most delightful, of children. No one has yet been able to discover the slightest fault in the disposition of my adored Charlotte. Miss Morley, it is mean, it is base, to try to throw the blame upon your pupil."

"But Master Charles, ma'am—"

"Charles, too, my brave, my manly boy," and again she embraces him—"can any one look upon you and have a heart to chide! Why, Miss Morley, why try to set me against my children?—you who so little understand their characters, who are so entirely unable to appreciate their excellent qualities. I will not hear a word against them!" and the haughty lady is about to depart, but, as she turns to leave the room, her eye rests on the mild unruffled features of the governess. A sense of injury, an expression of pity and forgiveness, is there, but no trace of anger—the shaft of malice has not struck home; the weaker party triumphs, great in its very weakness. Luckily, a fresh theme for insult presents itself to the memory of the discomfited—and, in a voice even less calm than before, she returns to the charge.

"By the by, Miss Morley, my daughter last evening exposed either the ignorance or the negligence of her instructress, by her inability to answer even the most simple questions in geography."

"I believe, and I regret it, ma'am—and the governess speaks quickly, for this time she is determined to be heard—" but you have yourself desired that Miss Lascelles should not be teased with geography, it being a study to which she has the most decided aversion."

"Again you are wrong—for Mr. Atlas, a member of the Geographical Society, who has written a work on the science, who is an author, Miss Morley, gives it as his decided opinion that her genius points precisely in that direction. No, you do not, you never will, possess the tact necessary to discover and foster the latent talents of children.' And, with a frown of direful import, she takes her son and daughter by the hand, and, slamming the door violently after her, descends to the drawing-room.

After the scene we have described, can it be wondered at that, when left to themselves, the younger members of this ill-governed family, instead of returning to their seats and resuming their interrupted occupations, should form themselves into little groups, and, in tones whispered indeed, but so whispered as to be perfectly audible to her against whom they are uttered, discuss plans of future rebellion against the authority of the governess!

"Change we now the scene. It is evening,  
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and there are sounds of revelry in that house. Lights gleam from every window; fragrance issues from every aperture; servants are running in all directions; and gaiety and bustle reign throughout. In the drawing-room a brilliant party is assembled; feathers wave; diamonds glisten; and young hearts thrill with pleasure. In a distant corner of the room, before a grand piano, is seated the governess, simply yet genteelly attired. She is performing, with exquisite taste and pathos, one of Beethoven's beautiful sonatas. There is silence; for every one feels that the best of music is issuing from beneath the touch of no common performer; but no circle has formed itself around her; there is no ready hand to turn the leaves of her music-book; no kind voice near to whisper approbation—"it is only the governess."

Those words have raised a line of demarcation, which it would be high-treason against the laws of fashion for any one to overstep. A glass indeed is occasionally raised towards her, for she is very fair to look upon, but other notice receives she none; and when, at length, the music ceases and permission is granted to her to retire, no hand is extended to lead her to her seat. No wonder then that, as, with tottering steps, she threads her way to the bottom of the room, the memory of other days should rise to her mind—of days when she was herself the centre of a circle, the "admired of all observers;" and when, after such an exhibition as the present, the voice of love breathed into her ear valued meed of praise; and no wonder that the big, bitter tear of regret fills her eye.

The seat she has vacated is occupied, meanwhile, by a titled heiress, round whom lords and ladies range themselves with delighted expectation, while officious beaux vie with each other for the honour of performing those little acts of gallantry, for the exercise of which the vicinity of the piano affords so fair a field—again music is heard, and an execrably executed Italian bravura is succeeded by an almost deafening shout of applause.

But the governess is too high-minded for envy; and, though her correct ear will not allow her to listen with pleasure to bad music, she is just now too much absorbed in a conversation that is going on, beside her, to admit of her drawing any comparisons unfavourable to the fair songstress. The speakers are two gentlemen of rank, one holding a prominent place in the world of literature, the other an equally honourable one in the councils of his sovereign; and they are discussing with much animation and ability a question of great public interest. Somewhat retired from the crowd, they have stationed themselves near the governess, whose earnest attention and intelligent countenance mark the interest with which she listens.



Her sorrows are forgotten; her regrets have vanished; every faculty of her mind is absorbed, and when, in the course of the conversation, some allusion is made to an author with whose name she is unacquainted, forgetful for a moment of the barrier between herself and the eloquent speaker, a question rises to her lips, it is only half uttered, for she remembers her situation, and suddenly checks herself. But the suppressed sound causes the gentleman to look round; and even he, the frequenter of a court, the attendant on a youthful female sovereign, the polished, the courteous, and generally the humane—even he gazes at her with a rude stare, which so plainly expresses, "It is only the Governess," that the sensitive, timid girl shrinks back, retires within herself, and, overcome with the painful conviction that there is not in that large assembly one individual who cares for her, steals away to her own apartment, there to weep in solitude over blighted fortune and disappointed hopes.

Oh! the nights of sleeplessness, succeeding days of mental and bodily toil, that the governess endures! Is it not enough—the throbbing temple, the feverish temple, the oppressed spirit—sufficeth it not the disappointment resulting from a conscientious yet unsuccessful discharge of irksome duties—the weariness of pouring, for the hundredth time in vain, words of instruction in the obstinate ear of dullness, bearing on her own already overcharged shoulders the weight of failure; but must the neglect or insult of the world at large, be added—perhaps the bitterest ingredient in her cup of suffering! And is this the reward of long years of study and confinement? Is this the emancipation of which the school-girl so fondly dreams? Then happier she, who, with uncultivated but peaceful mind and healthful body, sits plattening rushes by her cottage door.

Eighteen months have passed, and the sickening longing for change is felt; even were it a change for the worse—and that is barely possible—it would bring with it novelty, excitement, and Hope. That deceitful goddess to whom, in all periods of life, but especially in youth, we cling so fondly and so faithfully, gives whispered promises of a happier lot. The die is cast, and the governess, with no tie to bind her to her country, consents to cross the sea. Won by the promises of strangers, who look kindly upon her, she wanders forth, and, five thousand miles from the land of her nativity, seems for a time to have found the happiness she sought. There is something in the air of a foreign clime that draws the natives of the same country more closely to each other. Whatever distance of station or of space may have separated them at home, they have there some sympathies in common. Their language, their habits, even their prejudices, are the same. And where

that ruling principle which bears sway alike in all countries—the love of self—is not borne down in the collision, the narrowest heart will open itself wide to its fellow-countrymen.

The governess has never before felt so little alone: her pupils become her friends, her equals: she is contented—happy—and peace of mind soon works its usual change. Her step is lighter than of yore, her song more glad, and her countenance beams with unwonted animation. But, alas! the change, favourable as it seems, works her farther woe; for her blue eye, now radiant with joy, speaks but too eloquently to the bosom of the elder brother of her pupils, drawing from him offers as honourable to himself as they are distasteful to his parents; and, though the heart of the maiden beats not responsive to his vows—faithful as it is to the memory of its early blighted love—the weight of their displeasure falls on her. Presumptuous!—that she, the well-born, the highly-educated, the intellectual, and the virtuous, should dare to render herself too pleasing to the junior clerk in a mercantile house, who, in addition to sundry expectations from his father—the father, be it known, of nine other children—possesses, subject indeed to the contingencies of trade and climate, a salary of £200 a year to lay at her feet! What, save instant dismissal, can expiate so great a crime! The fiat goes forth, and the governess is again upon the world.

And now her inclinations turn once more towards England; for though, within the limits of its sea-girt shores, there is not one door that will voluntarily fly open at her approach, still, it is the land of her birth; it contains the graves of her parents, the spot that was once her home, and thither she returns. But enough has been said,—we will not trace her wanderings from house to house, in pursuit of that employment which the teeming columns of our newspapers hold out as so easy of attainment. We will not attend her in the drawing-rooms of the proud, the opulent, and the unfeeling. For some she is too young, for others too old—for some too diffident, and for some, to their shame be it spoken, too handsome. We will not further watch her, as she turns timidly away, with a vain endeavour to screen her blushing face from the impertinent glance of the liveried footman, who, after creeping reluctantly up the kitchen stairs, scarcely deigns to open the door sufficiently wide to permit the egress of the "young woman that has been after the governess's place."

Poor Adeline! and will thy weak and fragile form, thy delicate and sensitive mind, be able long to stand against the biting blast of adversity and neglect. Alas! no; the incipient blight of consumption, that ever-ready disguise of a broken heart, is upon

thee. Thou art hastening to the grave, and better so while thy heart is softened by affliction. Yes, better far, in God's good time, unrepiningly and piously to die, than, with a broken constitution and a soured temper, to drag on a weary existence to the extreme verge of old age.

Fare thee well, Adeline, my childhood's play-fellow, my youth's companion! Happily for thee, there is another and a better world, one where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest. To that world art thou passing; and mayest thou find there the peace that was denied thee in this!"

The "Captive Princess," with a heart turned almost to stone, in which the blood scarce seems to flow, looks pensively sad enough to tell the sharpness of her doom: but "Alice Bertram, or a Day-dreamer," is a sort of *every-day* damsel and picture, and hardly adapted for a book which appears but *once a year*; the detail is, however, pretty, and the engraving good.

We cannot conclude without expressing our gratitude to the editor for providing us at the end of our labours with an elegant "tapestried chair," in which we are delightedly conning over the several agreeable and light articles from the pens of many established writers with which this interesting annual abounds.

*A Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington*, in the undress of a Field Marshal, painted by Mr. John Simpson, and engraved in mezzotint by Mr. B. P. Gibbon, is executed in a bold, simple, yet extremely attractive style. Published by Mr. Moon.

*Wreck of the Forfarshire Steam Packet*, published by Mr. Moon. Those talented marine draughtsmen, Messrs. H. P. Parker and J. H. Carmichael, aided by the brilliant mezzotint of Mr. David Lucas, have conjointly in the engraving before us most worthily served to commemorate that act of mental courage and generous heroism on the part of the intrepid Grace Darling and her father William Darling, the keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, now so familiar to every shore, plain and city of this island. From the votive wreath of Mr. T. K. Hervey we cull and append the following eloquent stanzas:

Beneath a sky without a star  
On a sea without a wave,  
The desperate shout of drowning men  
And woman's sudden wail  
Heard through the pauses of the storm,  
In frequent moan or scream;  
Like the wild nightmare sounds that vex  
The dreamer in a dream,

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Tell where a faint and feeble few  
Are left of all that gallant crew.

'Tis morn! and to that echoing rock  
What bright and blessed form  
Comes gliding like a thing of light  
Amid the wrathful storm?  
Hath he who hushed the waves of old,  
And walked the foam-white sea,  
To where the lonely fisher-bark  
Lay tossing on the sea,  
Stretched forth his finger, strong to save  
From that wild tempest's yawning grave?

Hath mercy heard the human groans  
That rent the midnight air,  
And God his own sweet angel sent  
In answer to the prayer?  
She cometh!—'twas an angel's part  
To pass yon dark abyss,  
And God hath spoken to the heart  
That dared a scene like this!  
Oh! many a witness, dauntless one!  
Shall one day meet thee at His throne!

The engraving is done upon a noble scale; and so peculiarly interesting a subject will we hope render it a grateful tablet to interest all classes and *grace* all walls, public and private, throughout Great Britain.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE. During the past month a piece of extremely good and attractive humour has been brought out at this always well-frequented house, entitled '*His Last Legs*,' in which Power's humour kept the house in a continued roar of laughter. It is likely to have a very long run.

DRURY LANE THEATRE opened on Saturday, the 26th ultimo, under the new management of Mr. Hammond, late of the Strand Theatre; amongst the agreeable regulations of the new broom, are the sweeping away of all those minor in-door and at the door fees which are a great annoyance to the public; now when the admission money is paid, the servants of the theatre are the servants of the public, to open the doors, and take charge of whatever may be given them in the shape of bonnets, umbrellas, &c.

THE PAVILION THEATRE (Mile-end).—Agreeably to promise, we made a visit to this house, to see a new piece, being dramatized from '*Christmas Eve, or the Last Link of the Chain*,' by E. Lancaster, Esq., a tale which was published in this (*The Lady's Magazine*), January 1, 1836. The dresses seemed to be quite new and very costly, and the acting in some respects far from mediocrity; it being however the night on which the Lord Mayor and his friends visited the 'Eastern Institution,' it is probable that on that account the show of company in the boxes was unusually scanty. Our opinion is not altered, that this piece might be made most popular.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 798.—*Walking Dress.* White satin capotte. The front is made to sit almost straight up, and is quite round to the face nearly meeting under the chin, where it is almost entirely sloped off (see plate); the crown instead of being flat, is puffed in the style of the cawl of a cap; a row of narrow blonde goes round the front, and a bunch of roses is placed at the left side, two full-blown roses are also under each side of the front of the bonnet.

Dress of lilac silk with two flounces, the corsage is half high (*demi-décolletée*), and the sleeves full to the wrist; black silk manteau, lined and trimmed with green *chiné* (clouded) silk; the manteau is, according to the present mode, only half high (like a dress) in the neck; the corsage à *pièces*, fits nearly tight to the bust, in the form of a *palatine* cape. When the cloak is made of any woollen material, this piece is generally velvet, in the present instance it is of silk; the skirt of the manteau is full all round, and is confined at the waist by a cord and tassel; the sleeves, if they may be so called, are pieces, the entire length of the cloak, put on with a great deal of fulness on the shoulders, but they are only attached to the cloak at top, under the second row of trimming, the arm-holes are quite towards the front (see plate); the trimming, a facing of the same silk as the lining, is put in bands upon the corsage, giving it the appearance of two capes; a double row goes down the front and another from top to bottom of

each sleeve; collar of *guipure*, fastened in front with a large brooch; yellow kid gloves; cambric ruffles; black varnished leathershoes; hair in bandeaux.

The *Second Figure* gives the back of the cloak, as well as that of the capotte. Lavender silk dress.

No. 799.—*Carriage Costume.* Wadded dress of pale lilac satin; corsage tight to fit the bust, and *en cœur*. *Capuchon à manches* of plaid satin lined with pink satin and wadded; the back consists merely of a *capuchon* or hood large enough to throw over the head at pleasure, it hangs as low as the waist; the sleeves are plain, and loose enough to go over the sleeves of the dress; the fronts are long *en echarpe* (like the ends of the scarf); a cord and tassel to match goes round the waist and ties in front. Hat of *mais gros de Naples*, the front small and *évasée*; the trimming is of *crêpe lisse*; underneath the front are a few flowers mixed with a light puffing of white gauze (see plate). Hair in smooth bands, *féronnière* cambric ruffles; black kid shoes; yellow kid gloves.

*Second Figure.*—Wadded dress of nut-brown satin; corsage tight and quite high at the neck. Hat of white satin trimmed with *crêpe lisse* and a bunch of flowers at the left side. Scarf mantelet of plaid satin with a rounded cape (see plate), and trimmed all round with silk fringe; brodequins of dark slate colour, with kid fronts; collar *en guipure*.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, October 23, 1839.

According to your desire, *ma chère amie*, I have sent you a manteau of the very newest form I could procure; you will think it very strange that it is not made high to the throat, but that would be quite *outré* at present, the *grande mode* being to wear every thing low in the neck. The weather is not very cold as yet, therefore the warm winter manteaux have not made their appearance. The materials for these autumn cloaks are *gros de Naples* and satins lined with coloured silk; they may be wadded or not: however a little wadding certainly improves them and renders them more seasonable. The winter manteaux, which will begin to be in requisition towards the end of November, are to be made of velvet, *satin de laine*, and

rich satin *broché*, and many, *on dit*, will be trimmed with ermine and other furs. If these cloaks present any *nouveauté* in form, you shall have due notice. I hope you like the *capuchon à manches*, it is quite new, and something out of the common. On fine days our belles still wear light silks and even coloured muslins, but they are rather on the decline. Rich silk, plain or figured, *satin uné* (plain) and *broché*, *cachmeriennes*, *satin de laine*, *levantines*, these are the materials most adopted just now, *en attendant*, the velvets and other winter dresses. *Mousselines de laine* are still to be seen, especially dark colours and rich patterns. Several of these dresses that I have enumerated are wadded to make them more seasonable.

Flounces, tucks, puffings and *bouillon*

trimmings are universally worn, except when the dresses are wadded; these are never trimmed round the bottom, unless with a row of velvet or fur.

The corsages are exactly such as I have been describing to you lately; to cross in front in folds (preferable to gathers) from the shoulder, they do not cross quite to the side, but merely about half a finger in the centre of the front. Plain corsages half high, sloped *en cœur* is another make much in vogue. For evening dress they are tight, some *à pointe*, and some not, but these latter are without waistbands and are merely a little longer waisted in the front than at back. You know it is reckoned becoming to the figure to have the waist sloped longer in front.

The short sleeves are very short, in two or three *sabots* with falls of blonde or lace between. The long ones are tight on the shoulder, and the remainder full all the way down; and a little trimming, a puffing, or two tucks cut on the cross way, put on at the top of the full part of the sleeve. The *poignets* (wrists) are deep, to admit of handsome deep ruffles.

Our balls have not begun yet, nor, I suppose, your's. We have, however, little *soirées dansantes*. Book muslins are generally the toilette best adapted to these *ré-unions*; by the way, I will tell you a *secret de toilette*, which I do not recollect having told you before; it is, when you wear a book muslin dress, you should wear a book muslin petticoat under it; the dress looks a thousand times better over that than over satin. I have told you that these muslins embroidered in coloured worsteds or cottons in tambour work, are very fashionable.

Hats—Satin and velvet hats are coming in for autumn; the colours are light, as white and *maïs* satins, and pearl-grey velvets, but darker shades will be worn next month. The hats are very small, but the shapes are decidedly not pretty. They sit quite off the face, and form a round, instead of being close at the sides. The gauze and crape trimmings are out, and satin ribbons worn instead. Feathers are also becoming more general. Half veils, or a deep fall of blonde on the edge of the front are rather on the increase.

The black velvet shawls for winter are, they say, to be embroidered in coloured silks, some in tambour stitch, others in satin stitch, but the silks are to be twisted, not floss. These shawls will be trimmed with black lace.

Muffs, I am told, will be quite *de rigueur* this winter. Ermine and other fur muffs will be worn, but *des manchons de fantaisie*, are to be the rage. I have seen several in preparation, some in velvet, embroidered or not, others

of cashmere, fine merinos, *satin de laine*, or very rich thick *broché* silk, almost like damask. I have also seen them knit with large ivory needles, in chenille or lamb's wool, and very elegant and comfortable they are; those in lamb's wool are done in two colours as red and green, blue or orange, scarlet and black, they are well stuffed and wadded, and the lining which is likewise done in knitting is in white wool, the stitch is the same as that in which the bed covers and foot-cushions are done.

Knitting and netting are the favourite occupations of our ladies just now. Besides muffs, they knit shawls, and caps, called *coiffures moyen âge*, and pelerines, and little *paletots* or great coats for children, together with bed covers, cushions, foot stools, &c. In netting we have pretty scarfs, shawls, *céphalides* to wear under the bonnet, and *zephyrines*, an improvement upon the latter article; besides these, mittens, cuffs, &c., are net in silk; we have also brodequins and gaiters done both in netting and knitting. This is nice warm work for the winter. But many of our demoiselles are spoiling their eyes over *guipure* collars, berthes and ruffles: this *guipure* or *application* is certainly very beautiful when done, but very trying and tedious to do.

The pretty fashion of *fanchons* has quite come in, they are made of velvet (various colours) and trimmed with lace, flowers, or marabouts.

We have a sort of manteau or loose pelisse for wearing at the Opera or over a ball-dress. It is made like a loose dressing gown with very full sleeves, and a hood to draw over the head at pleasure, the length is about to the knees. It is made of satin, and lined and trimmed with swansdown; I recommend it to your notice.

Fur it seems will be very fashionable this winter (swansdown also); it will be worn instead of lace, to trim shawls and dresses.

Hair.—The back hair is still worn as low as possible, it is twisted up in a coil or braids in the form of a figure of eight, placed thus  $\infty$ , but as near the back of the neck as possible. The front hair is worn in ringlets, bands or braids *à la berthe*. *Féronnières* are still fashionable.

The prevailing colours are for hats, grey; white, pink and *maïs*; for dresses, lavender, lilac, nut-brown, and dark claret.

*En attendant les nouveautés d'hiver, I shall say adieu ma belle*

*je t-embrasse tendrement  
toute à toi,*

L. de F—.



## THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

September 29.—Windsor :—Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended divine service in St. George's Chapel. In the afternoon the Queen attended by a numerous party from the Castle, promenaded on the East Terrace.

30.—Windsor :—The Queen held a Privy Council, and received a visit from H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, from Kennington. Nearly the whole of the visitors at the Castle rode out with Her Majesty on horseback, passing through the Long Walk.

October 1. 2.—Windsor :—Her Majesty and a numerous equestrian party, as well of the Castle as of the Royal Household, rode out during the afternoon in the drives of the forest.

3.—General Alava the Spanish Minister arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

4.—Windsor :—The Royal party were prevented leaving the Castle in consequence of the wet weather.

5.—Windsor :—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, left Windsor, for Kensington and returned to the Castle in the evening to dinner.

6.—Windsor, (Sunday) Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in St. George's Chapel. In the afternoon the Queen attended by a large party from the Castle, walked once round the East Terrace, where the public are admitted, and afterwards promenaded in her private walk, the bands of Life Guards and 46th, regiment being in attendance, and performing in the parterre.

7.—Windsor.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by Viscount Barrington and the Hon. Miss Mitchell, left Bushy-house, on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.

8.—Windsor :—The Queen, the Queen Dowager, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent left the Castle for a drive in the Green Park, the ladies of Her Majesty's suite following in three carriages and the whole of the gentlemen at the Castle following the illustrious party on horseback.

9.—Windsor :—The Queen Dowager took her departure from the Castle for Frogmore Lodge, the residence of the Princess Augusta. The Queen did not take her accustomed airing.

10.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent took an airing together in a pony carriage, during the afternoon, in the Park, the Countess of Sandwich attending the Queen. A numerous party attended on horseback. The Hereditary Prince (Ernest) and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, landed at the tower from the continent. Their Serene H. H. shortly afterwards left town for Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen.

11.—Windsor :—The Queen, the Duchess of Kent, and the Prince Ernest and Prince Albert, rode out on horseback in the Great Park,

attended by nearly all the visitors at the Castle, on horseback or in open carriages.

12.—Windsor :—Her Majesty, and nearly all the visitors and Royal household at the Castle took an airing in the afternoon in the Great Park, either on horseback or in pony phaetons.

13.—Windsor :—(Sunday). Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and the Hereditary Princes Ernest and Albert, of Saxe Coburg Gotha, attended divine service in the morning at the Chapel Royal, St. George's. In the afternoon the Queen, attended by her Royal visitors and suite walked on the East Terrace, the bands of the Life Guards and Rifles being both in attendance in the Grand Parterre, and playing alternately. Her Majesty and the illustrious party walked once round the outer Terrace, and then promenaded in Her Majesty's private walk.

14.—Windsor :—Her Majesty accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princes Ernest and Albert of Coburg Gotha, rode out on horseback in the afternoon through the Long Walk to the Forest and Great Park Drives. A numerous party from the Castle attended.

16.—Windsor.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent accompanied by their S. H. H. the Princes of Saxe Coburg Gotha went to visit the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge at Kew, and returned to the Castle in the afternoon. Her Majesty attended by most of her visitors took an equestrian airing in the Park.

17.—Windsor :—The Queen rode out on horseback, in the afternoon, accompanied by her Royal visitors and attended by several of the Royal suite, and enjoyed the sport of coursing in the Home Park for two hours during the morning.

19.—Windsor.—Her Majesty took her accustomed equestrian exercise in the afternoon, attended by a numerous party.

20.—(Sunday).—Windsor :—Her Majesty accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and H. S. H. Albert of Saxe Coburg attended divine service in the morning at St. George's Chapel, and in the afternoon promenaded on the East Terrace.

21.—Windsor :—The Queen held a Privy Council, and afterwards rode out on horseback, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg; a numerous equestrian party followed.

22.—Windsor :—The Queen rode out in the Park during the afternoon, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and attended by a numerous suite.

23.—In consequence of the rain the expected review of troops was put off.

25.—Windsor : Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, rode out in the

Park during the afternoon, attended by her suite.

26.—Windsor: The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, rode in the Park during the afternoon, attended by the whole of the Royal visitors and suite, either on horseback or in carriages.

27.—Windsor (Sunday): The Queen attended divine service at St. George's chapel. In the afternoon Her Majesty descended from the royal apartments to the east terrace accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg. Returning to the inner terrace or private walk, Her Majesty promenaded there some time.

28.—Windsor: Her Majesty did not take her usual ride in the Park.

#### WALKS, RIDES AND DRIVES, &c.

The Queen-Dowager, Oct. 8.  
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Sept. 29, Oct. 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 20, 27.  
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, 21.  
H. S. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27.  
The Lord Chancellor, Oct. 21, 25.  
Viscount Melbourne, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 3, 10, 11, 20, 22, 21, 22, 25.  
Earl of Surrey, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13.  
Countess of Sandwich, Sept. 29. Oct. 6, 11, 13, 14.  
Lady Charlotte Dundas, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 2, 3, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21.  
Lord Byron, Sept. 29.  
Viscount Palmerston, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 11.  
Hon. Major Keppel, Sept. 29.  
Baroness Lehzen, Sept. 29. Oct. 1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 14, 19, 21, 22.  
Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Sept. 29. Oct. 1.  
Lord John Russell, Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. T. F. Baring, Oct. 1.  
Sir John Hobhouse, Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere, Oct. 1.  
Miss Quentin, Oct. 1, 2, 11, 14.  
Sir G. Quentin, Oct. 1, 3, 14, 21, 22.  
Viscount Falkland, Oct. 3, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25.  
Hon. Miss Cocks, Oct. 6, 10, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22.  
Hon. Miss Paget, Oct. 6, 10, 13, 14, 20, 25.  
Hon. Miss Campbell, Oct. 6, 10.  
Hon. E. Byng, Oct. 6, 10, 11.  
Hon. W. Cowper, Oct. 6, 20.  
Sir W. Lumley, Oct. 6, 10, 11, 13, 14.  
Hon. Col. Grey, Oct. 6, 10, 11, 14, 21, 22.  
Hon. Mrs. Grey, Oct. 25.  
Lord Alfred Paget, Oct. 10, 11, 12, 14, 19, 20.  
Marquis of Normanby, Oct. 11, 21.  
Hon. W. Temple, Oct. 11, 14.  
Hon. C. A. Murray, Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14, 20, 22.  
Count Kalowrath, Oct. 11, 13, 14, 20, 22, 25.  
Baron Alvensleben, Oct. 11, 13, 14, 20, 22.  
Marchioness of Tavistock, Oct. 20.  
Hon. Miss Pitt, Oct. 20, 21.  
Lady Caroline Barrington, Oct. 20, 21, 22, 25.  
Sir F. Stovin, Oct. 20, 21, 25.

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#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. M. the Queen Dowager, Oct. 7, 8.  
H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, Oct. 2, 8, 16, 18.  
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
H. S. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 25, 29.  
Prince Esterhazy, Oct. 14.  
The Lord Chancellor, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 21.  
Viscount Melbourne, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Viscount Palmerston, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Lord John Russell, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 15.  
Rt. Hon. F. T. Baring, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Sir John Hobhouse, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Rt. Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Hon. W. Bathurst, Sept. 30.  
Lady Charlotte Dundas, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Baroness Lehzen, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. Miss Paget, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 2, 3, 8, 17, 18, 21, 29.  
Hon. Miss Pitt, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 3, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24.  
Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Hon. Miss Cocks, Oct. 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 29.  
Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell, Sept. 30. Oct. 1, 8, 8, 11.  
Hon. Miss Mitchell, Oct. 8.  
Hon. Major Keppel, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Col. Wemyss, Sept. 30. Oct. 1.  
Miss Wynyard, Oct. 2.  
The Wurtemberg Minister, Oct. 2.  
Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Oct. 2, 4, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 21, 24.  
Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, Oct. 2, 8, 11, 14, 16.  
Earl of Sandwich, Oct. 2, 3, 8.  
Hon. Col. Cavendish, Oct. 2, 4.  
General Alava, Oct. 3.  
Lady Mary Howard, Oct. 3.  
Countess of Surrey, Oct. 3, 18.  
Hon. W. Cowper, Oct. 3, 17, 21.  
Viscount Falkland, Oct. 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24.  
Sir W. Lumley, Oct. 3, 8, 11.  
Hon. Col. Grey, Oct. 3, 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 29.  
Hon. Mrs. Grey, 25, 29.  
Hon. G. Byng, Oct. 4, 11.  
Visc. and Viscountess Barrington, Oct. 7, 8.  
Lord A. Paget, Oct. 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25.  
Lady C. Barrington, Oct. 8, 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25.  
Baron Alvensleben, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 25, 29.  
Hon. W. Temple, Oct. 10, 11.  
Count Kalowrath, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. C. A. Murray, Oct. 11, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 29.  
Marchioness of Clanricarde, Oct. 10, 11.  
Marquis of Normanby, Oct. 10, 11, 21.  
Earl and Countess of Granville, Oct. 10, 11.  
Dow. Lady Lyttelton, Oct. 22, 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. Miss Lyttelton, Oct. 24, 25, 29.  
Hon. W. Bathurst, Oct. 21, 25, 29.  
Mr. G. F. Anson, Oct. 21.  
Miss Lavinia Lyttelton, 25, 29.  
Sir F. Stovin, Oct. 17, 18, 21, 24.

# General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

[In every case it would be well to furnish the number of the public register as well as the name of the church, chapel, or place where each particular ceremony is performed.]

## BIRTHS.

- Alexander, lady of N. O—, Esq., of a son ; Chowringhec, *E. I.*, May 22.  
 Angelo, lady of Capt. F., Judge Adv. Gen., of a daughter ; Mussoorie, *E. I.*, May 12.  
 Aughes, lady of the Rev., of a son, Mhow ; *E. I.*, July 19.  
 Barnett, lady of Capt. of a daughter ; Kulladghee, May 20.  
 Beattie, lady of Alex., Esq., civil surgeon, of a daughter ; Allahabad, *E. I.*, June 23.  
 Bowie, lady of Mr. of a son ; Madras, May 19.  
 Brotherton, the lady of the Rev. J—, of a daughter ; Tanjore, July 12.  
 Candy, lady of Capt. J—, of a son ; Poona, May 23.  
 Carey, Mrs. Elizabeth, of a daughter ; Girgaum, *E. I.*, July 23.  
 Chitty, lady of S. C., Esq., of a daughter, *still born* ; Calpenteen, *E. I.*, April 11.  
 Codrington, lady of Capt. R. C—, A. A. Q. M. Gen., of a son, Simla, *E. I.*, June 6.  
 Cole, lady of Edward M. Esq., of a son ; Fort Beaufort, June 11.  
 Crawford, lady of Major G—, Royal Artillery, of a son ; Simla, *E. I.*, June 27.  
 Cumberland, lady of Capt. E. A., 73, N. I., of a daughter ; Sylhet, *E. I.*, May 2.  
 Dadelzen, lady of the Rev. H. V., of a son, Vepery ; July 4.  
 Davidson, lady of J., Esq., of a son ; Chander-nagore, *E. I.*, July 5.  
 Dela Combe, lady of Capt., of a daughter ; Yamanam, July 6.  
 Doveton, lady of Capt., of a son ; Calcutta, May 21.  
 Delafosse, lady of Major D—, Horse Artillery, of a daughter ; Mussoorie, *E. I.*, June 16.  
 Duffin, lady of Lieut. Charles, interp. and Q. mast., 26th, I. N., of a son (still born), Meerut, *E. I.*, May 19.  
 Fortescue, lady of J. C., Esq., of a daughter ; Ootacamund, July 5.  
 Gerrard, lady of Capt., of a daughter ; Ootacamund, May 26.  
 Gordon, lady of the Rev. J. W., of a son ; Vizagapatam, May 24.  
 Grubb, lady of W. H., Esq., of a son ; Madras artillery, May 6.  
 Haly, lady of G. J., Esq., of a daughter, Secunderabad, June 24.  
 Hughes, lady of Rev. H. of a son ; Mhow, *E. I.*, July 19.  
 Kelly, lady of Dr., of a son, Chilaw ; June 25.  
 Kelner, lady of Lieut. J., of a son ; Mhow, June 18.  
 Lane, lady of H. J., Esq., civil service, of a daughter ; Ghazecpore, *E. I.*, June 20.  
 Lechmere, lady of Capt., of a daughter, at Fort George, July 23.  
 Lemondine, lady of James A., Esq., of a son ; Calcutta, July 9.  
 Lumsden, lady of J. G., Esq., of a daughter ; Rutnag-berrie, July 18.  
 Makenzie, lady of A. J., Esq., of a daughter ; Tanjore, July 7.  
 Melvell, lady of Capt., of a son ; Bhooj, June 12.  
 Milner, lady of Capt., F. C., 36 N. I., of a daughter, Jamulpore, *E. I.*, May 7.  
 Montifiore, lady of Surgeon, of a daughter ; Byculla, May 30.  
 Montgomerie, lady of E., Esq., of a daughter ; Byculla, June 27.  
 Montmorency, lady of Capt., R. H. De., of a daughter, Calcutta, June 19.  
 Morphett, lady of Capt. of a daughter ; Cannanore, June 30.  
 Morris, Mrs. James, of a son, Poona, June 8.  
 Neave, lady of W. A., Esq., of a daughter ; Ootacamund June 13.  
 Newberry, lady of E., Esq., of a son ; Guntoor, June 30.  
 Onslow, lady of J., Esq., of a son, Chittoor, June 12.  
 Owen, lady of Martyrose, S., Esq., of a daughter, Calcutta, July 8.  
 Pollock, lady of Lieut. D. J., sub-assistant, com. gen. of a daughter, Nusserabad, *E. I.*, May 14.  
 Prattle, lady of Lieut. Col. William, O., of a son (still born) ; Cawnpore, *E. I.*, June 16.  
 Ramsay, lady of Capt., of a son ; Madras, May 21.  
 Raikes, lady of a son ; Chittagony, *E. I.*, June 28.  
 Reade, lady, of E. A., Esq., C. S., of a son ; Goruckpoor, *E. I.*, May 19.  
 Robertson, Mrs., of a daughter ; Swellandam, May 25.  
 Rutherford, lady of Capt., 28th N. I. of a daughter ; Simla, *E. I.*, May 12.  
 Skelton, lady of G. H., Esq., of a daughter ; May 31.  
 Sykes, Mrs. J., of a son ; Calcutta, July 11.  
 Smith, lady of C. I., surgeon, of a daughter ; Bangalore, July 3.  
 Thompson, lady of the Rev. James C., of a son ; Calcutta, June 14.  
 Townley, Mrs., of a daughter ; Mossel Bay, May 18.  
 Toke, lady of John S—, Esq., surgeon, 1st, N. I., of a daughter ; Saugor, Central India, May 18.  
 Wallace, lady of Major, of a son ; May 9.  
 Waters, lady of G. I., Esq., of a daughter ; Trichinopoly, July 7.  
 Welchman, lady of Lieut. A., A. G. of the army, of a son (since dead) ; Calcutta, May 18.  
 Welsh, lady of Lieut. W. H., of a daughter ; Mazagon, July 2.

[THE COURT

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

White, lady of R., Esq., of a son, Madras, May 26.  
 Williams, lady of J., Esq., of twin sons (they survived only a few hours); Bombay, June 1.  
 Williams, lady of E., of a son; Kidderpore Park, July 11.  
 Woods, lady of N. A., M. D., of a daughter, Hingolee; June 28.  
 Worrall, lady of J., Esq., M. D., 4th local horse, of a daughter; Nusseerabad, *E. I.*, June 5.  
 Wynter, lady of Capt., of a son, Jubbalpore, *E. I.*, May 10.  
 Young, lady of W. R., Esq., civil service of a son, Calcutta, June 30.  
 Yule, lady of J. William, Esq., of a son, Peep-rah, Chaniparun, *E. I.*, June 20.  
 Zuderberg, Mrs. Doctor —, of a son, at the Paarl, May 31.

### MARRIAGES.

Ashton, Marianne, *only sur. d.* of the late John —, Esq., to the Right Hon. Thomas Frankland Lewis; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, Oct. 15.  
 Baker, Frances, *d.* of Wm. —, Esq., of Old Ford, to Mr. Jonathan Shortt, son of the late Major —; *Bow Church*, Oct. 17.  
 Bayne, Hay, *d.* of Rev. K. —, dec., to the Rev. Robert Nesbit; *Ambrolie*, June 25.  
 Burfield, Anna Eliza, *2nd d.* of Robert —, Esq., of Whitmore House, to J. W. S. Coward, surgeon, of Kensington; *Horton*, Oct. 3.  
 Bevan, Mary J., *y. d.* of the late Charles —, Esq., of Devonshire-place, to the Rev. Thomas Yard, of Red-hill, Hants; *Trinity Church*, Oct. 17.  
 Bevington, Hannah, *3rd d.* of Samuel —, Esq., by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, to Henry Merrick Elderton, Esq., of Brixton; *St. James's Church, Bermondsey*, Oct. 16.  
 Blaker, Elizabeth, *only d.* of G. —, Esq., Patcham, to Thomas, C. Renshaw, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Lincoln's-inn; *Patcham*, Oct. 8.  
 Bodien, Malvina, *2nd d.* of Christopher —, Esq., to Mr. J. P. Phillips, both of Camberwell; *Westminster*, Oct. 5.  
 Brunnell, Isabella Maria, *d.* of George —, dec., to Henry Alexander, Esq., jun.; *Brighton*, Oct. 12.  
 Burn, Helen J., *2nd d.* of Captain —, to Hugh Cheape, Esq., M.D.; *Madras*, July 17.  
 Butler, Harriet, *3rd d.* of Frederick —, Chelsea, to Wm. K. Hodges, Esq., of Streatham-hill, Surrey; *Chelsea*, Oct. 19.  
 Calthrop, Elizabeth Ann, *eld. d.* of R. —, Esq., of Swineshead-abbey, to Thomas Webster, Esq., M.A. of Cambridge, and Lincoln's-inn; *Swineshead*, Oct. 16.  
 Calcraft, Fanny, *d.* of T. C. L. —, Esq., of An-easter, Lincolnshire, to the Rev. Frederick Myers, M.A., of Cambridge; Oct. 9.  
 Campbell, Isabella Janet, *3rd d.* of Sir Duncan —, Bart., of Bariatdine, Argyshire, to Hugh Beaver, Esq., of Glyn-garth, Anglesea; *Beaumaris*, Oct. 10.  
 Chaffers, Augusta, *2nd d.* of W. —, Esq., of Streatham, to Mr. J. C. Mothley, of Frith-street, Soho; *Streatham*, Oct. 3.  
 Child, Harriet Anne, *2nd d.* of Robert —, Esq., Russell-square, to the Rev. R. R. Rolfe, B.A., of Cambridge; Oct. 8.  
 Cleghorn, Ann, *y. d.* of the late George —, Esq., to John Anderson, Esq.; *Calcutta*, June 30.  
 Cleophas, M., to Mr. G. H. Roseborne; at *Cawnpore, E.I.*, March 7.  
 Cook, Charlotte, *2nd d.* of the late Gregory —, Esq. of Oxford-terrace, to Thomas Hill, Esq., of Cork; *Paddington*, Oct. 15.  
 Dafferue, Anna, *d.* of John —, Esq., of Peckham, to Mr. George Gibb, Stock Exchange; *Marlborough Chapel*, Old Kent-road, Oct. 1.  
 Dalignon, Fanny Theresa, *2nd d.* of the Rev. J. —, Rector of Hillborough, Norfolk, to the Rev. C. C. Bartholomew; *Hillborough*, Sep. 25.  
 Davis, Julia, *y. d.* of Samuel —, Esq., of Portland-place, dec., to John Edwards Lyall, Esq., Park-crescent; *All Souls, St. Mary-le-bone*, Oct. 17.  
 Dawson, Mary, *2nd d.* of the late Richard —, Esq., of Liverpool, to C. P. Berkeley, of Oundle, Northamptonshire; *Liverpool*, Oct. 3.  
 Dray, Phæbe, *y. d.* of C. J. Le —, Esq., of Newman-street, to Albert Davis, Esq., of Finsbury-square; Oct. 16.  
 Du Pre, Sarah, *2nd d.* of the Rev. T. —, of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, to John Noble Clough, Esq., of Bridgenorth; *Berkhamstead*, Oct. 3.  
 Du Pre, Emily, *3rd d.* of the above, to Henry Kennedy, Esq., Eltham, Kent; *Berkhamstead*, Oct. 3.  
 Ebbart, Frances Catherine, *2nd d.* of the late Major —, to George Blogg, Esq., of Bucklersbury; *St. Luke's, Chelsea*, Oct. 15.  
 Enoch Anne, R., *only d.* of Captain —, Welsh Fusileers, to Dr. Lewis, of the 4th (King's Own) Regiment; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, Oct. 1.  
 Farmer, Jane, *2nd d.* of Thomas —, Esq., of Gunnersbury House, Middlesex, to P. B. Hall, Esq., of Cadogan-place; *Ealing*, October, 3.  
 Finalas, Caroline, *3rd d.* of John —, Esq., to J. A. Lawson, Esq., M.D., R.A., *Port Louis, Mauritius*, June 5.  
 Freeman, Elizabeth B., *2nd d.* of William —, Esq., of Norwich, to Mr. Adolphus Ackerman, of the Strand; *Norwich*, Oct. 8.  
 Gale, Margaret, *relict* of the late Mr. C. —, to Mr. J. E. Dunn; *Calcutta*, May 16.  
 Gibbs, Rebecca, *only d.* of Thomas —, Esq., to John R. Bergue, Esq., *Brompton*, Sep. 28.  
 Gibson, Christiana, G. T. *d.* of the late Rev. J. G. —, to the Rev. Thomas Biesland, Chaplain to Lord Bexley; *Holyburn, Hants*, Oct. 3.  
 Giffard, Barbara, D., *d.* of the late Thomas —, Esq., of Chillington, Staffordshire, to William Lacon Childe, Esq., Kenlet, Shropshire; *Burton*, Sep. 26.  
 Goldsmid, Emily, *eld. d.* of A. A. —, Esq., Cavendish-square, to M. Jules Avigdor, of Nice; Oct. 7.  
 Glynes, Lydia H., *4th d.* of the late C. W. —, Esq., of America-square, to Mr. John Freeman, of St. John's Wood; *West Hackney*, Sept. 30.  
 Grazebrook, Matilda, *y. d.* of the late Michael —, of Audnam, Staffordshire, to Richard Brettell, Esq., of Lutley, Salop; *Kingswinford*, Oct. 15.



## Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

- Gresley, Elizabeth, *y. d.* of Richard —, Esq., of Mereden, Warwickshire, to Alexander Clotworthy Dawson, Esq., of Carrickfergus; *Paris*, Oct. 7.
- Grimwood, Rosetta, *eld. d.* of Thomas —, Esq., to Mr. Richard Banks; *Woodbridge*, Oct. 3.
- Hall, Mary Ann, *only d.* of the late Reginald —, Esq., of Tristang Hall, Essex, to Mr. William Lucas, of Battles-bridge; *Buttsbury*, Oct. 3.
- Heath, Elizabeth, *5th d.* of the late A —, Esq., of Camberwell, New-road, to Mr. John Dickson, of Kennington; *Camberwell*, Oct. 1.
- Heath, Fanny J., *2nd d.* of Charles —, Esq., to Edward Corbould, Esq., of Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square; *St. Pancras*, Sept. 28.
- Henderson, Margaret, *eld. d.* of James —, Esq., late Consul-general for Colombia, to Captain George Crossdaile; *Mary-le-bone Church*, Oct. 5.
- Hodges, Frances Mary, *eld. d.* of William —, Esq., to James, Butler, Esq.; *Chelsea*, Oct. 19.
- Hopewell, Mary, F., *eld. d.* of B. T. —, Esq., Surgeon, of George-street, Portman-square, dec., to J. B. Arnour, Esq.; *Unitarian Chapel, Little Portland-street*, Oct. 19.
- Hore, Elizabeth, *y. d.* of Edward —, Esq., of Chaldon-Court; *Chaldon*, Oct. 1.
- Jackson, Mary, *only d.* of John —, Esq., Lancaster, to the Rev. George Kannard, of Clapham-common; *Hawkeshead*, Sept. 28.
- Jesse, Matilda F., *d. of F.* —, Esq., of Hampton Court, to William Houstown, Esq., late Captain 10th Hussars; *English Embassy, Paris* Oct. 1.
- Jones, Caroline, *d.* of the late Albert —, Esq., of Champion-hill, Surrey, to Philip Lawrence, Esq., of Hornsey; *Christ Church, Mary-le-bone*, Oct. 19.
- Kempthorne, Charlotte, *3rd d.* of James —, Esq., of Bedmin, to Captain H. H. Watts, 26th Madras Infantry; *Bedmin*, Sept. 24.
- Knight, Elizabeth Watson, *only child* of Mr. E. —, Lambeth, to Mr. G. B. Thorpe, Surgeon, Dronfield, Derbyshire; *St. George's, Bloomsbury*, Oct. 10.
- Lakin, Emma, *3rd d.* of the late F. —, Esq., of Putney, to J. H. Davies, Esq., of Sunning-hill; *Hamburg*, Sept. 24.
- Lane, Eliza, *eld. d.* of Charles —, Esq., to the Rev. Wm. Watson M. A.; *Loughton, Essex*, Oct. 1.
- Langley, Fanny, *2nd d.* of W. —, Esq., of Deptford, to W. Bennett, Esq., of Brixton; *Brighton*, Oct. 14.
- Lippingwell, Emma A., *y. d.* of K. —, Esq., to John James Ridge, Surgeon; *Croydon*, Oct. 1.
- Maitland, Grace, *3rd d.* of the late John —, Esq., of Eccles, Dumfries, to the Vicomte de Chabannes; *Upper Chelsea*, Oct. 5.
- Margetts, Eliza, *eld. d.* of George —, Esq., to the Rev. W. B. Killock; *Hilton, Huntingdonshire*, Oct. 9.
- Marzetti, Lucy Matilda, *2nd d.* of J. F. —, Esq., of Cawood, Van Dieman's Land, to George John Marzetti; *Cawood*, May 9.
- Mead, Anne, *eld. d.* of the Rev. C. —, to the Rev. A. F. Caemmerer; *Neyoor*, May 27.
- Mansell, Marianne, *eld. d.* of the late Rev. H. L. —, Rector of Cosgrove, Northamptonshire, to the Rev. George Weight, B.A., of Oxford; *St. Mary's, Newington*, Oct. 15.
- Monteagle, the Honourable Theodosia Alice, *d.* of Lord and Lady —, to Henry Taylor, Esq.; *St. Leonard's*, Oct. 17.
- Morgan, Mary, *3rd d.* of Mr. W. —, Finsbury-place, to Jabez Vines, jun., Esq., of Reading; *St. Bride's*, Oct. 7.
- Nash, Patience, *d.* of Charles —, Esq., of Pentonville, to Palgrave Simpson, Esq., of Guilford-street; *St. Mark's, Clerkenwell*, Oct. 16.
- Nicholson, Charlotte Sarah, *only child* of Capt. —, to Le Comte D'Argeavel; *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, Oct. 12.
- Noble, Caroline, *3rd d.* of J. H. —, Esq., to Geo. Warre, Esq.; *Oporto*, Sept. 25.
- Okes, P. H., *d.* of the Rev. —, to H. G. Caithness, Esq.; *Wyubery*, June 4.
- Owen, Cornelia, *d.* of Capt. —, to Lieut. J. J. Robinson, R. N.; *Campobello, New Brunswick*, July 9.
- Oxtoby, Emma, *3rd d.* of the late John —, Esq., of Mitcham, to Richard Window, Esq., of Fingest House, Henley-on-Thames; *Trinity Church, Islington*, Oct. 1.
- Palmer, Anastasia, *2nd d.* of the late John —, Esq., of Stamford-rivers, Essex, to Mr. Edmonds, of Paternoster-row; *St. Faith's*, Oct. 19.
- Parker, Eleanor, *y. d.* of the late Alexander —, Esq., of Great Warley Hall, Essex, to Henry Rose Altort, Esq., of Islington; *St. John's, Hackney*, Oct. 2.
- Peterson, Caroline, to Mr. Wm. Hickey; *Mer-rut, E. I.*, May 9.
- Phillips, Mary, *only d.* of the late Mr. John —, of Eynsford, Kent, to E. J. Ryan, Esq., surgeon, of Farningham; *Keston*.
- Philpot, Jane, *y. d.* of the late R. —, Esq., of Chichester, to the Rev. G. Maddison, M. A., of Cambridge; *Brighton*, Oct. 12.
- Reade, Hester Elizabeth, *d.* of Wm. —, Esq., to Thomas F. Cook, Esq., A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge; *Cheltenham*; Oct. 3.
- Ridley, Louisa Mary, *eld. d.* of G. N. —, Esq., to Lieut. Col. the Baron de Rottenburg; *Belville, Upper Canada*, July 1.
- Rose Anna T., *eld. d.* of P. R. —, Esq., of Banff, to Capt. Amsinck; *Secunderabad*, May 21.
- Russell, Charlotte Leonora, *eld. d.* of Lieut. Col. —, of the Madras Cavalry, deceased, to the Rev. Richard Croft, *y. s.* of the late Sir R. —; *St. Marylebone Church*, Oct. 15.
- Ryder, Alicia, *widow* of the late Rev. —, to the Rev. Robert Beauchamp, B. A.; *St. James's, Westminster*, Sept. 28.
- Short, Sarah, *2nd d.* of J. J. —, Esq., of Wandsworth, to Wm. Cook, Jun., Esq., of King street, Regent-street; *Kennington*, Oct. 3.
- Simon, Sarah, *2nd d.* of the late V. —, Esq., to Lieut. Turnbull; *Bhoog, E. I.*, June 27.
- Smith, Margaret, *2nd d.* of Wm. —, Esq., to Mr. James R. Veal, Charles street, Cavendish square; *South Mims*, Oct. 12.
- Smith, Catherine, to Mr. Matheson; *Bombay*, July 8.
- Snell, Harriet, to Mr. J. A. Murray; *Calcutta*, July 10.

# *Court Magazine Advertising Sheet for November, 1839.*

Southwell, Matilda, *3rd. d.* of Viscount —, to R. M. O'Ferrall, Esq., M. P.; *Hindlip, Worcestershire*, Sept. 28.  
 Spence, Mary, A. L., *y. d.* of J. —, Esq., to Lieut. Col. Mathias; *Cuttack*, July 2.  
 Sutherland, Mary, to Mr. Edward Gray; *Agra*, May 15.  
 Sutton, Elizabeth, *eld. d.* of the late Rev. John —, rector of Oakley Parva, to Henry Hensman, Esq., of Pytchley; *Weekly, near Kettering*, Oct. 15.  
 Swift, Harriet, *eld. d.* of E. L. S., —, Esq., to Morgan Wm. Lloyd, Esq., Madras Army; *Cape of Good Hope*, July 12.  
 Taylor, Martha Caroline, *d.* of Capt. —, late of the R. U. G., (Blue), to James B. Birnie, Esq.; *Winkfield Church*, Oct. 5.  
 Vincent, Charlotte, *3rd d.* of the late M. —, of Pondicherry, to Mr. W. F. Taylor; *Vepery*, May 15.  
 Wallace, Janet, *only d.* of the late W. M. —, Prince of Wales's Island, to Reginald Frederick Hall, Esq.; *St. Olave, Southwark*, Oct. 5.  
 Wallas, Mary, *eldest daughter* of Robert Wallas, Esq., of the island of Madaira, to W. Hinton, Esq., of Greenhill House, Wilts.; by the Rev. S. Ramsey; at *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields*, Oct. 3.  
 Whitehill, Jessie E., *only d.* of Col. —, dec. to Capt. H. C. Teasdale; *Poona*, June 1.  
 Wilkinson, Rosa, R., *eld. d.* of Charles —, Esq., of Guernsey, to George William Lenox, Esq., of Tottenham; *Guernsey*, Oct. 17.

## DEATHS.

Since the 5th of last month the following melancholy deaths have occurred amongst members of families of rank—

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.  
 His Grace the Duke of Argyll.  
 The Marchioness of Salisbury.  
 The Earl of Kingston.  
 Lord Trimleston.  
 Dowager Lady Radstock.  
 Viscountess Tamworth.  
 Sir S. Warren.  
 Sir J. T. Jones, Bart.  
 Lady H. Campbell.  
 Hon. W. Irby.

Alsop, Sarah, youngest daughter of J. —, Esq., Leek, Staffordshire, aged 22; Tottenham Green, October 14.

Arroyave, Anselmo Terry, aged 11 months, infant son of A. de Arroyave, Esq., 42 Tavistock-square; Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

Austen, Lieutenant Thomas, at sea, May 2.

Bacon, Anthony M., aged 16, son of General and Lady —, at school, October 2.

Baines, the Rev. C. J., A.M., for thirty-seven years vicar of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, October 13.

Baldwin, W. Esq., aged 84; at his seat, Stede Hill, Kent, October 9.

Barford, Lucy, relict of the late John —, Esq., of the East-India House, aged 78; at Worthing, October 16.

Bree, Robert, M.D., F.R.S., of Park Square, Regent's Park, October 6.

Browning, Miss E., aged 33, 201, Sloane-street, Chelsea, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

MAGAZINE.]

Bouquet, M. Pierre, aged 60, Manchester-house, Manchester-square, house-steward to General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador; Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

Brenau, John Edward, Esq., M.D., aged 36; at Callaba, July 2.

Brittan, Emma Sophia, aged 15 months; America Square, October 4.

Browne, Samuel, Esq., aged 69; at Chelsea, October 5.

Bull, Edwin, Esq., aged 32; at Aston Abbotts, near Aylesbury, September 27.

Calder, Martha, wife of F. W. G. —, Esq., second Life Guards; at Rhii Rectory, Carnarvonshire, aged 27, October 7.

Cavendish, Henry Charles L., third son of Colonel, the Honourable M. P., after two days' illness, aged 18; at St. Leonard's, October 6.  
 Chamberlayne, Henrietta C. B., eldest daughter of Joseph —, Esq., aged 14; at Milford House, Hampshire, October 5.

Chichester, John, Esq., M.D., aged 74; Cheltenham, September 30.

Carveck, Marianne B., wife of Thomas —, Esq., of Wyke, Yorkshire, and Highwood-hill, Middlesex; Great Cumberland-street, October 10.

Chippendall, James, Esq., aged 50; at Calcutta, July 7.

Charrevicer, Amelia, daughter of the late Isaac — Esq., of Dominica; at Pimlico, October 11.

Clark, Robert George, Esq., at Brighton, aged 69, of Parliament Street, Westminster, October 5.

Clutton, Mrs., widow of T. —, Esq., aged 87; at Pensax-court, Worcestershire, October 3.

Coldecott, John, Esq., aged 88; Holbrook Grange, Warwickshire, October 10.

Coleman, Frederick, Esq., of Moor-end, Charlton Kings, county of Gloucester, aged 53, October 12.

Constable, Rev. Richard, aged 83, vicar of Cowfold, Sussex, October 5.

Cooper, Francis Yates, Esq.; Madras, May 27.

Couchman, Henry, aged 29; Temple Balsall, Warwickshire, October 5.

Crichlaw, Charlotte, wife of Henry —, Esq., of Barbadoes, aged 39; St. John's Wood, October 10.

Critchett, Richard, Esq., aged 86; Cheltenham, October 21.

Dixon, G. R., Esq., aged 32; Ipswich, October 7.  
 Forbes, Ensign J. K., aged 21; Lucknow, June 5.

Freeman, Captain John, late of the Honourable East-India Company's Service, aged 61; Wigmore-street, October 8.

Freeman, Lieutenant E. M.; Hoosengabad, June 19.

Greene, the Rev. H. J., A. M., aged 32; Lechfield, October 12.

Gosling, the Honourable Charlotte, relict of the late William —, Esq.; Portland-place, October 16.

Gould, Sophia, aged 44; Calcutta, May 25.

Gray, Thomas, Esq.; Denapore, June 2.

Halkett, Admiral Sir Peter, bart, G. C.; Petterance, Fife, aged 74, October 7.

Hall, Captain C. B.; Calcutta, May 18.

Hancock, Rear-Admiral John Hancock, C.B.; Dovor, October 12.

## *Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Court Magazine.*

Hanway, H. Esq., aged 69; 27, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, August 25.  
 Harden, Mrs. Elizabeth, aged 82; Stamford-hill, October 11.  
 Hartley, Louisa Cecil, aged 36; Chandernagore.  
 Heath, Sherman, fourth son of the late H. F. —, Esq., of Westoe, Durham; Pensacola, United States, aged 27, September 5.  
 Henderson, Gilbert, Esq.; Thebes, June 2.  
 Hill, James, Esq., of Gray's Inn, London, aged 85, October 9.  
 Hollingsworth, the Rev. N. J., M.A., of Boldon Rectory, Durham, October 3.  
 Hunter, Dr. C. S. W. F.; Bellary, May 10.  
 Isacke, Eliza; Cannamore, May 28.  
 Jameson, Charles (surgeon); Hyderabad, June 30.  
 Johnson, Mrs. Mary, aged 38; Calcutta, May 25.  
 Jones, Sir T. J. T., bart., aged 46; at his seat, Stanley Hall, Shropshire, October 5.  
 Kamborseen, the Rajah; at hell state, and having left no heir, his property reverts to the East India Company.  
 Keir, Miss Isabella; Toronto, August 9.  
 Kelly, Captain F., formerly of the 96th regiment; Rathmines, near Dublin, October 7.  
 Maclean, Malcolm, Esq., aged 30; Calcutta, May 16.  
 Maiden, Mary Caroline, aged 71, wife of William —; Stratford-green, October 12.  
 Marshall, Mrs. Lacy, late of 181 High Holborn, aged 80; Islington, October 10.  
 Mee, Ensign J. E.; Delhi, June 10.  
 Millet, Lieutenant Nicholas, drowned at sea, April 17.  
 Montagu, Lieutenant, from the bite of a snake; Callaboh, June 21.  
 Morley, William, jun., Esq., Captain Artillery Honourable East India Company; Bombay, in June last.  
 Nicholl, Richard, Esq., Greenhill-grove, Herts, aged 73; Brighton, October 22.  
 Owen, Henry, late of the Honourable East India Company's service; Reading, aged 51, October 13.  
 Phillips, Mr. Harry, of New Broad-street, London, aged 73; Worthing, October 3.  
 Pincke, Mary, relict of A. —, Esq., aged 100; Sharstead House, Kent, October 9.  
 Prescott, Colonel Thomas, aged 80; Lausanne, September 20.  
 Prescott, Lieutenant Richard, aged 31; Arcot, July 11.  
 Prosser, the Rev. Dr. R., aged 92; Belmont, near Hereford, October 8.  
 Radstock, Dowager Lady, widow of the late Admiral Lord —; Park-street, October 10.

Robinson, the Honourable Alexander; Dominica, aged 54, September 4.  
 Robinson, Suhana, relict of the late M. —, Esq., Bedford-place, Russell-square; Bowness, September 30.  
 Rajah, the ex of Ladah; Delhi, June 4.  
 Road, Roger, Esq., aged 71, 4, Clarence Place, Pentonville, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Shellott, Captain W. J., aged 38; Calcutta, May 23.  
 Saltwell, Mary, widow of George — Esq., aged 78; Fitzroy-square, October 14.  
 Scholey, George, Esq., aged 82; Clapham-common, October 4; thirty-four years alderman of the ward of Dowgate.  
 Sheppard, Mr. W. aged 21; Calcutta, June 30.  
 Short, Laura, daughter of the late William —, D.D., aged 39; Isle of Wight, October 4.  
 Singh, his Highness M. I., the ruler of the Punjab, aged 60. His body was consumed on a pile made of sangal wood, along with four of his ranees and seven slave girls; at Lahore, June 27.  
 Skinner, Rev. John; the Rectory, Camerton, near Bath; for many years rector of the above place.  
 Smith, Captain Isaac, aged 35; Calcutta, May 19.  
 Snoxell, Maria, wife of E. —, Esq., Watford, Herts, aged 63; Windsor, October 10.  
 Story, Elizabeth, relict of the late Captain —, 20th regiment of foot; Weymouth, October 6.  
 Sukias, Gaspar, Esq., aged 48; at Punkabaree, June 8.  
 Thompson, Hannah, wife of Douglas —, Esq., Chiswick, Middlesex, aged 51; Coleford, October 1.  
 Thomas, Elizabeth, wife of S. —, Esq., Ordinance, aged 52; Tower, October 6.  
 Thomas, Mrs.; Madras, May 26.  
 Vernon, S. M., wife of the Rev. B. J., Petersfield, Hants; Lancaster-place, Waterloo-bridge, October 14; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Walker, Frances, wife of Captain W. H. —; East India service, aged 28; Brompton-square, October 23.  
 White, Mr. Robert, aged 37; Calcutta, May 25.  
 Whitmore, Louisa, youngest daughter of T.C. —, Esq., M.P., October 11.  
 Wimbridge, Sara Jane, wife of John —, Esq., at Manchester-square, October 9.  
 Wood, Mr. T., 1, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, aged 50, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.  
 Wright, Mrs. Theophilus aged 45 years, 13, Wharton-street, Bagnigge Wells-road, Oct. 1839; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*.

### SCALE OF CHARGES FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines..... Three Shillings.  
 For a Birth or Death not exceeding Three Lines..... Two Shillings.  
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